WITH RIFLE IN FIVE CONTINENTS
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BY

PAUL NIEDIECK

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN

WITH 32 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS,
AND 174 ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

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TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN

BY

H. B. STANWELL
DEDICATED

to

JOHN MAGEE ELLSWORTH
"How do you shoot a lion?" one person asks; "Is it not dangerous?" enquires another. To answer these questions and many others I venture to lay before the public my travelling and hunting experiences of the last seven years. It is not my intention to offer the abundant material at my disposal in an elaborate literary form. These pages are simply printed from notes, just as they were jotted down in pencil in my tent. They make no claim to present any zoological or scientific discovery.

Neither is it my purpose in the following pages to describe how the various representatives of the fauna of Asia, Africa, America, and Australia should be killed, but only how they can be killed in their own wild domain and with the true sportsman's weapon, the rifle. Where my own experiences would have failed to convey a correct impression, I have taken the opinion of competent hunters, in order to avoid the mistake, into which many sportsmen fall, of including in the general rule an incident of individual experience which is in reality exceptional.

It has been remarked to me by one who ought to know that:— "If you describe hunting-experiences in foreign countries and want to be believed, you must lie." I have, however, refrained; and, even at the risk of being received here and there with an incredulous shake of the head, have related only facts. I do not say that others may not have had very different experiences from mine with some animals. Fixed theories cannot be formulated as to the ways of animals and the best methods of
hunting them, for special circumstances, which elude the observation of man, cause animals of the same kind to act absolutely differently under what are apparently the same conditions.

If my narrative should tempt any German sportsman to follow in my steps and better my performance, the second object of the publication of this book would be attained. I shall allow myself to hope that it will tempt him, for, compared with our English neighbours, we have accomplished little in the vast hunting-grounds which lie outside our own country.

And now, dear reader, please to accompany me with confidence on my journey. It is rather long, but you will see that patience and perseverance will bring us to the end.

PAUL NIEDIECK.

Lobberich,
March 1905.
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CHAPTER I

THE START—HUNTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS—
TOWARDS JAPAN

On the 15th of July 1898 I left Southampton for New York, with the intention of travelling round the world and at the same time gaining sporting experience in various countries.

The only information I could obtain about hunting-grounds in non-European countries was given to me at Cairo by a gentleman who told me that he had for many years hunted elephants in Ceylon, that there were still numbers of them, and that, so far as he knew, hunting was still allowed there, while in India the killing of elephants was prohibited. His advice to me was: "For elephant-shooting get a 10-bore 'paradox' rifle from Holland and Holland of London." I accordingly took one of these with me, as well as a Krupp "Drilling" and an 11-millimetre double-barrelled rifle, with all of which I used black powder.

The barrels of the 10-bore "paradox," which weighs 12½ lbs., are as smooth as those of a shot-gun up to the last 10 centimetres from the muzzle, where they are deeply rifled. This construction gives the weapon the advantage of being much lighter than those which are rifled throughout. On the other hand, it is a great disadvantage that only black powder can be used, the barrels not offering sufficient resistance to smokeless powder. The cartridge-charge is 14.126 grammes, and is therefore 2½ times more powerful than that of an
ordinary 12 bore shot-gun. The bullet may be either of lead only or of lead with a steel point, and weighs 60 grammes. The "paradox" gun is tested at 50 paces, and shoots straight at this distance. This was proved to my satisfaction at the range in London, where a representative of Messrs. Holland and Holland lodged four bullets in a 4-inch square target.

When I fired my first shot at the target, my hat flew up several feet in the air, and I quitted the place with a swollen lip. You must literally hug your heavy rifle to withstand the recoil due to the big charge. The numerous and excellent reports of well-known sportsmen on the merits of this gun lead me to expect the best of it, and it is to be hoped that opportunities will offer to enable me to confirm these good opinions.

There is hardly any city in the world where the difference between the winter and summer temperature is so marked as in New York. The self-same thermometer in Fifth Avenue, which at time of my last visit in February 1896 registered one morning -14° Réaumur, showed yesterday +28° R. in the shade. It seemed to me a fortunate thing that the optician had made his thermometer long enough. If we add to this high temperature the large percentage of humidity in the air, the result is unendurable heat. This is felt the more in New York because people are not yet enlightened enough to wear tropical clothing. Fortunately, my friends C. and G. were disposed to avoid these "heat-waves," as the Yankees call them, for a time, and we decided to go for a ten days' trip to the Adirondacks.

The Adirondack mountains lie north of New York and have a great reputation for beautiful scenery and excellent fishing. They are also the home of deer,—not our red-deer nor the wapiti, but a much smaller kind, the so-called white-tailed deer of Virginia, in which the antlers have not more than eight to ten points, with a decided curve inwards, and are very light-coloured.

We passed the night in the train, and early in the morning reached our destination, Saranac. At the station an antediluvian-
looking coach with a team of four white horses was waiting for us. Half-an-hour’s drive through splendid pine-woods brought us to a little hotel on Lake Saranac. We all felt the sharp contrast between the fresh, fragrant air of the woods and the damp heat of the metropolis of North America. The supreme quiet of the forest was most delightful after the din of the city, and we rejoiced to be able to spend a few days here, especially with the prospect of coming across a deer. From the hotel we went aboard a little steamer, and in three hours reached the Saranac Club, where we spent the night.

A glance at the map of the State of New York, in which we were, shows that the country hereabouts is literally bestrewn with numerous lakes, large and small. For the most part these are connected with one another, and this explains why the favourite method of transport is by boat. It is in fact the only method, for there are absolutely no roads, not even a footpath through the woods.

At six o’clock the next morning three light-built and good row-boats were ready for us, each with its boatman and a tent and boxes containing solid and liquid provisions. We started for our destination, seventeen miles distant. The row on the great lake in the early morning was splendid. All along the margin were dense fir-woods, in which here and there the light foliage of the birch and maple made a pleasing variety. Everywhere, like gigantic telegraph-posts, dead fir-trees rose high above the wood. They are all that is left of the forest, which once grew there and has been burned down like so many others in North America. The borders of the lake are strewn with fallen pines, which lie in tangled confusion, some quite dead, some with a few green twigs suggestive of their former splendour. It is an impressive scene, too wildly romantic to be called lovely.

Leaving the lake we got into narrow channels, which, with their masses of reeds and other water-plants, remind one of the lakes of the Lower Rhine. From time to time ducks, frightened by the noise of the paddles, flew up out of the
reeds. Unluckily I could not fire, for the boatman sat straight in front of me. At 3 p.m. we reached the spot where we were to encamp, a peninsula commanding a view over the lake, which stretched away to right and left of us.

The rest of the afternoon was fully occupied in pitching the tent, and every one laid himself out to make his resting-place as comfortable as possible. A platform raised two feet from the ground, a mattress of fir-branches laid on it, a blanket spread on this, and the so-called bed was ready. The first night sleep was almost out of the question, for the change from soft feather-bed to pine-branch mattress was too abrupt, and, lying awake, we resolved to exert ourselves next day to such purpose that wearied nature would claim her due.

The next day we fished with excellent results till four o'clock in the afternoon, when we stopped in order to get to the shooting-ground. It is the habit of the deer to come out of the woods at dusk and take a bath in the lake to rid themselves of the tormenting "deer-flies," which resemble hornets. Unluckily, to-day they did not seem to need their bath, for we had hardly taken our places when heavy rain of an hour's duration destroyed any chance of sighting a deer. Soaked to the skin, we reached our camp towards nine o'clock, and made the unpleasant discovery that the tent had not withstood the heavy rain and our beds were wet through. There was nothing to be done; we had to make the best of a bad job.

The heavy rain had so cooled the temperature that our chances of surprising a deer in the water were very small. They proved to be non-existent, and we had to be content with identifying innumerable deer-tracks on the banks. At last, on the fourth day, when I was alone, making my way to a distant inland lake, my boatman saw a deer browsing on the edge of the wood.

I seated myself in the bow of the canoe, while my boatman in the stern paddled towards the game. When we had gone about two hundred yards, I saw it was an old hind, but I thought that, antlers or no antlers, the venison was not to be
The wind was blowing fairly strong, and owing to the noise of the waves splashing against the bow of the canoe the deer soon spied us and was on the alert. There was no time to lose, for any moment it might have bounded away into the wood. The chance of getting a good shot was very small, for the boat was incessantly dancing on the choppy waves. About one hundred and eighty yards away I let fly, and saw my bullet strike the water between the legs of the animal, which was standing knee-deep in the lake.

Deer-stalking in this country is peculiarly difficult, because the shooting must be done from a boat, the thick undergrowth and many fallen trees making the woods impracticable. We went on to our further destination, Led Pond, a favourite resort of the deer.

Led Pond is not connected with the other lakes. The boatman has to carry the canoe on his shoulders for a mile and a quarter through a treacherous bog and across sundry streams over a slippery bridge of fallen trees. He can cross only in daylight; and the hunter who goes to Led Pond has to spend the night under a tree,—not exactly a pleasurable experience, as I was to learn. For four hours my boatman paddled me along the shores of the strikingly beautiful lake, but to no purpose. I hoped for a better result at night, when I got my "Jack" to work.

The "Jack" is an electrical apparatus consisting of two parts, a little wooden box and a small electric battery. The box, which has a miniature glow-light and a reflector, is fastened to the hunter's hatband over the forehead, and the battery buckled round the hips. The two are connected by a conduction-wire. The battery is easily adjusted, and the current can be switched on or off by turning the little box, a thing which can with some practice be done by a movement of the body.

To use the apparatus properly you sit in the fore part of your canoe and are paddled as noiselessly as possible along the shore of the lake. In the darkness the deer soon sees the
bright gleam and stands still in surprise, and so the hunter gets a chance of a sure aim with the light well on his rifle. The main condition of success is a dark night, for the game does not see the boat or its occupants, and gazes unsuspectingly at the bright light.

To return to Led Pond,—I was not, it seemed, to have that particular sport with the "Jack" that evening. After my stalk I had landed, and, having eaten a rather meagre supper in a hut made of bark, prepared to wait till nightfall. The boatman had lighted a gigantic wood fire, the bright light of which had prevented our seeing the vivid lightning, and suddenly a furious thunderstorm broke,—a magnificent display in the deep fir forest. The lightning shone in every quarter of the heavens, the thunder crashed, and finally there came a "cloud-burst" which soon put out the fire. The miserable bark-hut could not withstand the heavy rain, and waterproofs and blankets were soon soaked. The storm lasted for an hour and then turned into a steady downpour, which lasted till grey dawn. Hunting with the light was out of the question. At four o'clock in the morning the rain ceased and I took to the canoe again.

The early morning and the aromatic air of the woods were grand, but that was about all. At seven o'clock we gave up and started on the return journey, without having seen a single head of game. At eleven o'clock we reached our tent, where I met my friends, to whom Diana had been no more gracious than to myself.

For the next few days the temperature continued low, with bright moonlight nights, and we returned to the Club the same way by which we had come, empty-handed but not without another interesting experience which might easily have had a tragic ending.

The canoes were again on Lake Saranae, when the clouds, which we had observed for some time, suddenly gathered thick and rose threateningly over the mountains. This was an unmistakable indication of a coming thunderstorm. We
hoped, however, to reach the opposite side in good time,—but in vain. Swift as the dread winds of Switzerland which send many a heedless boatman to a grave beneath the waters, the storm broke upon us. The first strong gust, which immediately turned the great lake into a roaring sea, was followed by a second, and within a few minutes the surface was white with the foam of the waves which broke over the boats.

We had the wind on our right and were in a very critical position. All the canoes were laden to within a few inches of the gunwale, and undoubtedly came near to filling and sinking. The boatmen paddled with all their strength; two of them made for a little island which lay near, while the third, with the wind behind him, tried to reach the shore.

The storm grew more violent every minute and threatened to drive us past the island on one of the rocks which lay thickly hereabouts. Fortune, however, favoured us, and we soon reached the island. As he leapt from the canoe my boatman fell, when the wind immediately caught the little boat and began to drive it away from the shore. I had no paddle and was hemmed in by the baggage, and should have found myself in a parlous plight had not the boatman made a dash into the water and seized the canoe. I now turned to look for the second boat, and saw that it was within an ace of being dashed on a rock. A few minutes later, however, it reached our island of refuge, and, when we saw our third friend safely nearing the shore, we could once again breathe freely. We took refuge in a hut from the rain, which was again pouring in torrents, and with a Scotch whisky and a cigar could thoroughly enjoy the awful and beautiful spectacle of a thunderstorm in the mountains.

The next day we began the return journey to New York, devoid of trophies but full of the satisfaction of an enjoyable trip and of the inspiration roused by the beautiful scenery of the Adirondacks.
On the evening of the 16th of August I began my journey from New York to Yokohama. I had agreeable company, and decided to abandon the idea of further travelling in America, since, if I had waited, I should have arrived in India too late in the season.

The prospect of the six days' and six nights' unbroken journey from New York to Vancouver was not pleasant, especially to one accustomed to the primitive conditions of railway travelling in Europe. Though I knew already of the indisputable superiority of the American railways over all others, I could not have believed that the long journey would pass so agreeably and with so little fatigue.

The first night we reached Montreal, one of the largest cities of Canada. Here the traveller takes one of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's saloons, which brings him in five days to Vancouver, the most important harbour of Canada on the Pacific Ocean. In spite of the fact that we had taken our tickets on the morning of our departure, we found a "state-room" at our disposal, i.e. a little compartment which allows room enough in the day-time for playing cards or dominoes, and at night is converted into a sleeping-room with excellent beds.

The comfortable travelling on American railways is mainly due to the material used in their construction. The carriages, which have six axles, are very long and heavy, and whoever has the good fortune to get a compartment in the middle of a carriage notices little movement even when the speed is great. The rails, which are made of heavy material, lie on huge wooden sleepers, placed not more than a foot apart from one another; and in dangerous places, such as switch-points and curves, close together. The system of petty economy practised on the traveller in Europe is unknown here. You do not hear whistling and shouts of "Ready!" and "Right away!" like you do in Germany. Imagine what it would be to endure this at each of the 7357 stations between Montreal and Vancouver! After the necessary delay at a station the train goes out as quietly as
it came in, and the traveller who stays too long in the station-buildings, and has to jump into the last carriage, need not be afraid of being compelled by armed authority to pay a fine or be debarred from continuing his journey.

For the first day the line skirts the shores of the numerous lakes of Canada, which, like those of the Adirondacks, are surrounded by beautiful woods. Wherever you chance to look, here also you may see the high charred stems of the old forest topping the fresh greenery.

On the morning of the second day I saw a very interesting bridge about five furlongs in length, built over an arm of one of the lakes and floating on the water. It is constructed entirely of wood, with the planks joined as in a raft. At each end it forms a little inclined plane, which moves up or down as the level of the water rises or falls. The cost of substructure is thus avoided, and the bridge is none the less serviceable.

On the third day the lakes and forests were left behind,
and we entered on the forty-eight hours' journey across the great plain which extends southward right through North America to Mexico.

Now and then you may catch a glimpse of the Indian on his native prairie. He lives in a little tent with his family, and, grazing round about are horses, cattle, and pigs, which constitute his wealth. He is a veritable "Grand Seigneur"; he has no inclination for work, he is a sportsman pure and simple, and lives by his hunting and fishing. Formerly the race numbered millions, now but a few thousands remain, and the time is not far off when the last of the race will bid farewell to earth. The Indian has sold his birthright to the white man and is dying out. This is largely due to indulgence in alcohol, which is ruinous to his constitution. The whole race, men and women alike, is inevitably doomed.

Looking out of the window on the fourth morning you see with pleasure that the line has left the desolate prairies and is again running through mountain scenery. We are in the Rocky Mountains, on the Canadian side, the marvellous beauty of which has been often described. The line follows a rushing stream, the bluish-white colour of which tells us that it originates in a glacier. Very soon gigantic snow-clad mountains meet the eye of the traveller. The rear part of our coach, having glass panels on all sides, affords a splendid outlook, and, as this coach is always attached to the back of the train, one gets a wonderful receding view over mountain and valley.

At two o'clock we reached "Glacier House," where the train stops half-an-hour, which gives the traveller time for breakfast and a view of the Great Glacier, the largest and most beautiful visible from the line. To the right rises "Sir Donald," a bare pyramid-shaped rock, on which the snow does not lie in summer. Its yellow stones make a striking contrast to the brilliant white of the glacier and the dark green of the woods.

Leaving "Glacier House" the line follows fairly closely the course of the rivers Donald and Fraser. Thousands of salmon,
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which at this time of the year go upstream to spawn, can be seen from the train even when it is travelling at high speed. For two days and two nights the line winds through this rugged mountain scenery with its endless panorama of beautiful views. Punctual to the minute the train arrived at Vancouver, and I left my carriage with most pleasant memories of the journey.

We slept one night in Vancouver on beds that did not rock,

and the next morning started on our fortnight's voyage to Yokohama. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company's steamer, the Empress of Japan, impressed me favourably. It is undoubtedly inferior in speed to Atlantic liners, and, alas! also in the commissariat, which cannot be described in very choice terms. But one has to accustom oneself to this kind of thing. On the steamer I had the good fortune to meet Mr. John Magee Ellsworth, who also had just started on a trip round the world; we henceforth travelled together, and I consider
myself very lucky to have found such a good companion by mere chance. Naturally there was nothing to see on the voyage. In the two weeks only one sailing-ship passed us.

Two-thirds of our passengers were English and American Protestant missionaries, and such company is inevitable in the Far East,—it might also be called a pestilence in the land. In America particularly the conversion-mania has become a fine art. Well-paid by his society, the missionary first takes to wife a lady-missionary, who also receives a good stipend, and then starts off on his journey. For each child of the marriage the couple gets from the Missionary Society a considerable allowance, and the natural result is that they are abundantly blessed with children. Thus the missionary business is not so bad.

On steamers and trains the missionary men and women take the best places in the first class (getting 50 per cent reduction on the fare). I can only explain this anomaly by supposing that the directors of the steamship and railway companies hope by these concessions to God's messengers to gain for themselves a better place in heaven. Judging by what these people consume, I fancy that the shareholders of the companies cannot make anything out of them.

And what, after all, is the value of their work? They go forth into the world (first class, with 50 per cent reduction) to preach the Word of God at the risk of their lives to those who are still in heathen darkness. But the risk of life is not so very serious; it is the same more or less to every man in the exercise of his calling; besides which the missionaries are under the protection of the State whose subjects they are.

China and Japan are swarming with missionaries. Why are they there? The Japanese is a Buddhist, he has also adopted Confucianism and is somewhat sceptical; he prays seldom, and only when trouble threatens himself or his family. He has risen to a high stage of civilisation. The missionary therefore can cause nothing but unrest and mischief here, and might well find in his own country a much wider
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VANCOUVER.
sphere of activity wherein to work for the glory of God and the welfare of mankind. There are many thousands in America and Europe who need reformation a great deal more than the nations of the Far East.

The missionary would be wholly unprofitable, were it not that he has sometimes conferred a great benefit on the State which protects him. He makes his way into a foreign country, he attacks the inhabitants with his religion (whether it be the best religion or not may be an open question), he ruthlessly overthrows the old traditions, to which the people have clung for thousands of years, till at last he is murdered by the justly incensed natives. Poor victims of his persecution, they have no other means of being rid of him! In his own country there is an outburst of indignation; an armed force is sent to avenge the missionary; the country is occupied, and the inhabitants who have but defended what they hold most sacred, their religion and their traditions, are subjugated. They must learn that Might is Right. Once established, the intruder does not depart, and the net result is a "new colony" (Kioutchou).

Judged by the standard of righteousness, which we foster so religiously in other matters, all colonisation is immoral; but it is done, and it must be done. The Englishman proves it, and, God knows, he has used his opportunities.—I had to unburden my mind on the subject of missions; now we will proceed on our voyage across the rough Pacific Ocean!

The first few days are pleasantly warm, but it soon becomes colder, and south of Bering Sea furs are brought out, and staying on deck is impossible. The cold is wholly due to the currents from Bering Sea, for the ship reaches no higher latitude than that of Berlin. Four days later the heat is intolerable; on the last day but one of the voyage the thermometer in my cabin at midnight stood at 24° Réaumur, and all port-holes were shut because of the high sea.

Only one day of the fourteen was really fine; on all the others fog and rough sea were so prevalent that the
ocean in these north latitudes does not justify its name of "Pacific."

At 4 p.m. on the fourteenth day after leaving Vancouver, the ship entered the harbour of Yokohama. And here I will recount a curious incident of the voyage.

We were three or four days out from Vancouver when, one morning, the fourth officer rushed on deck with torn coat and shirt, inquiring for a passenger who spoke both English and German. I offered my services, and was requested to come below. I was wanted to act as interpreter in a difference which had arisen between the captain and a Chinese ambassador, who was returning home after spending eight years in Europe. I went below and found myself in the presence of the old ambassador, his wife, her brother, an attaché of the Embassy—all Chinese—and the captain. The last-named informed me of what had recently occurred.

On all large steamers there is a baggage-room where heavy luggage is stored. Passengers are allowed to go to it on certain days, under the superintendence of the fourth officer, to take out their belongings. The days are specially announced on a notice-board. The ambassador's brother-in-law had on the morning in question found the baggage-room open and the fourth officer busily engaged there. Though it was not a "baggage-day" he insisted on entering. The officer objected, and there was a fierce altercation between the Chinaman, who spoke excellent English, and the lieutenant. The end of the matter was that the Chinaman threw himself upon the lieutenant and tore his coat and shirt. In obedience to regulations the officer did not defend himself, but reported to the captain, who requested the aggressor to apologise. The affair had lasted for some time when I joined the party. They were all heated, and high words were passing. The captain now requested me to inform the ambassador that he demanded an apology from the aggressor, otherwise on arrival at Yokohama he would have him arrested for assault. I translated these terms into German to the attaché, and he into
lengthy Chinese phraseology to his chief. Our Celestial friends then set up a fine cackling. The old ambassador in his excitement forgot that I could not understand a single word of his speech, which I have no doubt was in excellent style. The liveliest part in the debate was taken by the little wife, who danced up and down in front of me on her mutilated feet and threatened my face with hands that had nails several inches long. She struck in with an incomprehensible jargon of German, Chinese, and Russian, to which I listened patiently, for the whole business amused me much.

After some time I discovered that the opposition maintained the officer had struck the first blow, and that the Chinaman had only acted in self-defence. This was entirely inadmissible, for in this case nothing would have been left of the Chinaman. Then the ambassador wished the captain to understand that he personally supported his brother-in-law and was alone responsible, but that under existing circumstances he could not apologise, though he very much regretted the incident. The business was so long that I forgot the beginning before the end was reached; but when the aggressor in fluent English took his own defence in hand, the captain, who was a roughish fellow, became so enraged that he went for the little Chinaman with clenched fists, who thereupon promptly took to his heels. The captain, who had lost all patience, now commissioned me to tell the ambassador that if he, the captain, had been in the fourth officer's place in the baggage-room, his brother-in-law would have ceased to be in the land of the living, and that he regretted exceedingly that his officer had not at least given the fellow a sound thrashing. I remarked to the captain that such expressions could not be to his interest either then or later, and, moreover, were not likely to bring about a friendly understanding. The old Irishman, however, insisted so obstinately on my carrying out his wishes, that in the end I passed on his remarks to the attaché—in a somewhat modified form. The Chinese translation caused the utmost irritation, and I think justly. At the same time the captain's
words seemed to inspire them with more respect for the officers, who were all English Naval Reserve men. The parley began afresh. The ambassador repeatedly expressed his regrets to the captain, but he refused to apologise. After a time the captain dropped the matter, telling the Chinamen that they would hear of it again on landing.

All too soon this interesting episode, which reminded me somehow of the Hänneschen of Cologne, came to an end. It had been an agreeable change in the monotony of the voyage. The little attaché was a charming fellow, he knew his Berlin thoroughly, and spent the whole day studying German military-drill regulations, dozens of pages of which he knew by heart word for word. What was the outcome of the quarrel I do not know, for I never again set eyes on any of the parties concerned. Probably it has given England an excuse for annexing a few square miles of China. Who knows?

1 The Hänneschen of Cologne—Hänneschen is the dialect of the town of Cologne, in general use among the artisan classes but known to every Kölner and occasionally talked for fun. There is a Hänneschen theatre in which farces are performed,—always in the dialect.
So many books have been already written about Japan with special information and knowledge of the subject, that I will confine myself here to a few brief observations.

The first impression the traveller forms of Japan and its people is decidedly favourable. In those quarters of a town which are occupied exclusively by Japanese, streets, houses, and the population are clean, a thing which hitherto I have never known with any Eastern people, or I should rather say with any people not belonging to the Caucasian race. The cleanliness in the case of the inhabitants is to be ascribed to the warm bath taken daily by every man and woman of Japan, and, to speak generally, the man who values himself sets a value also on his immediate surroundings. The food of the Japanese, consisting as it does mainly of rice, with which he takes a relish of fish, vegetables, or fruit, may contribute to this cleanliness, inasmuch as there is little or no waste.

The national drink is saki, a kind of mild spirit, distilled from rice and drunk lukewarm. The Japanese drinks alcohol in very small quantities. Personally, I found the saki, taken in large quantities, absolutely innocuous, though the Japanese asserts that his drink is very intoxicating. One would think that a nation which is endowed with such good qualities and has reached so high a level of culture, almost every person being able to read and write, would evoke our admiration; but this is by no means the case. The Japanese character is truly marvellous. As compared with Europeans he has
but a very slight acquaintance with truthfulness and honesty. Honesty in our sense of the word is a virtue unknown to the Japanese merchant. With smiling face and much bowing and scraping he delights to draw his toils about his fellow-men and suck therefrom no small advantage. He is, moreover, exceedingly self-centred, knows everything better than the European, and, like the uneducated section of the American nation after their victory over poor little Spain, he imagines since his defeat of the Chinese that he can conquer the whole world.

It is incomprehensible that Europeans show so much more sympathy for Japan than for the Chinaman, for the latter, though a bad soldier, fully deserves sympathy. He is an honest and trustworthy fellow, the mandarin of course excepted.

All Japanese Government officials wear European clothing, and some years ago an attempt was made to introduce it at court. This innovation, however, led to complications, for the
ladies, being accustomed to the loose and waistless kimono, soon fainted when they wore tight corsets. The wife in Japan holds a very subordinate position, and is little respected by the husband. She is not his companion but his servant; she is inferior in all respects, and must yield implicit obedience. This is the promise which many European women also make at the time of their marriage, but do not keep. The Japanese woman has to promise besides not to contradict her spouse. How many European husbands would welcome this addition to the marriage service! Concubinage is universally practised. The best proof of the inferiority of women in this country is that girls can still be bought, even by Europeans. Parents or foster-parents sell a girl for a price ranging from 100 to 200 dollars, and, for good or ill, she goes to the buyer for life. Slavery is not extinct, but is practised only in the case of women.

The Japanese woman is very shallow, pretty, and attractive in her movements and ways, but too servile for European taste. A correct judgment about a people can be formed only by one who knows and speaks their language, and I can readily understand that anybody might go into raptures about the Japanese women. I have not come to that. It is also repellent to me that the Japanese women possess no modesty, as we understand the word. Till quite recently even in the large towns men and women of all ages bathed together in the public baths without a vestige of clothing. This is to be seen now only in the country, for the police, foolishly imitating European custom, have prohibited it everywhere. In houses, which always stand open, in the theatre, and at the railway station women may be seen sitting uncovered to the hips, if the temperature is high enough to warrant such a costume. This is rather too much of a good thing, as is the Japanese lady's habit of exposing, more or less, as she walks along, a bare leg covered only with a very short stocking. This excites less notice than the appearance of, let us say, Parisian ladies on a wet day. From the whole demeanour of men and women
alike, a demeanour of which many Europeans might be proud, it may be concluded that this people has preserved the simple childlike nature which must have belonged to primitive man.

The Japanese theatre is very interesting to the stranger. The longer performances usually begin at 10 o’clock in the morning and last till 10 o’clock at night; the shorter run from 5 o’clock in the afternoon till nearly midnight. The whole of this time a single piece is being played, the subject being for the most part taken from the stories of the national heroes of old.

Like the modern Greek, the Japanese prefers his entertainment in this form.

The theatre itself is a large square room in which everybody sits on the ground. The floor, viewed from above, looks like a chess-board, on each square of which four to six Japanese squat cross-legged. The spectator sometimes comes bag and baggage to the theatre with refreshments for the whole day, and lives as he would at home.

Dramatic art in Japan is of a high order, and the Japanese proudly tells the European that some of his actors are better paid than ministers of state,—but is this unknown at home?
Generally speaking the actors are either all men or all women, men taking women’s parts, and vice versa. The man produces a squeaky imitation of the female voice, and the woman speaks in as deep a tone as she can. In Japan a man does not look ridiculous in female attire, for the national costume of both sexes consists of loose garments; the corset therefore presents no “knotty point” to the actor who is taking a female part.
The players, who come on the scene from outside, do not, as with us, appear from the wings, but, to show that they really do come from outside, stalk right through the theatre on a long broad plank, the end of which rests on the stage.

Most stages consist of a large revolving table, on one side of which a house is depicted. The table revolves before the eyes of the spectator, and, lo! on the other side we have a garden. The arrangement vividly recalls a merry-go-round. In the domain of art as in everything else the Japanese shows great naivete. There is no prompter's box; the prompter is on the stage, and sometimes declaims long passages, but he can be recognised by his robe of unrelieved black. At a performance at Kioto snow was represented as follows: a sheet was spread on the stage, while up above some Japanese were busily engaged showering down chips of paper from sacks. Then the chips were swept together, put back into the sacks, carried up and showered down again as more snow.

To visit Japan without climbing Fujiyama would be much the same as going to Rome without seeing the pope. I think that the sin of omission is no less in one case than in the other.

Fujiyama is a pyramid-shaped crater, which, though not extinct, is at present inactive. It rises to the considerable height of 13,000 feet, and so ranks as the highest mountain in Japan. The Japanese regard it as sacred, and its summit forms a favourite object of pilgrimage.

Though it was late in the season for an ascent and we were advised not to attempt it, I set out from Yokohama on the 6th of September 1898, accompanied by my friend Ellsworth. We took the train as far as Gotemba, from which we were to begin the ascent the next day. We took with us four days' supplies, for it frequently happens that climbing-maniacs are compelled to camp out for whole days in one of the dozen huts, which are built at regular distances apart. Storms are frequent, and you shelter till they have passed. Not wishing to be overtaken by a storm, and knowing that the huts swarmed
with vermin, we resolved to make the ascent and descent in one day if possible.

Half an hour after midnight our little cavalcade, consisting of six porters and one guide, was ready to start. We mounted our steeds, which in the darkness could scarcely be recognised for ponies, and rode the first fifteen miles up a gently rising road, hardly worthy of the name. The rain, which had fallen persistently shortly before, had transformed the path into a veritable stream, the bed and banks of which were too narrow for our ponies. We therefore had to practise gymnastic feats, up in the heights or down in the depths, and at times half on and half off our mounts. A Japanese pony is an incredibly awkward creature, but when added to this he is lame, and stumbles every fifth step, as ours did, he is utterly inconceivable.

At 6.30 a.m. we came to the second hut, where horses must be left, the ascent being too steep. We had still 7000 feet to climb, and, if we were to be back at Gotemba before dark, we had no time to lose. At the fifth stage we had to leave our guide behind; he could not keep up with us, while the Japanese bearers, who pulled and pushed us along, were quite equal to their task. About two o'clock in the afternoon we reached the last hut below the top of the mountain; here we stopped in order to have lunch, but we were already too exhausted and over-tired to eat anything, and fell asleep immediately. After a while I woke up Ellsworth and hoped he would suggest to give up the struggle and go back, but as he did not I had to make the suggestion myself. My friend had only waited for me to break the subject and was more than willing to give up the foolish venture.

The first part of the descent was over hard lava and very difficult. We came next to the ashes and calcined pebbles of the last eruption, and sank in them up to our knees. We had only to let ourselves fall forward to fly down the mountain side with extraordinary rapidity. In this manner we got back to our ponies in an hour and twenty minutes. The most
HALT ON THE SUMMIT OF FUJIYAMA.
fatiguing part of the trip was still before us, viz. the fifteen miles to the starting-point on our jaded steeds.

At half-past seven o’clock we were back at the Gotemba tea-house, where we straightway went to bed. After eleven hours’ sleep we woke up quite fresh and, remarkable to relate, not stiff.

The main object of the ascent is of course to see the sunrise and sunset. We saw neither. Our views over land and sea were but momentary glimpses through the clouds, but still we were not disenchanted. For the last half of the ascent and the first of the descent we were above the clouds. I should never have had an inkling that clouds could be so wonderfully beautiful. The dark Fujiyama stood out in all its majesty like an island in the white mist; the blue sky smiled above us, and the yellow and white clouds, rolling like great billows below, were indescribably beautiful to behold.
CHAPTER III

SHOOTING IN CHINA—PEKIN

I have often heard it said that "There are so many pheasants in China, that you can knock them down with sticks." To satisfy myself of the truth of this, I asked my friend Mr. de Bavier of Shanghai to get me some pheasant-shooting.

The sport, as practised in the neighbourhood of Shanghai, is much the same as ours at home. You leave Shanghai harbour in a so-called house-boat, i.e. a wooden vessel which accommodates, according to its size, from five to ten persons, and has a large, luxuriously furnished cabin, which is your living-room by day and is converted into a comfortable sleeping-room by night. The roof-deck has an awning of sail-cloth and forms a spacious veranda, and the after-deck contains the kitchen and servants' quarters.

The boat was provisioned by my friends with the necessaries for a three days' trip. We took our guns aboard and the only two dogs we could hunt up, and were towed by a tug up the Yang-tsi-kiang, or rather a branch of it, called the Wam-pu. We followed the stream for about 1 1/4 miles and then turned into one of the numerous creeks or canals.

These creeks, which were made hundreds of years ago by undeniably sagacious mandarins, are the only roads in China available for the transport of goods, for there are scarcely any real roads. It is like Venice on a large scale. The country is traversed by countless broad and deep creeks, into which many smaller canals open on both sides. It is by these that the Chinese go with their little boats from village to village.
The advantage these waterways have over land roads is, firstly, that, though very costly to make, they do not need repairs; and, secondly, that they afford cheapness of transport and supply the water indispensable for the cultivation of rice, which grows only in damp ground, or, I might almost say, in water.

The country through which we were passing is flat, but not everywhere desolate, for many copses, large or small, give continual variety to the scene. Possibly it showed more advantageously to me, because I find a peculiar charm in canal travelling whether in China or in Holland.

We travelled the whole night, and next morning reached the district where the pheasants were supposed to be abundant. We all started off to try our luck at walking-up the birds. Though from a sporting point of view I am a strong adherent of walking-up game, I am convinced that you could get much better sport in China by driving, for the pheasant is very difficult to put up. But for beating you need beaters, and for
this business the Chinaman is quite unsuitable. Apart from the fact that he possesses no suitable footgear for going through the cruel thorns, I could not make him understand how to beat. If you wanted to bring off a battue in China,—and it would be worth while,—you would first have to train your beaters in European methods, and moreover, to ensure success, you would have to provide the people with good shoe leather, just as Rosbach gives his beaters waterproof coats to induce them to go through the wet fir-plantations.

Bean-fields are to be seen all over the country,—not stalked beans, but those of shrubby growth which have the respectable average height of 3½ feet, and, being interlaced like creepers, are hard to get through. Elsewhere there is thick undergrowth, with little patches of woodland. As at home, these last are not the haunt of the pheasant. He finds good covert in the bean-fields and thick scrub, and, as the Chinese do not molest him, he is not shy and is therefore particularly difficult to put up; in fact, he will not get up, and the dogs, which
OX-PUMPS FOR IRRIGATING RICE-FIELDS.
have not much to boast in the way of pedigree, soon tire among the tall bean-stalks. A more serious difficulty to the sportsman is the vast number of Chinese at work in the fields and thickets, and the greatest caution is needed if you do not want to bring home a pig-tailed celestial in your game-bag.

The first day I had the good fortune to bring down a magnificent old cock. The Chinese pheasant has far more beautiful plumage than his European brother. As he flies in the sunlight he is a mass of gleaming gold. His wings, which are white on the under side, show all the colours of the rainbow above, and his throat and breast are of lustrous gold and copper. I brought down as well a "bamboo-partridge," a charming little red and grey bird, and a hen pheasant. This was my total bag. As for "knocking down with sticks" there was none of it, particularly on the second day, when I returned empty-handed to the boat, not, to be sure, without sundry misses and losing a few birds to boot. The total bag for our three guns in two days amounted only to fifteen birds; but in justice to sport in China it must be mentioned that everybody shot very badly,—as is usually the case in pheasant-shooting.

In spite of our not very brilliant achievement, the trip was exceedingly interesting, for, sport apart, we had a fine opportunity of studying Chinese life in the country.

The manner in which the Chinaman buries his relations is very original. The whole country is like a big churchyard. The body of the departed is laid in a large wooden coffin, which is then placed in the open, on the dead man's land. In one side of the coffin a little opening is left, like a window, and in front of this an earthenware bowl is placed, full of water, so as to give the dead man, if he is not comfortable in his coffin, the chance of coming out through the window and refreshing himself with water from the bowl. For three years he is allowed this opportunity of creeping out. Earth is then thrown on the coffin, grass is sown on the top, and thus the land presents to the eye an endless succession of grassy mounds.
It is extraordinary how few people you meet in the Far East who have seen Pekin. It is the capital and chief residential city of the great Chinese empire, and yet, until the last few years, it has been veiled in thick darkness from European eyes. This fact alone was enough to determine us to alter our plans so as to visit Pekin from Shanghai.

It was November 1898, the time when great disturbances had been occasioned in the city by the *coup d'état* of the dowager-empress, who had dethroned her nephew and taken the reins of government into her own hands. The Chinese had murdered the Japanese consul, and some Europeans had been attacked by infuriated mobs. In consequence of this the ambassadors of the Great Powers had called in European troops to garrison the Embassies. Two young Americans, who were returning from Pekin to Shanghai, were attacked on a trip to the Great Wall. They came out of the affair, one with a broken head and the other with a broken rib. Under existing circumstances our journey promised to be very interesting. The reputation it has for being difficult is fully deserved, as we proved.
You take at Shanghai a little Chinese coasting steamer of the China Merchant Company, and go northwards to Chefu, a typical Chinese harbour, but of little interest. Here I met Ellsworth again, who had in the meantime been joined by Mr. Charles R. Hutchinson. They had paid a visit to Korea, while I went pheasant-shooting in Shanghai by preference.

From Chefu the steamer goes on to Tientsin, the port for Pekin, and here our troubles began at once. The steamer anchored no less than fifty miles from Tientsin. With its heavy cargo it was drawing too much water to pass the sandbank, which forms a bar to the harbour of Tientsin and the mouth of the Pei-ho. We had now the choice of staying two days on board, while the steamer was discharging cargo, and then going on to Taku, which is nineteen miles from Tientsin, or of engaging a tug from a Chinaman to take us ashore. Naturally we chose the second alternative, and, after a bitterly cold run of four hours against the tide, reached Taku. We had an opportunity on the way to warm our cold hands on the toothless old Chinaman who captained the little boat.

On the boat was a lady, accompanied by two small children and evidently not in the best pecuniary circumstances. The captain wanted to make her pay two dollars passage-money for each child, though I had chartered the boat. She refused, and, when the old rogue looked like stopping the engines, we took him in the rear, and, instead of his four dollars, gave him a sound thrashing, which had the desirable effect of making him put on steam in order to be rid as soon as possible of us white devils.

Taku itself is a veritable hell upon earth; a desolate waste without tree or bush lies before us, with only a few mud-huts to rest the weary eye. A gloomy spot indeed! The water beneath us is mud-coloured; the coast is the same, so that it is hard to distinguish the one from the other. A few forts, also of mud, fail to impress one with the idea of strength and solidity, commonly suggested by the appearance of fortifications.
Small wonder in this land, for at the first shot from the enemy the whole horde of soldiers, who live only on plunder and robbery, would decamp.

No sooner is the boat alongside than a skirmish is afoot round the traveller's baggage, for each one of the ragged porters wants to get hold of a pack so as to earn five cents, about one penny.

You must rush into the fray with stick and umbrella, to avoid losing your baggage. At last the station is reached, and the train carries us in a couple of hours to Tientsin. Twice again, on crossing the Pei-ho by pontoon, you have to fight the baggage battle, and ultimately arrive at a fairly good hotel eight hours after leaving the steamer, which really should have brought you all the way to Tientsin.

Tientsin has an important colony of Europeans, but offers no attraction other than a visit to the town, inhabited by a million nauseating and dirt-encrusted Chinese. Of the smells I will not speak! You take the train as soon as may be, and in three hours and a half reach Pekin.

The railway excited the admiration of all of us. From
Taku to Tientsin we had had nothing but wretched carriages with wooden seats; now we got into an excellent saloon. The officials are English; the rails are well laid, and the train\(^1\) goes with a speed which would do credit to one of our express trains. The railway from Taku to Pekin is the only one in China at the present time which maintains a regular connection, except for a short line which runs from Tientsin to another port on the Yellow Sea.

Some years ago lines were laid from Wu-sung on the estuary of the Yang-tsi-Kiang to Shanghai, but they were torn up by fanatical Chinese and thrown into the river. The reason why the Chinaman objects so strongly to the establishment of railway and telegraph lines is his superstition. He firmly believes that he is surrounded by evil spirits whose purpose it is to plunge him into misfortune. In the straight lines of rails and telegraph wires he sees a means by which the spirits can travel more quickly, either hanging from the wires or running along the rails, to do hurt to himself and his household. This superstition is steadily fostered by the mandarins and their satellites, who prey upon the people.

\(^1\) The "Durchgangszug," \textit{i.e.} the corridor express-trains.
They are afraid that the spread of European civilisation will hinder them in their shameless "squeezing" practices.

The train stops five miles from Pekin, and from the stopping point you have to get to the city by donkey or mule-cart along execrable roads. The road, if I can so call the track by which we went, is paved with huge squared stones, which were laid many hundreds of years ago. Every individual stone is deeply worn at the edge, and made itself most uncomfortably apparent to us in our springless carts.

We passed some half-dozen gates, of iron or wood, set in massive walls, before reaching the inner city. Then I had before me a picture utterly different from anything I had hitherto seen in China,—the picture of Pekin, and Pekin is unique in its way.

The main street, in which we were, is very broad, and, like the great boulevards of European cities, divided into several roadways to serve various purposes. The houses, which stand in rows on either side, are very low, being only one-storied, and should rather be called hovels; they give one the impression of utter neglect. In front of the houses runs a pathway about six feet broad, which is dust or mire as the
weather is dry or wet. Next comes, in front of every third or fourth house, the inevitable open sewer, in which pigs and dogs wallow amicably, and after this the real roadway, some fifty feet broad, and ten or twelve feet above the level of houses and footpath and sewer, and a foot deep in dust. The other half of the road is exactly like the one I have described.

I think this is the time to observe that a street in Pekin is for a European's senses of sight and smell the most loathsome thing I have ever experienced. I have visited the Arab quarter at Algiers and the Armenian quarter in Constantinople, and they were bad enough in all conscience to spoil me for anything else. Reflect what it means when I say that the part of the street I have called the sewer receives all the refuse of man and beast, and that you can witness this any day and all day, especially in the morning. In the afternoon men appointed for the purpose take the liquid portion of these cesspools in buckets, and spread it over the raised main road. This saves the footpath from being flooded and at the same time lays the dust of the road.

All solid rubbish, such as cinders and the usual refuse of
human habitations, is thrown on the main road. This explains its great height.

Somewhat apart from this reeking swamp, and out of range of the odours of the Chinese streets, stands the hotel, in the same quarter where the embassies and banks are situated. We spent the first day in making preparations for our excursion to the Great Wall and in visiting the few objects of interest in Pekin.

By walking along the numerous walls you can form a good idea of the city without being constantly exposed to abominable smells and horrifying sights. The city is of enormous extent, but the population has been much overestimated. I remember learning at school that Pekin was the most largely populated city in the world. We know now that the population is not more than from 500,000 to 600,000.

The next morning our caravan started, our three selves, a servant, and Li, the excellent Chinese guide, who was recommended to us at Tientsin. We were all mounted on donkeys,
and had besides two baggage-carts, each drawn by two mules, and carrying all supplies for four days and sleeping gear. As I have already observed, Pekin and its environs were in a more or less revolutionary condition at this time, and we were advised to be well armed for any emergency. We had revolvers, for which the Chinese have enormous respect. The mere sight of them put hundreds to flight, and our servant, Paulson, a Swede, had not omitted to stick in his belt a gigantic dagger like a bread knife.

We rode for an hour and a half through the interminable town before reaching the last of the gates, the great North Gate. The ride will long remain in my memory. The Chinese everywhere were busily engaged in slaughtering sheep: on the narrow paths which divide one cesspool from another, dogs, lean as skeletons, were greedily licking up the blood of the newly-slaughtered animals. To crown everything my donkey fell in one of these appetising streets, to the great delight of my friends, and only a bold leap saved me from bringing my face into contact with the street.
Clear of the town, the road passed through a great desolate sandy tract, dotted here and there with small mud-huts. The little donkeys went very well, for we got over about four miles and a half in an hour. At one o'clock we reached a village, where we lunched. Followed by the provision-carts, we rode into a courtyard, which was soon crowded with hundreds of inquisitive Chinese. Clad as they were, they soon sickened us with their ragged garments and disgusting smell. Li, the guide, was busy cooking mutton-cutlets and could not chase his countrymen away, but he assured us that we had only to take one of the mule-whips and bring the long lash of it once down on the throng and they would take themselves to a more respectful distance. The effect was immediate. I had previously seen in Taku and Tientsin how the police at the railway stations belabour the loafers with the whip, which is their weapon, and following their example we soon cleared the courtyard, and the cowardly knaves did not come back.
When we rode out again through the gate, they rushed pell-mell down the street. I should never have believed that we, mule-whip in hand, could make such a successful impression on more than a hundred grown men.

At 7 P.M. we arrived at the large village of Nan-kow, where we were to pass the night. The building which was allotted to us for quarters was a barn, in which a platform of wood and baked mud made a bedstead for all of us. Next morning at 4:30 o'clock we mounted our donkeys, and kept along the rough rubble-made roads, hoping to reach the Great Wall by sunrise.

This journey from Nan-kow to the Wall and back was the most interesting part of our little expedition. We were on the great caravan track, which goes through Mongolia and Siberia to Russia, and there was plentiful opportunity of observing caravan life. On this particular morning we met according to our estimate a thousand camels, those from Siberia laden mostly with skins, those from Pekin with brick-tea, packed in
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While on the other side sits a yellow-faced servant preparing the dinner in a smoking stove.

Towards half-past seven o'clock we reached the Great Wall, at the point for which we had aimed. The Wall is 100,000 Ri long, i.e. nearly 3915 miles, and was built more than 2000 years ago by the Chinese as a protection against the wild Tatar tribes. Its main direction is from east to west. At a place where the Wall was in ruins the ascent was not difficult, and once up we walked between 300 and 400 yards to an elevated point; from which we had a magnificent view over the rugged mountains,—China on one side and Mongolia on the other. It is wonderful to see the massive
stone structure, sixty-five yards high and thirty-three broad, stretching away across the land, sometimes descending deep into a valley, sometimes climbing a high peak. It is a wild, romantic picture; no tree, no bush, so far as the eye can reach, nothing but grey barren mountains, only the distant tinkling of the bells that comes to us from the disappearing caravans.

On the Tatar side of the wall we emptied a bottle of Montebello to the health of some fair Mongolian maid, and then returned on our tracks to Nan-kow, where we arrived towards eleven o'clock. There was one amusing incident on the way. As we were going through a small village, one of the camels in a caravan tried to rid himself of his load by rubbing against the corner of a house, and was successful. The moment the boxes fell to the ground he gave one of them a hearty kick, which sent it flying across the street. Ellsworth's little donkey was so frightened by this deed of violence that he turned round and made off down the street with all the speed he could muster, landing in the middle of a large herd of sheep and causing confusion unspeakable.
The longest part of our ride was before us, so we lunched in all haste at Nan-kow, and at mid-day were in the saddle again for a visit to the tombs of the Ming dynasty, who ruled China for hundreds of years. We had trouble with the porter of the mausoleum. For some reason or other he would not open the door for three dollars, double the proper charge; his real object, no doubt, being to get more out of us. After a short council of war with our guide Li, who was not for paying more under any circumstances, the latter resolved on

the extreme measure of giving the obstinate Celestial a regular beating and no money at all. This proceeding had the desired effect.

The burying-place of the Mings is a huge clumsy wooden temple, the roof of which is supported on sixty gigantic wooden columns. In some places the remains of finely-chiselled marble are to be seen; but the whole temple is a picture of decay.

After this visit we started again for Pekin, passing on the way the famous street of idols, huge statues of rough granite,
standing on either side of the road, representing men and animals. These only illustrate the coarseness of the artistic feeling of the Chinese; there is not a vestige of refinement of taste in the building of the temple and the street of idols, which are supposed to be the finest architectural productions in China. Everything is rough, clumsy, coarse, and repellant.

Ellsworth's donkey shied at these statues so badly that he had to be led round in a wide circuit, and I could not help thinking that even the donkey by his demeanour passed judgment on these specimens of barbaric sculpture.

From the tombs to the village where we were to spend the night we had still ten miles to go, and this last stretch was hard indeed for both riders and ridden. The donkeys were so tired that we had constantly to whip them up to keep them on their legs, and it was small wonder—our little cavalcade had done forty-five miles in one day. At 8 p.m. we reached our destination, and for the second time had our quarters in a barn, on the floor of which we slept soundly.

By sunrise our donkeys were comparatively fresh again, and we started for Pekin, where we had to be before sundown, if we did not want to find the city gates closed. At 7 p.m. we entered the hotel once more, pleased with ourselves and duly impressed with what we had seen of the northern part of the mysterious Chinese empire. In three days and part of one night we had covered nearly 110 miles, a prodigious performance for our little donkeys. Nowhere were we met with hostility. The Chinese were peaceful and obliging. The reports of their revolutionary sentiments are undoubtedly exaggerated.

From Pekin we made the return journey to Tientsin, intending to take there, or rather at Taku, the first ship sailing for Shanghai. This was not to be such a very simple matter. At the shipping offices we found absolutely incredible ignorance of the movements of the steamers, and in the end there was nothing left for us to do but to proceed blindly to Taku and take our chance.
A TYPICAL BRIDGE IN SHANGHAI
The harbour-master assured us that high tide would be at 2 P.M., and that no ship would sail before then, so we arrived at Taku at one o’clock. Great was our disappointment and annoyance when, some distance away, we saw the steamer we had intended to take moving slowly away on the mud-channel which goes by the name of the Pei-ho. We then took a boat to all the steamers that lay in the river to find out when they were sailing. After two hours we learned to our joy that the next steamer for Shanghai was the China Merchant Company’s *Shing Fung*, and that it would sail in three or four days. We put our baggage aboard this boat and went back to Tientsin to get something to eat. We had been on the move since 7 A.M. without a mouthful of food.

To be quite sure of not losing the connection we went next day aboard the *Shing Fung*, and at last, in two days’ time, we started down-stream and put out to sea. Four days later we reached Shanghai.

This town is not entirely without reason called the “Paris of the East.” After the difficulties of the trip it really seemed to us to merit the name, for, thanks to the exceedingly warm reception accorded to us, we spent there a truly fashionable twenty-four hours. It was with many regrets that we set out on our voyage to Hong Kong.

Shanghai had afforded us surprises in its pictures of human life. Hong Kong had another surprise waiting for us in its natural beauty. If I were to judge others by myself, I might assert that very few people in the world know what a grand and imposing harbour the island-town of Hong Kong possesses. Among all the harbours I have seen on my journeys, that of Hong Kong, with its fine entrance and adjacent town, is unequalled. On a rugged, sharp-cut rock the Englishman has built the town, which he justly calls “the pearl of his colonies.” By natural situation also it is one of the strongest maritime fortresses in the world. From the Peak, the highest part of the rock, there is a view over town and harbour, which day after day has an unchanging charm for the traveller. Equally
pleasing he will find the voyage to Canton, the capital of Southern China, between the flanking barren rocks, and to the old Portuguese colony of Macao, "the Monte Carlo of the East."

At the last-named town there are innumerable gambling hells, sanctioned by the Portuguese Government. In them fan-pan is played, a game which appears to be absolutely fair to the player. In front of a heap of "cash," the Chinese copper money, 1200 of which make a Mexican dollar, the equivalent of two shillings, sits a long-nailed Chinaman, clad in silk and velvet; on his right is the cashier, and opposite the two of them sits the croupier, who places the stakes on the various numbers. You can only put your money on one of the numbers 1 to 4, and in the best houses you may stake up to 500 dollars, or higher still, if the bank wins. When the Chinaman shouts his "Rien ne va plus," the teller with his long rod begins to count the cash, four by four, and the number of the cash left over at the end wins. The winner receives four times his stake less 8 per cent, which goes to the bank. We amused ourselves for a whole night in these houses where Pilsener and Pommery were retailed \textit{ad libitum} to the visitor.
CHAPTER IV

TO MANILLA—SPORT IN CEYLON

"I have been four years backwards and forwards to Manilla for Jardine, Matheson and Company," said the *Yueng Sang*’s captain, "and I can count on the fingers of one hand the good voyages I have made in the winter months." A pleasant prospect for us! For six months of the year the north-east monsoon blows. From October to March it blows with unvarying force, which seldom degenerates into a storm but is always strong enough to keep such a roll on a ship of 1000 tons, like the *Yueng Sang*, that passengers strain the muscles of arms and legs in their efforts to hold tight and maintain their balance.

Our boat, on leaving Hong Kong, first steamed north-east, so as to make Amoy, a small port on the mainland of China. Here we saw the famous boulder which is said to weigh about one hundred tons, and is so shaped and poised that a man can easily rock it.

Amoy, like Canton, has very narrow streets, some five or six feet wide, and is, if possible, dirtier than Canton. The smells are really unendurable to the European nose. It is quite incredible in what a stench the Chinese can breathe. His sense of smell is completely blunted, for he is born in the midst of smells and lives in them to the end of his days. We stayed here two days, and then put out for Manilla. Sailing south-east we had the wind on the beam. The little boat was overcrowded. Instead of twenty-four, the regulation number of passengers, we were carrying forty-eight in the first class, but
we could thank Heaven and the rough sea for sufficient room at table.

The seventh day after leaving Hong Kong we arrived at Manilla, and put up at the Oriental Hotel, which was so crowded that we had to sleep four in a room. Thanks to our letters of introduction to the chief of the general staff, General M'Arthur, we were able to see comfortably all that was worth seeing in Manilla. The most interesting sight was that of the fortifications in their damaged state. Manilla possessed, all told, but two available modern guns, which for some hitherto unexplained reason were not used against the American fleet during the naval battle of Cavite, though, being within short range, they might easily have destroyed it. All the other guns—and they are counted by hundreds—are large iron mortars, such as may be seen exhibited as curiosities in the armouries of Europe. Near by, nicely piled, are the old iron cannon-balls, all rusty and dirty, as might be expected.

Manilla itself is well laid out and has good pavements, good buildings, and horse-trams. The town was in a fairly clean condition, owing to the three days' cleansing which the Americans instituted soon after their arrival; but it was still under martial law, and the streets were patrolled day and night. The bearing of the American soldiers, nine-tenths of whom were volunteers, was much better than I had expected. The men were, however, inconceivably badly dressed. Many of them were in rags and tatters, a thing difficult to understand considering the wealth of the American Government. Very likely a good deal of the money which the State votes for the clothing of the troops finds its way into the pockets of American officials instead of being properly applied.

The most interesting sight in Manilla was naturally that of the Spanish warships sunk in the battle of Cavite, a place in the bay seven and a half miles westward from Manilla. We went there in a small steamer and presented our letters of introduction to an officer of Admiral Dewey's flagship, the Olympia. We were kindly received, and from the bridge of
the ship the details of the battle were explained to us. Six Spanish ships lay here with only their funnels and masts showing. Three had been already raised by the Americans, and when repaired were to be used as cruisers. All the Spanish ships were considerably smaller than the American, and it was evident even to me, who am not an expert in such matters, that they had not a chance against the colossal Yankees. Dewey owes his swift and complete victory at Cavite mainly to the stratagem he employed.

So soon as the war broke out (as we were told by a very good authority), Dewey gave out that the engine of one of his best ships was damaged. They brought the ship into dry dock at Hong Kong, and began to hammer away at her with might and main. The next day the admiral, who had previously received orders to attack the Spanish fleet at Manilla, declared that the engine was so far repaired that it could go at half-speed, and that he would keep all his ships at half-speed, since without the damaged ship he thought himself too weak for the Spaniards. Of course, all this was carefully telegraphed to Manilla by the Spanish consul at Hong Kong with the information that Dewey might be expected in five or six days. Once at sea and out of sight of Hong Kong, he put on all steam, all the ships being in thorough repair, and reached Manilla, not in five days, but in two and a half. He surprised the Spaniards at daybreak on the 1st of May, just as the officers were returning to their ships from a great banquet given by the Governor of Manilla.

The Americans laud Dewey to the skies; the yellow press calls him a second Nelson. This is, of course, all rubbish, though it must be allowed that the admiral acquitted himself quickly and thoroughly, and with very slight loss of men on his side, of his task of rendering the Spanish fleet in the Pacific Ocean unfit for fighting. The Spaniards themselves helped him very materially by not shooting, by bad shooting, and by the fact that the naval and military governors of Manilla had divided more or less honestly among their
subordinates and themselves the 20,000,000 pesetas voted about four years before by the Spanish Government for fortification purposes. They devoted only four or five millions to the proper object, and it is not absolutely certain that these millions were actually used for the improvement of the fortifications.

We made the return voyage from Manilla on the *Tueng Sang* again. The distinguishing feature of the whole voyage is that it was the worst I had ever experienced. The seas set from north to south, and the tiny ship rolled to such an extent that it seemed likely to capsize. The second night was the worst. My friend Hutchinson and myself had the captain's cabin. We drew lots for bunks; I had the good fortune to get the bed, while Hutchinson had the sofa to sleep on. The sofa had no edge to prevent one from falling out of bed, so in the evening we piled against it boxes and trunks. The second night I was awakened by an infernal din, and the sight which met my eyes when I switched on the electric light was one for gods. Boxes and trunks had slipped; Hutchinson was on the floor with a case of G. H. Mumm on his stomach, declaring that champagne in this form was not very enjoyable. Besides this, the bookshelves had broken down, and some eighty volumes were lying about, while our boxes containing preserves, tinned peas, asparagus, etc., were scattered round. Several bottles of whisky, vermont, gin, and Angostura bitters, ingredients of our "cocktails," were smashed, and were duly mixed without our assistance. On top of these put about sixty boxes of Manilla cheroots with a hundred packets of cigarettes, and the chaos was complete. After some time Hutchinson succeeded in extricating himself from beneath this fine collection, and then came another mighty lurch which sent him flying through the air into my berth, not without a nasty knock on the head. I held him tight now, whilst the whole mass beneath was moving regularly to and fro with the movement of the boat. This dance lasted three days, *i.e.* till we reached Hong Kong. To Manilla I have said good-bye for ever.
From Hong Kong we took four days to Saigon, the capital of French China, known as Cochin China. This colony, in the matter of keeping up the town and the park and European ways generally, far excels anything I have seen. You seem to be in Europe when you drive in the evening by broad electric-lighted thoroughfares to a really good theatre. Though it is commercially of little consequence, the French have made Saigon into a very charming colony.

From Singapore, which we reached in four days, we wanted to go on to Batavia, but it was the rainy season there, and, as we had a good sample of that in Singapore, we went direct to Colombo.

At last I had reached a country where I should have a chance of using my 10-calibre, which I had hauled along so far, and on account of which I had to submit to a considerable amount of banter.

At the Grand Oriental Hotel I made inquiries for a shikari, and one was soon forthcoming in the person of Coney Appo, a Cingalese, of whom I liked the look. He had many good testimonials to show from sportsmen of all nations, as well as a letter from an English Government official, in which he was dubbed "shikari," i.e. hunting-guide. Coney Appo declared that he could guarantee me a shot at an elephant, and, as this just suited me, I immediately engaged him for four weeks.

Although Hutchinson had never in his life hurt a hair of a wild animal's head, it did not need much persuasion to make him join me, and even Ellsworth was ready to accompany us, although he was not going to shoot. We betook ourselves, with Coney Appo, with whom we soon made friends, to the Colombo museum. There he demonstrated to us on the mounted skeleton of an elephant the structure of the skull and knee, the parts of the Indian elephant which are usually aimed at. There is a fairly large vulnerable spot on the head; a bullet lodged in the middle of the forehead above the eyes
or through the ear from behind, if you get a three-quarter view of the animal, penetrates unchecked by bone straight to the brain and invariably produces immediate death. If the head is not fully in view but the knee-pan is, a shot at the latter is recommended, for an elephant with a smashed knee cannot move, and can be shot in the head at close quarters.

After four days' preparations we left Colombo at 6 p.m. on the 1st of January 1899, and at eleven o'clock reached Galle, where we spent the night in a fairly good hotel and bade good-bye to ice, i.e. to cool drinks; what we were to drink afterwards was never less than 20° Réaumur and sometimes more. At six o'clock the next morning we took the train to Matara, the terminus of the railway, and from Matara a royal mail coach brought us at 8 p.m. to Hambantota, 49 miles distant. Here we occupied for the first time one of the so-called "rest-houses." These are little houses, which the English Government has erected in the cultivated districts of Ceylon, to afford accommodation to travellers for the night.

At Hambantota lives the Government agent from whom we had to get our permits. A permit to shoot all animals except elephants and buffaloes costs four shillings, and is available for three months. For every elephant a special permit is necessary, costing £1 6s., and for every buffalo another costing twenty-five shillings.

When we started for the jungle thirty-two Cingalese accompanied us, as well as nine carts, each drawn by four bullocks. Packed on the carts were a large tent and provisions enough for a four weeks' trip. Our destination this day was the Welligatta rest-house, 8 1/2 miles from Hambantota.

On the way we had occasion to bring our rifles into play; namely upon crocodiles. The "tracker" led us along the bank of a marshy river, and it was not long before we saw a crocodile some ten feet long disappear in the water without giving us the chance of a shot. Soon after we saw a second, at which two shots were fired. What the result was, it is unfortunately impossible to say, for the crocodile plunged into the water.
immediately after the shots. We saw yet a third, but it too
gave us no chance of a shot.

A great lake stretched away on our left, teeming with life. Thousands of birds were wheeling in the air or swimming on
the water, a gay medley of all sorts and sizes, from the long-
legged flamingo and the clumsy pelican with his huge beak to
the countless birds which the Cingalese briefly designate "rice-
birds," most of the latter being quite white and varying in size
from the domestic fowl to the sparrow. We left the crocodiles
in peace, took our places again in the bullock-carts, and at
6 p.m. arrived at the rest-house.

The next morning we started at five o'clock to try our
luck at stalking sambar. I had to be content with identifying
numerous tracks without a sight of a single deer; while my
friends put up a male sambar, although out of range. On
the way back I saw three more crocodiles, a jackal, and a
porcupine, all in the distance. After firing at a group of
flamingoes at 250 paces without causing any damage, I turned
back to Welligatta, from which we started at once in order
to reach Wirawilla, the next rest-house, 7½ miles away, the
same day.

Breakfast ended, we shot some gulls, and then started out
for the shooting-ground for deer. On the way I was just
observing a buffalo's spoor when I heard all at once a loud
breaking of branches in the jungle close by me, and I was
firmly convinced that in the next minute or two I should
be face to face with an elephant. I was for taking the
elephant-gun from my tracker's shoulder, but he was unwilling
to give it up, crying repeatedly, "Monkey! monkey!" Sure
enough, I saw in a tall tree two great grey apes leaping from
branch to branch.

We had made up our minds to go at once far enough into
the country not to come into collision with the shooting parties
behind us. We therefore moved off the next morning at
four o'clock, and reached Kerinda, about seven miles on, only at
eleven o'clock. We had found a bridge swept away and had to
yoke twelve bullocks to each cart to get over the river. The afternoon's stalk turned out unsatisfactorily, but I was glad to identify numerous tracks of deer and buffalo and also of a leopard, which showed that game was really about.

Usaw, our best tracker, whom we had sent out alone in the afternoon to look for elephant-spoor, reported in the evening that there was a good elephant in the neighbourhood, and we must in any case attempt to get him next morning. Hutchinson and I drew lots to settle which of us should have the first shot at an elephant; Hutchinson won. We started in the morning, eight strong, viz. our three selves, three trackers, Coney Appo, and lunch-basket, and soon struck the fresh spoor of a large elephant.

You can calculate exactly the size of an elephant by his footprints, twice the circumference of the fore-foot representing the height within a fraction of an inch. Presently we came across fresh droppings, the temperature of which the tracker always tests with his foot, being able to tell by this means how far off is the animal. We marched in single file—Usaw first and Hutchinson second with my 10-bore—for something like two hours. It was cruel going through the jungle with its prickles of every size, which forced us repeatedly to stop in order to disentangle ourselves from their painful embraces. The droppings became warmer as we advanced, the wind was in our favour, and we had every chance of finding Mr. Pachyderm. Usaw had got off the right track, when suddenly I saw on my left, about twenty-five paces off, a grey mass moving in the jungle. I immediately gave the signal to halt, for it was our elephant. Hutchinson then went on with the two trustworthy trackers, while the rest of us stood close together, all of course with guns loaded, to give him a hearty reception in the event of his being wounded and making for us. A few minutes later the forest resounded with five shots. We rushed to the scene of action, to find the giant lying dead on the ground. With his first shot Hutchinson had pierced the brain; the other shots were unnecessary, but caution is always advisable.
Our next move was a good drink. Were we not justified in drinking, not only to a friend's first elephant, but to the first head of wild game he had ever killed? The lucky ending of our stalk gave me, the immediate cause of it, as much satisfaction as it did to the successful sportsman himself.

The elephant measured about nine feet in height and was therefore a worthy representative of his kind. In bulk he was up to the average of the ordinary Ceylon elephant. A few words may not be out of place as to the dangers of elephant-shooting. For my facts I rely on verbal narratives and the published remarks of experienced hunters. The dangers of elephant-hunting are in general, like the dangers of all wild-beast hunting, much exaggerated.

In the first place, we must distinguish between two different classes of elephant, viz., those that roam in herds and the "rogue," or solitary elephant, which always goes alone. To speak generally, the herd-elephants are good-natured beasts, which always avoid men, if they can, whereas a rogue elephant, who is usually an old male, is a dangerous fellow, who often attacks human beings, even when unprovoked. These rogues are seldom met with, and it would be a mistake to assume that every elephant you find alone is a rogue. There are exceptions, of course, in the elephants that herd, and it is always advisable to be on one's guard and keep open a way of retreat, so as to be able to jump aside in the event of an attack. It sometimes happens that an infuriated elephant rushes on his attackers, and there are cases where men have been trampled to death by these giants of the forest.

Elephant-hunting in Ceylon is always conducted in the manner I have described. The elephant feeds throughout the night till early morning, ranging sometimes six or seven miles as he chooses his favourite leaves and grasses. Towards nine o'clock he stops, and, standing up or lying down, lets his food digest. The trackers follow the spoor of an elephant as a good dog follows that of a deer, tracks that are imperceptible to European eyes being for them the clearly written pages of a
book they understand. A very important consideration is the direction of the wind, for the elephant has an exceedingly keen sense of smell: he does not trouble himself about the noise made by the hunter as he approaches; it may be because the branches he brushes aside with his enormous body in the jungle spring back or break and so keep up a constant noise; perhaps also he takes the hunter for some inferior animal which he has no reason to fear.

On the afternoon of the same day I went out after a pair of breeding peacocks. After a two hours' search we heard the scream of a cock, just as we are wont to hear it in the farm-yards of the Lower Rhine. At home the peacock is reputed to be a stupid fowl; here, in his wild state, he is known as the most cunning and shy of all creatures. My tracker and I slowly approached the screaming bird, and it was not long before Usaw insisted on my crawling near on my stomach. To prevent me from standing up he kept his hand continually on my backbone, and I quietly submitted, for I was much amused by his great enthusiasm; much less amusing were the thorns, into which I had to plunge knees and hands without flinching. The scream of the peacock became sharper and clearer, so that we could not be very far distant.

In front of us was a clearing, on the far side of which was thick underwood. There was no sign of the peacock, but at regular intervals his cry was audible. So we lay where we were some forty-five minutes, when suddenly I saw a great wheel of feathers,—our peacock; he stood behind a tree spreading his tail time after time, but never giving me a sight of his body. As peacocks in this country are classified among big game, I had loaded my "Drilling" with ball, but when I saw the bird continuing the movement and could get no more than a bright gleam in the jungle, I made a change to shot cartridge and gave him two barrels. The peacock flew up, but I was quite easy as to that, for he rose perpendicularly for about one hundred yards, which meant that he was hit in the head. Then the gigantic bird came down, striking the ground about five
hundred yards from us. After a search of two hours among the thorns we found him, an old cock measuring from head to tail within an inch of seven feet.

Next morning I crawled for two hours on my stomach over inundated grass-land after another peacock, but, when I was two hundred paces distant, he rose, and I had to be content that morning with a few wild ducks. Hunting in the afternoon, I missed a jackal at one hundred paces and a marabout stork on the wing.

The following day we struck camp again, and marched deeper into the jungle to Palletta Pana, seven miles away. As far as Kerinda the English have made a fairly good road, but from that point onward there is only a beaten track through the jungle. This was in a frightful condition, owing to the rains, which had been exceptionally severe this year. Horses cannot be used here at all; it is only bullocks which can do the service you require. They are not disturbed when they sink into the mire, but just pull placidly on.

The bullocks are clever and intelligent beasts; to-day, for instance, one of our carts missed the ford when we were crossing a river, and the team of four was carried down-stream. The bullocks swam quietly until they got a footing, and then with their united strength drew the cart up the steep bank. At Palletta Pana, which is the last rest-house, we stayed only for the night.

The next morning we did nine more miles to Buttawa, where we pitched our tent on a plateau of rocks close to the sea. Of all the spots where we had camped Buttawa was the fairest and the coolest. In front of us the waves were curling against the hard rocks, on the right were dunes overgrown with cactus, behind us was the jungle, and on the left, far as the eye could reach, a broad bush-plain, a favourite haunt of game in the hours of early morning and late afternoon.

The 10th of January was a sample of one of those rainy days in the tropics, when the water literally comes down in
bucketfuls, and the temperature is unpleasantly moist and hot. I sallied forth, however, for it is on days like these that the bears come out of the forest into the open, when the rain stops for a short time. First with my double-barrel I missed a fine wild-boar. He was standing in the beautiful plain I mentioned, fifty paces in front of me, and looking at me, evidently wondering who I was. I made once again the mistake of shooting too high: undoubtedly quite 90 per cent. of all misses with the rifle are to be ascribed to this. Like a good sportsman, of course, I threw the blame on the rifle, and exchanged it as I went on for the "Drilling," which I was to regret later.

I crossed the plain and entered the jungle, which was not so dark as usual and showed some open spaces. In one of these clearings I suddenly espied a moderate-sized black animal behind a low shrub, and thought for a moment that it was a baby elephant. I stood still, while the tracker in front, who had neither seen the animal nor observed that I had stopped short, went on. The tracker behind me at once whispered "Bear," and wanted to hand me the 10-bore, but Master Bruin, who had by this time seen us, came from behind his bush, and taking up a position twenty-six paces from me, eyed me. This meant that there was no time to lose, and I fired with my "Drilling." The bear tumbled over and twice snapped at the wound inflicted by the bullet. I dropped the "Drilling" and took the other rifle from the tracker, but, as I had to load, lost a few seconds. The bear picked himself up, and by the time my shot rang out, had already vanished in the jungle. Then I made the well-known old mistake of following wounded game immediately, rushing into the jungle with the trackers at my heels,—an action as stupid as it is dangerous, for the bush was so thick that it would have been impossible in the event of a sudden attack to bring gun to shoulder. The bear was moaning immediately in front of me; but my excitement soon cooled and I gave up the pursuit, intending to take it up again thoroughly in the afternoon, armed with a short-handled axe
and a revolver, much better weapons of defence than the gun in such cases.

The bear of Ceylon is the same as the sloth-bear of India. He is coal black with a white crescent-shaped mark on the breast; the fur being very long, especially on the back, and reminding one of a horse’s mane. Though bear-hunting comes under the head of dangerous sport, the dangers to which the hunter are exposed are not, under normal conditions, very great. The bear keeps out of the way of human beings so long as he can, even when wounded.

Later on in the course of this morning a fine deer raced right in front of me, but was missed. Just after it came another, which fell when I fired, but was up again immediately. Two hours’ search was fruitless, and no wonder, in such jungle and without dogs. Dogs, however, cannot be used here, for in following the track of blood they would soon run up against one of the numerous representatives of the leopard tribe. Experience proves that the leopard is attracted by the bark of the dog; then one spring, and it is all over with the poor dog.

In the afternoon we went out in company with all guns to the place where I left the bear. After a regular but unfortunately fruitless quest we had at sunset to give up the search. Hutchinson, who always took the direction opposite to mine, had shot at a whole catalogue of wild beasts, but had killed nothing. We both shot wretchedly, for we were not in practice, and I believe that the intense heat, so long as one is not used to it, has an unnerving effect on all the organs of the body.

The next morning found us early astir in the forest after elephants. We followed spoor for five hours, in Indian file as in the first hunt, zig-zagging through the jungle. This time I was in front, but we could not overtake our animal; the wind was not in our favour, and we had to go back without doing anything. On the 11th of January we were off again, and towards mid-day, after a march of about four miles, reached the river Yala, a charming little stream on the banks of which stood massive trees of ancient growth, tenanted by hundreds of little
monkeys. Excited by our approach, they were leaping from branch to branch or sitting in groups of about a dozen, holding conferences, in which we were doubtless the main subject of discussion; to be brief, they were so comical that we could not bring ourselves to fire a shot at the droll little creatures.

There is no bridge over the Yala, and the crossing with our heavily laden carts took so long that we did not reach Pellinawa, four miles on, till late in the evening. On the way I had a quite unexpected encounter with an elephant. Hutchinson had gone to the right and I to the left of the path which our carts were taking, not to miss possible opportunities of sport. I was just examining with my field-glasses a herd of spotted deer, several of which were feeding on a great patch of moorland, when suddenly I heard a loud crackling noise, caused by an elephant which had broken off a thick branch. A few minutes later I was close to the gigantic beast, who was now pulling up the grass with his trunk and was breaking off branches as thick as a man's arm, giving vent periodically to a grunt of enjoyment. As ill-luck would have it, I could see only his outline, and nothing of the vulnerable forehead, which was entirely covered with the thick foliage. We determined therefore to wait till the elephant should change his position, hoping to be able to get at him better.

We seated ourselves very comfortably behind a bush, the wind of course being in the right direction, and waited about an hour; but Pachyderm must have found a particularly nice tree, and did not change his position materially. As it was beginning to grow dark, I should soon have to do something or get no shot at all. Of the two I felt sure that the latter was to be my fate, but Usaw gave me no peace. He affirmed that it was the biggest elephant of the whole district, he had known him for ten years, and I must at least have a shot at him. I made all possible attempts to get my back- and front-sights and the elephant's skull in one straight line, but could not succeed either lying on the ground or sitting on Usaw's shoulders; and was therefore obliged to give him up. As I
was departing with my guide, the elephant must have got wind of us, for he turned sharp to the right and took himself off silently and with great speed over the clearing and into the forest. The ground on which he had been standing was boggy, and, wherever he had planted his dainty little feet, he had left pools of water as big as a baby's bath-tub.

On the following morning we all went out again in company. Usaw brought me in an hour into the immediate neighbourhood of another elephant, somewhat smaller than the one I had stalked the day before. My two friends were behind with Coney Appo and the rest, while Usaw and I were in front. The elephant had his hind-quarters towards us, and I could not get a shot at him while he stood as he was. Neither could I go round, for then he would have had the wind from our direction. This meant waiting till the beast should place himself in a position more favourable for a shot. After half an hour Usaw proposed that he should make a noise to induce the animal to turn round; and in a few minutes, incredible as it may seem, he actually accomplished this. We remained standing where we were, and Usaw began to cough and to strike two pieces of wood one against the other. On this the elephant turned very cautiously round, unfortunately not without taking a step forward at the same time;—unfortunately, on account of the fact that one of the objectionable branches hid his head from view. I had been obliged to promise Usaw to fire when he gave the word, for he declared that the elephant, if by chance he caught sight of us, might attack. We could see the lower part of his trunk quite clearly; he was but seventeen paces from us and by this time was directly facing.

The elephant now began to wave the end of his trunk from side to side, a sign, as Usaw afterwards explained to me, that he scented danger. I was obliged to shoot lest he should have time to raise his trunk, as is the custom of the animal when he is suspicious and on the alert; as, when the trunk is raised, the head is in such a position that the bullet does not strike the brain but the thick bone beneath. The
elephant fell when I fired, but, owing to the abominable smoke, which dispersed slowly in the damp bush, I could not see for a second shot. In a moment he was on his feet again; and with trunk raised and trumpeting thrice in a terrifying fashion passed me at a distance of ten paces and rushed straight towards my friends, whom of course he could not see. It was the most awe-inspiring spectacle I have ever beheld.

He was five paces from my friends when he went by, and Ellsworth, who had nothing but a cigarette in his hand, acknowledged that he felt rather uncomfortable for a moment. On searching I found only very few traces of blood about seven feet high in the trees; and presently there were none at all. As the tracker was puzzled by the great amount of elephant-spoor hereabouts, we broke off our search. I was in the highest degree dissatisfied with the result of my elephant-hunting; the bullet had undoubtedly hit the bone, and
the shock had knocked the animal over. Very probably he had received no worse hurt from my shot than a slight headache.

Soon after I had a double shot at seventy-six paces at a couple of male chital, or Indian spotted deer, which both fell. While I was administering the coup de grâce to one of them, the other got up and unfortunately escaped. The antlers of the one I killed were dragged away from the cart by the jackals in the night, and so I have no trophies of this beautiful deer to show in my collection. I much regret the loss, for the chital is in the matter of colouring the most beautiful of all deer, the coat being grey and reddish brown with snow-white spots. Peculiarly graceful, the chital stands from $35\frac{1}{2}$ to $37\frac{1}{2}$ inches high; while the antlers, which never, except abnormally, have more than six tines, grow as high as the animal himself. Hutchinson, to-day, had the luck to get one of these deer.

On the 12th of January I brought down my first buffalo. The animal was standing only ten paces from me behind a thicket, when Usaw noticed it; and it started away, probably to make off, when two bullets from my double-barrel stopped its progress. As a coup de grâce, I fired a bullet from my "Paradox," into the brain, for with a wounded buffalo you need greater caution than with any other animal; unfortunately it was a cow. The cow-buffalo is really easy to distinguish from the bull by the different formation of the horns, but I did not yet know the difference, and my mistake was therefore excusable. Buffalo-hunting is perhaps more dangerous to the sportsman than the hunting of beasts-of-prey, for the buffalo in addition to his greater strength possesses a large stock of cunning. With my first buffalo I had an easy task, but I shall have more to say about buffaloes later.

The next day we went on to Uda Pottene, nine miles, where, thanks to a rather better road, we arrived at 11 A.M. This place seems to be a favourite haunt of wild pig, for in the afternoon I saw various herds, numbering sixty to eighty head, but with no big boar among them. These pigs are not
so large as ours, and it did not seem worth while to break the charm of their happy family life by killing sows, especially as we could hear a herd of elephants in the neighbourhood, for naturally I preferred elephant to wild sow.

Usaw led me round in a great semicircle and soon brought me to a clearing through which a female elephant was passing, followed by one very small baby elephant and another of moderate size. When the little family had disappeared in the jungle, I came out into the clearing, and took up my position behind a thorn-bush, which formed the only cover. The noise of breaking branches in the forest led us to expect more elephants presently, and we were not disappointed. A medium-sized elephant came in leisurely fashion out of the forest into the clearing, straight towards my place of concealment. When he reached it, he turned slightly to the right and passed me at a distance of seven paces. Judging that the right moment had come, I fired at the big beast's ear, hoping to pierce the brain. He toppled over at once, and I sprang out to give him a second bullet in the forehead before he was on his legs again. My left barrel missed fire, and consequently the elephant got up and came in my direction with his trunk rolled up; in a moment Usaw had pulled me on one side. I again cocked the trigger of the left barrel and fired, but with the same result; the gun missed fire. Meanwhile the elephant was off; and I heard him breaking his way through the forest, and of course supposed that the left barrel of my rifle had missed fire. This was not the case, however, for both cartridge-cases were empty, and therefore the two barrels had been fired together at the first shot. In the excitement of the encounter I had noticed no effect from firing the double charge from my 10-bore. I did not feel any hurt either in shoulder or face, and I had fired a charge of 28·252 grammes, or close on an ounce of black powder.

The day was drawing to a close, and Usaw proposed to follow up the search on the morrow. I wanted to know that my quarry was despatched, being quite convinced that I had
wounded him badly. Immediately on entering the forest we found blood-spoor, which was as easy to follow as a road planted with trees. The wounded animal had lost bucketfuls of blood, which was sprinkled everywhere on trees and shrubs. In a quarter of an hour we came to a great pool of blood, showing that his strength was failing and he had stopped. After twenty minutes more of this most exciting chase we found a second pool of blood and the ground torn up. The elephant had tumbled over but got up again; and twenty-five paces from this place we saw him standing up. He had turned to face his pursuers, ready for the battle which he was never to fight. Twenty paces from him I could, by kneeling down, put a bullet into the vulnerable part of the forehead above the eyes. Again both barrels went off together, and I should have fallen flat on my back had not the tracker caught me. The elephant came down on his knees. I loaded again and gave him two more shots, this time cocking one trigger at a time; but they were unnecessary, as he was dead. He remained in a kneeling position, and did not, as is the case with most elephants when shot dead, roll over on his side.

Towards nine o'clock I returned to camp and showed Ellsworth the tail of my elephant, thus winning the bet I had made with him some months previously, before we knew what a simple thing elephant-hunting was. It was stipulated that no one except myself was to fire at the beast, a condition which cost me much trouble, for the trackers, who always become unnecessarily excited, have a predilection for firing the spare guns indiscriminately into any part of one's game. I had to be for ever dinning into them, "Don't shoot!"

When we arrived the next morning at the scene of action to photograph the elephant and carry off the head and feet as trophies, I found to my great regret that the leopards had in the night eaten about a foot of the trunk. However, as the end of it was found not far off in the bush, I had a piece of skin cut from the belly, and hoped that the disfigured trunk could thus be repaired.
On the same day Hutchinson had the luck to bring down a fine bull buffalo without any special incident. As he was now contented with the result of his hunting, he and Ellsworth under Coney Appo's guidance set off on the return journey to Hambantota and Colombo, while I remained behind alone.

The following morning it was raining again furiously. Usaw heard a bear grunting close to us. The guns were examined to see that they were properly loaded, as is always done when it is a question of "close quarters" with dangerous wild animals. Then for a good hour I had the greatest difficulty in discovering the bear, whose droppings we found fresh, fallen only a few minutes before. Master Bruin had, however, hidden himself so successfully that we did not find him, and in the end had to give up the search. Towards eight o'clock I saw through my glasses a buffalo lying under a tree about 1600 yards away on the great plain, mostly covered with water, that lay spread out in front. Guided by Usaw I got over the first 1100 yards, mostly wading up to the knees and in a stooping position, unseen by the buffalo, who was evidently asleep. Then I began creeping on all fours, a not

HEAD OF YOUNG INDIAN ELEPHANT.
very enjoyable experiment. Uniting in himself the attributes of a cat and of a pig in a puddle, the Cingalese crawled on, a rifle in each hand, and could not imagine why I could not keep pace with him. When this peculiar stalk had lasted about an hour, we came to within 80 paces of the buffalo without attracting his attention. In the course of our advance I had come to the conclusion that he was a big bull, and that I should like him in my collection. Unfortunately our creeping in the morass came to an end; and between me and the object of my ambition flowed a rapid little 20-feet wide river, the depth of which Usaw did not know. He wanted to induce me to shoot from the side where we were. The distance was, however, too great for the "paradox," and the double-barrel with its small calibre did not promise to be very successful in the case of so enormous an animal. On this account I decided to let Usaw try to ford the river, while I remained ready to fire; as it seemed certain that the buffalo would have his attention roused by the noise and would start up.

The tracker let himself down into the river, and, as the water came up only to his armpits, soon reached the other bank, all the time making the most comical grimaces by way of asking me whether the buffalo was keeping still. I made him come back to carry the guns and then followed him, not making myself any wetter than I was before, for the rain had not abated one minute in the last four hours.

Arrived on the farther bank, and pushing my rifle before me, I looked cautiously in the direction of my quarry. I saw that he had risen and had taken a few steps towards us, evidently to find out what was going on in the river. Usaw whispered to me not to shoot because the animal would come nearer. So I waited at least ten minutes facing the bull, who stood as still as a statue. Suddenly he bounded into the air several times and made a half turn to the right, presenting his shoulder to me. This was the moment for a shot, and I let fly. The animal turned and dashed away: with the second
ball of my 11-mm. double-barrelled rifle I wounded him in the hind-leg, but did not know where the first bullet had lodged. The buffalo made for the forest, and, as he was gradually diminishing his speed and finally entered the forest quite slowly, I supposed that he was losing strength in consequence of my first shot.

After half-an-hour's well-earned rest I took up the trail, which showed clearly in the boggy land, hoping before long to find the buffalo dead. With great caution we entered the forest, and may have gone about 100 yards when the branches in front of us cracked, though we could not see anything. Usaw cried "elephant," and I thought that in a moment or two I should have to defend myself against this inopportune arrival. But it was no elephant, only the wounded buffalo who had got up on our approach; soon afterwards we found the pool of blood in which he had been lying.

This pursuit, which was both exceedingly exhausting and exciting because of the great danger, lasted fully two hours. The pouring rain had been succeeded by blazing sunshine; it was already one o'clock and I was about eight miles from camp, a distance I could not do under three hours over the heavy land. Having nothing to eat and not a drop to drink, I determined to give up the chase and renew next day the attempt to finish my buffalo. Usaw was firmly convinced that he must be lying dead close at hand, for he had lost a good deal of blood, and proposed that I should go back with the Cingalese, who was a short distance behind us, and that he should continue the search, taking for granted that I should leave with him and the second tracker my 10-bore and 11-mm. calibre rifles.

The Cingalese eat but twice a day, taking their chief meal early in the morning before going out. My men were therefore able to hold out longer than I could on my cup of coffee and an egg. I accepted Usaw's proposal and started for camp, armed with my "Drilling" only and guided by the coolie, i.e. a carrier of subordinate rank. I had scarcely been on the move for five minutes when I heard two shots, and immediately
afterwards a cry, which could only come from a human being. It was at once evident to me that the trackers had found and fired at the buffalo and that he had charged them. Rushing along at full speed I was soon at the place where we had parted company; a little farther on I saw both my men sitting on the ground and gasping for breath. The bushes round about were trampled and besprinkled with blood; my two guns on the ground, one of them all blood-stained. It was a long time before I could get a connected story from Usaw.

They had found the buffalo lying in his gore, and had both fired at his hind-quarters; whereupon he got up and charged them. They ran for safety to the nearest trees, though trees in the proper sense of the word there are none; what there are, are all slight bushes, and it is clear that the buffalo dashing against the bush in which Usaw had taken refuge, had shaken him down. He was of course up another in a trice, and, luckily for him, the furious animal left him alone and took himself off. This was just about a minute before I appeared on the scene.

Such are the dangers of buffalo-hunting. In the present case all went well, but it happens not infrequently that the buffalo waits for hours under the tree up which his enemy has climbed for refuge, that he may ultimately vent his rage on him. Hunger, thirst, and heat were of course now forgotten, and “paradox” in hand I set off with Usaw for guide to find our quarry, which must finally succumb to the modern weapon. Fortunately the bush became somewhat thinner as we advanced, and we could see about twenty paces ahead. This minimised the danger considerably. Usaw with his eagle eyes searched far and near, till suddenly in great excitement he directed my attention to a dark spot ahead. It was the buffalo which had sunk down again. I did not make the trackers’ mistake of firing haphazard at his hind-legs, but waited till I could see from the movements he made where his shoulder was. When I thought I had made sure, I fired—to find myself the next moment in a very critical position. The buffalo
was up again once more,—but fell prone immediately on a second shot.

Usaw, to whom I had given instructions to shoot if the animal should charge, was puzzled by the safety lock of my hammerless gun, and the rifle was not fired. I took it from him and discharged both barrels at the shoulder of the beast, when with a deep choking cough the bull fell dead. I found that one of his horns was badly injured at the tip, a thing I could not make out until later, when experts assured me that the injury was the result of a former hit. The animal had therefore been under fire once before; hence his rage. The wonder to me is that he did not attack at once, when I was in the river.

The buffalo had received seven bullets, four in the shoulder,
two in the left hind-leg, and one in the left hock, a mere graze. There was a small bullet embedded high up in the shoulder, probably my first shot. The best-placed was the second ball from the "paradox," when the buffalo rose for the last time. This was the most effective shot. The first shot from the "paradox," which I fired when the bull was still lying down, could not be found at all; and the probability is that it was turned by a branch. At 6 p.m. I reached my tent, after being under way for thirteen hours and a half, and having had the most interesting day's sport in my life.

Buffalo-hunting has more attraction for me than elephant-shooting. Perhaps this is due to the fact that there appears to be something wanting in the elephant, which in Ceylon has no tusks, whereas the buffalo with his splendid horns seems well-armed; or may be it arises from the fact that the elephant has a much more peaceable appearance than the buffalo, whose fierce glance inspires one with a deep and lasting respect. I will not attempt to settle the question.

The next morning I was highly delighted to find that I was none the worse for the exertions of the previous day and had no trace of fever. It is just such a case as I have narrated that produces it, viz., over-exertion on an empty stomach and in the heat of the mid-day sun, which draws the miasma from the marshes. I soon bagged a fine pelican as he sat in a tree, the first I had seen perching, a rare thing for web-footed birds to do.

While I was taking my mid-day siesta, the cook came into the tent and told me that there was an inquisitive peacock close by and that he would like to have it for the pot. As I was to be the greatest gainer, I pushed my gun under the tent-cloth and in this fashion relieved the cook—who was a master-hand at preparing various dishes from this savoury bird—of his anxiety about the bills of fare.

It is a pleasure to have dealings with a race of men like the Cingalese. The most pampered despot could find no fault with them. I have twenty-seven of them in camp, and every
one does his duty without any compulsion. They are intelligent; they think before they act, and I can easily make myself understood, for four of them speak English fluently, and one of them can even write the language faultlessly; the last-named being Coney Appo's brother-in-law, leader of the company in Coney's absence. The victualling is quite excellent; to-day's dinner for example was:—Hors d'œuvre, peafowl eggs with sardines; oxtail soup (a whole tail to a plate); fish—caught five paces from the camp; oxtail ragout with macaroni; hashed chicken (of chickens we brought with us); young peacock with California peaches; rice pudding; Dutch cheese; and strong coffee, the whole washed down with sherry and Château Lafitte, beverages which one can enjoy in this temperature. And now let anybody talk to me of the great privations attached to hunting in the tropics! The cook was formerly chef to a French Jesuit priest, as it appears from his recommendations; and with good preserved Danish butter serves up dishes as good as you get anywhere out of the large towns in the south of France.

For the first few days I was alone I naturally missed the company of my friends. Still, I have found no time as yet to look into the books I brought with me. The whole day is devoted to hunting, and the evening is occupied with the interesting business of gun-cleaning, which has to be done with great care in this country because of the everlasting rain and excessive dampness.

At night petroleum lamps are lighted round the tent to keep the elephants at a respectful distance, for they have an odd mania for destroying everything which in their opinion does not belong to the forest. For instance, they have gone on so long pulling up the milestones planted as far as Kerinda that at last the Government has given up erecting them. At the river Yala the Government built a stone rest-house and put a caretaker in charge of it. When the latter was away on a brief wedding-trip the elephants came and levelled the house to the ground. Tiles and bricks strewn round still mark the place
where a house once stood. As Coney Appo assured me—and in his long life he has had great experience of their ways—elephants are very thorough in their destruction of things which strike them as superfluous. They will, for instance, trample to pieces a discarded cigar-box; while he further asserts that, even when pursued by an elephant over open ground, a man can save himself by throwing down hat, coat, or other portions of his clothing. The pursuer, he says, stops on each occasion to destroy the article utterly, and so the pursued has time to get away.

On the 20th of January I moved forward six miles to Gajabawa, which was to be my last stage, a place which has a reputation for specially fine buffaloes; and it was not long before I had a shot at a good bull at sixty paces distance. I followed his blood-stained tracks the whole day, but did not succeed in finishing him. The next day was again devoted to buffalo-hunting and again full of interesting incidents.

With the wind in our favour we had for a long time followed the tracks of a herd of buffaloes, when suddenly we became witnesses of a most interesting spectacle. About thirty buffaloes, mostly cows with calves of all sizes, were standing in a great clearing, and in the midst two bulls were fighting for the leadership of the herd, and for supremacy in the contest for the cows which was doubtless involved in the battle. The superb beasts stood head to head, as though moulded in bronze, evidently trying to bring one another down. Suddenly one of them disengaged his splendid horns from those of his adversary, and dashed by us into the jungle, followed by his rival and the whole herd.

The battle had interested me so much that I never gave a thought to shooting. I came to the conclusion that the buffaloes had scented or sighted us, and had therefore made off to another battle-ground far from the observant eye of man. Usaw on the other hand assured me that they had not seen us, for the wind was from them, and he insisted on my remaining where I was, because, he said, the buffaloes would
come back. I entertained serious doubts about this assertion, and my astonishment was therefore all the greater when in a few minutes a distant thud of feet announced the approach of the buffaloes. Presently the whole herd raced by us again in the same procession as before. I sent a bullet from my 11-mm. double-barrel at the leading bull; but there was no sign of a hit, and, when the field was clear, I was convinced that I had missed. Usaw, however, declared that he had distinctly heard the bullet strike. After about twenty minutes we took up the spoor and had scarcely gone fifty paces when straight in front of me, forty paces away, I saw a bull standing with head raised. As a buffalo when followed has the habit of either working round and taking up a position across the line of his track or standing directly in it, I thought that this was the animal I had shot; and I therefore knelt down and gave him a bullet in the breast. He reared up like a circus-horse, danced round on his hind-legs, and then with a bound disappeared into the forest. Usaw went a few paces ahead to see whether there was any trace of blood, but darted back almost the same moment. I did not at first understand the reason of this, but he drew me to the right, pointing with his finger to a dark mass, when I saw that it was a buffalo lying there, apparently dead. Cautiously approaching, I soon found that his eye was dim; and when we turned him over, I saw that my first ball had found the shoulder. It was the bull I had shot as he rushed past us. The behaviour of the second bull was now explained. When he saw his adversary suddenly come down, he could not understand it; and he was standing beside his rival, who had been so easily vanquished, when my bullet wounded him. The shot did credit to the little rifle, for the big bull had run only about fifty paces after he was shot. Unluckily darkness was now coming on, and we could not follow up bull number two.

I had settled that the 21st of January should be my last hunting-day. I wanted to take at least one crocodile home with me, and determined to devote the 21st exclusively to
those reptiles. The usual thing happened: crocodiles were "not at home." I had a shot at one only, but did not hit him hard enough to keep him to the dry land on which he lay. Once in the water, crocodiles disappear and are never seen again.

On the return journey a cow-buffalo galloped up behind us. Alarmed by my shot at the crocodile, she had run on too quickly and lost her young one. The tracker imitated the cry of a baby buffalo, and it was astonishing to see how the animal stopped in her wild career and came to within twenty paces of us. Then seeing that we were men she bounded away again.

The next morning I started back for Palle and Uda Pottene. It was raining again; but soon the blazing sun came out and made the journey very toilsome.

For the last two days my chief tracker had had the "bad fever," and I had no one to go with me except coolies, who speak no English. Then the head black servant fell ill, also of fever, so that I was in a pretty bad plight. It had been raining incessantly for three days; a thing quite incorrect for January, which is not a rainy month in Ceylon. Our fears that the river Yala might be swollen to the extent of being unfordable were fully realised; for when we arrived the head man impressed upon me that the water must go down four feet before we could cross. This was a fine prospect, especially as supplies were running low; and it was a case of "Hero and Leander," for on the other side was Coney Appo, who had arrived at mid-day with fresh provisions. He had accompanied my friends to Hambantota, and then, according to our agreement, returned to take me back.

Five hundred yards higher up the river than we were I could easily have swum across, but then I should have reached the other side wet and without clothes to change into. Besides, swimming was scarcely advisable because of the many crocodiles. On my side I had at any rate clothes; but the tropical rain was pouring down without cessation, in one continuous warm shower bath, and this alternating with blazing sunshine is what
induces fever. But my physical condition was perfect. The four weeks' training had made me equal to any exertion, and I consider a hunting-tour like mine to be very healthy, provided only that the fever can be successfully ward off.

At noon on the second day the river had risen still higher, but on the other hand the eatables were getting decidedly low. I had to replenish the pot, and my efforts were not in vain, as I returned in an hour's time with a brace of duck, one peahen, and one lizard. The next morning the river had gone down two feet, and it was decided that the Cingalese should carry all the baggage across on their heads. A strong fellow had previously swum across, while I fired shots and all the others threw stones to keep the crocodiles at a distance. In this way a rope had been carried from bank to bank, and by holding on to it the whole company got over easily and safely. The oxen swam across, with the empty carts behind them, and standing up in one of them I also reached the other side, when, leaving the baggage-carts and trophies behind, we proceeded by forced marches. At Buttawa I slept in the ox-cart I had brought with me; and after tramping all day, drove the following night along the good road from Kerinda, and on the 26th of January reached Hambantota again. On the morning of the 28th of January I arrived at Colombo, when I met my friends, and with them celebrated the success of our tour in right noble fashion.
CHAPTER V

INDIA

We spent a few days at Colombo, fully enjoying the luxuries which we had of necessity foregone during our four weeks' expedition. More than anything we appreciated the ice, i.e. cool drinks, after all the warm soda-water. There was also a most delightful dinner on the 27th of January in honour of the Kaiser's birthday. Then we took the steamer to Tuticorin, a little port in the extreme south of India.

Landing at Tuticorin we began a new chapter in the story of our travels, the chapter of hardships. Hitherto the journey had been made in comparative comfort; hotels and steamers had satisfied the demands of a traveller from Central Europe, thousands of miles from home. What was now to come did not suit my tastes at all. At Tuticorin we had our first experience of the Indian railways, which on the whole are not bad, though altogether lacking in the comforts and conveniences which make long journeys tolerable.

At Manduro we visited the temples. Among them is one of the largest in India, but I cannot wax very enthusiastic over visits to temples. These shrines of heathen deities are gigantic buildings with absurd roofs; the architecture is symmetrical and strictly uniform in style, but the execution of details, such as pillars and statues, is crude and has not the smallest attraction for any eye but that of the connoisseur or enthusiast. They are not comparable with the temples and statues of Greece and Rome, nor with the temples of Japan, and,
prodigious in size as they are, they are not so impressive as the pyramids of ancient Egypt.

In Madras we wanted to go tiger- and buffalo-hunting, but were told that it was too early in the season, and that we should come again in May. So we took the French steamer Dupleix to Calcutta, and had a thoroughly enjoyable voyage in jovial company. It was at Calcutta that we had our first experience of an Indian hotel, putting up at Monk's Grand Hotel, a most abominable shanty.

It is incomprehensible that so great and important a town, which is at the same time the chief city of the mighty Indian empire, should have no better accommodation to offer to strangers. Bells and attendance there are none; you must bring your own attendants with you. In all the hotels the manager only speaks English, and, as he is never on the spot when wanted, you must wait till he comes. We could, however, thank Heaven, take our meals in the excellent clubs, to which one may gain admission by introduction.

After a few days' stay in Calcutta, we started for Darjiling, the favourite summer-residence of the inhabitants of Calcutta. It is in the Himalaya, 7000 feet above sea-level. The journey took twenty hours, first by the main line, and then for eight hours along a narrow-gauge line, a masterpiece of English engineering. Unfortunately we were the whole day among the clouds and saw nothing of the views, of which we had heard so much. The higher we went, the colder it became; and, when we were right at the top, we had to restore our frozen circulation with hot whisky and go to bed. The difference in the temperature of Calcutta and Darjiling is no less than 19° Réaumur; which means a great deal in twenty hours, and after a long stay in the torrid zone. All the same, none of us took cold.

The next morning the sky was fairly clear again, and for some time we were able to enjoy the magnificent view of Kinchinjunga, the highest peak but one in the Himalaya. At noon we started on the return journey to Calcutta, and
this time we saw the Himalaya in all its splendour. The journey on the narrow-gauge line down the steep slopes throws everything I have seen into the shade; not to speak of Switzerland and the Rocky Mountains of Canada, Nature here surpasses even the glorious beauty of the journey from Vera Cruz to Orizaba and Mexico, which I had hitherto supposed to be unapproachable.

From Calcutta we went on towards Bombay, stopping first at Benares, the holy city of the Hindus on the Ganges. The water of this river is said in the Hindu religion to be sacred, and every true believer must take a daily bath in it; this is most conscientiously done each morning between the hours of six and eight o'clock. During these hours a gorgeous picture of moving life may be seen by the traveller as he is rowed to and fro between the banks. In the evening you may witness from quite close the process of cremation, which is accomplished in the following manner: the body some hours after death is wrapped in white linen, laid on a funeral pyre and burned; the friends of the deceased stand by until the pyre collapses, and then take up the ashes and consign them to the river.

After Benares, Lucknow, a town of no interest except to the English. The temples and palaces are of plain brick, covered with stucco and are of no account.

From Lucknow we went to Cawnpore, where there is absolutely nothing to see. Cawnpore, however, is a name that has a sad significance; it was here that in 1857, at the time of the Indian Mutiny, the whole English garrison was massacred, and sixty women and children thrown into a well, where they were suffocated.

Thence we went to Agra, the pearl of great price among the objects of interest in India. Here is the famous Taj, the mausoleum which a Mohammedan prince erected to the memory of his wife. This gigantic structure, built entirely of white marble, is reckoned one of the most remarkable edifices in the world. The sarcophagus and lattice-work of the interior were once studded with precious stones of
inestimable value. These are now gone, for Agra has passed from one conqueror to another, and you can see nothing now but the stone setting in the white marble.

At Agra we took our guns in hand once more to go out after antelope, gazelle, and crocodile. Hutchinson and I left the hotel one morning at 3.20 o'clock and went by cart for thirteen miles into the country,—a ride which will always remain in my memory. We had put on our thickest coats and taken with us all the rugs we had, and yet, when we came to our destination, we were so stiff with the cold that we could scarcely crawl out of our cart. Our teeth chattered and our hands were so cold that we could not have fired a shot at the most beautiful buck in the world. Sunrise saw us camped round a roaring fire, which, combined with a stiff "brandy," in some measure made us feel human again. I do not remember ever being so frozen before, not even on the coldest day in the Eifel. The thermometer was not below zero,—it never is at Agra. What made us feel the cold so much was the difference between the temperatures of day and night. This morning it was perhaps 5° Réaumur, while yesterday at noon it was above 28° in the shade.

Soon after starting we saw whole herds of gazelle and blackbuck, but they were never within about five hundred yards. Eight hours' tramping under a terribly hot sun produced nothing, so the tracker proposed that we should try our luck with the crocodiles, of which, he said, there should be plenty in a neighbouring tributary of the Ganges. He took me to a sand-embankment about sixty feet high, which forms one bank of the river. The sight which presented itself was a magnificent one for a crocodile-hunter. On the opposite bank of the river, which was about one hundred and seventy yards wide, I counted thirty-four crocodiles, all big fellows, lying in the sun with their heads towards the water.

There are two sorts of crocodile here, the long-snouted and the short-nosed. The long-snouted is a strange-looking reptile, ranging from 14½ to about 18 feet in length, with a
long pointed snout, the upper and lower jaws of which are furnished with teeth. When he is on land lying asleep with his mouth wide open, as all crocodiles do, he presents a truly comical appearance. The short-nosed crocodile is the one which is most frequently met with, and can be distinguished from the long-snout by its much shorter head. This animal attains the respectable length of 26 feet or over. Directly opposite me lay a big specimen of the latter kind. At first I would not believe my eyes and thought there were two, but I convinced myself with the glasses that it was really only one. This monster, which reminded me involuntarily of Schiller's "Fight with the Dragon," was the one which I selected in leisurely fashion to shoot, cautiously studying his head through my field-glasses. I lay down on the ground, my new rifle, a Calcutta purchase, in front of me. (It was a 500-Express rifle, 12·7 mm., taking black powder.) Then I took aim till I thought I was sure of him; but when the cloud of smoke cleared off, I saw no crocodile. Not only the one at which I fired but all the others as well had disappeared, leaving behind them on the farther side rings of water great or small according to the size of their bodies. Neither I nor the tracker knew whether I had hit mine, and even if I had hit, I should not have recovered it, because the brutes always sink to the bottom, even when they are dead. This afternoon I had five more shots, always at crocodiles lying at the far side of the river and always without success. The crocodiles disappeared after the shot without giving me the chance of knowing for certain whether my bullets had gone home; the distance was too great.

On the way back I got a jackal,—there are plenty of them hereabouts. The jackal is in appearance as well as in his ways a sort of combination of wolf and fox, resembling the latter more than the former. In the daytime he keeps in retirement, but towards evening comes out to hunt for prey, howls loudly to attract others of his kind, with which he then ranges the country. He loves company, though he does sometimes
hunt singly; and he may perhaps be called the boldest and most importunate of all foxes. Not in the least afraid to approach human habitations, he will make his way shamelessly into the heart of villages or even of thickly populated cities such as Calcutta, Agra, and Delhi, actually entering houses and carrying off whatever he finds. In the hotels, which are mostly ground-floor buildings, doors and windows cannot be left open at night, for the jackals would certainly come into the room, as happened to me once later on at Harda. As soon as night has really closed in, you hear a chorus of lugubrious howls, rather like the bark of a dog but with more variations. The cry is not by any means to be regarded as an expression of melancholy on the part of these roaming beasts. Even when they have abundant food before them in the shape, it may be, of a huge carcase, they will give vent to such heart-rending and doleful howls that you would think that they had had nothing to eat for a week. So soon as the leader raises his voice the others join in the chorus, and it may be that you hear their musical strains sounding from every quarter of the compass at once. Sometimes people are startled by their howling, for it often resembles a call for help or the cry of a man in pain. Owing to the persistence with which they keep up their nocturnal concert they become unbearable, for they often completely spoil one's night's rest.

The next afternoon Hutchinson and I went together to my crocodile-pool, and once more found a great number of the creatures sunning themselves on the other side of the river. We soon selected a long-snouted one as our target, which must have measured from muzzle to tail a good fifteen feet. We agreed to fire together, so as to increase our chances of taking one of these monsters home with us. Cautiously we raised our rifles, both the 500-calibre, and counting one, two, three, fired. The crocodile on the other bank wriggled head and tail from side to side, but did not succeed in reaching the water; it was hard hit, but not finished. We loaded as fast as we could and gave it one after the other eight bullets more.
After the first shot the convulsive struggles it made with its tail had moved the body less than two feet, and it now lay broadside on to the water and to all appearance dead on a little spit of sandbank. We were sure of our prey and sent six of our men off to fetch it over. They had to go nearly a mile down-stream where there was a ford and then work up the other bank. While we were awaiting their arrival on the far side, I saw suddenly that the reptile we had killed was moving. Through the glasses we could see distinctly that the moving force was not in the body itself but must have some other origin. To make a long story short, when the men came to the place in half-an-hour's time, the crocodile had disappeared. Attracted by the streaming blood, the other crocodiles had scooped away the sand under the dead body and so made it roll slowly into the water, where they would devour it. There was no help for it. Crocodiles always sink when dead, and it is only after a long time—it may be hours or it may be days—that they come to the surface, and, when they do come up, they are mostly torn to pieces by the other denizens of the water.

We shot at and hit another half-dozen crocodiles. Most of them lay quiet for a minute after the shot, and all got safely into the water. A resident Englishman, who had had thirty years' experience of crocodile-shooting, explained to us that the nerves and muscles of the crocodile, even when it is mortally wounded, are still capable of propelling the body for a few feet; this suffices in most cases to carry the reptile into the water.

The next day I went to another part of the river. Here again one bank was a high sand-dune covered with dry grass; the other side was a sand-flat, several hundred yards wide. This place had a great advantage over that of the day before, inasmuch as on the dune side there was a sandbank some thirty feet wide, which could be raked by the sportsman's rifle, supposing that a crocodile should select this spot for its sun-bath.
I shot first with my usual ill-success at two gigantic reptiles which were reposing on the farther bank. The first I hit so hard that I could put two more bullets into it, and yet the brute vanished. Shooting over a river is very difficult, for the water with the sun’s rays on it deceives the eye. For this reason I determined to give up shooting across the river and to fire only if a crocodile should settle itself on the little bank on my side. I was not kept long waiting; in fact I had hardly come up to the crest of the dune and taken aim through the overhanging grass, when the crocodile had observed me, and quick as lightning disappeared into the water before I could get a shot. These reptiles are blessed with a peculiarly keen sense of hearing.

So the game went on, till at last at four o’clock in the afternoon I saw my best chance. Below me on the sandbank lay a fair-sized crocodile with his head turned from me. I took every precaution not to make a noise, even drawing my stockings over my boots—a very practical measure, as I found. After half-an-hour’s stalking I had my quarry below me and half broadside. I let fly. The reptile did not stir. I sprang up and fired my second ball, which hit it in exactly the same spot as the first. I loaded again and fired, and this third ball struck the wound made by the others. I ran full speed down the dune to give it the coup de grâce at close quarters. When I got to the bottom I saw that the three balls had ploughed a hole as big as my two fists in the upper part of its shoulder; the coup de grâce was not needed.

This crocodile was seven feet long and of the ordinary sort. On cutting it open I found that the three bullets, all of which had exploded, had torn its heart, lungs, and liver all to shivers, and yet the animal moved for five minutes. If it could have gone two feet, it would have been in the water. Later on in the afternoon I fired at a long-snouted crocodile, which was lying on a little sandbank in the river. After the shot it opened its jaws wide, bellowed three times, and then disappeared in the river.
From Agra we proceeded to Delhi. More forts, palaces, and mosques to be visited! Delhi, it is true, has a magnificent palace of white marble adorned with sculptured figures. I had a day's shooting trying for antelopes which were said to be plentiful. I did not see a single one, but shot two peacocks, and an eagle. The last-named I brought down with a "Drilling" ball, as it sat on a tree about a hundred paces from me. Unluckily the ball went through its breast and did such extensive damage that, as I feared, it could not be stuffed. It was a huge bird with grey plumage all over, and measured six feet from tip to tip of its outspread wings.

We had now traversed nearly the whole of India and had discovered no more about tiger-shooting than we learned in Calcutta. The tiger is found throughout India and hunted in various ways. The Indian princes, who in their own states are free and independent of the English Government and can do as they like with their game, hunt tigers; driving them, and then shooting them from their elephants. In the states which are English possessions, tigers are also hunted with beaters; the sportsman either takes up a position on foot or utilises a so-called "machan," i.e. a raised seat, rigged up in a tree, ten to fourteen feet from the ground. A third method is to track them with a single elephant. The Indian princes usually hunt the tiger during the hot season, in April and May.

We saw at Delhi one of the nautches for which the place is famous. The dance is performed very gracefully by beautifully proportioned women, while a whole orchestra of men plays a really pleasant accompaniment on curious instruments.

We travelled on to Jaipur, a place we might just as well have omitted to visit for the interest it possesses. It may be noted that it has the worst hotel I have ever been in in my life, and this means something.

From Jaipur we journeyed on for two nights and a day through dust beyond belief on a narrow-gauge line, which for rocking can compete with the Italian railways, and came to Bombay, the town of everlasting plague. Words cannot
describe the delights which awaited us here, in the shape of meats and drinks worthy of human beings, in the yacht-club, charmingly situated by the sea.

The plague was raging in Bombay, and claiming at the time 250 victims a day; but it confines itself almost exclusively to the natives, Europeans seemingly being immune. You see little of the epidemic in the town, the streets being still quite sufficiently crowded. The only thing which points to so large a number of deaths is the multitude of little funeral processions which are seen everywhere. The funeral is a very simple affair. The body is laid on a bier, which four men carry on their shoulders. It is all covered with cloths with the exception of the face, which, according to religious usage, must be exposed. Behind the bier and alongside of it there are a few mourners, and the whole procession moves along in such quick time that it is soon out of sight.

The chief objects of interest in Bombay are the towers to which the Parsis, one of the religious sects of India, take their dead to be devoured by vultures. There are several of these towers, all situated on a hill overlooking the sea, and to them the body is brought and received by the priests. The towers are stone buildings, round and open to the sky. The floor contains square divisions of three different sizes, the largest for men, the next size for women, and the smallest for children; and slopes downwards to the middle, where there is a large hole. The priests, who are the only people who may enter the towers, unclothe the bodies, and, laying them each according to size in one or other of the squares, depart. The door of the tower is scarcely closed, when from the surrounding walls and trees the vultures swoop down to partake of the meal provided for them. In ten minutes as a rule they appear again on the walls, which indicates that there is nothing left of the corpse except the bones. These are thrown by the priests into the central hole, into which the blood has already flowed, and blood and bones together are carried out to sea.

We were in Bombay, and the question now was how were
we going to get out of it again? All ships coming from Bombay had throughout the winter been quarantined from the neighbouring ports, whereas the other Indian ports, such as Calcutta, Madras, and Tuticorin, had remained hitherto free from the plague. Then we received in Bombay the unpleasant news that Colombo, to which we wanted to go, had declared the ports of India one and all to be plague-infected, and all ships coming from them had to undergo ten days' quarantine. This news was of special importance to us, for it was only from Colombo that we could go to Australia, which we proposed to visit next. We had no alternative but to go from Bombay to Calcutta and thence to Rangoon in Burma, from Rangoon we hoped to get to Colombo, and thus by this route avoid quarantine.

After a week's stay in Bombay we started on our journey, and came first to Harda, a little town in the Central Provinces, where dwelt a veteran Englishman named Snuggs who had been recommended to us as a good guide for tiger-shooting. We had ten days to spare, and, though we had made no preparations whatever, we were anxious to try our luck. We found Mr. Snuggs, a hale Englishman, fifty-seven years of age, who had lived in the place for thirty years, and in spite of the conditions of life in this country, still strong on his legs. We utilised the two days, which were required for absolutely necessary preparations, in stalking gazelle in the immediate neighbourhood of Harda. Hutchinson killed one, while I had no chance of a shot. On the third day we set out, furnished with tents and provisions for ten days. We rode the whole day on miserable ponies for a distance of about twelve miles under a blazing sun, and in the evening reached the edge of the forest. The next day we went a few miles on, and were then in the district which tiger, panther, and bear were said to frequent. We saw a few tracks of the last-named and of nilgai, a kind of big antelope with short black horns. There were also many tracks of deer and wild pig.

On the way to the hunting-ground and in the tent in the
evening Mr. Snuggs, who could look back on thirty years' experience, and had himself killed eighteen tigers and over a hundred panthers, regaled us with information about tiger- and panther-shooting and the habits of these animals. His views, of which I give a short summary, coincide in the main with those of Brehm.¹ Frequent descriptions of the dangers of the jungle have caused these dangers to be much overestimated.

In unwonted surroundings, where the abundance of strange experiences keeps the imagination always on the stretch, the novice, as well as the man who does not come to shoot, is easily induced to believe current traditions and to regard ordinary occurrences as romantic adventures. In general the less gifted he is with keen perception and the less he has grown up in

¹ Brehm, German naturalist (1829-1885), author of Das illustrierte Tierleben, in 10 vols.
open-air surroundings, the more he is prone to this frame of mind. The man who has not from his youth up been familiar with life in the woods and fields in his own country will never be familiar with life in the jungle. Travellers who have to depend on current stories, which are always served up to the stranger with the enjoyment well known to accompany a narration of the unusual or terrifying, are not the best authorities. But it would certainly be just as much of a mistake simply to reject such current stories as it is to circulate them in full without modification. Animals of the same species behave in very different ways according to circumstances, and alter many traits of their character when they come face to face with man under new conditions. Exciting stories based on hearsay, and, in the main really untrustworthy, should always be carefully tested or repeated with reserve.

The tiger is of common occurrence in India, and is to be found everywhere—near human habitations, in the lonely jungle, in marshes, and in mountain ranges; his particular habitat usually depending on his manner of life. But it is a great mistake to suppose, as people frequently do suppose, that tigers are plentiful and are easily bagged. The opposite is true. Many good hunters, who have been for a year in India and have been out often after tigers, have come home without getting one.

Every year it will become more difficult to shoot a tiger in India, and this for two reasons: firstly, because the natives hunt game for food and so cut off the tiger's supplies; secondly, because the Indian Government pays a reward of £3 for every dead tiger. This sum is, of course, not high enough to make tiger-hunting profitable to the European, but for the Indian forest-ranger, who draws the average monthly pay of seven shillings, it is a fortune worth winning. Since the native shoots the animals on which the tiger preys, the latter is obliged to take toll of domestic cattle, and then is very soon done to death by the men into whose neighbourhood he has been driven.

To speak generally, there are in India three different sorts
of tiger, which may be distinguished by their manner of living, viz. the game-killer, the cattle-stealer, and the man-eater. The assumption that every tiger hurls himself upon a man at sight is erroneous, for the majority of tigers belong to the game-killing class, i.e. they feed on all animals which are their inferiors in strength, and, if they possibly can, keep out of the way of man. Unless driven or wounded, the tiger seldom attacks men, and then only because he is startled and thinks that he is attacked. Even in such cases the natives can drive him away by violent movements of the arms and loud cries, and the tiger is just as glad to see the last of them as they are to escape from a perilous position. There are, however, exceptions, and sometimes the tiger, who is of a naturally malevolent disposition, will without any cause and without being a man-eater, attack and kill inoffensive natives. He will not as a rule eat their flesh, but will make off as speedily as possible, for the cause of his attack is in this case spitefulness and not hunger. These cases are rare, and should be considered exceptional, if we remember how many people in this thickly populated country come knowingly or unknowingly into actual contact with or into close proximity to a tiger. The tiger is neither more nor less than a large cat. Most of his movements and habits are those of the cat. Like the cat he is an excellent hunter; with crouching body he moves towards his prey, always working up against the wind and using every particle of covert he can find, or he lies in wait on some slightly elevated spot near to water, and at the right moment leaps upon his victim. His great agility, coupled with marvellous strength, his keen scent and his cunning—these are the attributes which make the tiger so dangerous a foe to man and beast.

Almost every tiger is a game-killer from his birth; but as he grows old and indolent he finds the pursuit of game, which is always on the alert, too hard for him. Then it is that he begins to turn his attention to the numerous herds of cattle. He soon sees how much easier it is to provide himself with a livelihood from the peacefully grazing cattle, and little by little
he turns into the habitual cattle-stealer. In broad daylight, when the natives drive their beasts out to pasture from the enclosures where they keep them at night, the tiger creeps up, bounds on one of them, and drags it off. Then it is that his great strength stands him in good stead, for he can take a full-grown ox a considerable distance, half-dragging and half-carrying the carcase. I have had an opportunity of satisfying myself of the truth of this. The cattle of India are of lighter build than those of Europe, a full-grown cow seldom weighing more than four hundred pounds, which is approximately the normal weight of a tiger; but it is astonishing to see how far the robber can drag his prey along steep slopes and over rocks and fallen trees to his chosen dark retreat, where he can enjoy his dinner undisturbed.

When it is said that the tiger has turned cattle-stealer, it does not mean that he eats only domestic cattle;—nothing of the sort,—he is first and foremost a game-killer, but, when he has no success in his hunting, he turns to stealing. In the course of his cattle-stealing the tiger comes into contact with men. He lives not far from the villages, and it is this that makes him become a man-eater. He surprises some natives working in the fields, and convinces himself on this occasion that the being of whom he was lately afraid is far inferior to himself in strength, and also that he is the easiest of all animals to get at. So he becomes a regular man-eater, and the terror of the whole district; but even so he picks his victims. He hunts man as formerly he hunted game, i.e. when he finds him alone and can take him by surprise. We find that the man-eater is mostly an old and lean animal, who is no longer strong enough to gain his living by hunting, and therefore attacks men.

"Once a man-eater, always a man-eater" is a fiction. The tiger will devour game and cattle as he did before tasting human flesh, but, encouraged by success and for simplicity's sake, he prefers man. Though seldom met with, there is no animal in India more dangerous and more universally dreaded than the man-eating tiger. His domain is wide; to-day he is
in one place, to-morrow many miles away, and, wherever he goes, the Indian peasant can never feel safe from an attack.

When once the tiger has marked his victim down, there is no escape. A cautious stalk,—a spring,—the victim's cry,—and all is over. The robber retires to the thick jungle, there to enjoy in peace his horrible repast.

The reasons which make a tiger a man-eater may be found in the following items: old age; dwindling strength (he can no longer kill and drag off big beasts like oxen and buffaloes); a wound which makes hunting difficult for him; a chance encounter with a man, which convinces him of his own superiority; and lastly, in the case of the tigress, motherly love, which she evinces by slaying men, when she can pull down no other game for her cubs.

It was our intention to drive our tiger and to meet him on foot. No elephants were available, and to build "machans" on every occasion would have taken too long. So there was no alternative. It is surprising that the beaters, clad only in a cotton apron and armed with an axe, have the courage to drive the tiger. Unfortunately, accidents do happen sometimes, when the tiger thinks that the beaters have him in a corner. Such a mischance occurred six months before in the district in which we now were. A party of beaters had gone ahead too quickly, and one, who was going slowly, started a tiger. When the animal came upon the men in front, he immediately attacked one of them, seizing him by the left arm, and mortally wounded another; he thought himself surrounded by men, and his object was to keep the way open for retreat. This tiger, who has also carried off several natives, is still in the neighbourhood; the others are merely game-killers and cattle-stealers.

Experience shows that a wounded tiger usually makes off; but, if a man crosses his path, he will as often as not attack him, supposing him to be an enemy. This is why the beaters after a shot usually take refuge in the trees. The sportsmen themselves must naturally be on their guard and expect the
tiger to appear any moment. The beaters are poor folk, and get two annas a day and provide their own food. It is not so much the pay which induces them to engage as beaters, as the prospect of getting a few pounds of flesh from the deer and wild pigs that are shot.

I have already said that we had not made any preparations for hunting. About three weeks are needed for this. We had not a sufficient number of beaters, besides which the best men had gone down from the hills to the plains to get in the corn. Moreover, the forest in which we were hunting had been disturbed by timber-carrying; and there was to be a great auction-sale of timber in a neighbouring village the following week. This accounts for the fact that in ten days we saw only one panther, and this too far away for a shot. Every evening when darkness had set in we spent two or three hours in a machan, i.e. we sat in a tree, while down below was a tethered goat, whose continuous bleating ought to have attracted a panther.

If you are going out tiger-shooting by night, you must, before constructing your machan, tie up a tame buffalo-calf in the forest. If you find the next day that the tiger has torn the calf to pieces, you build a machan above the mangled remains. It is the custom of the tiger to return to his victim on the second day, and he comes to the place soon after nightfall, for he now regards the dead calf more or less as his own property, whereas the first day, on finding the animal, he is suspicious and often moves round and round his victim for hours together to see whether it is quite safe for him to attack. Should the tiger have slain and partially devoured the tethered beast, he will usually lie down and sleep somewhere near at hand; or he watches his prey, for hungry vagabonds such as hyænas and jackals dine at his table, though they quickly fly when the king of the forest draws near. Unfortunately no tiger killed any of the three buffaloes we tethered in the forest, and no panther came for the bleating goat above which I sat on a tree for twenty hours.
The first day I got a wild sow and a blackbuck, the antelope which is of commonest occurrence in India and is found all over the Central Provinces. It is somewhat smaller and slimmer than our fallow deer, and lives in the open level country, over which it bounds away, astonishing the hunter by the height it rises, and the distance it covers in its enormous leaps.

On the second day, while the game was being driven, I heard a shot, and immediately after it a splendid sambar came straight towards me, going down the hill. When he turned slightly, I gave him a ball in the shoulder, and with the second shot smashed one of his hind-legs. A few paces further the big beast came down. I supposed the deer to be mine, but, when the drive was over, I found a bullet in the upper part of the off hind-leg. Hutchinson had wounded him before I did, and the animal was of course his property.

In the course of the following days Mr. Snuggs brought down two fine wild boars, while Hutchinson and I had not so much as a shot. We were obliged to bring our hunting to a close so as to get on to Rangoon by way of Calcutta. On the return journey I brought down another jackal, but on the whole I was not very well satisfied with the result of my hunting in India. I hope to have better luck next year, for it is my intention, whatever else I do, to take a tiger home with me. This little tour has at least given me an idea of the way to get at the royal game.

The voyage from Calcutta to Rangoon on a boat of very moderate dimensions was not interesting. Rangoon, on the contrary, surpassed our expectations. The town itself is like all Indian towns, but the immediate neighbourhood is charming with its numerous country houses set in the midst of groves of palms and orange-trees, and far superior to anything one sees in the monotonous cities of India proper. It is particularly interesting to see how the elephants here are trained to work in the great saw-mills, where the teak-timber is cut up.
Burma is famous for its excellent timber, which is floated down from the upper Rangoon river to the town of Rangoon, sawn up there, and consigned for the most part to Europe. Guided by the mahouts who sit on the heads of the great beasts, the elephants bring the enormous teak-logs from the river to the saw-mills; and you will not see better trained animals in a circus. The elephants move quietly and safely among the buzzing saws, placing the logs in position as intelligently as would a man.

From Rangoon we sailed for Colombo, which we reached in four days. We did not have to go into quarantine, and on the 8th of April 1899 we went aboard the *Stuttgart* for the twenty-one days' voyage to Sydney. Why we were going to Australia was not very clear either to Hutchinson or to myself, for our real destination was Africa; but the time of year was not suitable for a visit to Africa for hunting purposes, so we resolved to take in Australia, where it was still winter, on our way to South Africa.
CHAPTER VI

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND—KANGAROO-HUNTING IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS—TO SOUTH AFRICA

We had chosen the *Stuttgart*, one of the oldest and slowest of the ships plying to Australia, solely for the reason that on her we could quench our tropical thirst with beer from the cask. We never regretted our choice; in fact, it could not have been better. Not only was the beer excellent, but the company on board, though small, was so select that every one of us, when the three weeks' voyage was over, was sorry to have to land at Sydney. The good fortune which had followed us all along in the Northern Hemisphere did not seem inclined to desert us in the Southern.

Australia itself strikes one as being very like America. We touched first at Freemantle, where we had our first experience of the country. The workmen's union, which has unlimited power in Australia and to which every workman belongs, had declared a strike at the docks, because the steamers would not agree to pay the dock-hands six shillings a day. The *Stuttgart* was therefore obliged to take on to Adelaide some 550 tons of cargo, which could not be discharged at Freemantle for lack of hands.

From Freemantle we went by train to Perth, a town of recent growth and the starting-point for the silver and gold mines inland. As in all new countries, everything is very dear in Western Australia. We collected a few examples of this: a bottle of gin costs eight shillings; the cab-driver, who drove
us for three hours, demanded thirty shillings for his services, and everything else was in proportion.

Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, has no remarkable features, but Melbourne pleased us much. We were delighted to see a real city on European lines, inhabited by white men only, with good carriages, hotels, and theatres, and all the other concomitants of a town in the true sense. For a year we had had to be content with uncivilised people, and now we enjoyed ourselves, like little children who have come to town from their homes in the country.

Sydney in all points puts even Melbourne into the shade. Its harbour, which for beauty and capacity stands second in the world, that of Rio de Janeiro alone competing with it, is magnificent. The city, like all other towns in Australia, reminds one of American cities; and, since the Australian has a pronounced nasal twang of the Yankee type, you might really believe that you had just gone across to the United States.

From Sydney we took the American boat, the Alameda, and in four days reached Auckland, which is the chief town of New Zealand and possesses a very beautiful harbour. Thanks to our introductions, we had a lucky opportunity afforded to us here of going out after fallow deer. We were invited by Mr. John Reed to shoot on his island, which is fifteen miles from Auckland, and did not need to be asked twice. We found Mr. Reed to be a jovial old bachelor, who has for twenty years lived a hermit's life on his island, breeding large numbers of sheep and cattle. The island is 10,000 acres in extent, very mountainous, and grassy. Here and there one sees a small wood and some reeds, which afford covert for the deer. There are about 1500 of them in the island,—too many according to the proprietor, for they injure the corn-crops. As Mr. Reed is no sportsman himself, he puts his shooting at the disposal of his friends.

The steepness of the mountains and the shyness of the deer make it necessary to hunt on horseback, a new experience for me. Each of us mounted a sturdy nag, and, conducted by a
gentleman also on horseback, set off on our wild chase. We soon saw some herds of deer racing over hill and dale, but the whole morning we had not the good fortune to come across a buck.

The following is the way the hunting on horseback is arranged: Two men go out together and put up the deer; as soon as they are started, the man who is to shoot makes a long detour to head them off, while the other hunter, riding slowly, tries to keep the herd in the direction agreed on. In the afternoon I found this method successful. My horse carried me nearly two miles at a great pace and with astonishing surefootedness over the rough country, and I suddenly found myself in front of the herd which was being driven up from below. Dismounting quickly, I fired at the buck as he sped down the slope. For some time I lost sight of the deer in a valley, but when I viewed them again, saw that the buck was not among them. Then, as the riders were trying to drive another herd up the mountain, I lay down on the ground beside my horse and waited. This herd, however, finally came into view too far to the left, and I had no opportunity of firing.

Half-an-hour later I began to look for my buck, and soon found him. On my approach he got up and set off down the hill again, but a ball in the neck brought his career to an end at the foot of the mountain. The antlers are like those of German fallow deer. If not a very grand trophy, they are a pretty memento of New Zealand and of this peculiar method of hunting. A little later I shot at a doe from horseback (this at Mr. Reed's special request), and hit her, though too far back. I could not go after her because my horse was so frightened by the shot that he ran away with me, and, as I had dropped the reins in order to fire, I could not pull him up. After a mile or two I succeeded in picking up the reins, which were trailing on the ground, and brought to an end my wild ride up hill and down dale, which amused my friends immensely. My animal used to stand quiet for a shot, but a few days before he had been ruined by a hunter, who had fired
a shot right between his ears. We did not find my doe, but Hutchinson got one in its place.

We dined in the evening with Mr. Reed, and then returned to Auckland much pleased with our day's expedition and the charming sport on this picturesquely situated island. We were unanimous in voting the day one of the pleasantest of our tour. In a few days we set off overland for Wellington, which lies at the extreme south of the North Island of New Zealand. We had a twelve hours' railway journey to Rotorna by a goods train which stopped for twenty minutes at every station to take up and put down sheep and cattle.

At Rotorna are the famous hot springs. These are mostly sulphur-springs, and leap from the ground at more or less regular intervals to the height of 180 feet. A regular hurricane was blowing as we crossed the Tarawera lake to visit a so-called cold spring. This is 75 feet deep, and by putting your eyes almost on the smooth surface of the water you can see to the bottom. The sides of the spring are bright with wonderful shades of colour, chiefly blue and green. It is a veritable glimpse into fairyland.

From Rotorna we had to take the coach to travel southwards; the railway and telegraph lines go no farther into the interior; fresh horses and meals at the inns, which are few and far between on the way to Pipiriki, are ordered by carrier-pigeons, which are taken back by the next coach.

We left Rotorna at six o'clock one morning, and after a drive of 56 miles reached Taupo, on the lake of Taupo-moana, in the evening. The weather was wet, and we could see only bits of the fine scenery of the country. New Zealand is so thoroughly undermined with volcanoes that one may truly say that the whole country is seething. So far as the eye can reach, white steam-clouds are rising to the sky. The only water for drinking is rain-water, because the wells are all hot, and so charged with sulphur that their water is undrinkable. We got out of the coach several times to look at the muddy streams met with on the way. These are exceptionally interesting,
for you see bluey-green and brown-coloured mud leaping out of the ground at boiling heat, and hear the most peculiar croaking noise it makes as it comes out.

The country districts are inhabited exclusively by Maoris, the natives of New Zealand, a people who have much in common with the North American Indians, and, like them, are doomed to extinction. The Maori is a "Grand Seigneur"; he thinks work disgraceful, and makes his living by cattle-raising, cultivating just enough corn to suffice for the needs of himself and his family. They are a fine race, the women being particularly strong and square-built; this being doubtless due to the fact that they do most of the manual labour. Both men and women are addicted to the use of tobacco and whisky in excess. In one little village, where we stopped, we had a Maori dance performed for us by a dozen women. It is strikingly original and not lacking in grace and elegance. Men and women alike, they are exceedingly good-natured; always getting out of life all the merriment it contains. Laughing, dancing, smoking, and drinking—this is their ideal life, and, because we also have inclinations that way, we spent some very pleasant hours with the Maoris. These intelligent people speak English more or less freely, and this made our intercourse with them easy.

We left Taupo at 9 A.M., so as to be at Tokaano, 40 miles on, in the evening. It was a glorious day, with hot sun and cloudless sky. The air, 3000 feet above sea-level, as we were, was wonderfully clear. It was a striking contrast to the dust of India and the moist heat of Ceylon. The whole day we drove along the shores of Taupo-moana, which is encircled by high mountains. Most of these are craters, some extinct, others still vomiting flames. The largest and highest of them was in full activity and emitting huge clouds of smoke. The mountain itself, covered with snow and irradiated by the sun, presented a magnificent appearance.

To the right flocks of duck were rising from the reeds, and on the left pheasants flew up, frightened by the coach.
We should certainly have had fine sport had we not, for the sake of travelling light, sent our guns by sea to Wellington. On all sides the scenery is enlivened by large and small herds of sheep, which seek their meagre living on the mountains. We saw also several herds of wild horses, which are found everywhere in New Zealand. They are as shy as the deer, because the Maoris are always hunting them, using the lasso like the American cowboys. Many of these horses have been already once caught and broken in to work by the Maoris, and then, when there was no more for them to do, set free again. Before a native lets a horse run wild again, he puts a mark on him, which mark is usually made by cutting off a certain number of the joints of the tail. If a neighbour captures a horse so docked, he must give him up to the owner, as soon as the latter claims him on the strength of the mark. All the wild horses a Maori catches become his own private property.

The next day we had a stiff journey before us. We had to do 90 miles to Pipiriki so as to catch the boat which goes once a week to Wanganui. We were in the coach at 4 A.M., and, with a fresh horse as leader, went over the bad roads at a headlong gallop. It was necessary before darkness came on to reach the other side of a forest, which was 17½ miles in length and impossible to drive through at night. The first stage was an astonishing performance. We did 46 miles without any stop worth mentioning. Then we took fresh horses and after a quarter of an hour's rest were off again.

It rained the whole day, the roads were soft with melted snow, and more than once, when the cart was up to the axles in the quagmire, we thought that we should be obliged to spend the night in the open. But the New Zealand horses are excellent, and in endurance and strength comparable with almost any in the world.

Towards 7 P.M. we came to Waiouru, which lies at the far end of the forest, and were now sure of reaching Pipiriki the same evening. After a rest of twenty minutes we started
with fresh horses for the last 15 miles downhill to Pipiriki, which we reached at last at 11 p.m. This last stretch is the most beautiful part of the journey, and should really be done by day. The rain had ceased, and the moon was full. We thoroughly enjoyed the beauties of our moonlight drive along a road which is for ever winding through forests of pine and oak and tree-fern.

[Image: Travelling Carriage, New Zealand]

The next morning at seven o'clock we took the boat, and going down the river Wanganui reached the town of the same name at two o'clock. As we steamed down the little river, the scene before us was unique in its beauty. The charming stream winds along in a narrow valley, shut in on both sides by high mountains, which are adorned with luxuriant vegetation, mostly the picturesque tree-ferns with their long stems. Here and there on the banks are the villages inhabited by the contented Maoris. The little steamer put in everywhere. The Maoris bring to the bank any produce they want to ship,
but the captain and his crew have to put the sacks and boxes on board; the Maoris, laughing and smoking, look on while others work,—which is an occupation entirely after their own heart.

Hutchinson and I and all the other passengers took part in the loading of the boat; we wanted to be in time for the great races, which were to come off at Wanganui in the afternoon. In the matter of horse-flesh these races can bear comparison with those of any, even the best, racecourses of Europe. The horses, all raised in New Zealand, are for the most part lanky and make first-rate steeplechase runners. The winners were to be bought for £50 on the average, a ludicrous price for such animals. One would like to have them in Europe. Horses cost very little in New Zealand; for instance, the postmaster who runs the coach from Rotorna to Pipiriki never pays more than 5 for a horse, and our experience showed what the animals can do.

From Wanganui we went by goods train to Wellington, a charming town on the sea-coast. We stayed here a week, having a jovial time with our fellow-passengers of the Stuttgart. We had originally intended to visit the South Island as well as the North Island, and see the towns of Christchurch, Dunedin, and the Bluff, taking passage on to Tasmania. But the weather was not inviting; there was incessant rain and wind accompanied by low temperature. We resolved therefore to change our plans and return direct to Sydney.

We went on board the steamship Waikari, and were not very well pleased to hear that the boat, instead of going straight to Sydney, would spend three extra days en route, zig-zagging about to try and find the steamship Perthshire, which was overdue. This ship of 7000 tons burden, while on her way from Sydney to the Bluff, had broken her propeller and was at the mercy of the waves. All the ships plying between Australia and New Zealand were searching for her, to earn the large sum which the Perthshire's owners had promised to the captain who should take her in tow and bring her back
NEW ZEALAND FALLOW-DEER HEAD.

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again to Sydney. We first went northward to the 36th degree of south latitude, and cruised about in the direction in which the captain hoped to find her. Every night rockets were fired to attract the attention of the *Perthshire*, but all our trouble was in vain. After three days the captain gave up the search, and we headed for Sydney, which we reached after a voyage of seven days over a very rough sea. The *Perthshire* was found fifty-six days after she broke down, and towed back to Sydney without any loss of life.

From Australia it is impossible to dissociate the kangaroo, which is found solely in that country. We had all our guns handy and were assured that it was not very difficult to bag one of these animals. So we left Sydney one day for Mount Victoria, a little village lying among the picturesque Blue Mountains of New South Wales.

In a journey of eight hours the railway mounts 3000 feet, and on reaching the summit we were met by a violent snow-storm and hard frost, which were very disagreeable. Hutchinson found the cold at the top among the mountains so trying, and the prospect so uninviting of a three days' coach-journey,—the coach-journeys of New Zealand were still fresh in our memory,—that first thing the next morning he took train and returned to the milder climate of Sydney. I had to struggle hard to resist the temptation, but did not go back. At eight o'clock of an outrageously cold morning I started for Half Way House, wearing all the clothes I could muster.

The road I took goes to the famous Ienolan Caves—interesting stalactite-grottoes, 38 miles from Mount Victoria. Towards one o'clock we had done nearly nineteen miles, and I resolved to try my luck at kangaroo-hunting from the little block-house, called Half Way House, where one changes horses. Two excellent Australian ponies were soon saddled, and, "Drilling" in hand, I followed the track for 8½ miles at a breakneck gallop, till my guide, a boy of fourteen, turned aside from the road and led me into the forest. It astonished me to see how
the little ponies, which had just finished a veritable race, cleared the yard-high trunks of the fallen forest-trees in the most easy-going and confident style. The dead trunks soon became so thick that we were obliged to dismount; the horses were tethered, and before very long we sighted a kangaroo.

There are several species of these animals, such as the kangaroo proper, which has a light-coloured fur and attains a height of six feet; secondly, the walalu, smaller than the kangaroo, and with dark skin like that of a seal; and, thirdly, the wallaby, usually smaller than the walalu and with a coat between those of the kangaroo and the walalu in colour. The large kangaroo is no longer found in the district where I was hunting; there are still a few specimens near the Ienolan Caves, but these may not be shot. The walalus also were few and far between, but wallabies get up freely everywhere. They are shy animals, and, as a rule, all one sees of them is something slipping away with great rapidity behind the bushes and trees.

The kangaroo when running uses its hind-legs only. These are very strong, and, as the animal bounds away with jumps a yard or more long, aided by its stout and long tail, it is as fleet as a hare. This fact and the thick undergrowth make kangaroo-hunting very difficult. You can only take snap-shots, and it is pretty well known that a bullet is little good in such cases.

In the course of the afternoon I sent two bullets after kangaroos on the hop, but after the shot we saw the animals no more. At last, when it was beginning to grow dark, I saw a big wallaby sitting up about eighty paces away; and fired, but missed. The bullet must have grazed his coat, for he shook himself violently, but to my astonishment remained sitting quietly looking at me. I had time to reload my "Drilling," and this time I got him clean in the hind-leg, smashing the thigh-bone to pieces; but he took several big jumps with his one leg before I finished him off. He was an old and large wallaby, measuring from head to tip of tail 4½ feet. Unfortunately, he was so badly wounded that the fore-paws and head were useless for stuffing.
The next morning I did a few hours' stalking in the forest, but saw only one wallaby, which I missed.

I then relinquished my hunting and went on for the last 19 miles to the Lenolan Caves. The ride over the mountains is splendid. You have a wonderful view over the deep valleys, till quite suddenly the cart goes right into a mountain, i.e. into a natural tunnel, at the extreme end of which are the three grottoes. I visited one of them, the "Left Imperial Cave," and was highly delighted with my visit.

The grottoes are formed by stalactites, and it is exceedingly interesting to see here columns which are quite out of the perpendicular, where the everlasting drops must have fallen not vertically but with an inclination to one side. In the so-called "Chamber of Mysteries" there are also little columns growing horizontally from the walls. The sole but unsatisfactory explanation hitherto suggested is that the drops are diverted from the perpendicular by a draught. The same evening in glorious moonlight I returned to Half Way House, where I spent the night, and the following morning left for Mount Victoria and Sydney, heartily glad to get to a milder climate.

The Wakool, by which we intended to make the four weeks' voyage to South Africa, had in consequence of some damage to go into dry dock, and our departure was therefore postponed from the 18th of June to the 1st of July. This gave us time enough to get to know Sydney thoroughly.

On the 20th of June 1899 the elections were held, which were to decide whether the States of Australia—South Australia, Western Australia, Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland—were to be combined under one Government, like the United States of America, or the existing and intolerable condition of jealousy and rivalry between individual states should continue. The scheme of federation was adopted by a majority of 20,000.

The present state of things in Australia is truly incredible. Victoria, with its capital Melbourne, and New South Wales, with its capital Sydney, are most uncompromising rivals. No country
on earth is on so bad a footing with any other country as these two colonies of the selfsame continent are with one another. The following fact will serve as an illustration of this. The railway of one country does not cross the boundary line of the other for the very good reason that the two railways have different gauges. The traveller who is going from Sydney to Melbourne must change at half-past five o'clock in the morning, because he has reached the frontier of New South Wales and has now to enter Victoria. When I asked what was the real reason of this nonsense, the conductor replied, "You have come now to another country." That such a state of affairs might prevail among the Kafirs of Africa is comprehensible, but here we are among civilised beings, and these, too, Englishmen, who are usually so exceedingly practical; but it only shows to what a height of madness envy and hatred will carry men, even to their own hurt. In all other departments the same unfriendly relations obtain. A man brings his prices down to a ruinous level, and is delighted when his neighbour goes bankrupt; the newspapers report with satisfaction and malicious joy an outbreak of disease among the sheep, which means the ruin of the adjacent country, and so in other cases. So soon as federation is established, all this will end, and the whole of Australia will undoubtedly derive great benefit from the union.

We took the train from Sydney to Melbourne, and there made the pleasant discovery that the departure of the Wakool would be postponed for another week. It was the 5th of July and three o'clock in the afternoon. We knew that the Damascus, one of the Aberdeen line, and a cargo-ship of no great merit, was lying in the harbour, bound for London by way of the Cape of Good Hope. We had spent too long already in Australia, and so we resolved in all haste to leave by the Damascus, which was to sail at 4 p.m. This was not so very simple a matter, as there were only fifty minutes left before the departure of the ship, which lay out in the harbour. We had already shipped our heavy baggage on the Wakool at
Sydney, and, last but not least, the Customs authorities had in the morning put Hutchinson's box under lock and key, because he would not pay duty on some silk pyjamas which had been in wear for a year. We divided the work between us. Hutchinson went off to hunt up his belongings, while I with my own hands piled the rest of the baggage at the hotel on a cart, which I had engaged for £2, and myself drove at full speed to the harbour. I had to give the driver an extra £1 for letting me whip up his horse. After a slight collision with a post-office cart at the corner of a street, the drive ended comparatively smoothly, and I reached the harbour at 3.50, with ten minutes still in hand. Trunks had now to be fetched out of the baggage-room of the Wakool, which fortunately lay against the Damascus. Here I encountered more difficulties. The captain of the Wakool asserted that he had no advices from his agents concerning the postponement of departure and the delivery of our boxes. When I had convinced the crusty Irishman that I could swear as well as he could, I gained my object, and by promises of the price of many drinks managed to get our fifteen packages taken on board the Damascus. At the last minute up came Hutchinson shouldering his box.

When the steamer was out of the harbour and we had leisure to count up our belongings, we found that we had left behind a large leather trunk packed with clothes, an overcoat, an umbrella, and two deck-chairs. Heaven knows when we shall see these good friends again! Our hunting outfit was all on board, and that was the main thing. I thought it very extraordinary that the captain of the Damascus refused my polite request that he would delay the departure of the ship for a few minutes beyond the fixed time; as it seemed impossible that on a voyage of such duration a few minutes more or less could make any difference to a cargo-ship. Later on this refusal received a most amusing explanation.

The first three days we had magnificent weather, but on the fourth and fifth days big seas. Though the Damascus seemed to be a very seaworthy boat, she was only of 2000 tons
burden and rolled most unpleasantly, doing but 100 miles a day. On the evening of the 10th of July we reached Albany, the last port the ship touches before starting on the long voyage of 4480 nautical miles to Natal in South Africa.

As we left Albany on the morning of the 11th of July the captain prophesied bad weather for the next few days. This unpleasant prediction proved to be only too true. We were half an hour out from Albany when the first squalls of a southerly gale struck the ship. As we went on the weather became worse. Sleep was out of the question; and we had to hold on continually so as not to be hurled out of our bunks. Towards eleven o’clock the next morning the storm was at its height. The engines were not strong enough for the ship to make headway, and at best she remained stationary; sometimes the big waves even drove her back. In the afternoon it was calmer, and evening brought a few comparatively tranquil hours.

For two days Hutchinson and I had seen none of our seven fellow-passengers, and the officers were on the bridge. It seemed as though we had chartered the vessel for ourselves only. At 11 p.m. the captain came into the smoking-room and confessed that he had been sea-sick himself in the morning. The chief engineer had been incapacitated for work for thirty-six hours from the same cause, and the doctor did not appear at all during the voyage. If even old sailors had to suffer from the weather, we could congratulate ourselves that this cup of bitterness had been spared us. On the 13th of July the weather cleared, but the sea was still running high, not having had time to calm down again after the violent storm.

The chief danger to a ship in such weather is if her screw should break. Such an accident in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, or North Indian Ocean is not of very serious consequence. Ships are constantly going to and fro, and the chances are that you will fall in with another vessel; but it is a very different thing in the South Indian Ocean. If your boat breaks her screw there and is a single-screw steamer, she is at the mercy of the
TO SOUTH AFRICA

waves for months and years, and it may be for ever, as the chances of being found are exceedingly small. The sailing powers of steamships are insignificant; they carry canvas enough for sailing before the wind, but tacking is impossible, and you are entirely dependent on the wind; in whatever direction it blows the ship must go with it. There are only two companies which have monthly sailings from Australia to South Africa. The ships on this voyage take a northerly course, going as far north as the thirty-first degree of south latitude. The boats which go from the Cape to Australia take a southerly course, passing near Kerguelen Island.

After the bad storm the weather kept fairly good to Natal, which we reached on the 28th of July, after being at sea for twenty-three days, during which we saw neither land nor ship nor seagull. We had been at sea about ten days when the captain, who was very amiable, came one evening and asked me whether I did not think it strange that he had refused to wait a single minute beyond his time at Melbourne. Of course I said immediately that I was surprised, and then came his explanation. In the ship's fireproof safe there were £200,000 in English sovereigns, which Australia was sending to Cape Town for use in the Boer war which was imminent. This was the first time that so large a sum had been entrusted to our captain. He was personally responsible for it and was very nervous lest a part or the whole of it should be stolen.

When at Melbourne we insisted so impetuously on being taken on board, the worthy skipper suspected at once that we had our eyes on the shining sovereigns, which were brought on board packed in little wooden boxes just at the moment when we embarked. The captain hoped that his refusal to wait would keep us from making the voyage with him; but to his great regret we did sail, and he described to us in delightful fashion how he became firmly convinced that Hutchinson and I were a pair of high-class thieves. He had in his own mind assigned to each of us the part he was to play: I, being the smaller, would evolve the scheme, while Hutchinson
with his enormous strength would carry it into effect. He had us watched day and night by sailors, who had orders to immediately seize and disarm us, if we went near the bridge underneath which the safe stood. He had also privately looked over our baggage and to his horror found that each of us had a loaded revolver, to say nothing of all our other guns, and a whole case of cartridges. Our statement that we were going hunting in Africa was of course a mere blind. Besides this he thought he had noticed, when I paid him our passage-money in his cabin at Melbourne, that I had cast furtive glances at the safe. When I introduced Hutchinson, who is about a foot taller than I am, as my friend, he saw the whole thing immediately, and took the officers and crew and two of the passengers into his confidence. Little by little the brave captain awoke to a sense of our honesty, and finally to the delight of the whole ship unbosomed himself of the suspicions he had cherished. This was the first time that we poor innocents heard of the existence of the money. It cost the captain several glasses of champagne to make atonement for his frightful suspicions. After that we were magnanimous and forgave him.
CHAPTER VII

SOUTH AFRICA

When we left Australia, we knew approximately whereabouts on the east coast of Africa was Natal, but of Durban, the capital of the English colony, where the ship was first to put in, we had never so much as heard. When the Damascus dropped anchor outside the harbour, we were lowered to the landing tug in baskets, which are hauled up and down by the steam-crane. This method of landing is very odd, but it is necessary, because there is always a high surf which prevents the tugs from coming close up to the steamer.

We were soon on shore, and very greatly surprised to find ourselves, not, as we had expected, in a village inhabited by Kafirs with a sprinkling of Englishmen among them, but in a handsome and finely situated town. The pinnacle of our astonishment was reached when we found that the Royal Hotel had electric light and bells, good service and food, music during dinner, champagne kept on ice, and in fact everything that the spoilt child of Europe demands as his due. Here we saw clearly for the first time, as we often saw afterwards, that South Africa, with little known to its credit in Europe, is ahead of all the countries beyond the sea, and particularly of the much belauded India.

Durban has broad and well-tended streets; it possesses a theatre; the rickshaws, drawn by sturdy Zulus, have rubber tires to their wheels; Government buildings, Post Office and railway station, which, like the streets, are lighted by electricity,
would not discredit any town in Europe. Durban, in short, far surpassed even our boldest expectations.

Prices in Natal, as in all new countries, are exceedingly high. We had some experience of this in West Australia. In South Africa the prices are enough to make one laugh. I give a few examples: in Japan a simple run in a rickshaw costs twopence, in China a penny, and here sixpence; in Australia a brandy and soda costs sixpence, in Durban it is two shillings. Everything else, whether a necessary of life or not, is charged in the same proportion. We should gladly have stayed a few days in Durban, but for various reasons were obliged to take the evening train for Johannesburg on the day after our arrival.

The last news which had reached us in Australia on the crisis in the South African Republic (the Transvaal) and in the Orange Free State was of a serious character, and we expected on our arrival to find England at war with the Boers. To our great joy this was not the case, but some gentlemen, who had come the same day from Johannesburg, assured us that England would present her ultimatum on the following Monday, and that the President would reject it, which would be equivalent to a declaration of war. The Boers would then give foreigners twenty-four hours in which to leave Pretoria and Johannesburg. The day being Saturday we had no time to lose, if we wanted to see anything of the Transvaal, just then so famous. Hutchinson, who as an erstwhile rough-rider had the war-fever in his veins, thought it would not be amiss if we could not get out of the Transvaal again. He had only partially quenched his pugnacious instincts on the poor Spaniards.

From Durban an English railway, which is good considering the character of the country, runs to the frontier of the Transvaal. Thence to Johannesburg the railway belongs to the Boers. At Volksrust the Transvaal officials made us submit to a serio-comic Customs examination. Every single box was carefully unpacked and thoroughly examined down to the smallest detail. I had some fifty cigars in different boxes. They were counted. Then the officials broke half the top off
each box to prevent my putting the cigars together in one box for purposes of trade. I did not have to pay duty because the number fixed by statute, viz. fifty-one, was not reached. When this business is happily over, every traveller is conducted separately into an office; the official shuts the door, bolts it, and then, before becoming really obtrusive, asks with a formidable and scowling look whether you have any firearms or diamonds on you. When you say “No,” he proceeds to convince himself that you are speaking the truth. The whole body of the supposed culprit is subjected from head to foot to a thorough-going massage. The official stops at every hard article you have in your pocket and inquires into its nature. I had to bring out two match-boxes, the contents of which he examined. Then he stuck his first finger as far as he could into my boots, and I was permitted to go. Ladies have to undergo just the same treatment, only in their case the officials are of the feminine sex, owing to the delicate nature of their duties. The proceeding is excessively comic, and everybody as he comes out of the secret chamber bursts into loud laughter, which is perfectly intelligible to one who knows that this massage over the clothes and on different parts of the body produces a sensation of extreme ticklishness.

Diamonds pay a very heavy duty, and the importation of firearms is allowed only when sanctioned by Government. This last enactment I can easily understand after Dr. Jameson's raid of January 1896. The quantity of firearms which Jameson's company had with them was astonishing. Most of them were packed in zinc cans supposed to contain petroleum, and in piano-cases.¹

A twenty-seven hours' railway journey brought us to Johannesburg. The train drew up in a fine station, another surprise for us; and finally we took up our quarters in a first-class hotel. It was considerably colder here than in Durban, which is accounted for by the fact that Johannesburg is 6000

¹ The importation of firearms and ammunition in zinc tanks and piano-cases is elsewhere ascribed to the Boers instead of Dr. Jameson and Mr. Rhodes.
feet above sea-level. The cheapest room in the place costs £1 a day, a brandy and soda is sixpence dearer than in Durban, and the smallest coin in current use is threepence (a 'tickey'). You cannot buy anything for less than threepence. For instance, you cannot buy a penny stamp, you must get three at a time, for there is no change for threepence. The inhabitants of Johannesburg assure strangers that now everything is very cheap, for only a short time since sixpence was the smallest coin.

Thanks to excellent letters of introduction, we met with a most hospitable welcome in Johannesburg. The sole topic of conversation was the political crisis between England and the Transvaal, and the Hotspurs of the English party were sorely disappointed when Lord Salisbury's ultimatum did not come on the Monday and the situation remained as undecided as before. Business of every kind was at a standstill. It was a case of politics, wholly politics, and nothing but politics. Every morning at eleven o'clock a large number of leading Uitlanders met in the Rand Club to discuss the news and to pitch into the poor Boers in due and proper form.

A few days later we went with letters of introduction from Johannesburg to Pretoria, the capital city of the Transvaal, intending to pay the aged President Krüger a visit if it were possible. A three hours' railway-journey through the heart of the gold-mining district brought us to Pretoria. We were most warmly received in the club, the Boers in particular, many of whom were members of the English club, looking after us. Strangers like ourselves, i.e. simple travellers without any party prejudices and uninfluenced by financial or political motives, are rare; and the Boers are very anxious to explain and defend their attitude in the political crisis.

We spent the evening till the small hours of the morning in the company of Englishmen and Boers on the friendliest terms, and the divergent views which were expressed, perhaps the more forcibly because of the champagne, were exceedingly interesting to us. The next morning we were to be introduced to the President by his aide-de-camp, Melt Mare. Mr. Mare
called for us with his cart at the club at 6 a.m., and after a short drive we reached the President's house about 6.30.

Krüger, who goes to bed between eight and nine o'clock at night, gets up at four o'clock in the morning, and from then till six o'clock receives reports on State business. From six to seven o'clock is his hour for receiving strangers. We entered a large room on the ground floor. At the far end of this room sat the President, puffing out great clouds of smoke from a short pipe with a big meerschaum head. He was seated on a large settle by an oak table. When we were introduced, the old gentleman rose and shook hands with us. Immediately afterwards we entered upon a conversation which was entirely restricted to our journeys and hunting. The aide-de-camp, who spoke excellent English, acted as interpreter. The Boer language is Dutch; but many of the words have changed, since there is some admixture of French with the Dutch. The Boers themselves are descended from African-born colonists, whose progenitors migrated from Holland and France.

After ten minutes we took our leave. Oom Paul stood up again, thanked us for our visit, wished us a pleasant journey onwards, and regretted that he could not offer us any hunting in the Transvaal, because the game, as he supposed, was everywhere exterminated. Those Englishmen who are in the habit of calling the aged President a great uncultured peasant—not to mention epithets derived from the animal world—do the man great injustice. To me he was anything but that. He wore a black frock-coat, and with his enormous figure and white beard presented a very venerable appearance. Similarly, we did not find the other Boers whom we met the half-wild men to whom the Englishmen would refuse the right to exist; even taking the trouble in his newspapers to represent them as savages and extortioners. The President is credited with great force of will and energy. His possession of these qualities will not be doubted when it is remembered that about thirty years ago he himself, with a penknife, amputated the thumb of his left hand. On one of his great hunting expeditions—he is
one of the most famous elephant and lion hunters of his day—the barrel of his rifle exploded and wounded his thumb so badly that inflammation ensued. Desiring to prevent blood-poisoning and having nobody at hand to perform the operation he did it himself, and with perfect success.

After our visit to the head of the State we went to the parade-ground and saw some batteries of artillery drive up. These troops excited our greatest admiration. Except for the variety of uniform I could not see any difference between these batteries and those which I am accustomed to see in Prussia. The teams of horses were excellent, and the appearance and bearing of officers and men, so far as a non-expert can judge, exemplary. The aide-de-camp assured us that almost all the guns were the latest German and French patterns; I counted a dozen Maxims besides, and so was no longer surprised that England took so long about presenting her ultimatum.

In the course of the morning we visited the chambers of the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament. Both were in session, and we were astonished to see that a nation so small as the Boers has Houses of Parliament which would not shame a European capital. It is impossible in the course of a few days to form a judgment on the political situation. Though the Boers have many laws which urgently need alteration, they certainly deserve in many respects the sympathy of the civilised world.

The Transvaal Republic has one great fault in the eyes of John Bull, a fault he will never forgive, viz., that the Transvaal, the richest gold-producing land in the world, is not a British colony. This fact is enough, as it has been enough in so many other cases, to bring the country somehow or other into his power. The little Transvaal last year brought to the surface gold to the value of 21 million pounds sterling—more than all the rest of the world put together—and the reef in which the gold is found is 40 miles long, and up to the present only a very small fraction of it has been exploited.

We paid a visit to the Village Main Reef, and were initiated
by an engineer into the mysteries of a gold mine. We went first 700 feet down the shaft, and then 900 feet lower on foot. The mine was in full operation and in an excellent state. The passages were high and broad, the lines and trucks of the best construction, the temperature was pleasant, and—most striking feature of all—there was an entire absence of dust. When the masses of rock in which the gold is embedded are brought to the surface they are ground up in steam mortars until they are reduced to dust. This next undergoes a chemical process which dissolves out the gold; and the gold is then melted and made into bars. The fortunes made here some years ago border on the incredible. Those who gained them are for the most part parvenus, many of them German Jews, and at the present time you find in Johannesburg that extravagance of expenditure so common in new countries over the seas and eminently characteristic of the wealthy parvenu.

Some time ago a Johannesburger gave a dinner which came from London packed in ice and cost him £3,000. He was soon far outdone by a rival who invited his friends to a dinner which ran him into £6,000. The invitations to these feeds are sent out months beforehand, that the ladies may get their dresses and finery of the latest fashion from Paris. Of course there is heavy gambling. Poker without a limit is played. About a year ago £94,000 changed hands in one night, and of this sum one individual lost £24,000. Fortunes in this place go as quickly as they come; and the reason for this is that life has so very little variety here that men involuntarily become victims to wine, and women, and cards.

In spite of this luxury and prodigality good care is taken that the newspapers of Europe, and especially of England, represent the poor Uitlander as groaning under the Boer yoke. I think it very reasonable for the Boers to impose heavy taxes. Of course this taxation seems to the foreigner to be unduly high; as the more intelligent being he possesses more, and in consequence he is taxed more highly than the comparatively unintelligent Boer. For years the latter tramped
over his gold without a thought of fetching it out till adventurers from Europe and America helped themselves to the best gold mines.

The main question at issue now is that of burgher rights, the acquisition of which is rendered exceedingly difficult for the Uitlander. Though he pays to Government far the largest part of the revenue, he himself has no voice in the Government. This is certainly unjust; but the Boer says, and very justly says, that, so soon as he grants the concessions demanded by the English for the Uitlanders, he will very unmistakably be shown the door, and will straightway be turned out of the Transvaal, as he was out of Natal and Cape Colony. He says, "You do not come to the Transvaal for your health, nor for the beautiful scenery, but only to get money. The land from which you get it is ours; the laws we make, whatever they are, must serve for you. We see no reason to grant burgher rights to the alien after three, or five, or seven years because one or other foreign country may do this."

Another bone of contention is the dynamite. The Transvaal has a monopoly of this article, a fact which makes the indispensable explosive very dear, and of course adds considerably to the income of the Government. "But," says the Boer, "has not the Transvaal just as much right to its monopoly in dynamite as France and Austria have to theirs in tobacco?" Besides, we have to remember that in the Transvaal all officials with few exceptions are corruptible; in return for their services they demand enormous sums of money from the stranger who wants to get something. This is a cause of considerable trouble to the stranger, to say nothing of the great loss of money.

Extortion is the rule in the Transvaal. I have convinced myself of this from accounts and bank-books. But however unlawful such malpractice may be, it does not furnish sufficient occasion for making war upon a people. If England wants to undertake the task of ridding the world of corruption she should begin by applying her treatment to the United States,
with which she has for some time maintained a close but somewhat artificial friendship. Whether the Boers or the Yankees are the greater adepts in the game of corruption I will not attempt to decide. In any case both are experts at the business.

On the other hand it is beyond doubt that, financially and economically speaking, it will be an advantage to the world at large if the Transvaal and the Orange Free State find themselves under the banner of John Bull, whose superiority in the domain of colonisation cannot be impugned.

Everybody who has had the opportunity of going about the world, i.e. the colonies of England, is bound to acknowledge that the English are colonists compared with whom all other nations, except perhaps the Dutch, are nothing but miserable blunderers. England is much abused in these days, but her policy of "the open door," from which no nation has more to gain than we Germans, must without any hesitation be recognised as sound.

The Boer thinks that he has nothing good to expect from England. This was made clear to him by the Jameson raid, that small revolution which gained considerable notoriety through the German Emperor's telegram. The raid bears Jameson's name, but was in reality a piratical expedition systematically and carefully planned by others. Its object was to overthrow the Boer Government by force of arms. For its failure the Boers have to thank, firstly, their own vigilance, and secondly, the fact that Jameson started three days too soon, before the conspirators in Pretoria and Johannesburg were ready. Instead of shooting the whole gang Krüger let them go free, and they were condemned by an English court of law, after Rhodes and Jameson had been received in England as heroes and not as persons guilty of high treason. In the eyes of Englishmen settled in the Transvaal Rhodes and Jameson are in no way heroes, and I was astonished to find how openly most people expressed their opinion on this very interesting case.

We spent a few more days in Johannesburg in charming
society, and then had to go to Kimberley and Cape Town, for we had now altered our hunting-plans to some extent. We had intended to go direct to German East Africa, but were induced by a gentleman to try our luck first at Beira. In order to be there in time we had to take the boat sailing from Cape Town on the 11th of August. After a railway journey of two nights and one day without change on a line which both in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State meets all requirements, we reached Kimberley early one morning.

We went immediately with our letters of introduction to the "De Beers Consolidated Mines," and were first taken to a room where the diamonds were sorted by the buyers of the Diamond Syndicate. One table had spread out on it the last week's harvest, valued at £70,000, and the head of the department explained to us the values of the various stones. When
these stones have been bought up by the Syndicate they all go in the rough state to Europe, mostly to Antwerp and Amsterdam. We visited next the mine itself; but had not time to go down the shaft, although one can get a good idea of the mine from what is to be seen above ground.

The diamonds are found in the solid rock, like the gold, and as deep down as 1300 feet. The lumps of stone are brought to the surface in the same way as is coal; they are all then exposed to the air and light; these so act on the blocks of rock, which were solid when below ground, that they become friable and break up into small pieces. These small pieces from which the diamonds are obtained through the process of disintegration produced by the action of air and light, are, together with the diamonds they contain, carried through pipes of running water on to an inclined plane, which looks like a washing-board, and has iron grooves covered with grease. These inclined planes are about 6 feet 6 inches long by 4 feet 9 inches broad. The water carrying with it the fine gravel and diamonds is discharged on to the upper end of the inclined plane, and flows slowly over it, carrying with it all the worthless pebbles. The diamonds, large and small, are held fast by the grease on the upper grooves, and it seldom happens that one reaches the second or third step in the inclined plane. After a time the grease is collected and melted down, and so the diamonds are released. All the machinery is driven by steam, and the whole operation is simplicity itself, though the material has to undergo a few smaller processes which I have not mentioned, such as washing, etc.

The visit to this, the largest of the diamond mines, was exceedingly interesting; scarcely less interesting was our afternoon inspection of the so-called “Compounds” under guidance of one of the managers. About 5000 natives and 1500 Europeans are employed in the mines. The Europeans are allowed to go in and out freely, *i.e.* when the day’s work is over they may leave the mine and go to their homes, but the natives, who are mostly Zulus, are not so trusted, and, from
the day on which they begin work in the mine to the day of their departure, are kept inside the mine-area. This is to prevent their stealing and carrying off the diamonds, which they do most commonly by swallowing them. The compound is nothing more nor less than a large native village, in which all the black workmen live. From it they go to their work each morning, and to it they return in the evening. The

village is surrounded by a high wall, which makes escape impossible, and in front of the wall, some 30 or 40 yards from it, and half its height, fine wire netting is stretched to make it impossible for the natives to throw the diamonds over the enclosure. In this great prison one can get all the necessaries of life, and the Kafirs, who are by nature good-hearted and happy, seem to be very well off, for they dance and sing, and indulge in the most comical jests and pranks.

When the time has elapsed for which he has bound himself
by contract to work in the mine, the native is put into a large room which is constantly under the observation of warders. He has huge gloves of smooth leather without fingers buckled and chained on his hands; and while wearing these cannot possibly pick up anything whatever. He remains in the room for six days, and the object of this quarantine is that the digestive organs in the performance of their natural functions, which are carefully observed, may bring to light any diamonds which the native may have swallowed, and restore them to the possession of the mine.

The record in diamond-swallowing is held by a Zulu who some years ago in the course of this quarantine restored to the light of day no less than fifty-four stones. At the present time all the workmen know that the swallowing game has no chance of success, and it is only now and then that a diamond is found in the quarantine. We saw in the hospital of the compound
a young fellow who had himself made an incision in the calf of his right leg, thrust some diamonds in and sewn up the wound. Inflammation of course supervened, and an operation was performed to remove the diamonds.

We spent the whole day in the mine, and in the evening took the train again for the journey of two nights and a day to Cape Town. We heard here that the boat was leaving on the 10th of August, and so had but two days in which to buy everything needed for a three months' hunting expedition. This was no small matter, but we succeeded just before the boat left in putting aboard all our baggage, consisting of seventy cases and trunks.

The steamer touched first at Port Elizabeth, where it lay two days; and then went direct to Natal. The voyage round the Cape of Good Hope is wonderfully fine. The weather
was splendid and the boat kept close along the coast, which is formed by an unbroken line of high mountains.

We had on board some of the Liverpool regiment on their way to the Transvaal frontier; and the regimental band enlivened us with excellent music, and we passed many pleasant hours with the officers, who had already caught the war-fever.

After staying three days at Durban we went direct to Beira in Portuguese East Africa, from which place we wished to undertake our first hunting expedition into the interior of Africa. A risky undertaking it was in one sense, for Beira and its neighbourhood have the reputation of being a malaria-ridden district. We were advised by everybody not to hunt hereabouts; but as there were good chances of getting a lion, and we had not caught the fever in India and Ceylon, we thought that we would at least make the attempt. If the worst came to the worst, we could come back on our tracks and go through the Suez Canal to a cool climate; this is the only possible means of getting rid of the fever, which, when it has got hold of one, usually remains in the system for two or three years. We have with us a few pounds of quinine, of which we take a precautionary dose every day, and besides this have a regular druggist's stock-in-trade. And so, nous verrons!
CAPE TOWN FROM THE VELDT.

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CHAPTER VIII

HUNTING IN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA—FROM BEIRA TO ADEN

On the morning of Saturday the 19th of August 1899 we landed at Beira. We supposed that we should be able to start for the interior by Monday morning, but had reckoned without the Portuguese Customs authorities; and it was only after much trouble and hard work that we succeeded in getting all our gear through the Custom-house on the Tuesday afternoon, when these worthy authorities charged us no less than £55:15s. on our ammunition, guns, and stores. In addition we had to procure two separate hunting-permits, one from the Mozambique Company and the other from the Gorongoza Company—two distinct companies which have, as one might say, taken a lease of huge tracts of land from the Portuguese Government.

We paid £15 for a second-class hunting-licence, available for three months and entitling us to shoot all game except elephants. The permit for elephants is £30 extra. We took also a third-class licence costing £5 for birds and lions only; and finally procured three tickets at £1, each representing one permit to carry arms. Besides these licences we provided ourselves with two others, costing £10 apiece, for the district held by the Gorongoza Company, which also gave the necessary authority to shoot all animals with the exception of elephants. These are certainly heavy charges for hunting-licences; but if I had to fix them I should increase the rates tenfold, for it should be remembered what an amount of game can be got,
and besides this, the high rates would keep away the professional hunter, who has already exterminated many sorts of game and will exterminate many more for a paltry reward.

That terrible disease, the rinderpest, to which pretty nearly all the herds of cattle in South and South-east Africa fell victims within a short space of time, has so reduced the game, particularly the buffaloes, that the latter are already counted among the rarer animals. And yet but a few years ago herds of them numbering thousands upon thousands roamed over the land.

At last, on Wednesday morning, everything was ready for our departure. At the station of the Beira and Salisbury railway we piled our belongings, to the number of one hundred and sixty packages, on long trucks, which were carrying rails up country for the purpose of converting the line from narrow to broad gauge. Then we took our places on the top of our boxes and baggage, and had to keep a sharp look-out to see that nothing was shaken out by the jolting of the train. The day before I had requested the station superintendent to let us have a passenger-coach coupled to a goods train. The carriage did not turn up, and when because of this I tried to get a slight reduction on the fare to Fontesvilla, thirty-seven miles away,—it amounted to no less than £5 4s,—I was informed by the Portuguese that everything is first class on this railway; whether we travel in a carriage or an open truck, it is all the same.

An hour and a half behind time we moved away, but the moving was not to be of long duration. A sharp curve and a slight rise in the ground were too much for the little engine. Twice the train took a good run at the obstacle, but it always stopped short in the same place. In order to save time we suggested to the engine-driver that we should all push. He heartily approved of the proposal, and orders were given to the seventy-seven Kafirs we had engaged to jump down and push. This had the desired effect, and we got smoothly over the objectionable spot; but the driver, instead of stopping,
amused himself vastly by making all the Kafirs run alongside. At last one after another they jumped on to the train, and, strange to say, not one of them fell under the wheels.

On the way we saw two antelopes, at which the railway officials had a regular shooting contest, but without success; and after a journey that lasted five hours reached Fontesvilla. The chief beauty of this place lies in its name, for it consists of a dozen shanties built of corrugated iron, dotted about promiscuously in a marshy plain. We occupied one of these shanties for the night, after dividing our baggage into two parts; one part we took with us, the other stayed behind at Fontesvilla to be brought farther inland later on by the river Pungwe, or rather to be fetched little by little by our Kafirs.

The reason why a hunting-expedition overland in this part of South Africa is so difficult, complicated, fatiguing, and expensive, is that the sole means of transport is the nigger's head. Carts there are none, because there are no draught animals. All domestic animals, such as horses, donkeys, and oxen, soon die from the sting of the poisonous tsetse-fly. All one's belongings have therefore to be packed in loads of 50 lbs. which the natives carry on their heads for £1 a month and free rations. This is naturally a great expense, and we reckon that carriers alone will cost about £2 2s. 5d. for two months.

As interpreters we are taking two men. One is Bill Upsher, an Englishman, well known in these parts for the last eight years as a professional hunter. He is forty-five years old, but is aged far beyond his years by the fever to which everybody falls a victim. The other is A. Bowker, also an Englishman, whom we brought with us from Johannesburg, a big strong man, also forty-five years old, but with snow-white hair. In earlier years a large landowner and an ostrich-breeder, he took part in the Kafir wars in Cape Colony, but his great passion for hunting made him neglect his business, and to-day he is a professional hunter and in pretty low water. Bowker and his elder brother Russell made the finest collection of hunting trophies in South Africa; which we saw in Johannesburg.
Out of the thousands of animals which they killed the brothers picked the best, which they themselves have mounted in masterly fashion. They are reported to be the finest shots in the country. Having gained their experience in the Kafir wars, they use it now against beasts instead of against men. Upsher gets £100 a month and Bowker £50.

Interpreters in this country are justified in demanding large salaries because of the climate. Most of them die of fever before they get to know the country and the people and the game thoroughly, and the few who have successfully explored the country for many years can be counted on the fingers of one hand. In a first expedition in a strange land these people are indispensable, for one cannot make oneself understood by the natives; but the Kafir language is very easy to learn, as we were to find out later.

We spent the night at Fontesvilla, and at seven o'clock the next morning our little company of seventy-seven blacks and four whites set out. We followed a good path through grass and reeds from six to ten feet high, and were carried on the backs of our boys across several streams. Towards one o'clock, having covered eleven miles, we halted for lunch on the right bank of the river Pungwe. Here for the first time we saw a great flight of locusts, which formed a dark and quickly moving cloud, four miles in length. Seeing a cloud like this for the first time we thought it very big, but an old English missionary who was on his way to the interior and joined us at lunch assured us that he had frequently seen swarms of such dimensions that they obscured the sun for half an hour. Where they settle they cause absolute devastation; and this explains why one sees everywhere trees stripped of their foliage. These are the trees specially favoured by the locusts because of the sweetness of their leaves. If the swarms are hungry they settle also on the reed-built huts of the natives, destroying the whole settlement in a short time. At night they settle on the high grass, which they cannot leave till the sun has dried their dew-besprinkled wings. At a later date we saw in the early
morning some of these swarms of locusts on the long stalks, and they looked like a reddish-green field stretching away as far as the eye could reach.

We crossed the Pungwe in a canoe, and wanted to continue our march on the other side, but it turned out that some of the carriers had loads of more than 50 lbs. and they refused to go on until the burdens were equally distributed. We were obliged therefore to pitch the tent and spend the night where we were.

Besides the heavy burdens which made the march impossible we had several invalids among the carriers. They needed the services of the doctor, and Hutchinson, who had undertaken this department, was called in. Three of the best men were suffering from the abominable ticks, tiny little lice which lay their eggs under the toe-nail, and cause a loathsome inflammation of the toe. In some the mischief had gone so far that only half or a quarter of the toe was left. These were treated with penknives and carbolic, the operation making the poor fellows utter the most comical cries. Others suffered from the gripes, brought on by eating too much rice. But old Upsher knew these nigger-maladies. The Kafirs hoped that we should give them some medicine containing alcohol, and they had to be thoroughly cured of this hope at the very beginning; so we gave them instead doses of castor-oil and Carlsbad salts, which had to be swallowed before our eyes. From that time we heard no more complaints of gripes.

Though our camp was only eleven miles from the railway we heard lions roaring all night. According to Upsher and Bowker there must have been half-a-dozen, and I proposed to beard them the very next day. Upsher, however, was afraid that, if we waited long in the neighbourhood of Fontesvilla, too many of our boys would desert, because just at that time there was a great demand for workmen on the railway. So we left the lions in peace and marched away, doing thirteen miles between seven and one o'clock. We had to cross the wide river Dingedinge, which caused an hour's delay. All the
packages had to be put into canoes, and great care was needed, for the boats, which are just huge tree-trunks hollowed out, easily upset. One canoe did actually upset during the crossing; but, thank Heaven, it contained neither guns nor baggage; there were only eleven of our boys in it when it capsized. It was an amusing scene that I had before me, the sight of these black rascals working might and main with arms and legs—swimming it could not be called—to reach the bank again. The other Kafirs standing on either bank burst into loud yells of laughter at the unfortunate position of their comrades, and, to increase the alarm of the swimmers, repeatedly shouted their word for crocodile. Happily, all the eleven came safe to land, and it needed much persuasion to induce these fellows to set foot again in a canoe.

After this amusing incident we lunched on the other side, and just then met two Englishmen returning home after a two months' hunting trip. The information these gentlemen gave made us determine to push on, because the district round about had been recently much shot over. At a distance of about four miles from the river and in high grass, which owes its rank growth to the marshy ground on which it grows, we pitched our camp for the night, as we supposed,—in reality for a much longer period.

Already at Beira and still more on the journey Bowker had been ailing a good deal, and, when we wanted next morning to make a little expedition after zebras, he was so ill that he could not get out of bed. Though at first he would not admit this, it was clear enough to Hutchinson and myself that he had the fever. All the symptoms,—shivering alternating with high temperature and vomiting,—pointed to this conclusion. This was not so very bad after all, for Bowker could more or less easily be replaced by another interpreter, whom we could summon by letter from Beira. But our predicament was serious when, the morning after the zebra-hunt, our leader Upsher was literally knocked over by the fever, and had to be carried into the tent. He, too, had not felt well since we
left Fontesvilla, but, tough old Scotsman as he was, and accustomed for years to more or less violent attacks of the fever, he would not give in; and now, on our first longish tramp over the marshes, which were evidently reeking with malaria, he broke down. He himself said that he must go back at once, not only to Beira but home to England, if we did not want in the course of the next few days to dig his grave on the spot where he was now lying. This we had no desire to do, so we arranged to go back next morning; first, however, we sent an express messenger with telegrams to Fontesvilla, in order to procure in the shortest possible time another trustworthy interpreter, as well as a second man. With no knowledge either of the language of the Kafirs or of the country, Hutchinson and I could not stir; and we were resolved to pursue our undertaking to its conclusion, or if not to its conclusion, at least till the malicious and invisible spirits of the marshes should have beaten us and compelled us to retreat.

Hutchinson maintained that he would not take the fever, because he was one of the few who had escaped the treacherous malady in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, and I trusted to the luck which had favoured me hitherto on my long journey. Besides, we were both in excellent condition. The last four months—two spent at sea and two in the cold climate of Australia—had fully restored our strength, which had been somewhat impaired by the heat of Ceylon and India. On the morning of the 25th of August Hutchinson left the camp with Upsher and Bowker, the last two in litters. It had been agreed that one of us should go back to Beira to engage new guides, and the other,—this was myself,—should remain in the camp. Summoning his remaining strength old Upsher made a long speech to the Kafirs. He explained to them that he was sick and must go back, and that in future they had to regard me as "boss." He urgently advised them to be obedient to me, for I was a mighty chief in my own country, and very rich besides, owner of at least fifty head of horned cattle. This in the eyes of the Kafir is enormous wealth, for
there are scarcely any cattle left in this country since the rinder-pest. The rascals received the words of their old master with roars of assent, particularly when he assured them that I should shoot so much game that they would all be able to wallow in fat. I was not quite so sure of that myself, but I showed an exemplary gravity during the palaver, for I did not understand a single word of the Kafir language.

I was now left alone with sixty Kafirs, the other twenty having gone back to bring up the rest of our provisions. Just before this, there had been an amusing incident in camp. Jack, the chief of the Kafir boys, had in the night stolen and emptied a bottle of hollands, with the result that at sunrise he was very drunk, and armed with knife and axe was executing a war-dance to the great delight of his brother blacks, and in no small measure to mine also. Upsher, however, took the matter very seriously; he used his fists on the fellow in hearty English style, and then to sober him had him ducked several times in the river. He was to have gone with the others to Fontesvilla; but the effect of his drinking bout lasted a pretty long time, for when I returned from my hunting I found Master Jack in camp suffering frightfully from his excesses and quite overwhelmed with contrition. Now I am very glad that he did get drunk, because he is trying to atone for his misdemeanour by redoubled diligence.

On my first expedition I took with me my three double-barrelled rifles, viz., the 10.500 calibre, the "Express," and the 11 mm., for if I should chance to meet buffaloes or lions I had to see the business through by myself. The natives cannot shoot, and are away up the trees at the first sight of a buffalo or a lion. After a thorough soaking in the high dewy grass I came upon a large open moorland dotted with clumps of bush, and beautiful tall palms, and before long sighted a herd of some sixty to eighty zebras. I stalked this herd for three hours, taking covert sometimes behind a little bush, sometimes behind the trunk of a tall palm, but could not get nearer than about 300 yards. Finally, I sent several
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shots at them from this distance, with what success I do not know, for the whole herd galloped away at full speed.

The temperature was 30° R. in the shade. I had a frantic headache, and the return to the tent was pain and grief to me, for I was not in training for a long march in this terrific heat. I had stalked the herd with such eagerness that I had not perceived that even by the shortest way I was two hours' march from camp; and when at last I did get back at one o'clock, I was pretty well dead beat, so had to lie down at once, and felt little doubt that the fever had got hold of me. Such a misfortune would have been disastrous, for I was quite alone and could not make myself understood; and I was uncommonly glad after a refreshing sleep to wake up at dawn next morning in the best of health, so much so that after a breakfast of Frankfort sausage and smoked onions with a bottle of Château Margaux I could shoulder my rifle and set forth again.

On the open ground I soon struck the herd of zebras, this time at least 200 strong. As it was quite time to bring back some game, if I was to keep up my reputation as a hunter with the Kafirs, I devised a plan of campaign. To carry it out I endeavoured by signs to make clear to the ten boys who accompanied me how they could drive the herd within range of my rifle. I then walked, or rather crawled, a long distance round, and took up my position in a clump, while the boys, who worked better than I thought they would, actually drove the zebras within 150 paces of me. Hoping that they would come still nearer, I was reserving my fire when suddenly the whole troop made off at a gallop. I fired both barrels of the 500-rifle, with the result that a zebra fell, shot through the backbone. The Kafirs took off the head and the hide for me, cut the whole animal into pieces, and carried everything back to camp, where they ate so much that I heard some of them groaning the whole night. In spite of this I had no complaints to-day of gripes; the first dose of castor-oil and Carlsbad salts had evidently been quite effective.

To-day, adopting the same tactics as before, I killed another
zebra, an old mare. The various antelopes, the names of which I do not yet know, are unfortunately so shy that it is impossible to get a shot at them. As soon as a proper interpreter is available I shall have a drive arranged. Meanwhile I live in peace and harmony with my Kafirs and with the dozens of different kinds of poisonous insects which, thanks to the excellent mosquito-net in which I carefully envelop myself every evening, cannot do me much harm at night.

To-day I brought down my first gnu. He was sleeping on the open ground, and only got up when I was 65 yards distant. I fired two bullets from my 11-mm. rifle, but to my great surprise he bounded away, although he went little more than 300 yards when he came down. One ball had hit the shoulder and lodged there, the other had gone clean through a handbreadth below the backbone, and I do not understand how the animal when so wounded could run so far. The gnu, which was the size of a big deer, had only small horns, but he made very good venison, and formed a splendid contribution to the stores of our camp-kitchen, presided over by a Turk named Hassan.

Hassan was a lucky catch for us, as the cook is a very important factor in expeditions like ours. If you want to combat the unhealthy climate with success, one of the best things in the world is to take good and sufficient nourishment. One's thirst never needs stimulating, but the appetite is injuriously affected by the heat and by one's exertions, which are often excessive. To keep in proper physical condition a good and clean cook is needed, who knows how to ring the changes in the bill of fare. Hassan, who is a Mohammedan from Somaliland, is a very smart fellow, who can wield his basting ladle as cleverly as his famous namesake wielded his curved scimitar.

To-day I had a chance of a shot at a wild boar, as black as a raven; unfortunately we could not get him though we followed his clearly marked blood-trail for two hours. On this occasion I verified the assertion of various hunters who
know the district, that a Kafir can pick up the trail of a wounded animal better than a bloodhound. It astonished me greatly to see the boys make out a little drop of blood in the tangled grass four or five paces ahead, while I myself, 

even at close quarters, should hardly have recognised it as blood.

Later on in the day I killed the evidently indispensable zebra; he was a big old stallion. This time there was very nearly a misfortune. The zebra came down when I fired, and
lay motionless. Thereupon, leaving the boys behind, I ran to cut off the other zebras which were rounding a little hill in full flight; I got in front of them and fired three shots, but did not succeed in knocking another over. I now returned to the animal I had killed, carrying an unloaded gun, for the reason that I had no more cartridges ready. Coming up behind the animal supposed to be dead, I gave him a kick; and great was my surprise and alarm when he got up, turned round, and rushed towards me. I was actually, incredible as it may seem, charged by a zebra, which is nothing more than a donkey, and—shameful to relate—fled with astonishing rapidity. Without cartridges in my rifle I did not want to start a fight with my striped donkey’s fine set of teeth, still less with his heels. I did not stop till I reached the Kafirs, who were roaring with delight, and then, with a belt full of cartridges and gun loaded and cocked, I went forth to meet my assailant once more. I saw that the animal had soon come down again; but on my approach he again rose, only to give up the battle finally with a bullet in his brain. From this incident, insignificant in itself, I have learnt a good lesson, which is not to go too near a wounded animal without a full cartridge-belt.

The 1st of September 1899. To-morrow morning it will be eight days since Hutchinson went off, and there is no sign of him as yet. If I only knew where to go, I should long ago have struck camp. As for the direction of our journey, all I know is that we came from the east; but whether we are to go next north or south or west I have not the faintest notion.

This morning at six o’clock precisely I was again on my open moorland, every tree and shrub of which I now know. The dew had been specially heavy, and on my way I became wetter than usual. Nowhere have I seen such dew as falls in this country: in the early morning it comes down like steady rain from the trees under which my tent is pitched; every blade of grass is weighed down with the drops and is wetter than after the heaviest rainfall. The moisture produced is so great that even the things inside the tent are all wet in the
morning. The guns are rusty, though we have had no rain since we started, and the clothes I want to wear in the morning have to be taken to bed with me at night.

The inevitable result of this excessive moisture is that I am troubled with rheumatism every morning, which usually disappears in the course of the day when the thermometer registers 30° R. This morning I thought for a short time that I had discovered how not to get so wet on my way through the grass. I armed my Kafirs with stout reeds, and made them thrash the grass in front of me to shake off the drops. These fellows, who are of a childish and happy disposition, were so much amused at the performance that they burst into loud yells of joy, frightening the animals away for miles round. When I tried to make them understand that they were to keep quiet, they thought they were to give up their thrashing, and so we went on through the reeds, leaving them as they were before.

I saw to-day on the open plain unusually large herds of game, and because I could not get near them by stalking I again arranged a drive, covering about three thousand acres. I myself, seated in a little grove of palms, represented the "guns," and my ten Kafirs, chanting war-songs, were the beaters. When finally the whole herd, containing about thirty zebras, sixty gnus, twenty waterbucks, and a few wild pigs, went through the line of beaters, I wished all hunting in Africa with the devil, and myself in a civilised country. But this mood only lasted till one of my boys told me that there was a big herd of gnus on the other side of a hill. A new drive was immediately organised, and this time the blacks managed very cleverly. However, the end of it was that the herd passed me 400 yards away, and I left them alone.

During my lonely meals in the tent I amused myself by training as head-waiters my two personal attendants, "Meat" and "Potato," as I had baptized them. "Meat" is so called because it is his duty to set the dinner on the table, and "Potato" has this name not only because he brings in the
potatoes but because he really resembles one of these tubers. Both are apparently very proud of their names.

All natives with whom you are personally associated have special names. We have a "Jack," a "Sixpence," a "Shilling," a "Store," a "Kimberley," an "England," a "By-and-by," a "Jim," and a "Brandy," and our only dog, who was presented to me by a German gentleman at Beira, is called "Bebel." In case of a nocturnal visit of lions it is Bebel's special duty to give us timely warning by barking. I try to teach Meat and Potato to hand the dishes on the left side, but I cannot get it into their heads, because Kafirs for a good reason touch all foods with the right hand only. Each separate duty is performed by a specially appointed Kafr. "Black" I have initiated into the mysteries of shoe-blacking, "Bed" makes the bed, "Bath" fills the bath-tub with water twice a day, after clearing it of worms and vegetable matter, "Kimberley" cleans the guns with such zeal that there will soon be no polish left on the barrels. "Paint" rubs arsenical soap on the skins of the animals we have shot, the brothers "Wood" bring in wood for the kitchen, and "Wash" does his best to wash our linen to shreds.

At last, on the 2nd of September, after an absence of eight days, Hutchinson arrived in camp, bringing with him Pollard, our second-in-command. The new chief Poulin was to follow in a few days.

On the 2nd and 3rd of September we hunted on the great plain. Hutchinson killed two zebras and a waterbuck, while I acted as guide. On the 4th of September we moved off under Poulin's guidance and pitched our camp again six miles farther north.

Our new chief is a Frenchman, and has a good reputation as a hunter. He is one of the strange beings one meets so often in Africa. For some special reason he left "la belle France," and in a short time made a fortune by contracting to carry goods to Rhodesia. He returned to France, and lost his money in speculation on the Paris Stock Exchange just
as quickly as he had made it. Back he came to Beira, and, as partner of the most important contractor in the country, acquired a second fortune, which was literally stolen from him by one of his employés, who clean burnt up not only the books but also the whole of the offices of the company. He now takes engagements as interpreter, for he knows the Kafir language thoroughly. Pollard is an Englishman, who for some years studied medicine in Cambridge. He is now settled in this country, and makes his living by hunting; selling the game to the railway officials, and the horns to traders.

In the afternoon of the same day, after stalking some buffaloes and gnus to no purpose, we saw from a hillock a hippopotamus in a great pool, which was sending up a spray of water like a whale. We went straight to the pool, which was surrounded by high grass, and found that there was a school of from seven to ten hippopotamuses, which every few minutes came up to the surface to breathe, showing part of their heads, and then went down again. I began to shoot ball after ball at the heads of the great beasts, which were not more than forty paces from me, at first firing too high because water deceives the eye, and the setting sun was full in my face. After some twenty shots I had hit in different ways two of the animals which I had picked out one after the other. Their heads covered with blood, they were turning somersaults in the muddy water, and kept coming to the surface every half minute, which indicated that they were wounded. One in particular of those I had shot came up several times in a minute with his head streaming with blood, snorting loudly; but I did not succeed in hitting him between the eye and ear and so sending a ball into the brain. This is the shot which produces instant death, in which case the animal sinks to the bottom, only coming to the surface after a long interval, sometimes two hours, sometimes as much as six hours afterwards. This sinking of the hippopotamus is accounted for by the fact that his specific gravity is greater than the weight of the water he displaces. When the body swells, as it does
quickly in the heat, the gases which are generated soon bring it to the surface.

Meantime darkness had come on, and I had to relinquish my fusilade, firmly convinced that, when the day broke, I should find two of the gigantic beasts floating on the water. The next morning we all went out together, but to my disappointment found no dead hippopotamus at all. Moreover the beasts had all deserted the pool during the night, and had made off to the river Uremma, leaving behind them a distinct trail of blood. We followed this for several hours, but unfortunately without success. As may be gleaned from this short description, the hunting of the hippopotamus—an animal which impresses men by his size, his uncouthness, and his ugliness—is no more dangerous than shooting hares. If you find these animals in a pool, they are usually done for, supposing that the hunter has time enough to shoot at them. This was not my case owing to the advent of darkness.

The hippopotamus when shot in the water seldom seeks refuge on land, feeling safe only when in the water. If he is shot from a boat, he will attack it sometimes, and then often succeeds in capsizing the boat or in knocking holes in the bottom of it with his great projecting teeth. If you come across him in a river the hunting is more difficult, for he gets away under water, and even if he is dead, the stream carries him down, and he is then hard indeed to secure. In this part of Africa the hippopotamus is counted one of the commonest of wild animals. In fact, you see everywhere the tracks he leaves in his nocturnal rambles on land, but he is seldom seen out of water in the daytime, as he comes out only under cover of night, when he consumes enormous quantities of the succulent marsh-grasses.

In the afternoon we shot only four guinea-fowl for the larder. Besides these we found no game. The rainfall this year has been excessively heavy during the summer months, which are usually dry, and the grass was still too high and green. On the 5th of September we marched the whole day and did
fourteen miles, on the 7th another six miles, and then pitched camp for a longish stay. We were now in a great plain, the bed of a lake, which is full of water in the rainy season. There are thousands upon thousands of wild animals to be seen, chiefly zebras and gnus and waterbucks. Hutchinson brought
back from his first expedition a fine male waterbuck and three females to supply the boys with meat. Meantime, not feeling well, I stayed behind in the tent. The next day I killed a waterbuck and three gnus, and Hutchinson returned with seven head, including a hyæna. Both of us shot very badly, which I ascribed to the fact that the exertions in the great heat made our hands unsteady. It takes the hunter a long time to understand that the thousands of animals about here are truly wild creatures. The thought obtrudes itself upon him, whether he will or no, that they are just herds of domestic cattle and sheep. He takes all proper precaution, stalks the great herds,—a difficult thing to do without covert of any kind,—and when he is from 400 to 500 paces away, they all move off together. At these times he knows that they are wild animals,—far too wild. Usually it is the wide-awake zebra which gives the signal for flight. Then the whole herd gallops away for about half a mile, and stops again, grazing and looking about. So you may keep on the whole day, behind them or on one side of them, getting an occasional shot at 300 yards. At first this kind of hunting has its charm, but methinks the charm is not enduring.

The gnu or wildebeest is of all animals the most active, skittish, ungainly, and peculiar, both in his appearance and in his manners and customs. Nature was in one of her capricious moods when she fashioned him, and it is hardly possible to watch his antics without laughing. Bounding and curveting in all directions, with his shaggy head bent down between his lanky and sinewy legs, and his long black tail outstretched in the wind, this queer beast strikes one as being at once fierce and ridiculous. One moment he stands still, seeming to be about to defend himself and holding his proud head ready to strike a blow; there is a lightning gleam in his eye, and he gives vent to forcible and expressive snorts, which are like the roaring of a lion. The next moment he lashes his sides with his long tail, leaps and rears and wheels round, comes down on his fetlocks, springs up again, and in a twinkling is dashing over
the plain, raising clouds of whirling dust as he goes. The gnu is very like the buffalo; but with an average total length of 9 feet 10 inches and height of 4 feet 3 inches he is decidedly smaller and less bulky. His coat is of a dark ashen-grey colour. Like the hyæna, he is higher in the withers than in the hind-quarters; he has a thick, blunt nose, and a long mane, and in spite of his great amiability conveys the impression of being spirited if not dangerous.
The waterbuck is not so abundant; at the same time hundreds of them may be met in the herds that roam the plains. He is a noble beast, almost as big as our stag, with a total length of 6 feet 6 inches and height of 3 feet 7 inches; he has a thick, strikingly coarse coat of a grey tint. The females are paler in colour and of slighter build than the males. The horns, possessed by the male only,—wherein the waterbuck differs from the wildebeest,—are fine. Measured along the curves they attain a length of 31½ inches, and have strongly marked and sharp-edged annulations till near the tips. In spite of his rather coarse build, the waterbuck impresses the hunter favourably. His eyes are bright and expressive, the reflection of an independent, almost fierce disposition, and his movements, comparatively speaking, graceful. While he is grazing he looks rather unwieldy; but when excited he assumes a noble and dignified air, and most of all, when he holds his head erect, seems full of life and intelligence.

The next day Hutchinson had interesting sport. On the plain, to which we constantly go, he saw three lions pacing along quite close to the herds of game and apparently living in peace and harmony with them; they were moving slowly towards the forest. Hutchinson at once attempted to cut them off, but without success; moreover, the beasts noticed him and broke into a gentle trot. Reaching the outskirts of the forest they stopped and looked round. Hutchinson fired a bullet at 400 paces from his 303 Lee-Metford rifle, this being his last chance of a shot, because of the density of the forest, which had grass six feet high under the trees. The bullet fell short, and the lions disappeared in the grass. Soon afterwards he came across six eland, the largest of the antelopes, and seldom met with in this part: he had several shots, but failed to bring one of these animals down. As for myself, I killed one wildebeest and missed sundry others; but had now the satisfaction of knowing that there were lions hereabouts. At last we had seen some of the brutes which disturb our night's rest by their roaring.
Last night I was rudely roused from a sound sleep by Hutchinson shouting out "There must be lions in the camp." In a few seconds I was standing in front of my tent, lightly attired, and with my rifle loaded, while round us all sorts of animals, chiefly hyænas and jackals, were keeping up a fine blood-curdling concert. Bebel was barking furiously, but no lions were to be seen. Presently some Kafirs came along, and told us that a pack of hyænas and jackals had made a raid on the skins, which we had placed in a little hut built by ourselves, close to our tent. Soon after came Bebel streaming with blood and with a great gaping wound in his throat; the brave dog had stood up to the savage beasts, and was now in a lamentable condition. We washed his wounds at once with carbolic, but thought that we should have to shoot the poor brute next day. Our joy was therefore all the greater when our friend Bebel was so much better in the morning that he did not disdain some bits of meat. We put on him a soft bandage, but he soon scratched it off; still if only the carbolic keeps the insects away, there is a possibility that our good dog may live.

From this time, of course, our interest centred in lions. We did not see any during the next few days and had to be content with gnus and zebras, which we shot to supply food for the boys. On the 13th of September we four white men went off in different directions, armed with suitable materials to set fire to the high grass all round; our object being to clear the ground that our chances of sport might be better when we returned this way later on. On this occasion Pollard, who was not carrying a rifle, came across five lions, which must have been sleeping in the tall grass; but they all made off quickly before he could get in a shot.

After burning the grass within a circumference of six miles, we struck camp again, and marched four and a half miles back to the river Uremma to send down stream to Fontesvilla the skins and horns we had collected. The burning down of the grass in this part is not only a necessity, if one is to hunt with
success, but also a proved method of artfully attracting animals to the burned area. They are particularly fond of the young grass which soon comes up, and where the game is most plentiful, there, as might be expected, the lion takes up his abode.

At our next camping-ground, six miles further, we found very little game, and soon moved away, halting next, five and a half miles on, by the bank of the Uremma. We were obliged to come here, for neither the Kafirs nor our chief guide knew at all where the next water was, and the ground had therefore to be reconnoitred before we went further.

Our wildebeest- and waterbuck-hunting was very successful in the new place, and here also I brought down my first hyæna. As I was on the look-out for game, I saw about thirty paces from me a large yellowish animal moving in the grass, and thought when I fired that it was a lioness. At the first shot the beast turned right round, and at the second came down, when I saw that it was an old male hyæna. The hyæna met with here is not striped like that of India, but has a yellowy-brown coat, flecked with dark grey. He is considerably higher at the shoulders than in the hind-quarters; taking him all round he is a disgusting creature with his skin all covered with excoriations and a ragged mane on neck and withers.

In spite of its malignant and savage look the hyæna is a cowardly animal, which always avoids man, and even when wounded will not attack him. It lives exclusively on the remains of the carcases which have fed the lion, the bones in particular being its favourite food. This explains the common occurrence hereabout of excrement as white as snow; it is due to the lime in the bones, which the hyæna crunches with its splendid teeth. This animal appeals to me less than any other wild beast. Not only does it disturb our sleep night after night with its frightful laugh, which actually drives the tired hunter to the verge of despair, but its appearance and smell are truly horrible. I was delighted that by the slaying of this hyæna I had reduced by one specimen the nocturnal disturbers
of our rest, but there will be enough left still to provide us with sleepless nights in the future.

On the following day Hutchinson and I completed our collections of wildebeests and waterbucks; and did not shoot any more zebras. We saw no buffaloes nor lions, though yesterday, when hunting, I heard one of the former grunting quite close to me. I found also some fresh-fallen droppings of lions, but the king of beasts had gone too soon for me. At last, on the 19th of September, Hutchinson returned to camp very late in the evening with the head of a buffalo, which he had shot from among a large herd without having experienced any difficulty worth noting. Another one, he said, was lying dead; so I went off to the place early in the morning, hoping for a chance of killing a lion over the dead body.

After a march of three hours I found a buffalo which was already mostly devoured; as it still had horns, it was evidently Hutchinson's second buffalo which we were looking for. When I approached, some dozens of birds of prey, of which there are thousands, mostly vultures, flew up; a sign that the lion was not there. The latter always dines alone, and the birds circle high overhead, swooping down on the carcase when dinner is over and the lion has gone off for a drink at the nearest water. I now gave my rifle to a Kafir, took out my knife, and was stooping down to cut off the horns and head of the buffalo, when suddenly a huge lion leapt past me from left to right at a distance of twelve paces, and disappeared before I could seize my rifle. I need not say that at sight of the lion the Kafir had dropped the gun and taken to his heels. I advanced cautiously in the direction from which the lion had come, and soon found a fresh-killed waterbuck, on which the former had been appeasing his hunger. Another chance gone! In the evening I returned to the same place, but only to find that the lion had been back again and had dragged the remains of the waterbuck into the tall grass; of the buffalo only a few of the largest bones were left. In one particular my expedition had been crowned with success: we had found
water. We resolved to pitch our camp near to it under some fine trees, for our tents were standing in a sunny plain, where the heat was almost unendurable.

On his first day’s expedition from our new camp Hutchinson had the good luck to come upon a regular pack of lions, six to eight in number. He surprised them in the high grass, and as quickly as possible fired seven shots in succession from his repeating Lee-Metford at a male, who came down several times and roared terribly, but never showed signs of attacking. Then he lost the animal in the almost impenetrable grass, and could not find him, though it might be assumed that he was lying dead not far off. Soon after he found the lair in which the family of lions lived; it was an idyllic place close by a little pool of water. So at last we had come near to the realisation of our wishes, for the lions’ den was little more than half a mile from our tent. We could not have picked a better spot.

On the following day Hutchinson and Poulin went again to the scene of the encounter with the lions, but they came back in the evening without having seen either the wounded animal or any of the others. I went out in a different direction, but brought back nothing except some waterbuck. Pollard had been laid up for a week; the fever had got him in its grip, and so I was obliged to go out alone. This, however, is all right for me now that I have learned a good deal of the Kafir language. As Hutchinson had not found his lions on the third day, it was my turn to beard them in their den, and quite early in the morning I found his lion dead about two hundred paces from the place where he had shot him. Nature has endowed me with a very keen sense of smell, perhaps to compensate for somewhat defective hearing. With my nose in the air, and following the smell of putrefaction which grew stronger and stronger, I soon came on the lion. Unfortunately I found him so much eaten by the ants that the skin was of very little use. Still I had him skinned, for the claws and fine teeth are always valuable. The pity was to see the beautiful coat and noble mane so damaged! In any case the
honour of our expedition was saved and the ice broken between the lions and ourselves. Now we shall stay here till the whole family figures in our bag.

I sent the trophies to the lucky hunter, who was taking a day off in the tent, and went on to look for the other lions in whose company the dead one had been; but did not find them. However, I had the satisfaction of adding three new specimens to my list of slain—a pala antelope, a dwarf antelope or oribi, and a wart-hog. The pala is one of the most graceful among the antelopes of Central Africa. It is somewhat larger than our fallow-deer, but it is more gracefully formed, and has wonderful horns, which are almost exactly like a harp in shape, and are extraordinarily big in comparison with the small head of the animal. Unfortunately the pala counts among the rarer antelopes of the country; whites and blacks alike hunt it for food in preference to other game because of its delicate flesh.

The dwarf antelope or oribi is not inferior to the pala in grace and elegance, but is easily distinguished from the rest of the antelopes, being the Lilliputian of the group. It has quite small horns, slightly tilted forward, and about the size and shape of a little penholder. The body is exceedingly slight and graceful, and as the coat is just the colour of dry grass there is no antelope so difficult to kill as the little oribi.

Most wild animals, and particularly antelopes, avoid man whenever they can, but this little buck seems to have no fear
at all of his arch-enemy; and it is quite comic to see the little animal standing fearlessly a hundred paces away, and looking at the hunter, remaining quiet even when the first ball has struck the ground quite close to it. The way in which it flies, when startled or disturbed, is truly charming. Dashing off with the greatest speed, it suddenly springs a yard high into the air, again takes flight and again springs up, probably with the intention of getting a better view of the surrounding country, for it is so small that it cannot see over the grass. Sometimes, especially when the spring has revealed a suspicious object, the little buck jumps up several times in succession, and then will seem, even to the eye accustomed to it, like a creature endowed with wings, and possessing the power of hovering in the air. If you have wounded a dwarf antelope with a bullet you may count on having killed it, for this delicate little creature does not take anything like so much shooting as the other members of the antelope tribe. When it feels badly wounded, it usually tries to hide in the tall grass; and creeping gently away to a bush, a big stone, or an ant-heap, crouches down by it, and awaits death. When you go after them, it is usually in such places that you find these antelopes; and if you pass without seeing them, they spring up and make off with all possible speed.

The greatest imaginable contrast to this charming creature is the wart-hog, the coarsest and most ill-favoured of all the bristly tribe, which in truth Dame Nature has not endowed with many graces. His tusks are of enormous dimensions, and every hunter is on his guard against them when he passes one of the many holes the wart-hogs dig in the ground.

At a quarter past three this morning reveillé was sounded in camp, and at four o'clock I marched out to take up a position by the lions' den, which is near the place where we found the dead beast. Poulin and I sat here till 6.15, and the whole time had round us a veritable concert of roaring lions. We had sent the ten boys who accompanied us about a hundred yards further on among the dense underwood. I was
just by the den, a picturesque spot near a clear stream, at which the lions drank, and here I waited the arrival of my prey. After half-an-hour the whole batch of boys came back to us; they had heard the lions close by them and sought refuge near our guns.

The early morning was very fresh, but towards 6.15 o'clock the first warm rays of the sun began to be felt, and this is the time when the lions usually prowl slowly to and fro near their den to dry their dew-sprinkled coats before settling down to their digestive sleep. We had scarcely gone a hundred paces from our post when about two hundred and eighty yards away I saw a lioness crossing the plain, which was dotted here and there with thick bushes. She was moving from left to right, and, seeing us, disappeared behind one of the clumps. I ran towards the bushes as quickly as I could, and, when I had gone fifty paces, the lioness appeared again. She had now turned round, and was trotting back in the direction from which she had come. As the distance between us was increasing every moment, I resolved to shoot on the chance of wounding the animal and making her attack us, in which case I hoped to stop her charge effectually. I fired a hollow bullet from my 500 Express rifle at 210 paces and hit her in the left hind-leg; but before the clouds of smoke cleared off the lioness disappeared for an instant behind another bush, and then bounded away. I could see with the naked eye the place where the bullet had hit, for the blood was flowing freely; and tried to cut off her retreat, firing two more shots, at 300 and 400 yards respectively, for the purpose of attracting her attention to me, rather than with any serious intention of hitting her. I was unsuccessful. We followed the clear trail of blood for almost a mile through the highish dry grass, till it merged into a ten-foot-high reed-bed, almost impassable for a man. To follow the wounded beast into this bed of reeds was as useless as it was dangerous, for even if I had come across her I should not have been able to raise my rifle. The chances are comparatively small for the lion if he attacks in the open
against the modern double-barrelled rifle, but here in the undergrowth they would be entirely on his side.

We had to give the animal up, for the bullet in her hind-leg would scarcely produce fatal hæmorrhage, especially as it was a hollow bullet. A solid bullet at the distance from which I fired would have done more damage. Shooting as I was from a fixed position, I preferred the hollow bullet, because at a distance of sixty paces at most I should have had a better result than with the solid lead bullet, which usually goes clean through; but on leaving my post I ought to have loaded with a solid instead of a hollow bullet, only there was no time for this, when I caught sight of the lioness.

We tramped the whole day to reconnoitre the land, and found a spot on which to pitch our next camp. I got back towards 5 p.m. to the spot where I had wounded the lioness, but found no trace of her. We had shouldered our guns and were starting off to camp, when suddenly 250 paces away I saw the same lioness which I had shot in the morning, bounding away on three legs towards the reed-bed. I fired both barrels of my 11 mm. without hitting her and so returned to camp unsuccessful. I seem to have no luck with wild beasts; both my badly wounded bear in Ceylon and my lioness of to-day made off. If they had attacked, perhaps both would have figured in my "bag" to-day.

Only two months ago a Fontesvilla man shot a lioness at the same distance as I did, and wounded her. The animal charged immediately, in this case unfortunately for the hunter, for his repeating-rifle missed fire, and the lioness leaped upon him, tearing his breast and arm. One of his boys threw his axe at her, causing her to spring at him, whereupon the hunter shot her dead on the top of the boy. Both of them, though somewhat mauled, escaped with their lives.

To-day Hutchinson had once more wonderful luck with lions. While he was crossing a great open plain on the look-out for the hippopotamus-pools which we had never yet found, he saw about a thousand paces away three lions engaged in devouring
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a gnu which they had torn to pieces. He looked carefully to his gun, buckled on his cartridge-belt, and went straight for the peaceful company. The grass was short, and there was no covert whatever, so he had not a chance of stalking them; but hoped that the beasts would show the courage with which they are so freely credited, and stand to defend their meal. The lions soon stopped in the middle of their dinner, and watched him as he strode calmly along, straight towards them. When he had got within 440 yards, the three beasts first bounded away for a short distance, and then settled down to a gentle trot, the two lionesses leading, and the male member of the family behind. They had gone no more than two or three hundred paces, when the lion turned round and came back alone to his prey, the lionesses meanwhile disappearing in the tall grass. When he reached the gnu, he lay down beside it, with his head turned towards Hutchinson; and remained in this position even when Hutchinson approached within eighty paces, occasionally moving his tufted tail to and fro. Hutchinson now knelt down and fired with his 500-calibre rifle, when the lion turned clean over, and after the second shot lay motionless. The first bullet, which was hollow, touched the heart, and the second went through the lungs and smashed the backbone. No more interesting and stirring incident can be imagined in the hunter's life. Hutchinson was of course rejoiced, and I too was glad that the man who eight months ago had never killed a single head of wild game was converted into a cool-headed lion-hunter.

The 24th of September. This morning again at four o'clock we were at the lions' den, but saw nothing. I had killed a zebra near Leoville, and had covered it with branches to keep off the birds of prey. The lion, however, had not been at the zebra when we came to the place again at four o'clock the next morning. I had instead a quite unexpected view of five elephants, two big and three small, stalking across the plain 440 yards away. Apparently they had scented us, for they were going at a smart pace, a thing elephants
seldom do, except when alarmed. It was useless to hasten on the trail of the great beasts, especially as—to-day, for the first time—I had left the elephant-rifle behind, and could have done nothing with leaden bullets. I resolved, therefore, to go back to the camp, take a small tent and provisions for eight days, and follow the spoor of the elephants until we overtook them.

Accompanied by Poulin and ten very lightly-loaded boys, I left the tent at ten o’clock and took up the elephants’ tracks, which were easy to follow in the burnt grass. The elephants took the most incredibly crooked and circuitous route, turning north, south, east, and west as they went over the ground, which has in some places high grass, in others thick bush. The sun was fearfully hot this day, and when we halted after a trying march of three hours, the Kafirs declared that they must rest for an hour. We had made a great circuit, and, after covering seven and a half miles, found ourselves little more than two miles from our starting-point.

As the boys seemed really tired after the stiff march in the great heat, and it was absolutely necessary for them to quench their thirst, we took the shortest way to the old camp, where was the nearest water. We intended to come back to the place where we were and take up the spoor again; but great was our surprise to see that the shortest way to the tent was also the elephants’ track, which we had supposed we should have to abandon. The track could easily be followed to within about eight hundred paces of our tents. We had a hasty lunch and then took up the spoor again; but as ill-luck would have it, I could not follow it up in the ten-foot-high reeds and grass, and so was obliged to relinquish the chase.

It may sound almost incredible that the tracks of five elephants could not be followed; but this I have proved for myself, for it may well be imagined that I should have been glad to bring down one of the big beasts, both of which had fine tusks plainly visible from a long way off.

Towards seven o’clock in the evening we returned to the
camp after a march lasting twelve and a half hours. Poulin, who had served two years in the Foreign Legion, could not recall a more strenuous day in his ten years' experience in Africa; and was so exhausted the next morning that he could not go out. I had therefore to go alone, but after a fruitless search for the lions returned with nothing but a dwarf antelope. Hutchinson had been away for several days with a small tent on the track of a herd of buffaloes; so on the following morning I again quitted the main camp, with the intention of finding the hippopotamus-pools which were said to be in this district. I tramped for seven hours, till I reached a little native village, where I camped for one day. On the way I killed a hartebeest.
In the evening I made a bargain with a native king, who in the course of a tour of inspection was visiting this village. The agreement was that he should guide me to the hippopotamus-pools, and in return for his service should receive a woollen blanket worth eight shillings. The first thing his Majesty asked for was whisky. I had but one bottle with me, and told him that we never drank whisky, only tea. Not satisfied with this, he insisted on taking a drink from a bottle which stood on the table and contained cold tea; and was sadly undeceived when he found it was really only weak tea, and made the most comical grimaces when he swallowed this liquor, which was quite new to him. In the evening he asked again for whisky, but did not need it, for both he and his two black ministers had already drunk deep of palm-wine. This drink, which is made of sap from the stems of the palm-trees, is very intoxicating, if drunk in sufficient quantities.

Toward nine o'clock in the evening all the natives of the village, and my boys as well, were dead-drunk, when they began their dances. They all formed a ring, into the middle of which they came one after another and made the most prodigious bounds; the others meanwhile clapped hands in time to the music, which was extracted from a big drum of buffalo-hide and two empty boxes. This ear-splitting performance lasted till about two in the morning, and sleep was not to be thought of. However, the king was up to time, and under his guidance I took the road to his residence, where he had his harem. Our royal guide was clad in a leathern apron and an old threadbare black coat, which, to judge by its cut, had seen better times on the back of some Englishman. This sovereign, though, was worth more to me than many others, for he made himself useful. He carried my rifle and game-bag, and, what was more to the purpose, brought me in the afternoon to a great pool in which I really saw several hippopotamuses. I fired at one which had his head an inch or so above the surface, and hit him, but whether in the right spot
is questionable. I fired first a solid lead bullet from my 500-calibre, and soon afterwards gave him a second shot from my 10-calibre. At this second shot a little fountain-like jet rose seemingly from the head of the hippopotamus, and I thought that it was coloured red and white. The Kafir, who had hidden in the grass, declared that I had hit him hard, and that the jet that gushed out was blood and brains, and thus red and white. I did not give much credence to what he said, and presently seeing no more hippopotamuses, took myself off to my tent, thinking that in all probability the others had made their escape under water to another pool.

The proper gun for hippopotamus is the Lee-Metford, or a 6-mm. rifle firing a nickel or steel ball, or an 11-mm. double-barrelled rifle, which is of small calibre, but can be aimed very true. The 10-calibre rifle with a steel ball is as serviceable, perhaps even more serviceable, but the advantage of the smaller-calibre rifles over those of large calibre lies in the much greater certainty of aim. The 10-calibre rifle is good
for shooting the animals in the neck, when they show high enough out of the water; but this happens very seldom. Usually they show for a very short time, just long enough to get in a good shot with a rifle of small calibre; a snap-shot from the heavy blunderbuss is always difficult to bring off. The main thing is to hit the beast's brain, and the smallest ball is enough if it only really penetrates thereto.

The 29th of September. This morning I was early on my legs, and had the great pleasure of seeing, in the place where I had shot the hippopotamus with the heavy rifle, a great dead beast floating on the water. A strong rope was made of palm-leaves, and the whole company of boys I had at my disposal went together into the water, and soon swam to the animal, which was some thirty to forty yards from land. The water here is full of crocodiles, which look upon a native as a tit-bit, for which reason a number of them go into the water together, making as much noise as possible to frighten the reptiles. We soon had the hippopotamus landed; he was a male of medium size, well proportioned, but with teeth of only moderate dimensions. I now had the head severed from the body, and the feet cut off at the knee, wishing to take these parts home with me as trophies. My bullet had hit just the right spot, between ear and eye, pierced the brain, and caused instantaneous death.

I may as well say that my shot was a lucky one, because in all probability I shall never make such another. The weight, or rather the unwieldiness of the rifle, the target of five by three inches which I must hit to penetrate the brain, the fact that the target was fifty paces away and had to be found on the surface of the water: this is a category of conditions under which a man seldom kills a hippopotamus with a single shot. I saw no more of the others which were with the one I fired at first. They seemed to have been frightened away by the shooting.

Hippopotamus-meat, which is unpalatable to us whites, is particularly liked by the natives, on account of its taste, which resembles that of train-oil. They cut up the big beast,
which weighed close on a ton, and carried all the pieces to the village, where the king divided the spoil with strict justice among his subjects, who flocked in from all sides. When one considers how these poor natives value the meat, one wonders that the partition of it proceeds so peaceably and quietly. Each one takes the piece assigned to him without a murmur; there is no discussion or wrangling among them, as would inevitably be the case with whites under similar circumstances. In the matter of "going shares" the blacks show exceedingly good feeling; everything, down to the last morsel, being honestly divided. For instance, they will take a draw, turn and turn about, at a discarded cigar-end, till it is finished. The meat of the hippopotamus is cut up by the natives into long strips, and hung on the trees, a method of treatment which makes it impossible for a European to stay in the neighbourhood of the trees, if the wind comes his way.

On the next day I did not go after hippopotamus. I had sent word of my doings to Hutchinson, and wanted him to have a chance at the beasts, while I went instead through the forest, and got a hartebeest and a reed-buck. The latter is rarely met with here, and the specimen I shot was the only one we saw throughout our tour. The animal is reputed to be exceedingly tenacious of life, and I found this reputation deserved. After my shot he bounded away, and I thought that I had missed him. It was the mere chance of my lunching in the neighbourhood that enabled me to find him; the vultures were circling high up in the air, and when I came upon him three-quarters of the little buck were devoured. My bullet had gone clean through, and he had run for more than 500 yards over difficult ground.

On the 6th of October I started back for the main camp, and on the way met Hutchinson accompanied by Pollard, to whom I gave the necessary directions as to the hippopotamis, and learned from him what had happened in camp during my absence. While I was after hippopotamus, Hutchinson had followed a herd of buffaloes, leaving in the camp only Hassan
the cook, Jack the chief black, and a little boy. One night when we were all away from camp, four lions paid it a visit, ramped over bales and boxes, and round the large tent in which the three poor blacks had taken refuge. Hutchinson had left a revolver with Hassan, and the brave cook fired five shots at the beasts, which thereupon decamped. Every night since we came to this camp, from which Hutchinson killed his two lions, we have had concerts of lions, hyænas, and jackals. The troop of lions comes right into the camp, but of course when none of us is present! On the particular occasion mentioned we should certainly have been able to make good shooting at the brutes, for the moon was fairly bright. The large number of lions—Hutchinson saw nine in one day—is accounted for by the fact that they follow the hunter, taking as their share of the booty all animals which are wounded and not killed outright. The nine lions seen by Hutchinson were moving across the plain one after the other. He did not succeed in cutting them off, for they observed him, and, when he approached, quickened their pace, and, bounding away, soon reached the tall grass.

When we came to the old encampment, I found with joy that England, one of the black guides, had come in with twenty-eight sacks of rice, and so the scarcity which had prevailed for twelve days among our boys was at an end. During this period the boys had literally lived on nothing but the meat of the animals we shot; they had no salt to eat with it, for this also had run out. We had contracted with a Portuguese that he should bring us thirty sacks of rice by boat up the Pungwe. The water was so low in the river that he stuck immediately below Fontesvilla, nearly ninety miles from us, and it was four days before we had these tidings of him. We were obliged, therefore, to send our boys to Fontesvilla, and they brought the rice to our camp in nine days.

Hutchinson and I shared the task of providing meat for the boys. He would go one day and I the next, and before our regular hunting began, we used to shoot three large animals,
waterbucks or gnus, close to the camp. I need not say that we shot females as well as males, in fact we shot everything that came to our guns, for we always wanted to be rid as quickly as possible of this unsportsmanlike duty. Our kitchen had also to be supplied daily with game, for one soon becomes sick of tinned meats. We eat chiefly the liver and kidneys of young bucks. The little oribis are excellent when roasted, and we have besides birds in plenty, for instance, great numbers of guinea-fowls, which can easily be shot among the trees in the evening. One can always, too, get wild geese and ducks, as well as partridges, quail, and snipe. We confined ourselves in the main to large game because of the greater bulk of provisions that results to our larder, and because repeated shooting at small game is too disturbing to the country round.

On the 6th of October I left the old camp again, and in two days reached the Pungwe, without meeting with any lions or buffaloes. Returning to the main camp, I found Hutchinson already there. He had not killed his hippopotamus at the
place where I found mine, but instead got a fine rhinoceros, an exceptional piece of good fortune. These animals are rarely met with in this district; in the last ten years, so far as I know, only three have been killed; Hutchinson therefore appears to be blessed with quite extraordinary luck. He found the rhinoceros by itself sleeping under a tree; on his approach it got up, and at seventeen paces he sent a bullet from his 500-Express rifle through the body. The brute dashed ahead, but when forty paces away fell to a second ball, this time in the shoulder. One of the bullets had reached the heart; the other four shots, which Hutchinson fired for safety's sake, were not necessary.

The African rhinoceros has two horns, one in front of the other, the front horn being almost always the larger. Unlike the Indian species he has a smooth hide without folds; the skin, however, is quite thick enough. There is said to be another rhinoceros in this neighbourhood, which I propose to go after.

We separated once more. Hutchinson went off in a direction which none of us had as yet taken, while I betook myself with Poulin and a little tent to the lion-district.

The 10th of October. This morning at four o'clock I was again at the old lions' den, but never had sight of them, though they had been roaring all through the night. This afternoon I pitched the little tent close to Leoville, intending to track the animals by their roaring in the early dawn, and to bag a lion at last. For fourteen days I had more or less neglected all other game, and availed myself of all opportunities for lions, but without success. I have particularly bad luck, and in spite of all my trouble and exertions cannot get a shot, whereas all the animals positively run to Hutchinson's gun. It is fortunate that one at least of us has had a run of luck, for with two lions, three buffaloes, and a rhinoceros all killed by my friend, our hunting expedition may be considered already a great success.

Last night we heard the lions but little, and three hours'
HUNTING IN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

stalking this morning produced no result. I was getting tired of hunting always in the same place, and started in the afternoon to follow the rhinoceros-spoor—that is, I went back to the huts of the Kafirs, near which I had killed my hippopotamus, and where Hutchinson had brought down his rhinoceros. At half-past two in the afternoon I left the main camp, marching at the head of my twenty-two boys, and discontented with myself and things in general because of my ill-success with lions. I could not guess that this very day I was to be compensated, not entirely, but in great measure, for my bad luck of the morning and the preceding days.

We had tramped for about two hours when I saw with my glasses a great yellow animal moving in some high grass well over half-a-mile away. I immediately gave the signal for "down," and everybody went down on his knees. The boy who was carrying my rifle was visibly excited when he, too, saw the animal. I could not, however, understand his gibberish, and, as Poulin was far behind, went on alone with my 500-double-barrelled rifle to approach what I now saw
to be several animals. A little clump of palms gave me some covert, and I worked my way to this, sometimes in a stooping position, sometimes crawling through the thorns on hands and knees. I got along thus for about 850 yards, unseen by the beasts I was stalking, and soon reached the clump, quite out of breath of course, and with a pulse of 140, not from excitement, a thing which I got over long ago, but from hurrying as I did with the thermometer at 40° R. in the sun. My condition was such that a good aim was impossible, so I lay down for a few minutes, without knowing whether the animals were in the same place or had already made off. Then I crawled on my knees behind the bushy growth, and saw that a huge beast with splendid horns was watching me, facing me at a distance of 140 yards. With one knee on the ground I took aim at once but slowly, supporting my left arm on my left knee, a position I always take if possible, because it gives a steadier aim. I found, however, that every beat of the pulse threw rear-sight, face-sight, and animal out of line. So I remained as I was for a few minutes without pressing the trigger, and at last fired the left barrel, aiming at the breast. When it is a matter of settling an animal first shot I prefer the left barrel to the right, particularly with a gun of heavy calibre like the 500-Express, because the index finger by pressing the trigger of the right barrel almost always turns the gun slightly out of line; whereas by firing the left barrel first, the pull of the first finger acts entirely in the direction of the shoulder, and less towards the side. The animal at which I aimed tumbled over, and at the same moment another dashed headlong away, passing me at a distance of about 170 yards. Having still a bullet in my right barrel, I fired it, aiming about two feet from the breast. To my great surprise this beast also came down, but got up again, being apparently crippled in the hind-quarters. He could move forward only slowly, so I soon came up with him, and finished him with a shot in the shoulder. I now saw that the first shot, a solid lead bullet, had smashed both hind-legs at the hocks, and the animal
HAULING THE "HIPPO" TO LAND.

Facing page 168.
head by help of his fore-legs and the shattered remains of the hind-legs. One beast being killed, it was time to look after the other, for I did not know whether the first shot had been fatal; but I found the first animal dead, the bullet having gone through the throat, and smashed the backbone near the shoulder-blade. When Poulin came up to the place in half-an-hour I learned for the first time that the animals were elands, which are very uncommon in this part of the country.

The eland is as big as a good-sized horse and has upright corkscrew-shaped horns. The two I shot were a young male
with short, thick horns, and an old female, whose horns were long and thin. The hide of the eland, which measures thirteen feet, is quite smooth and has short hair. The colour is a pretty light grey, shading into yellowish grey and rusty red. Eland are hunted more than any other African antelope, being the most highly valued for their horns, excellent meat, and skin. It is no wonder that these noble beasts are already almost exterminated, and apart from the hunting we have to remember the terrible ravages the rinderpest has wrought among them.

After cutting off the heads I went on farther, killing one hartebeest and losing another, which I could not follow because darkness came on. We got back at half-past seven in the evening, having been on our legs since four in the morning, and having covered nineteen miles, partly through tall grass and thorns, which make the going doubly hard. The next morning Poulin had to stop in camp to look after the eland-skins, while I made a little expedition in which I killed an oribi.

The next morning I sent out two boys to look for rhinoceros-spoor; but they came back in the evening with the news that they had found no kind of spoor at all. These boys are very untrustworthy, and frequently bring in false reports because they are afraid of the wild beasts; and I resolved to go myself so as to make sure whether there were traces or not. I started at 6 A.M. and went first to the place where Hutchinson bagged the rhinoceros, and found footprints larger than those of his animal. In the end we lost these in the high grass, and I gave the rhinoceros up the more readily because some boys had, a few days before, killed one for the Portuguese commandant of the district. The spoor we found was undoubtedly that of this animal, and it was therefore useless to follow it. I shall, as soon as possible, report the Portuguese official to the governor at Beira for arming black men courageous enough for the task with Martini and Mannlicher rifles, which are intended for the police. The rascals shoot at
everything, preferring naturally rhinoceros, elephant, hippopotamus, and other big game, the heads, hides, and other profitable parts of which the Portuguese then sells. These blacks have of course no hunting-licences, and spoil the hunting for us who pay £1.5 for a permit. The best thing to do on meeting these fellows would be to stop them and confiscate or smash their rifles. The Portuguese official would have to replace them at his own expense, for they are included in the Government inventory, and this course would hurt him most. In the evening after a particularly long march I came again to the huts where the king lived, and where I killed my hippopotamus.

The next morning I went once more to the hippopotamus-pool, but saw only the baby hippo, artlessly keeping his little pink head out of the water, and evidently looking about for his poor father whom I had slain a fortnight before. The head of the house, the big hippopotamus, which I saw on my previous visit, was not at home; so I soon went off to explore other pools, but found them untenanted. Instead of a hippopotamus I got a very fine hartebeest with specially good horns. The next day I left the place, and went back to my old hunting-ground, the lions' den. In the night I heard but one lion roaring in the distance, but at daybreak, cautiously approaching the place, found no lions, though on the previous evening I had left as bait a large antelope, which I had killed near the lions' abode. The antelope had been entirely devoured by hyænas and jackals.

On my way back to the main camp, I shot a bush-buck, which is also one of the rarer antelopes. This little buck (see page 165) is much feared by the natives, and can be really dangerous when wounded; unlike his kind he will attack men with his sharp little horns and inflict very severe wounds. The lions had apparently changed their home, so Hutchinson and I decided to leave the camp in which we had been over four weeks, and make our way slowly back.

Our first day's march was 19\(\frac{1}{2}\) miles over difficult
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country, and was exceedingly trying in the great heat, but we reached the place for which we were making. On the way I killed a big male hyæna. The following day we marched between sunrise and sunset nineteen miles, mostly keeping along the Uremma; in the heat of the day numbers of crocodiles were sunning themselves on the banks, and I bowled over two of them, killing both at the first shot. They were of medium size, measuring respectively $9\frac{1}{2}$ and $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

This day for the first time since we set out on our expedition we were compelled to administer exemplary chastisement to some of our boys. On the march Jack, the leading boy, had stopped a long way behind with six of his companions. They had exchanged our cartridges for palm-wine, and were very drunk. When Jack at last arrived four hours behind time, he was first reproached for his wrong-doing. He understood it at once, and was then duly belaboured by us with a bamboo cane and the butt-end of the rifle. If a European had been treated in this fashion the punishment inflicted would have been severely felt. The blacks, however, can stand a double dose. When Jack had had enough he was ordered to tie the other delinquents to trees, and administer to them the thrashing they had earned. The poor devils placed themselves in a row, were tied to trees and belaboured with a long, thin strip of hippopotamus-hide, known as a sjambok. The flogging had the desired effect; that afternoon and on the following days we all kept well together and advanced far more rapidly than before.

The 17th of October. This morning, when we had been on the move for something like an hour, we came upon the fresh spoor of about twenty buffaloes. I took up this spoor at once, intending to kill one of these animals at last; and in ten minutes found the herd in the dry bed of a little river, lying so close together that it was difficult with the glasses to single out a good bull. I stalked them till I was within seventy paces, and then saw that the big bull, on which I had fixed, had in the meantime risen and was facing directly towards me.
He must have observed me, and I had no time to lose; so I let fly with my 500-calibre rifle, aiming at his breast. Owing to the abominable smoke I could not take a second shot until I had got clear of the tall grass, and leaped into the river-bed, when I fired the first barrel of my 10-calibre, and the herd vanished. Reaching the place I found no buffalo, but two distinct traces of blood. This meant that I must follow these and bring my animal down, the most dangerous part of the sport in the judgment of many experienced hunters.

The country to which the herd had fled was covered with grass eight feet high, with here and there clumps of palms and thorn-bushes, undergrowth so thick that one can see no more than five to eight paces ahead. It is just this kind of country that constitutes the danger for the hunter, for it is the habit of the buffalo to come back a few yards, just off his track, and charge the pursuing sportsman from the side, so quickly that it is quite impossible to get a shot. The two blood-marked tracks soon left the spoor of the main herd. I took one of them, and soon saw a big bull standing in the high grass fifty paces from me; but I could see only the powerful horns and part of the head. Aiming about a foot lower down and to the right, I fired, and hit him, when he sprang up and made off in the high grass. We continued the pursuit. George, the only boy of our eighty who had the courage to follow spoor, went in front, I followed with the 10-bore. Twenty paces behind me, armed with my 500-calibre rifle, came Pollard, who had orders not to fire except in case of absolute danger.

After a very slow and cautious march of fifteen minutes George heard a noise close by in a thicket of thorns. He stooped down, seized me the same moment by the arm, pointing to a dark spot in the underwood, then made a great jump backwards and was high up a tree in a trice like a squirrel, as were all the other blacks who were with us. I saw something moving about six feet away, and, thinking that the buffalo was lying down, fired. As had happened twice before, both barrels went off together, and, half stooping as I was,
got such a jar that I stumbled back over the undergrowth of a palm, and very nearly fell. If the buffalo had charged me then,—he was only six feet away,—and if Pollard, who stood with his gun up ten paces to the left, had not succeeded in killing the animal outright with his first shot, my life would not have been worth a minute's purchase. Quite against all rules, the buffalo did not charge, but fled. George, who has much better sight than I have, now declared that the buffalo was standing in the underwood. I had supposed that he was lying down, and so my shot merely went between his legs. Pollard now strongly advised that we should not go so near the wounded beast again, because of the great danger; but the buffalo gave us no further opportunity, for we did not find him again.

I now returned to the place where I had shot the buffaloes, and took up the second spoor, which, to judge by appearances, was also that of a big bull. He had not gone off through the thick scrub and grass, but had raced into the forest, where he let us get within twenty-five paces at least ten times, and then bounded away before we could see him. I followed him for three hours, till one o'clock, and it was hard work, for the country was difficult, the heat intense, and I had my heavy rifle to carry. I had lunch, and then, being four hours' march from the camp, had to give up the idea of continuing the chase in the afternoon. Next morning I came back to the place; and seeing many vultures circling in the air, sat down under a tree to watch where they settled. I hoped in this way to find a dead buffalo, but after wheeling about for a long time the vultures disappeared. If it had been a great disappointment to me to lose two buffaloes, a far greater disappointment was in store for me to-day, and it touched the question of health.

For two months Hutchinson and I had been hunting in this unhealthiest of all climates, and had felt perfectly well all the time; to-day, however, the dreaded fever attacked me in full force. Quite suddenly I was overcome by a frightful dry
heat, and the return journey to the tent after sundown was very painful. When I got in, the clinical thermometer showed my temperature to be 40° C. I was therefore in for a sharp attack. I took a quantity of phenacetin, quinine, and other febrifuges which we always had with us, and so brought my temperature down next day to 39° C. I was in the situation of Hercules at the cross-roads. Should I be carried immediately to Fontesvilla, thirty-one miles away, and take train thence to Beira, or should I wait where I was and see if the fever passed off soon, and, if it did, continue hunting lions and buffaloes? The first course was the more sensible, the second the more alluring; so I stayed.

The 20th of October. Yesterday my temperature was still over 38° C., this morning it has fallen to 38° C. This means a slight improvement in my condition, and the only question is how long it will be before another attack comes on, for when once the fever has taken a firm hold, you know that you will have it again in every country where malaria is prevalent. I have been alone for the last five days; Hutchinson has gone off for a week to some distance from the main camp, and Pollard is out hunting all day, looking for spoor and shooting meat for the boys. This afternoon I made up my mind to beat a retreat, acknowledging myself vanquished by the invisible demons of the marsh-fever. It is not these that I care about; but to be obliged to leave the country without having killed either a lion or a buffalo is the greatest disappointment that as a hunter I have ever experienced. At any rate the honour of our expedition has been saved by Hutchinson, to whom the goddess of the chase has been peculiarly gracious. The four boys whom I took with me without loads to carry back the two buffalo-heads which I had already shot in spirit, are now carrying me. I turned my bed into a machila, or litter. In this country it is no uncommon thing to see hunters returning thus; those who have this luck being by no means so badly treated by fate as those others who have found a scorching grave amid the tall grass of this accursed land.
In the evening I reached the main camp, and to my surprise found Hutchinson back. I had supposed him to be miles away tracking elephants, but, as a matter of fact, he had not left the camp at all, because he, too, had not been well. We resolved to start back immediately, in order to reach Beira in time for the boat sailing northward on the 28th. I had one of the worst nights I have ever known, and the next day was carried by eight boys the twenty-six miles to Fontesvilla. In the evening, strange to say, the fever abated, though I had been carried for eight hours in the sun; and the sun is, as one knows, the worst thing possible for fever-patients. I had lost the terrible pains in head and loins, the inevitable adjunct of malaria in this country, and felt quite well again. After an excellent night I could again eat something, the first time for five days. Hutchinson too was now well again, and we considered whether we should not do a little hunting in the Sheringoma Mountains. It had, however, rained all night; Pollard was down with the fever; the rainy season was beginning; and it was only a question of days when I should have another attack of fever. So we took train, and after a nine hours' journey in an open truck, reached Beira.

When we had packed all our trophies, and forwarded them to London, we took passage by the steamship Kanzler, of the German East African line, and started on our voyage northwards. From Beira our course lay first to Mozambique, the coast-town of the Portuguese colony; this gives its name to the great Mozambique Company which holds the land from the Government. The town itself is not interesting. Like all places inhabited by the Portuguese, it is dead; there is no commerce, no movement.

The next port we touched at was Majunga, in the island of Madagascar, of which the French are vainly endeavouring to make a fine colony. Majunga is a wretched hole, and every one was glad when the boat weighed anchor again, and left the
sweating harbour for Nossi Bé, a little port of Madagascar, 150 nautical miles north. Contrasted with Mozambique and Majunga, which were utterly without interest, Nossi Bé is prettily situated. The steamer enters a great bay, surrounded by high, verdure-clad mountains. The little town nestles in a corner, inhabited mainly by blacks, though some good-looking Creoles, the handsomest people in the world, were to be seen. On a previous occasion I had admired Creoles much in New Orleans, where they had made a deep impression on me.

A voyage of two days brought us to the harbour of Dar-es-Salâm, and for the first time I set foot on the soil of a German colony. Dar-es-Salâm impresses one very favourably. It is no doubt only a small settlement, and an unimportant little town, but it is very clean and has good streets and pretty white buildings. An entirely different picture of life meets the traveller when he approaches Zanzibar, which Germany, late in the eighties, ceded to England in exchange for Heligoland.

Zanzibar is a typical oriental town. It has about 100,000 inhabitants, many of them natives of India, who trade in the products of the island and of the neighbouring mainland of Africa. The country districts of Zanzibar are charming, and with their tropical flowers and palms resemble Ceylon. From Zanzibar we crossed again to the mainland, stopping at Tanga, which, like Dar-es-Salâm, is in German East Africa. Tanga consists of a few houses, and has few European inhabitants. When the railway, which at the present time runs twenty-five miles inland, is finished, Tanga, it may be hoped, will rise to the importance it entirely lacks to-day. From Tanga the boat goes direct to Aden. The voyage lasts eight days, and the boat keeps for the most part along the coast, which in some places, as for instance at Cape Guardafuì, is very fine.

We left the boat at Aden; when my intention was to make a hunting-expedition of several months' duration in Somaliland, for which Hutchinson was going to help in my preparations. He could not accompany me, because his family was waiting for
him at Cairo. I was in excellent training as a result of our hunting-tour in Portuguese East Africa, and wanted while in this good trim to try my luck in sunny Somaliland with the lions and panthers which live together in the same region, and also with rhinoceros. To my great disappointment I learned from the English authorities at Aden that the Government had not for the last eight months granted hunting permits in Somaliland. A new Mahdi had raised a rebellion against the English, and sportsmen travelling alone could not move about the country with any safety. I heard, moreover, that Aden had recently been placed under the administration of the Viceroy of India, and the Somaliland Protectorate under the administration of the Foreign Office in London, with a military officer resident at Berbera as Governor. I wanted to leave no stone unturned, and applied to the Governor for permission to carry out my hunting project. Seeing that it would take ten days for an answer to reach me, owing to lack of communication by ship between Aden and Berbera, I determined to spend the time with Hutchinson at Cairo instead of in the sweltering heat of Aden, which even the Englishman, who does not easily grumble, calls a "hell on earth." We stayed for two days at a miserable hotel, and then took the good ship Himalaya, of the Peninsular and Oriental line, as far as Suez. From Suez we went to Cairo and the incomparable Shepheard's Hotel.

It was joy indeed after so long a time to breathe once more the air of civilisation, to hear an opera, to go to a ball, in fine, to taste the multifarious pleasures which Cairo has to offer. Presently came the news that I could not hunt in Somaliland, so I made arrangements by telegraph to go back to India—to the Central Provinces again—where we had made our little tour in March. Everything worked smoothly, and the hour of departure drew near, the hour in which I was to tear myself away from my faithful travelling companion and my beloved Cairo, and exchange both for the India we had lately scouted. Since my school-days, when at the end of the
holidays I had to exchange the comfortable chair and the saddle for the hard school-bench, I do not remember ever feeling so depressed. Finally, after repeated struggles, the hunter in me prevailed; the prospect of slaying a Bengal tiger triumphed. After a deadly wearisome voyage of eleven days I reached Bombay on the 16th of December.
CHAPTER IX

TIGER-HUNTING IN INDIA—SECOND EXPEDITION TO CEYLON

Thanks to the experience I had gained in the matter of fitting out a little expedition, I was able to leave Bombay two days after arriving there, taking with me everything that was necessary, and this time nothing that was unnecessary. I had engaged the services of Mr. Snuggling, with whom Hutchinson and I had hunted for ten days in March, and he had made all arrangements. So on the morning of the 20th of December we left Harda and found our tents 10½ miles up country.

Our little caravan consisted of five carts with a couple of oxen each, seventeen natives, two ponies, a milch-cow with her calf, two goats, one sheep, one dog, Mr. Snuggling, and myself. The road and the scenery were those of our last trip, and still fresh in my memory. On the way we came across several small antelopes in the very same place where we saw them eight months before, and on this occasion also I could not get near them, in spite of my intention to shoot something for the kitchen. The next morning I exchanged the customary salams with the chief shikari Budsing and the beaters, and then went into the forest, which to my joy I found quite as clear now as it was in March. The rainfall this year has been exceptionally small, the rivers are dry, the trees are without foliage owing to the drought, and throughout India no crops have come up, and famine is stalking in the land. I am told that it is the worst famine of the century.

In the morning I found the fresh tracks of a tiger 1½ miles from the camp. Four drives, however, produced no tiger. In
the first drive after lunch—which consists in this country of eggs, sardines, cold meat, and tea, and not, as in the Eifel, of caviare, foie-gras, and champagne—I had taken up my position for perhaps ten minutes when I saw an animal coming slowly towards me. In the thick bush, which consisted of trees, shrubs, and dry grass two feet high, I thought it was a large pig; presently, from the daintiness of its movements, I concluded that it was a female deer, but the great size of its body made me change my opinion again, and I decided that it must be a bear. Meanwhile, in order to have a clearer field for shooting, I moved from behind the tree where I had taken up my position, and in this movement touched a dry leaf. The noise so caused put the animal on the alert—I had not yet made out for certain what it was—and then I saw no wild pig, deer, or bear before me, but a splendid Bengal tiger. At the very moment I was aiming at him he made a spring, and turning slightly rushed past me. When I had him between two trees thirty paces away, and could see his outline in the dry grass, I let fly; and so soon as I had fired I knew that I had shot too high. The tiger bounded away, and I sent a second bullet at a spot where I saw the grass moving. A few seconds later I saw him clearing the crest of the hill on the slope of which I was standing.

When the drive was ended a native, who was not far off, came running up. He had observed everything from a tree, and declared that my second shot had hit the tiger high up in the shoulder. So I set to work to follow the track, which I knew thoroughly as far as the ridge of the hill. Beyond this point the native knew no more than I did. I had little help as I worked down the other side of the hill. Neither old Snuggs, whose age protects him from the consequences of my annoyance, nor any of the natives, made the slightest show of following the track with me. The whole company followed slowly sixty paces in the rear, while I went ahead cautiously in case of possible attack, relying on my good rifle. After an hour and a half, finding no trace of blood, I gave up the quest,
having nothing to encourage me to continue, but rather every-
thing to dissuade me from so doing. I was firmly convinced
that the beater had imposed upon me with his story of the
shot high up in the shoulder. The incident was instructive in
one way, for it showed me that in future I should have to under-
take the pursuit of a wounded animal single-handed. A wild
beast is undoubtedly dangerous when wounded and pursued,
but only in such case, as this incident again showed. The
tiger had seen me when he turned, but in spite of that he
decamped, as do all other beasts of the forest.

Strictly speaking, it is not safe to follow up a wounded
tiger unless you are mounted on an elephant, for, if the enraged
beast has taken refuge in the grass, the hunter who is following
him has, comparatively speaking, a very small chance in case
of attack, as the tiger usually leaps upon his foe before he can
bring rifle to shoulder. As I went down the hill I could see
at least twenty paces ahead, for I should think twice before
following a recently-wounded tiger into high grass. It is
when this is done that the majority of mishaps occur. The
art of tiger-hunting does not lie in being eaten, but rather in
slaying the animal without suffering hurt oneself. It is useless,
therefore, in my opinion, to expose oneself to great danger,
or rather to reduce to the minimum one's chances of being
victorious in the battle. All the same I was greatly dis-
appointed to see the lack of courage displayed by the natives
in following a tiger supposed to be wounded; even among the
South African Kafirs, a lower type of men altogether, we had
two who would track the animal we were after, keeping close
to our left side, or pointing with a stick over our shoulder.
We Europeans cannot see a tenth part of what these natives see,
born as they are in the forest, and we have to depend upon
them when the spoor is not absolutely distinct. You do not
want to spur them on, for, supposing that things go wrong,
your conscience is not clear. I have therefore made up my
mind to shoot the next tiger dead on the spot and so put an
end to danger for blacks and whites alike. While after the
tiger I climbed up a tree to take a look round; as a result I was convinced that a much better view was to be got at a height of about ten feet above the ground where the field of vision was not interrupted by the grass, which is between two and three feet high.

My ancient manager was always wanting to get me into a machan, that is, a seat in a tree; but as it takes ten minutes to secure the seat properly, and as this is never done without a good deal of jabbering on the part of the Indians, I had not hitherto wished to use one. In the next drive, however, I did try the machan, and soon saw its great advantages. A fine wild boar came straight towards me, though the wind blew from me and my cigar; his audacity cost him his life. The wild animal, not suspecting an enemy, comes quite close to the tree in which the hunter sits in his garb of green: the view is clear all round and the latter can smoke to his heart's content without thereby damaging the prospects of his bag.

The 22nd of December. To-day during all the four drives I sat in the machan and was again successful. A male sambar trotted by unsuspectingly, though he too had my wind fully, and gave me a splendid shot. I cannot complain of the sport so far, though I can of much else. It is a mistake to suppose that it is a pleasure to hunt with beaters of whose language one can neither understand nor speak a word, and with a sexagenarian Englishman for manager, whom forty years' residence in India has literally dried up from head to foot. And again, the native takes but two meals a day, morning and evening; and he tries to put off the morning meal as late as possible, firstly, because he has eaten largely the night before, and, secondly, because he does not want to be hungry too early in the afternoon. I have the greatest trouble in getting my men to start, all the more because they have eaten a full meal, and, like the rest of the world, are drowsy while the digestion is at work. When by good luck I have them in the forest, I have day after day first to explain to the head shikari that, when there is only one gun out, he cannot expect to be
successful in a long drive of a mile and a half, or two miles; that game never run up against the wind; and, finally, when I speak to him of doubling back, he is so puzzled that I have to begin all over again. At last we are off; roaring like lions the rascals march ahead, 80 to 100 strong, all armed with spears and small axes. Now and again they squat down to chatter about the Lord knows what, and smoke a pipe of peace, and then up they jump with redoubled noise.

To-day I made some progress with these beaters on the subject of the hurly-burly. They are permitted at the beginning of the drive to shout as much as they like; after that they may only beat the trees with sticks, for with their infernal din the men spoil all succeeding drives for two miles round. If I kill a head of game, it is still far from being done with. The natives belong to dozens of different sects, or castes, which all have different customs and religious usages. For instance, one may never so much as touch a pig, another may touch it only when its throat has been cut, a third may touch it, a fourth may not eat it; the debating of these delicate questions takes half-an-hour, till three or four men are found who belong to an impartial sect, and may all touch and eat the pig or deer.

Christmas Eve. Yesterday I had drives all day in great heat. Plenty of game was put up, but unfortunately it did not come my way. During lunch a fishing-cat ran by me and I dropped it with a bullet as it was getting into the forest; this was my sole shot to-day. The driving was, if possible, worse than yesterday, and as no tiger had killed one of our tethered buffaloes, which they call “bodas,” I determined to go farther afield on the morrow to the nearest water, ten and a half miles away. The scarcity of water, though advantageous to the hunter for the reason that the game must haunt the places where it is obtainable, causes me much trouble. We need a good deal in camp for the oxen and ponies, and the little wells which supply the natives would soon be dry if I were to make demands upon them.
In the course of the afternoon I saw the fresh tracks of a panther, and, besides this, the prospects here are not bad, for the day before yesterday a tiger carried off a cow from a little village near. To-day I had to be content with a wild cat, and the customary birds which must be shot daily for the kitchen. I have postponed till to-morrow evening the festive dinner of Christmas Eve, which ought to consist of luxuries unattainable here. I have done this in the hope of getting a shot at a tiger, in which case there will be a twofold celebration. If only I had as manager a young man, possessing a little more energy than my sexagenarian friend Snuggs, I should be able to cross India with the two hardy ponies and the excellent oxen who can keep up their three or four miles an hour with heavily laden carts. But the old gentleman is stiff in the joints, and, like everybody who has lived long in India, has grown so used to the slowness of the natives that he finds it quite natural. The sun seems to dry up entirely the brain-pans of the whites who live long in this country, and their vigour soon melts away. And what is left of a man then? But I must be patient. Perhaps Father Christmas will be kind to me to-morrow, and bring me a fine tiger, the only present I want, and the only one I can hope for. It is rumoured that quite near to us is an extraordinarily big deer, and I propose to call upon him at early dawn.

The 26th of December. My expected Christmas present came to nothing. The second day of the festive season is drawing to a close and I have neither killed nor shot at anything. Yesterday morning I spent an hour before dawn in bitter cold on the hill-side. I saw at least a dozen deer, some of which had splendid antlers. It is impossible in this country to stalk animals in reasonable fashion. The ground is everywhere covered with dead leaves, dry as I have never seen them elsewhere, not only from the heat of the day but from the total lack of dew by night; tread on them as you walk, and they make such a noise that every animal for hundreds of yards round is aware of your approach. The
drives which I arranged were simply impossible; in fact, I have never had a hand in anything like yesterday's and to-day's hunting, and I hope I never shall. My fifty beaters are almost all emaciated old starvelings and mere boys, the former obstinate as mules and the latter eager to follow in their grandparents' footsteps.

To-day we tried the mountain, which experience shows to be the haunt of tigers and bears. There were numerous tracks indicating the presence of sambar and wild pig, but the end of it was that I saw not a single head of game, though I had rather roughly brought my old friend Snuggs down from his high horse and sent him to join the beaters. Think of a drive lasting two and a half hours, from noon to half-past two, and then turning out to be no drive at all, because the beaters, as they said, had lost their way in a direction opposite to the one I had taken. During the whole of this time I sat on my painter's scaffolding in a tree, as hungry as the bear which never appeared; I could have climbed down, but that was all, for I did not know which way to go. The Indian sun was blazing overhead with all its far-famed power, and I know that, if this is to continue, a return of the fever is only a question of days. Had I been in South Africa to-day, with Kafirs instead of Indian natives, the sjambok would have described some effective curves, but the punishment of thrashing has been for some years past prohibited by law—a very fine law, no doubt, from a humanitarian point of view, but quite out of place if you are to train or punish the native effectually.

The stupidity of these people is inconceivable. Yesterday morning I sent one of them out to buy some eggs, giving him a rupee, and telling him to bring back as many eggs as he could get,—about thirty. He came back late in the evening and talked about the great journey he had taken without so much as a reference to the subject of eggs. When I asked him for his purchase, he handed me the rupee with a beaming face, explaining that he could get only twenty eggs and so had brought none. When I questioned him further it was evident
that it never entered his head to buy less than thirty and get change for his rupee.

In the course of to-day, the 27th of December, it came out that yesterday, when the beaters were lost for two hours and a half, a bear passed through their line, and that the whole crowd of them ran after it trying to drive it in front of my gun, not reflecting that the animal was running in exactly the opposite direction. I verily believe that the natives, at any rate those who live in this mountain-district, are the stupidest men on the face of the earth. To-day I have killed nothing but a fishing-cat, and never had a shot at any other game, for every single drive was spoilt by the senseless conduct of the beaters.

The only variation in the monotony of my lonely vigil is afforded by the numerous monkeys, of all sizes, which leap in their hundreds from tree to tree or scamper in troops over the ground. To-day one jumped on to the tree in which my machan was fixed up and landed quite close to the place where I was sitting. When the poor fellow caught sight of me he got such a fright that he fell backwards to the ground. The next minute he was squatting in another tree, petrified with astonishment and wondering what on earth I could be. Presently he summoned his comrades with a cry, literally pointing at me with his hand. Then they held a long conversation which ended in their making off, chattering loudly, and still uncertain whether I was one of themselves or only a misshapen leaf. The peacocks, too, which are apparently very inquisitive, amuse me. One of them perched in the tree, scarcely six feet distant; it eyed me for a long time before it recognised me for a man, and then away it flew with a loud whirr of wings. On these occasions you must not of course move so much as an eyelash; if you do, you are recognised at once and the animals are off in a moment.

We are already at the 3rd of January in the first year of a new century; but here in the hills I made my entry into 1900 almost without noticing it. On New Year’s night exactly at
twelve o'clock the dog began to howl with unusual vigour; it was not the peal of New Year bells which stirred him, but the visit of some hyænas to the camp. On the 31st of December I killed a male sambar, and a tiger came within thirty paces of my post, but I could not see him. He stood some considerable time under the tree in which the old shikari Budsing was seated, and then, instead of coming my way, went off in the opposite direction. In the preceding drive we had been warned of his presence, for the monkeys were making an infernal din, an infallible sign that a tiger or a panther is about. Monkeys are the policemen of the forest. As soon as these intelligent creatures see danger approaching, they leap from tree to tree with loud cries, warning any brother-monkeys who may be still on the ground, as well as all the other forest beasts, against surprise. It was in shooting deer that I first realised the great disadvantage of the machan, namely, that it restricts freedom of movement in shooting to the right. The deer came along at full speed, passing me at a distance of ten paces, and yet I had not the chance of a shot. I had first of all to turn right round in my machan, which meant bringing my legs over to the other side of the seat. The movement in this particular case was to prove most lucky for me, for the deer stood still from curiosity, not knowing what the manoeuvring in the tree might be; but so soon as he perceived me he bounded off. However, the bullet which I sent after him was fatal. The next day, just because I could not turn quickly enough, I missed a hyæna and a wild boar, neither of them being so stupid as to watch me change my position. So the machan has sunk rather low in my estimation, but I shall have more to say about it anon.

At seven o'clock on New Year's morning I was in the forest. In the first drive I shot a fine boar, which I picked out of a herd of some forty pigs which came rushing by. He went on after my shot, but I heard him fall and kick the dry leaves in his death-struggles. At the same time I heard a kind of wheezing sound which lasted some minutes. Though
I had never heard anything like it from a pig before, I took it to be caused by the dying boar drawing his last breaths. When the drive was over, I received a more satisfactory explanation from the shikari, who ran up in great excitement. He told me that the pig was dead, and that the peculiar sound came from two bears, which had been frightened by my shot and were calling to one another. When I came to the
rendezvous, I found that the majority of the beaters, scared by the bear-concert, were perching in the trees like so many birds, so I did not accept the shikari’s suggestion of a bear-drive. If these fellows would go on sitting in trees, when they had me and my gun close by, there was little prospect that they would drive the animals. I determined therefore to take the head shikari with me, and make a personal New Year’s call on Mr. and Mrs. Bruin. We proceeded very cautiously, I leading, and behind me the native armed with two spears, in the direction of the sound which the bears were still making. As usual, it was very difficult to make headway owing to the crackling of the dry leaves. Presently we heard a bear moving on the left. I ran back, following a sandy path by which I could get over the ground without noise, and was successful. I soon saw a black mass coming straight towards me through the high grass. It was a bear. With one knee on the ground I fired a bullet from the 500-Express rifle. Apparently he did not know where it came from, for he turned sharp to the left, and then, trotting down the hillside, soon disappeared from view. I rushed after him to give him a second ball, but did not see him till he had run down the hill and across the valley, and was climbing the hill on the other side. He was now broadside on to me. I took aim carefully and composedly, and my bullet sent him rolling headlong down the hill. When I got close to him and was sure of my prey, I did not fire again, in the hope that, after the manner of his kind, he would cry out, and that the old bear, thus attracted by the woes of his son, would also fall a victim to my gun. I had seen that the wounded bear was quite a youngster; but he was brave, and died without a groan. Meantime the shikari brought news that the old bear had made off, so I gave the little bear his coup de grâce.

Such was my New Year’s morning, and I might well be pleased therewith. At five o’clock in the evening I was sitting in a well-made machan above a dead buffalo, which had been killed and half devoured the night before either by a big panther or
a fair-sized tiger. I hoped that the beast would come back to his prey before dark, as there would be no moon. I had been in the tree for an hour, when I saw in the path which led straight from my machan a great herd of pigs coming slowly along; then suddenly the three families which constituted the herd started off, and came galloping down the path towards me. They halted under my tree, and it was comical to see the old pigs, snouts in air, sniffing suspiciously: probably they had got my wind slightly, and besides, farther back, in the direction from which they came, there was something or other which did not please them. Presently they scampered away shaking their heads, and disappeared from view. I did not know what had made them run down the path so violently; there must have been an enemy, either man or beast, and the second alternative had to be accepted, for no man appeared. When the cloud of dust raised by the pigs had settled, I saw an animal moving slowly towards me along the path by which the pigs came. Eighty paces away it stood stock still staring in my direction for several minutes. It was already so dark that I could not see what sort of animal it was, but I felt convinced that it was a tiger or a panther coming to the dead buffalo. I felt quite sure of success when the robber turned aside and sprang into the jungle. I did not move the fraction of an inch, and kept my eyes fixed on the carcase, which lay twenty paces in front of me. Unfortunately, I could not rest my rifle and bring it to bear on the dead buffalo, for the branches were not strong enough to keep the heavy gun steady. I had therefore to hold it on my knees. It was rapidly growing dark, and my chances of killing the beast, tiger or panther, whichever it was, became smaller every second. The foresight was hardly visible, and there was no moon to light up the barrel. I was just thinking that the American "Jack," which I had used in the Adirondacks, would be a capital instrument in the present case, when before me and close to the dead buffalo I spied an animal with a long tail, which stood still and stared up at my machan. It was now so
dark that, short distance away as I was, I could not make out
whether it was a panther or a tiger, but rather thought it was
the latter. This, however, mattered not a jot if only I got
him. For fully three or four minutes he looked hard in my
direction, evidently scenting something wrong. The machan
was fixed in a leafless tree, and was not there the night before,
and yet the beast was inquisitive enough to stare at me for all
that time. My plan was to keep quiet and wait till the animal
began his meal, and so get a better shot. Suddenly the robber
turned round and set off in the direction from which he had
come, when I stood up in the machan, a movement that
cased him to stop short and bring himself broadside on to
me. I took aim quite composedly, if aim it can be called
when the rifle was almost invisible. Thinking to myself "not
too high," I fired. Then I saw the animal disappear in the
high grass, and a little cloud of dust rise from the place where
the bullet had hit the ground. I had fired a hollow bullet,
and as these when once in the body seldom come out, I
was convinced that I had fired too low. I had in fact shot
right between his legs, as was proved next morning by an
examination of the ground.

My good luck on the 1st of January was discounted by
very bad luck on the 2nd. This was because the machan is
not so faultless as I at first thought. This afternoon my seat
was slung in the only tree strong enough to bear it; but this
particular tree did not fulfil its mission, that of making the
shooting easier. One of the ropes of the machan had to be
fastened to a branch which was straight in front of me; and
in order to be able to move freely either way, I sat with one
leg to the right and the other to the left of the trunk, hold-
ing my rifle on the right side. I soon made the tiresome
discovery that I could not get a shot on the left side at a
hyæna, driven quickly up to where I sat. Neither whistling
nor coughing made him shift. Disgusted with my seat in the
tree, I climbed down, only to realise that the abominable grass
prevented me from seeing anything at all, so up the tree I went
again. Judging from the course the hyæna took I thought it probable that all the animals would come out on my left, and I therefore transferred my rifle to that side. Immediately afterwards I saw a panther come out of the jungle well on the right and go past me. Before I could think of shooting, legs and gun had to be brought over to the right, movements which saved me the trouble of attracting the panther's attention. The splendid beast stood twenty paces in front of me, and even when I had got into position gave me time to aim; but at the very moment I was about to fire he moved just a step forward to what might be called a bullet-proof spot, to wit, a patch of tangled bamboo. Behind the long dry canes, only too familiar to the hunter in this country, lay the object of my hopes, and at last I fired between the stalks, which were, perhaps, two or three inches apart. Apparently I did not so much as graze the panther, for the bullet, striking the hard cane, glanced off and went goodness knows where! The panther took a mighty leap and then again stood, this time twenty-eight paces off,—another foot, and he would have disappeared entirely in the thick undergrowth. I then fired for the second time, with what effect I cannot say. Now furiously angry, the beast trotted slowly on, making straight for my old shikari, whose legs, however, were quite good enough to carry him speedily up a tree. The panther stopped a few minutes under this tree and then moved slowly away.

After the drive I was told by Butsing, a man whose word may be relied on, that the panther was so gorged (after the manner of all carrion-eating animals) that he could scarcely move; we had therefore a very good chance of meeting him again in one of our later drives. He was actually started in the next drive, but unfortunately did not come to me, the only gun. For the following drive I gave my Drilling to the shikari Lazarus; the beaters were frightened, of course, and the only way to get them along was to send Lazarus fifty paces ahead of them. While the drive was in progress, I heard distinctly in the dry leaves the stealthy tread of the gorged
panther. I was on the alert, and happily this time on my feet and not in the tiresome tree, when suddenly a shot rang out, and the animal in front of me, which was really the panther, as I afterwards ascertained from his tracks, turned sharply and set off down the hill. The wretched shikari had fired a charge of small shot at an utterly worthless deer, and so ruined my panther-hunt.

The 5th of January. Yesterday, with a single ball, I killed a fine bull nilgai, the largest of all the antelopes of India. The males are of a bluish-grey colour, while the females are brown all over. A good bull has a height of 5 feet 3 inches, and weighs from 600 to 700 lbs. It is the more noteworthy that he has very short horns, which never exceed 10 inches in length. This animal, though comparatively rare in India, is frequently found in this particular part of the Central Provinces, and I hope to bring down a bigger specimen than the one just killed.

The 6th of January. At this moment the ox-cart is coming into camp, bringing in two splendid sambar I killed to-day; and I may well be satisfied with such a pair of heads for a day’s sport. In the third drive I saw the first sambar moving about in the woods, repeatedly rubbing his antlers against the trees and making the noise so well known to hunters. The trees grew fairly thick, and, if I was to secure those splendid antlers, I must bring my deer to a standstill. When he was within sixty paces of me, and as near as he was likely to be, considering the course he was taking, I called to him, and he actually stood still. The next instant he fell dead to my first shot. These are the finest six-pointer antlers I have ever seen, and though, unfortunately, each has lost a tip, they are yet of extraordinary size.

As I was making my way to the next hunting-ground, a fine male sambar sprang out of the bush in front of me and bounded away, describing a semicircle on the hill at the foot of which I stood. I fired without much hope of success, but hit him fairly in the hind-quarters, for he slackened his pace
perceptibly. He was heading away from my driving ground, so I left him in peace, intending to track him later on. In the subsequent chase I followed the spoor of blood for two hours over very difficult country, till at last my shikari made out the deer three hundred paces away, in a large clearing covered with grass four feet high. I now began to trot, but gained little ground, so when a hundred and eighty paces from him I determined to try a shot at once rather than later, when by further exertion on the bad ground and in fierce heat, my pulse would be running high, and my aim consequently uncertain. As I pulled the trigger I thought, "If only I hit his spinal
column I shall spare the deer much suffering, and myself a long and difficult chase, and lo! the thought became fact; the stag fell with his spine shattered.

The 9th of January. Once more, for three days in succession I have not fired a single shot. Of the six buffalo calves, which I brought to serve as bait, five are dead; three of them torn in pieces by tigers or panthers, and two poisoned. These last were killed in most brutal fashion by some black-guards of natives, who with a stick thrust into their bodies a piece of stuff soaked in poison. Inflammation resulted, and the animals died a miserable death. If I catch one of these villains he shall know what small shot feels like!

I spent some hours in two machans above the buffaloes killed the previous night, but saw no beast approach the carcases. Both buffaloes had been almost entirely devoured by beasts of prey, and, judging by the innumerable tracks, mostly by hyænas, which fall on the remains of the feast when the tiger has eaten his fill and is taking his siesta somewhere near. It is hard work sitting for hours together in a machan, even on a cushioned box, particularly when nothing comes of it. After sunset it grows decidedly chilly, and I have caught a very fine cold in the head.

To-day I killed another fine male sambar, after first wounding a big wild boar which I tracked all the morning without dogs and also without success. The deer has a fine pair of antlers; unfortunately, however, one of the points is broken. Like the big stag I killed on the 5th, it has no canines, which I am inclined to ascribe to its age, for the three small specimens had, comparatively speaking, good tushes. After hunting for nineteen days more or less over the same area, I sent my old friend Snuggs out this morning to inquire where tigers had been lately seen, or cattle had been maulèd by them. Deer-shooting is all very well, but I am here to kill a tiger, and I intend to stay until I am successful. Since I secured two native shikaris who speak English and with whom I get on very well, I have not taken old Snuggs into
the forest, but I have assigned to him the difficult task of riding round the baits every morning to see if they are alive or dead; if they are dead, he has to make a machan. The two shikaris, Lazarus and Francis, understand little or nothing of hunting, and are as cowardly as sin; on the other hand they speak tolerably good English, and I use them as interpreters. One of them receives my instructions and goes with the beaters; the other I keep with me, or post him in a tree some few hundred paces away. If it were not for the abominable grass, I should long ago have given up climbing trees, for on the ground one has infinitely greater freedom of action when it comes to shooting; though of course the machan has the undeniable advantage of affording a better outlook.

To-day, the 12th of January, I take up my pencil with satisfaction to report further experiences, for I have to tell of five animals, all worthy to be enrolled in my collection of trophies. The day before yesterday I brought down in three successive drives two big boars and a nilgai bull, killing this day every animal at which I shot. The same night one of the tethered bodas was killed,—by a tiger, it was said, for the buffalo had holes some inches deep in the throat, made by the teeth of the robber. I resolved to occupy the machan the following night from 5 p.m. to 3 a.m., in other words, to watch till the tiger should come to his victim. The moon was nearly at the full, and I was obliged to avail myself of all opportunities that offered. I took a long time to decide whether to stay at home, i.e. in the tent, so as not to be too tired at night, or to try to drive out of the jungle a big bear, whose spoor I had seen the previous day. But one seldom gets bears by reposing on a bearskin-rug in a tent, so I determined to take the second course, and richly was I to be rewarded for my trouble.

Mr. Snuggs, who came back from his tour of inspection with no cheering news, predicted that I had not enough time to drive the bear, and that, if I engaged in the fatiguing tramp on the hill where the bears were, I should go to sleep at night in my machan and never see the tiger at all. Nevertheless, I set
off with my beaters. In the second drive, as I sat in my machan, raised fourteen feet above the ground, with a splendid view over the tall grass, I heard an animal slowly approach. With my gun cocked and looking fixedly ahead, I suddenly became aware of a black object moving up behind me on the left. At this moment the animal stopped short. Not daring to turn my head, but waiting, according to the good hunting rule, till the animal went on again, I saw a beautiful black bear twenty-five paces from me. He did not notice me at all, and, what is more, came on towards my tree. Then he stood twenty paces off, behind a bamboo-thicket, with his head turned away from me, evidently listening to the beaters, who were coming nearer. My shot rang out; the bear fell and never moved again. He is a particularly fine specimen measuring six feet; his coat is pitch black, and on the back the fur is nearly ten inches long. I returned with my booty to camp, where Mr. Bruin was photographed. I then set off to my machan, which I reached after a ride of an hour and a half.

Some thirty feet from the ground, and about twenty-two in a direct line from the boda, a first-rate seat was rigged up in the greenery, quite invisible to anything that wears fur or feather. At 5.20 p.m. I was in my place aloft. I had brought a shooting-coat and a thick woollen vest, but I could not make up my mind to put on the latter, because it was still very hot, and I was too warm in the coat. Two wild cats came up to the half-eaten buffalo which lay beneath me. They went round and round the carcase slowly and cautiously, and after a long time decided not to dine, doubtless out of respect for the tiger or panther who was owner and might catch them stealing and punish them. It was interesting to see them go sad and hungry away, stopping now and then to cast a longing glance at the sumptuous feast. The sun had set behind the hills, and the moon was directly overhead illuminating the scene in her turn, and casting an excellent light on my rifle, for which I had made a white foresight out of a small piece of wadding. Towards 8.30 a hyæna appeared, and quickly tore
off one of the buffalo's hind-legs, and brought it under my machan to devour. I could see him distinctly between the bars of my seat, and it was a pleasure to hear the brute crunch-

ing the thick bones of the big ox with his powerful teeth. I could easily have shot him, but I had tiger in view, which was absolutely bound to come. Meanwhile, it grew colder and colder, and I eyed my woollen vest longingly, and likewise
the plate of cold fowl and sambar sandwiches; but dared not put on the one, nor eat the other, for fear of making a noise and disturbing the tiger as he approached. At eleven o'clock I had a violent fit of shivering, and decided, tiger or no tiger, to investigate the contents of my brandy flask and so prove the truth of the old story as to the efficacy of a "sighting-drink." Before long I heard, close to me, a noise which sounded like the bellowing of a young ox, and an animal dashed up over the dry leaves. The hyaena, which was still under my tree, flew rather than ran, and before me was an animal I took to be a tiger. He first ascertained how much of his kill had been stolen, and then lay down about ten paces from the buffalo as though prepared to spring, lashing his long tail from side to side in a semicircle. It was a magnificent sight, and one which I shall never forget, the king of the forest guarding his prey with gleaming eyes, in full consciousness of his might. Needless to say, I did not move an eyelash; it would have been imprudent to fire now, for this would have meant a movement on my part. I wanted to wait till the tiger began his meal, and had all his attention engaged. In about ten minutes he got up, and began with great fury to rend the carcase, which was tied by a stout rope to a tree. The time had now come for me to get to work. Unfortunately, when I put my cheek against the stock of my rifle, my fears were realised: the moon went behind a thick branch and threw no light on my barrels; and it was impossible to see whether the sights were in line with the animal or not. However, I resolved not to trust to luck as I did last time, but, even at the risk of scaring the tiger with the noise, to change my Express rifle for the Drilling.

The advantage of the Drilling is that you can lower the rear-sight and aim much better in the darkness, whereas with the fixed rear-sight of the rifle you cannot be at all sure of your direction. Changing guns under the circumstances was a very difficult operation, and I do not believe that an employé in a glass-factory can take so much precaution in twenty-five
years as I took in this one minute. However, the experiment succeeded. The tiger was in front of my cocked gun, and beyond a doubt he was mine. How long I aimed at the brute, which presented himself broadside to my view, I do not know. I was quite calm and took plenty of time, and then, at last, gripping my gun tight, purposely fired both barrels at once, the one loaded with ball and the other with slugs, pressing the triggers simultaneously with the first and middle fingers. I was quite determined to kill the beast and reduce so far as possible the all-night sittings, which cannot in any sense be called amusing. The tiger gave a loud howl, and, turning round, set off across the dry bed of the stream, followed by a third shot from my gun. When he had, as I judged, just about reached the steep bank on the other side, I heard a heavy fall, and soon after a struggling in the dry leaves, a sure sign that he had come down. Presently I heard the dreadful music of his cries of pain; he was not more than forty-five paces from me, but with the best will in the world I could not make him out. While I was eating my supper the moans of the wounded animal gradually grew fainter, and by the time I had finished my cold fowl they ceased. Finally there was a slight rattle and it seemed that he was dead. My men were in the trees about half a mile away, and I was just giving them the signal to come when a hyæna appeared upon the scene. I gave him a charge of small shot, which made him howl like a dog; he twirled round several times in the dry bed of the river, dancing like a trained monkey, and then made off without giving me a chance of another shot. I now climbed down from my seat, and we returned in company to the camp, leaving the tiger in peace. We could not see him in the darkness, and it was not absolutely certain that he was dead.

The next morning we found no wounded hyæna, and no tiger either, but instead a splendid male panther, lying dead in the bed of the river. The panther was so big that I had mistaken him for a tiger, and the natives also assured me at the
time I shot him that, judging by the deep tone of his cry, he must be a tiger. Even in the moonlight I was unable to identify him by his coat. My bullet and the greater part of the slugs had hit him in the shoulder. There were still some remains of the dead buffalo, so in the evening I climbed into the same machan again, and at nine o’clock shot a wild dog, a wolf-like animal which hereabouts, as elsewhere, is reckoned among the rarities.

Wild dogs, like wolves, run in packs, and living, as they do, exclusively on game, hunt their prey in a very daring manner. They pick out some big beast, a deer it may be, a nilgai, or wild pig, and give chase; some of them springing now and again at the flanks of their prey tear out pieces of the softer flesh until the animal falls, weakened by loss of blood. The wild dog is extraordinarily courageous, and many hunters worthy of credence declare that a pack will not be intimidated even by a tiger.

On the following day, before I started for the scene of my next drive, news was brought that a big tiger had carried off, whole and entire, the boda which had been tethered 4½ miles from the camp. A similar report had been brought a few days before, and I determined to inspect the place myself, the more so as in this case a particularly fine buffalo had been tethered, and I could not conceive that even a big tiger could carry off a beast of 500 lbs. weight. Moreover, I had a suspicion that the natives had stolen the buffalo. When I came to the place there was, as a matter of fact, nothing to be seen of the boda. The tree to which it had been tied with a strong rope was scored, but of the rope itself there was not a vestige. The only trace I found was a patch of flattened grass, from which I might conclude that something heavy had been dragged across. I now instituted, in the face of the greatest difficulties, an organised search for the remains of the boda, and particularly for any trace of blood. Following a very faint blood-spoor for an hour, I found about half a mile away the tail and a small bone of the tethered beast.
I recognised the tail positively as that of the buffalo we were after, for the colour of its coat was quite distinctive, and had caught my attention the previous evening. The natives with one accord maintained that we had to do with the famous and much dreaded tiger which was notorious throughout the land, and had been sought in vain for many years by sportsmen and professional hunters alike. I had, some time back, proposed to hunt in the beautiful valley where I now was, instead of keeping on in the same direction; but I never found my desire reciprocated, and, when I ordered a drive, shikaris and beaters alike refused to enter the district where the man-eater lived. Mr. Snuggs, who had gone for a few days to Harda, told me on his return that as a fact this tiger, recognisable by his broken tail, had the year before attacked two beaters, one of whom had died; and, further, said that he himself knew of two other cases in which the brute had carried off men.

I need hardly say that this was the tiger for me. I returned to camp, selected the largest of the remaining buffaloes, and then went back for the purpose of tying up the animal myself with strong ropes secured to an iron hook, on the very spot where the tiger had seized his prey the day before. I was firmly resolved to keep watch until he should come for this buffalo as well. The natives assured me that I was undertaking an often tried and quite useless task in sitting above a live buffalo; they said that a beast-of-prey will go round and round a buffalo for hours together before attacking it, and that during this preliminary operation he is sure to observe the hunter, who cannot keep absolutely motionless. In spite of all this I determined to leave nothing untried to attain my object, the killing of a tiger. At 5.30 p.m. I got into my machan, which was rigged up in a clump of bamboos, fourteen feet from the ground and eighteen paces from the boda. I instructed the men who were with me to go back about a mile, and to come and fetch me towards four o'clock in the morning, i.e. about the hour the moon would set, carrying, as they suggested, lanterns and torches of twigs to frighten the tiger away. I
thus burnt my boats behind me. I could not get out of the machan without the ladder, which lay on the ground; and my men would not come till they heard my shot, or at 4 A.M. to put up the ladder and release me from my prison.

Gradually the sun descended from its height, and as it sank slowly towards the horizon, the forest awoke to life. The day had been hot, and the denizens of the forest came to drink at the little pool of water which lay to my left. First came all sorts of birds, peacock, francolin, and the little gaily-coloured quail, accompanied by swarms of green parrots, which darted through the air like arrows and then settled on the trees near the place of their evening drink, noisily discussing the events of the day. Two francolin appeared, and with ruffled feathers engaged in an interesting cock-fight; there came also the little four-horned antelopes, singly and in pairs, followed by a heavy wild boar, who went grunting down the dry ravine. All approached the water with great caution, halting to glance round on every side, for might not the terrible striped watcher, the dreaded lord of the domain, be lying in ambush to overpower one of them with his cruel claws? "There is pleasure in the pathless woods," it is said, and this is pre-eminently true where they contain every kind of wild life; and perhaps there is no greater pleasure than to watch, from a good hiding-place, the dwellers of the forest in all their freedom. For all that, sitting in a machan is not a sport I am disposed to extol highly; it does not seem fair to surprise and slay the poor innocents, giving them no sort of chance of escaping, or of defending themselves with the weapons with which Nature has endowed them. And yet circumstances are sometimes so ordered that there is no other possible way of bagging your tiger, it may be because the forest is too dense and the leaves too dry for you to get near him, or it may be because of the deficiency of beaters.

The sun had now set, leaving only a streak of bright light in the sky. To my left the moon, still low on the horizon, showed her friendly face through the branches of the trees.
The solitude and the peacefulness of my surroundings soon made me feel sleepy; several times I found myself nodding over my rifle, and then, pulling myself up with a noisy jerk, I remembered that it was my duty to keep awake and sit still. In an hour’s time the moon was level with the tree-tops, peeping here and there through the branches, and making the little ripples shine like diamonds on the water. In front of me heavy clouds were coming up; sheet-lightning accompanied by rolling thunder betokened a coming storm which would spoil my shooting. If I was to shoot my tiger, the full light of the moon was essential. At eight o’clock the heavy tropical raindrops came pattering down on me. I dared not put on the waterproof I had brought, for the operation would have produced the forbidden thing—a noise. The moon had gone behind a small black cloud, the forerunner of a heavily overcast sky, and already I saw myself by the will of Heaven cruelly baulked in my ardent expectation of slaying my tiger that day.

Suddenly all was in movement around me; the francolin hurried back into the forest, a peacock flew up, and the wild boar bustled away. Undoubtedly danger was at hand; the tiger had come and had straightway spread terror among the denizens of the forest. I looked up to my confederate the moon, which had hidden herself behind the black cloud; but in a few minutes she would shine forth again in all her splendour, to vanish again perhaps for hours behind the heavy bank of cloud. “If only the tiger would come this moment!” was the thought in my mind, and scarcely was it framed when, with a blood-curdling roar, the beast I longed to meet came bounding into view. With one spring he was on the neck of the buffalo and struck him to the ground. He was broadside to me; and, covering him with my rifle, I waited till the moon, now emerging slowly from behind her screen, should show up my white foresight. My shot rang out and I was enveloped in a cloud of smoke, but could just distinguish the wounded beast making straight for my machan, which immediately afterwards
shook from end to end. I thought that the animal was trying to get at me, though this was quite impossible; another violent shock, and five paces from the machan, between the buffalo and myself, the powerful creature fell on his side with his back towards me and lay motionless. Following the advice of experienced hunters never to be satisfied with putting one bullet into a tiger, I took steady aim at his spinal column, to make quite sure that he did not run away. This shot, however, was superfluous; he was stone dead. I gave my men the signal agreed upon, to say that all was well and they could come, and then with great satisfaction ate the supper I had brought, casting a downward glance every now and then to satisfy myself that my prey was still in his place. As the men did not come I concluded they were afraid, for they must have heard the tiger’s roar. So I determined to climb out of the machan and try to get to the ground without a ladder. I found to my joy that the natives had not laid it down, and it was therefore easy to descend. Standing on the bottom rung I thrust a long bamboo-rod several times into the tiger’s ears, and as he made no movement whatever danger was at an end. I now fetched my men, the tiger was put on an ox-cart, and I followed on my pony. Meanwhile the expected thunderstorm had broken in all its fury, the vivid lightning illuminated for seconds together the forest and the cart which creaked along in front with its striped burden. I had the carcase placed with the head hanging down behind the cart to prevent the whiskers, which give the tiger his martial look, from being knocked off by the jolting of the cart. No victorious general could be happier than I was during this ride, to which the elements lent a special charm.

At two o’clock I reached camp with the object of my ambition. Early in the morning the natives streamed in from all sides, to assure themselves that they were really rid of their dreaded foe. Most of them were greatly pleased, especially the foresters, who were obliged in their tours of inspection to traverse the district wherein the tiger made his home. Had he not but six months ago killed a young man and his pony?
Others who dwelt farther from the tiger's domain were less pleased; they called him their butcher; it was their custom to go in large companies to some place in the forest where the circling vultures led them to expect dead game, then they would take possession of the remains of the tiger's dinner and feast on it themselves. Others again, and these were the farming folk, regretted the death of the tiger because he would lie in ambush at night and keep the deer and destructive pigs away from their fields. On cutting up the animal I found that my first bullet, a hollow one with a copper casing, had exploded either in, or just under, the heart, giving it the appearance of a tattered wet sponge. The skin would have measured fully half a foot more if the tiger had not in his youth broken his tail that distance from the end, which had in consequence been stunted in its growth. This end-piece was thin, and hung down instead of being gracefully curled at the tip, and by this token all the natives knew him for the famous man-eater. Thus my highest ambition was gratified, and I was repaid for the long journey I had unwillingly undertaken. The 13th of January appears to be my lucky day, for it was on this day last year that I killed my first elephant in Ceylon.

On the 18th of January I returned to Bombay, whence I took the train to Madras, which I reached after a journey of ninety hours. Thence I proceeded by the Dupleix to Colombo, having had at Madras the greatest difficulty in avoiding a ten days' quarantine, to which all passengers are subjected who come from Bombay, the town of everlasting plague.

On the 28th of January 1900 I left Colombo for the second time to make a little trip in the district in which I had hunted the year before with my friends. The coach-journey from Matara to Hambantota enchanted me this year also, and I may say generally that the Island of Ceylon well deserves a second visit. The coach-road goes sometimes along the sea-shore, sometimes through forests of tall palm-trees, with luxuriant ferns
as undergrowth. On the right is the ocean with its seething billows, specially beautiful where great rocks stand out and break the force of the in-rolling waves. To the left are the evergreen palms, under the shade of which the contented Cingalese lives in his little hut. What a contrast to those characteristic horrors of India—dust, drought, and desolation!

The Government official allowed me one elephant and two buffaloes, and his friendly reception was in strong contrast with that of the previous year. In the evening I reached Welligatta, where I spent the night. Early the next morning a Cingalese came to me with the intelligence that seven miles away there was a wild buffalo in a herd of domestic buffaloes. He begged me in the name of the Government official to go to the place. When I came near to the little settlement, which consisted of ten huts, a buffalo with his tail in the air came dashing across the plain towards me. As a matter of precaution I dismounted, for one can never tell in this country what a buffalo, even a tame one, has in his mind. About one hundred and fifty paces away he stood still, and when cloths were waved at him, went back to the herd. Presently some twenty natives made their way to me. Their leader, a Malay, presented himself as a Government official, and requested me to put an end to the evil-minded buffalo which had already killed a cowherd and slain in battle all the bulls in the village except one. The Forestry Department, he said, had issued orders that the dangerous beast should be put to death as soon as possible. He told me in good English that he had shot at it twice and missed, but that even after the shots the animal did not leave the herd, and would soon be killing more men.

Of course I was ready to take the matter in hand. First I demanded to see the document containing the Government order for the death of the buffalo, and I made the Malay declare before witnesses that, supposing the bull fell by my rifle, the responsibility should be his and not mine. Thereupon I had put at my disposal a so-called stalking-buffalo, that is, a young domestic bull, under cover of whose bulk I might get within
shooting distance of the dangerous animal, who would come up to attack his tethered adversary. The wild bull, however, must have overheard us, for he set off immediately and without any apparent motive across the open plain, and made for his real home in the forest. I then tried to stalk him, and several times came within sixty paces of him, but could not get a clear shot. Towards eleven o'clock, when the sun was scorching me unmercifully, I gave up the chase. On my return to the village the Malay begged me to stay at least till the following morning. The bull, he said, would certainly come back to the herd. After a few hours' rest I went off again in the direction in which the bull had disappeared, intending to catch him on his way back to the herd. I did not meet him, but Usaw, my trusty tracker, heard elephants in the forest, and I determined to see if I could not chance upon a big one.

We made the necessary preparations, i.e. loading and cocking guns and buttoning coats closely to avoid catching in the thorns, and in a few minutes came up with a large elephant. The wind was in my favour and I was able to get as near as forty paces without being seen. Usaw soon perceived that the elephant was a female of the herd, and as my aspirations tended towards a big rogue I contented myself with watching the monster feed in peace. With the greatest apparent ease she broke off boughs as thick as a man's arm, and then putting a foot on each stripped it with her trunk, and so treating branch after branch, transferred the foliage to her grinders. When she had come as near as twenty-two yards I turned to go, and then for the first time she was aware of us, and stopped feeding; but immediately afterwards, taking us no doubt for inferior creatures, she broke the next branch from her favourite tree with a grunt of satisfaction. To me there is nothing finer than to observe from close quarters the biggest animal in the world in its undisturbed and peaceful state. I really could not have brought myself to fire a shot at the inoffensive female.

As I was going back, some Cingalese appeared with the stalking-buffalo and the news that the wild bull had rejoined
the herd. I put my pony to the gallop, and with the whole
troop behind me made for the place where the herd was.
There was no time to lose, for darkness was coming on fast.
Presently I was requested to dismount, and grasping my rifle in
my right hand and the tail of the galloping stalking-buffalo in
my left, I ran as quickly as I could, following the lead of the
native who was piloting the tame bull. We reached the herd,
and none too soon, for the headlong race through the ankle-
depth morass threatened to damage my usually sound lungs.
The herd of buffaloes, taking no notice of us, were in moving
slowly and in single file along the margin of a great lake over
which thousands of pelicans and flamingoes were circling.
Suddenly a buffalo separated himself from the herd and came
straight at us, apparently intending to give battle to my
hunting-buffalo. When the bull, which had hitherto been
leader of my mixed tandem, caught sight of his rival, he stopped
short with such a jerk that he and I came into violent and
highly unpleasant collision. Fortunately, the wild bull also
stopped, directly facing me at a distance of twenty-five paces.
I lost no time in giving him a ball in the breast. The bull
reared up and ran several paces to one side, so giving me an
opportunity of firing a second bullet at the shoulder. This shot
put an end to the savage proceedings of this disturber of the
peace. On returning to the village I was thanked on all sides,
and the official in charge promised to come to the camp in the
evening and bring me the reward of honour in the shape of
the horns of the bull, as well as his tongue for my table.

The 7th of February. For a week I have made no entry
in my journal, thinking I might wait till I had slain elephants,
buffaloes, and everything else; but to-day I feel impelled to
confess my sins. The 1st of February was a marching day; on
the 2nd I let my men off work, as it was the most
important festival decreed by their religion; and on the 3rd
I reached Palletta Pana at noon. On the way to this place I
found numerous tracks of elephants. I followed those of a big
animal for some time, but had to give up the chase, as he
joined a herd which was going in the opposite direction from that which I had to take. At Palletta Pana, as at Bundala, a wild buffalo had joined a party of domestic buffaloes, and had driven away all the bulls of the herd. The few inhabitants were in terror, partly on their own account, partly because he threatened to lead away to his wild jungle-life all the cows of the herd, whose affections he had won by his bravery.

The people of Palletta Pana had asked permission of the Government to destroy this buffalo; but permission had not yet arrived, and, if I killed him, I had to sacrifice one of my two buffalo-permits. Coney Appo assured me that he had seen the animal, and that it was one of the best buffaloes of the district; so I resolved at least to have a look at him myself, and in the afternoon proceeded to stalk the herd. The bull, however, got my wind and made off to the forest, closely followed by his harem. After some considerable time I found the whole company lying down in the water on the margin of a little lake. I soon crossed a shallow part of the lake,—with the water, all the same, up to my armpits; and, with the wind in my favour and good covert, I came within forty-five paces of the herd, when I discovered that the bull really had a very fine pair of horns, and accordingly determined to kill him if I could. He was lying in the water, and amusing himself by letting the cooling drops trickle over his back from his long curved horns. For a long time I could not shoot because the tame buffaloes were between me and my mark, and when they moved slowly on and left the field clear I saw that there was a cow in the line of fire, so close behind my bull that a shot an inch or two too high would hit her. The lake was bordered with huge rocks, and the position was such that I had only about four inches of the bull’s back at which to aim. My chances were becoming smaller every instant, for darkness was coming on fast, so I took very careful aim and fired. The whole herd immediately took flight, but the bull remained where he was, shot through the backbone. I finished him with two more shots in the shoulder, and then discovered to my joy that I
had enriched my collection with the best buffalo-head I had hitherto obtained.

On the following day I paid a visit to the bears' caves, but Bruin and his family were not at home. Palletta Pana is one of the prettiest parts of Ceylon. The rock-caves in which bears now live were many centuries ago the dwelling-places of men, and there are still rock-hewn ovens and walls to remind us of the fact. In one cave, which fresh droppings and numerous footprints showed to be the habitat of the bear, there lay one of the gigantic Hindu idols of stone like the one known to many travellers which lies on the way from Cairo to the pyramid of Sakkara.

On the 5th of February I moved on to Buttawa, and on the way took the opportunity of missing a running sambar. I pitched my tent on the same spot as in the previous year, on a rocky elevation, flanked on the right by the murmuring sea and on the left by the forest. With my field-glasses I saw some forty buffaloes grazing on a rich plain, but it was too late in the day to go after them. Before dawn next morning I was posted behind a thicket, which made me an excellent place of observation on the great plain. With the glasses I watched the various wild animals which throng the moorland in the early morning. The rising sun soon revealed the herd of buffaloes which I had seen the evening before, and I was just singling out the finest bull, when at the farthest range of my glasses I saw a splendid elephant on the edge of the forest.

Having to take account of the wind and also to reach the forest without attracting the attention of the buffaloes, I made a long detour, and, after a fatiguing stalk of an hour's duration, came up with the elephant. He had entered the forest and was standing obliquely and with back towards me, offering a shot at the body, but not at the head. A strong wind blowing up from the sea precluded any change of my position, so I decided to try a shoulder-shot with a steel bullet from my 10-calibre rifle. To be at right angles with his broadside I had to make a slight change in my position, and in so doing
I trod on a dead leaf. The elephant raised his trunk and was off in a moment.

To-day was specially interesting from a hunter's point of view. Early in the morning, having the wind in my favour, I came upon some buffaloes. It was not the first time that my nasal organ had discovered them at a considerable distance,—they have a very strong smell. Usaw, who considers such a good sense of smell as outside the bounds of possibility, cannot make head or tail of it. He maintains that humans have no sense of smell, that only beasts possess this. Now that my prophecies have come true several times, he believes in my nose, and sometimes he stops and asks, "Master, smell anything?" There were no good horns among the buffaloes I went after, so I left them alone. As I turned away I saw 120 paces in front of me a fine stag, but, unfortunately, he dashed off at the moment when I was about to fire, and I could only send a bullet after him into the jungle.

I had gone on for a quarter of an hour when Usaw suddenly stopped, and thrust the rifle into my hand, crying, "Bear, shoot!" Not more than eight paces away a black bear was standing in the bush, looking at me. I fired immediately between the dead tree-trunks of the underwood; but owing to the abominable smoke, could not see the effect of my bullet. The bear gave a loud moaning cry, after the manner of these animals, quite close to me. I reloaded and went up to the place where he lay, but could see nothing of him in the thick underwood. Then suddenly, for what reason I do not yet know, Latip, my second tracker, fired my reserve rifle, the 500-calibre, into the bush, and, before I could stop him, fired a second shot. The bear, still moaning loudly, moved away slowly and was but a few paces from me, and yet, for all my searching, I could not get a sight of him. After a time we saw the bush move slightly, and Latip, who is usually a steady man, but seems to-day to have quite lost his head, fired both barrels of the rifle at once, not in the direction of the bear at all, but close by me into the earth. I took the
rifle from him and gave it to Usaw, with strict injunctions not to shoot. Meanwhile the bear had been silent and I thought he was dead, but suddenly we heard him a short distance away renew his loud groans. Apparently he had recovered from the shock of my bullet, which must have hit his fore-leg, and was frightened by the tracker’s four shots. He continued to make his voice heard, and I soon noticed that he was retreating in the direction of the great rocks where the bears lived. It was necessary, therefore, to put another bullet into him before he reached his cave, and, accompanied by Usaw, I went as fast as the almost impenetrable jungle would let me in pursuit of the beast, which guided us by his plaintive cry. For half-an-hour we chased him wildly over rocks and thorns and marshes, but the bear won the race. When we came near to the high rocks, which here command a wide view of the country, we heard his voice no longer. Bruin had disappeared into his cave; which it was, we could not make out, for there were no traces of blood to be seen.

A few minutes later, in a little clearing in the jungle at the foot of the rocks, we saw a herd of buffaloes. An old cow was standing forty paces from me, and looking at me. The wind was from her, and she went slowly on, evidently not recognising me for a man. Close behind her came a larger buffalo. As his head was turned away from me and I only had a side-view of him I could not judge by the horns whether he was the leader of the herd. Presently, however, his massive frame showed that he was. Hoping to hit and break his back I aimed for the lower vertebrae, the shoulders and middle part being hidden behind thick branches. Where my bullet lodged I do not know, but I do know with certainty that the next moment my three men and I were in imminent danger of losing our lives; I was actually in the tightest place I have ever been in while hunting big game. The shot had scarcely left the barrel and the smoke slightly cleared away, when I saw, five paces in front of me, a buffalo dashing at me with his head raised. I jumped hard to the right, receiving at the same
instant a good push from the trusty Usaw, but my change of
ground only brought me into collision with another buffalo
which was rushing up. Usaw and I now stood as close
together as we could, while right and left in most uncomfort-
able proximity to us, twenty to thirty buffaloes, mad with fear, 
raced by. Neither of us, however, was knocked down. When
the coast was clear, my first thought was for the other two
Cingalese. One of them was standing a little way off with
a smile on his face and the 10-bore rifle on his shoulder, and the
other was lying on the ground to the left with blood streaming
from his head. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw that the
wound was only a cut caused by a sharp piece of bamboo
against which he had run in jumping clear of the buffaloes, and
he assured me that he had not been touched by one of them.
A dose of brandy for each of us and a little banter soon got us
over the panic. This was one of the incidents that taught me
that all animals, especially of course wild animals, are dangerous
to man when he drives them into a corner. I had not realised
the position when I fired at the buffaloes, which were in a sort
of cul-de-sac; in front of me and to right and left were high
rocks, and the only way of escape for the terrified animals was
over the ground where I was standing. My shot, ringing and
echoing loudly back from the precipitous cliffs, threw the
animals into wild alarm, and they rushed upon us without any
intention of attacking. In shooting as I did I committed
one of those acts of imprudence to which many hunters have
fallen victims.

On the way back to camp, which was eight and a half miles
away, I shot at, and missed, a male spotted deer and a wild
boar, both running. Soon after, while crossing a clearing in
the forest I found myself within a few yards of an elephant.
Usaw, who always goes in front of me, came hastily back, and
we immediately took up a position behind a bush. The
elephant, whose head when we approached was hidden by the
branches of a tree, noticed our abrupt move back, and came
out into the clearing, but soon turned round and with trunk
and tail uplifted,—a sure sign that he had scented us,—made off into the forest. I could have had a dozen shots at him, but he was only of moderate size, and of the feminine sex to boot.

In the afternoon of the same day I was enjoying my well-earned siesta after the seven or eight hours' tramp in the enervating heat, when I was roused by Usaw's loud shout of "Elephant, elephant!" In a very brief space I had changed my Adam's costume for hunting gear, and when I reached the plain saw a big elephant disappear slowly into the forest. With the wind in our favour, we made a wide semicircular detour and were soon close to the elephant, though we could only hear him. Presently I spied him moving slowly down a little glade. My intention was to reserve my fire until he was within five paces of me, but I had reckoned without my host; thirty paces on the giant raised his trunk high, danced round as gracefully as a girl in a quadrille, and went back into the forest; he had had our wind. Usaw led me by the most circuitous paths, and in an hour's time brought me within twenty paces of the same elephant. He was standing where the undergrowth was lower, and I hoped to get a good shot. I crept along till I was within ten paces, but at the very moment I was raising my rifle to aim he put up his trunk again, so that I could get no shot at his head, and speedily made off.

In the early dawn of the next day the same thing happened at precisely the same place. Looking out from the rocks I again sighted an elephant. I faced him for a long time, unable to see the fatal spot to aim at, and then suddenly, moved by some unknown cause, he came towards me with his trunk half raised. When he was fifteen paces from me I aimed, but his head was lifted up too high for a good shot, so I stepped back and let him pass within a few yards.

Yesterday, the 13th of February, I was for no less than two hours close to a big elephant, and hoped that he would come out of the jungle into the little clearing where I was concealed behind a bush. He stood for half-an-hour seventeen paces
from me, and I could see him splendidly, all but the head, which, with its vulnerable spot, was hidden by leafy branches. Then he pushed on, and soon gave me a full view of his breast, legs, and trunk. He was thrusting forward and aside the branches which covered his enormous head: the next moment I was bound to have a full view of him and an easy shot, when he suddenly raised his trunk to the fatal position whereby I knew he suspected danger, took two quick steps backwards and then swung round and disappeared in the impenetrable jungle. He had not seen me, I was too well concealed; besides which the elephant's vision is not particularly clear by day; it was evidently his very keen sense of smell that detected me and made him retreat.

To-day at Palletta Pana I killed a magnificent buffalo, who gave me no trouble at all. He offered a good shoulder-shot at forty paces, and I put a solid bullet into him from my 500-calibre rifle. Turning round and dashing ahead for a few yards, at my second shot, which, like the first, pierced
his heart, he fell to rise no more. Towards ten o'clock in the evening, some of the few inhabitants who watch over the extensive herds of cattle hereabouts brought news that a big elephant had just gone into one of their little vegetable-gardens. It was full moon, so I was soon on my way to the place, having first fixed white foresights of cotton-wool to my guns. The intruder had cleared off before I arrived, and had not come back by 2 A.M.

The 14th of February. To-day for the first time in Ceylon I have seen a leopard; shot at, and missed him. I moved out of the forest into a clearing, and by a small lake saw a hind feeding. She fled at my approach, and immediately a leopard sprang across, eighty paces in front of me. At my first shot he stopped and looked at me, when, fearing that he would make off, I fired a second time, but was too hasty and did not take proper aim. The bullet went an inch or so too high, and struck a tree,—it was an unpardonable miss,—and the leopard was quickly out of harm's way. He too was out hunting, and there is little doubt that my timely advent saved the life of the grazing hind.

To-day, the 16th of February, a special messenger brought me news that the König Albert, one of the best ships of the North German Lloyd line, sails on the 23rd from Colombo for Shanghai; I therefore made up my mind to shoot the first good elephant I came across, provided that he was of reasonable size. Coney Appo assured me that there was a large herd near Kerinda, so I started on my return journey, with the resolve to shoot a herd-elephant, as I must confess with shame that I am tired of hunting for months together without a companion with whom to exchange ideas.

The hunting at Kerinda was a very easy matter. On the first morning we found the fresh tracks of a herd of elephants, and after two hours of cautious stalking friend Usaw led me up to a herd consisting of about eight beasts, four of which were standing in a small clearing. One of them offered me a splendid chance of a forehead-shot, the only question being
whether I ought to risk a shot at all. To take such a risk is not advisable, for one never knows where the other animals will rush when frightened by the shot, and the hunter is in danger of having the foot of one of these mighty pachyderms on the top of him. Usaw was very much opposed to my firing; he thought there were too many of them, and there was no tree anywhere near, behind which to jump for safety. As for myself, I wanted to bring my hunting expedition to an end, and determined to shoot,—not with the 10-calibre gun, which had fallen into disfavour with me, but with the 500-rifle, and, in default of a steel ball, with an ordinary lead bullet, as I was firmly convinced that such a bullet, if well placed, would penetrate the head and reach the brain. The shot rang out, and Usaw and I jumped behind a bush, which at least offered some slight shelter. We could not see the result of the shot because of the dense smoke, but there was lively work in the jungle all round us; the frightened animals scattered in every direction; but, thank Heaven, none came right at us. One of medium size ran past within a few paces, and Usaw could not resist throwing after it a rotten plum; but in a few minutes all was quiet in the forest. The thunderous crashing was succeeded by the noise as of a distant train, then from time to time by the sound of the breaking of a big branch; after that peace resumed her sway. The stricken elephant lay where he had stood; my bullet had pierced the brain and caused instantaneous death. His head and feet were soon cut off, and we started back the same night by forced marches for Colombo. There I found an invitation to go tiger-shooting in Korea, but decided to lay my rifles aside for a few months and return to Europe by way of China, Japan, and America.
CHAPTER X

HUNTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND—ELK SHOOTING

Though Newfoundland was discovered long years ago, it is beyond a doubt very little known to the world at large, or perhaps I should say very little visited. I have not myself, for instance, met a single living soul who has seen the country. Simply as an explorer I should never have felt any inducement to visit this region of the Far North, known only by name from the dogs which are called after it, and from the banks which the boats pass as they go to and from Europe. However, the prospect of joining my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Caesar, and sharing with them the pleasures of caribou, i.e. reindeer, hunting, made me decide to leave New York in their company on the 16th of September 1900. From this date to the 1st of October is said to be the best time for hunting, and of this we intended to avail ourselves.

To our European notions the journey to Newfoundland is very long; it lasts four days and four nights, and this only if nothing goes wrong. But, thank Heaven, people in this country are quicker at making up their minds than they are in the Old World; and, besides this, travelling is made much easier in America than it is in Europe with its antediluvian railway arrangements. We spent the first night at Boston, and next morning took train by the Boston and Maine railway. The whole day we were in the State of Maine, passing through rather uninteresting country that night, and the following day went through the Canadian provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, arriving in the evening of the third day
at North Sydney. From this place we took the boat to Port aux Basques, the chief harbour on the western side of the island and the starting-point of the railway to St. Johns, the capital town of the country.

Unfortunately, on the evening of our arrival a violent storm was raging, and Mr. and Mrs. Caesar, unwilling to face the crossing in the tempestuous sea, remained behind at North Sydney. The steamer Bruce, in which I crossed, was kept back by the captain for seven hours in hopes of better weather. The eight hours' voyage was pretty rough, and it was nearly noon when we arrived at Port aux Basques, a charming little town, which, with its rocky bay and general air of peacefulness, recalls vivid memories of New Zealand. I provided myself first with a third-class hunting-licence, which costs £16, and entitles me to kill five male and two female caribou. When I presented my licence at the Customs, the authorities there let everything through without question, baggage, guns, ammunition, and provisions; I opened nothing, and had no duty to pay. I then took the train for Winter Station, which, thanks to a delay of eight hours, I was not to reach before 2 A.M.

The place Winter is in the district through which the reindeer pass every autumn on the way from their summer haunts in the north. Like fashionable folk they spend the winter in the south. As the railway runs from west to east they are obliged to cross it, and the hunter has only to take up a position by the places where they pass to see hundreds and thousands of caribou moving southwards at this time of year. The hunting-season lasts from the 15th of July to the 15th of February, but there is an intermediate close-time from the 1st to the 20th of October. Experience shows that this is just the period when the migration is at its height, and it is to prevent the wholesale slaughter of the animals from the railway-embankments that the Government has wisely fixed this close-season. It need scarcely be said that the best hunting-days are the ten which
precede the 1st of October and the ten which follow the 20th, for the caribou need more than a month to reach the south. Here I am then on the 20th of September, and ought therefore to have a good chance.

When the train pulled up at Winter at two o'clock in the morning it was bitterly cold; the wind was blowing as though curious to find out what was underneath the coats and vests I was wearing. It is not the temperature below zero that one feels, but the damp cold which is worse than several degrees of frost. The guide met me at the station, and I found the tent pitched a few yards from the line. When I entered it, I saw to my great regret that the pipe of the tent-stove had burnt away several feet of the roof, and before turning into my sleeping-bag I could count the stars overhead. In spite of all my blankets and rugs, I suffered severely from the cold, chiefly, I think, because I had no experience of winter for three years. When I spoke of "Winter Station," it should be understood that I referred to a tiny log-hut, in which there are but two pieces of furniture, the
stationmaster's bed and a telegraphic apparatus. The stationmaster is the only person who lives there, and to his regular duties he adds those of telegraphist and pointsman, and to judge by his trophies he is also a good shot.

The next morning the guide poured out his woes. His original plan, which was to go to Red Indian Lakes, had been frustrated. He had transported thither all provisions and tents, but had quarrelled with the owner of the forest, and, in consequence, we were refused permission to travel the twenty-five miles by his private railway. The guide had sent men to bring back the camp-equipment by road, and Red Indian Lake being out of the question, we were to make our camping ground forty-four miles west from Winter, near a place called Howley. We wanted to take the goods train due at 12.30 P.M., and this we eventually did, when it appeared on the horizon at four o'clock in the afternoon. The railway arrangements, except in connection with the through trains from
Port aux Basques to St. Johns, leave much to be desired; but one can hardly expect anything else in a country so new. We reached our destination at nine o'clock, that is to say, the train stopped, bag and baggage were thrown out, and I found myself in the free realm of Nature, a realm just then enlivened by a cold raw wind. At eleven o'clock a tent was at last rigged up. I supped on pâté de foie gras—the third time this day that I had had to make a meal of this and nothing else—and turned into my sleeping-bag, expecting to be obliged to continue this diet in the morning, for the supplies had not yet come in from Red Indian Lake.

At seven o'clock the next morning I was at my place at one of the caribou-crossings. It was not long before a female appeared with her calf, and, without seeing me, and to my great surprise, sprang into the lake close by, followed by her little one. My guide told me that the caribou when migrating do not regard water as an obstacle, and are excellent swimmers. They gave me conclusive evidence of this, for they swam with astonishing rapidity and had soon reached the far shore. Then came two more females, which are antlered like the males, and after them a good male, some three hundred yards away. He was moving through close-growing copse-wood, and so I could not get a shot at him. There are mountains to be seen on the horizon, but, where I am, the country is hilly and sparsely covered with ill-grown pine-trees and a few thickets of birch. Scattered broadcast over the country are little lakes, in which live and move the innumerable fish for which Newfoundland is famed. In the afternoon I had also no luck, but had instead the pleasure of welcoming my hunting-companions, who had just arrived.

The next day I took up another position, but saw little game till towards evening, when I sighted three caribou almost a mile away crossing the plain which lay before me. We had now to get in front of the animals, which usually keep up a good pace when migrating, and so we went for about a mile.
and a quarter over tree-trunks and stones, my guide, a lad of eighteen, being in front with the rifle. As he ran, he kept beckoning to make me go faster, and he could not at all understand that my untrained city-lungs—and heart too—were not capable of the same exertion as were his own. He was right—great haste was necessary, for already a female reindeer had run past about a hundred and fifty paces distant. She was followed by a second female, and then a few paces behind came the male. My pulse was racing, so I took my favourite kneeling position, and, just as he was turning away from me to dash up a slope, I fired. The animal came down hit far back in the spine; his antlers were not large, counting but nineteen points. The best specimens carry seventy-four points, and they do not call a good caribou one with antlers of less than thirty points.

The next day passed without any success for either the Caesars or myself, but it deserves mention owing to the fact that the so-called "black flies," tiny creatures that are the plague of Newfoundland, were particularly impertinent. These abominable insects are a veritable torment, and you
cannot keep them off except by lighting a little fire and letting the smoke of it blow in your face. Every country has some curse from which the hunter has to suffer—in India it is the ant, in Africa the mosquito, and here flies. These last evil insects can actually destroy the whole of one's pleasure in hunting. The temperature is very variable, sometimes summer-like, sometimes bitterly cold, according as the wind blows. We have already had rain also; but taking it all round one can face the climate perfectly well with the necessary warm clothes. To-day we are at the 28th of September. Two days more and the close-season begins; more correctly only one day more, for the 30th is a Sunday, and it is against the laws to hunt on Sundays.

Of the twenty-one caribou to which our hunting licences entitle us we have killed but five, and only one of them has fairly good antlers. After our great expectations this has come as a bitter disappointment, but we are not the only sufferers; all the sportsmen who have pitched their camps along the railway-line have fared no better, and some of them have already gone away empty. The reason for this bad sport is that the animals have not yet started on their journey south. They have been coming only singly, chiefly females with their calves; up to the present, for instance,—that is for the last eight days,—I have counted but thirty-four animals. Last year at the same place and time twenty-one fine caribou were killed in eight days. The guides and people who know the country declare that it is too warm, and that therefore the caribou do not feel the need of changing the cold north for the sunny south.

Of course there are some confessions to make. On the 25th Mr. Caesar, instead of shooting a male reindeer, shot the two females which were in front, the male escaping. The same day I missed a fine bull as he ran by two hundred paces away. I had covered a good half-mile at break-neck speed and was clean pumped and had a racing pulse when I fired. Another thing which damages the chances of a good bag is the fact that too many people are hunting in the same district.
On one of these days a young American posted himself in front of us on the tracks of the reindeer. We did not know this, and he shot the males which were coming our way. The next day I played the same trick on him and shot a male caribou before his very eyes; like my first, it had only nineteen points—a poor pair of antlers. Mr. Caesar's best pair is little better; it has thirty points, but the antlers are well shaped and fairly long. Except for this male and one which Mrs. Caesar missed, there were no caribou to be shot. It is the same old story; when a hunter comes to a foreign country for the first time he comes to learn. It is on the second visit that his hunting prospers. To begin with, it is a mistake to stay so near to the railway-line where everybody hunts. It is better to go farther inland and find a solitary place, where there is no one to dispute the field, and the best time to shoot is the end of October. By that date most of the caribou have gone south; they are then found together, and the best heads can be picked out at leisure.

This morning, desiring to get away from the many guns in our neighbourhood, I made a little excursion farther inland, away from the railway. I had given myself a stiff job! I was making for a certain clearing, and, to get to it, had to go
through the forest, in which a forest-fire had once, and once only, done its work of destruction. The natives distinguish various classes of forest here. Firstly, those in which no fire has occurred—they are thickly grown with birch and fir; secondly, those which have been once ravaged by fire—in these smallish tree-trunks lie across one another in indescribable confusion; thirdly, there are the forests over which the fire has passed twice—in these last one can move about comfortably because the fallen trunks have been for the most part consumed by the flames. In the forests which have been but once visited by the fire the hunter performs balancing feats on the slippery pine-trunks, sometimes going between them either to fall in the quagmire below or to spike himself on a sharp fir-branch. In fact, I see quite plainly to-day that I have mistaken my vocation, and that I ought to have been a rope-dancer rather than anything else to make progress in this country. The everlasting sitting still in one place is tedious to the last degree, and one longs to be after the game. Besides this, it was raining so hard to-day that I reached my destination wet through, only to discover that the wind had veered round, and that every animal within half a mile would get scent of me. So I went back to my tent and changed from soaking wet to damp clothes. The day before yesterday there was a pretty hard frost and the water was coated with ice, but later on it became so warm that the animals had no excuse for going southward.

At last on Sunday, after a cold night, we were rewarded for our persistent obstinacy by finding the goddess of the chase rather more propitious. The Caesars this day killed three good caribou, while I secured one with moderate-sized antlers of twenty-seven points. I had an excellent opportunity of bringing off a right and left. Two male reindeer and one female came out of the forest well within range. At sixty paces I took aim at the farthest away, thinking that I should make short work of the second; but after my shot the animal reared up and then dashed back into the forest. Taking matters quite calmly I pressed the trigger for the second shot, but my gun missed
fire. I slipped in two more cartridges with all speed and both of these also missed fire. The reindeer I had hit was standing behind a fir-tree a hundred and fifty paces away, evidently badly wounded; the second male now with the female took a wide semicircular course, and in a few minutes ran past me three hundred paces away and broadside-on. I fired at him; this time the cartridge did go off, but the bullet did not seem to have hit its mark. I soon found the first animal, which had lain down but got up again at my approach: two more bullets kept him where he was. The first bullet was lodged well in the shoulder, and the fact that he did not fall dead to my shot can only be attributed to the reindeer's great tenacity of life. I am, of course, very cross about the misfiring of my dear 500-Express rifle. I have fired thousands of shots from it without ever a misfire, and now there are five in succession. The gun was lately cleaned and done up in London, and it must have been badly put together, for it is hardly conceivable that five Eley cartridges should miss fire one after the other. (It was proved later that it was after all the cartridges which were at fault. They had been stored for ten years in New York, and the caps were spoilt.) The reindeer, which should have fallen to my second shot to complete the right and left, was killed soon after by Mr. Caesar, and I was glad to find in the evening that my bullet had pierced the right antler.

Strictly speaking, we ought now to have brought our hunting to an end, the close-time running from the 1st to the 20th of October. The guides assured us, however, that the Government does not object to sportsmen hunting for two or three days longer, supposing that they have not yet killed the number of reindeer set forth on the licence. So we decided to shoot on Monday and Tuesday as well, since we were twelve head short of the twenty-one we were supposed to kill. My 500-Express rifle was now, of course, in dire disgrace and only taken out for old acquaintance's sake. This day I used for the first time my new 375-Express rifle, 9½ mm. calibre. I carefully probed the wound it made, and the result bore out
what the gun-maker claimed for a gun of this calibre, viz. that it makes a terrible wound and causes fearful havoc in the body of the animal. The cartridges, which are quite insignificant in size, are charged with smokeless cordite, which gives tremendous velocity to the bullet and a proportionately severe shock to the animal hit.

On the last day but one, and on the last day of our hunting Mr. and Mrs. Caesar had the good fortune to get a good reindeer apiece, and it was the lady of our party who, to our great delight, got the best pair of antlers, with thirty-three points. The Caesars have killed six of their ten male caribou, all six good; while I have to be content with three out of five, only one of them being fairly good. I shall have no other alternative but to visit the island once again, to complete the work I have begun; moreover, next time I shall not take any chances as to the migrating of the animals, but shall come later in the season, that is, after the 20th of October, and shall then go and hunt them in the south where they spend the winter. I cannot blame my guide for my ill-success, for last year the district in which we were hunting was excellent at this season. This year the warm weather has made the reindeer postpone their departure.

On the 3rd of October we began our return journey, the Caesars deciding to go direct to New York, and I to go moose-shooting, my intention being to start my expedition from Truro. As I passed through Truro on my way to Newfoundland, I saw two Indians armed with muzzle-loaders. In answer to my questions they told me that they were going moose-hunting and that they were guides. As I was assured by several residents in the place that they were trustworthy fellows, I engaged them for the 6th of October to take me hunting. However, at the last moment I changed my plans at the instance of a gentleman whom I met by chance on the railway. He assured me that he knew a hunting-ground in Ontario, where I could without any doubt get a moose within ten days; and he gave me the address of a certain Mr. M., who would make all the
necessary arrangements for me on the spot. So I decided to hunt in Ontario, rather than in Nova Scotia, about which I had no information at all. At Truro I took the train running from Halifax to Montreal, and reached the latter place in twenty-four hours, where I found a telegram from Mr. M. in reply to mine, and started off at once for Sturgeon Falls.

Sturgeon Falls is in the province of Ontario, north-west of Lake Nipissing, and is reached in twelve hours from Montreal by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The little town of 350 inhabitants takes its name from the waterfalls formed by the swift-flowing river Sturgeon. I was met at the railway-station by Mr. M., an amiable man about thirty-five years of age. As the leading member of the Liberal party in this district he has an interest in attracting strangers—and their money—to the place, and perhaps receives a commission from the shop folks from whom they buy. Besides this he carries out the
duties of head of the police, and is public prosecutor in the
court, and chief inspector of hunting. He first introduced to
me the men who were to accompany me. They were three
Indians—John senior, John junior, and Commanda; lastly, there
was Johnny the cook, who was a Caucasian. They were to
paddle the two canoes, in one of which I was to be accom-
modated, and in the other the baggage.

The Indians are not those we know as "Redskins." They
are half-castes, a mixture of Redskin and the Caucasian type,
which is a good cross-breed. The men possess great strength
and endurance, and in this respect differ from the products of
other intermarriages between distinct races. In the course
of the morning I bought all necessaries in Sturgeon Falls, and
the departure was fixed for the following day. At four o'clock
in the morning the Indians were to take the canoes by cart nine
miles up-stream. For this distance the river is not navigable
owing to the many rapids and the accumulation of floating
timber. At six o'clock I was to follow in a light cart. In the
afternoon Mr. M. drove me into the country to the house of a
small farmer, who is also something of a taxidermist, and
wanted to show me some moose-heads. The farmer, however,
who no doubt had many heads, did not show them because the
hunting-season had not yet begun, and Mr. M. was the head
forest-officer. Still, the drive was interesting, inasmuch as I
became acquainted with the state of the roads. What they call
a road would at home be considered an impassable marsh, and
one needs horses possessed of angelic patience and good temper
to keep a cart from upsetting. I thought several times I heard
my ribs crack, but on closer inspection it turned out to be
merely the grinding of the excellent wheels of the cart.

At six o'clock the next morning I was ready and waiting
for my manager, who was to drive me, but waited in vain.
He did not come, and I determined to go to his house to look
for him. When I got there a whining female voice told me
that the master of the house had not been back since the
evening before. Then the truth began to dawn on me. I
NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU HEAD.

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wandered about from one pothouse to another looking for my lost friend, without whom I could do nothing. In the course of my search I came to the jobbing master's stable, and here I saw the whole of my equipment and the two canoes standing in the street in the pouring rain. The driver told me that he had put in the horses at four o'clock, but that the Indians were so drunk that he had made them lie down in the stable, where they were still. Of Mr. M. there was never a sign. Finally, a man in the street told me that he had spent the night at Clifton House. I gave a youngster an apple to show me the way, and got to the place wet through. The proprietor knew nothing, but left it to me, if I chose, to make an inspection of the bedrooms, which I forthwith did. In one of the rooms on the ground-floor I discovered my friend, the chief of the police, and his boon-companions lying on the bed with all their clothes on. With the help of the landlord I put the former on his legs, introduced myself again, and succeeded at last in bringing myself and the events of the previous day somewhat hazily to his recollection. Then we went to the stable to rout out the Indians. We found them very happy and engaged in their
morning toilet. They must needs have their breakfast before starting. More waste of time! But I could not do anything else, so I went with them to see that their morning meal did not develop into a morning drink.

At last at nine o’clock everything was packed into the cart, the Indians on the top of all, and I followed in a buggy with Mr. M., at ten o’clock. Mr. M., to whom I had administered a strong pick-me-up, had recovered his equilibrium and drove in fine style through the quagmire, indicating that the rain was to blame for everything. I had breakfast in the clean farmhouse of Pino, and, finally, at two o’clock in the afternoon, put out from the bank intending to go up the river Sturgeon to the point where it is joined by the Tomagamy. The Indians managed the canoes with the greatest dexterity, and we did our three to three and a half miles in the hour. The charming scenery compensated to some extent for the horrible weather. On both sides of the river there are dense woods in which birches and pines are most prominent; there are besides many maples and beeches in all the glory of their autumnal tints. The banks are covered with hazels and overhanging willows; and we are in the home of the little wild ducks, which often get up in front of us, frightened by the canoes. For the first few miles the houses of the country folk may be seen on either bank. The cow-bells are heard on either side; but the farther we go, the fewer men we see.

At seven o’clock in the evening we reached the place called "Post Office," where we were to put up for the night. The owner of the log-hut, which I entered, was a friendly French Canadian; indeed, almost all the inhabitants of this part of Canada are of French origin. The house, which possessed one door and no windows, consisted of a single room, divided in two by a boarded partition through the middle. The part I went into was living-room and dining-room and everything else, and the other part bedroom. The family was just at its evening meal, and numbered, exclusive of the head of the house and his wife, who was blessed with a figure of phenomenal
proportions, seven children and two farm-servants. My first thought was to do my own cooking and pitch my tent. This would have caused a great loss of time in the morning, so I settled to see the matter through. A glass of milk and a few eggs were acceptable. Then I was taken to my bedroom, while the Indians and Johnny the cook crept up under the roof. The elder children had given up their place to me, and were sleeping in the barn, while, separated from me only by a curtain,

Monsieur and Madame and the tour youngest of their offspring reposed; and this with no window to open and the door shut! The smallest child was just cutting its first tooth, and I was asked to make allowance. I shall never forget the night I spent.

In the morning I carried off with me a considerable quantity of my host's live-stock, of the kind which is not usually reclaimed. Towards seven o'clock the sun rose in all his glory, and the splendid freshness of the autumn morning soon made me forget the unpleasantness of the night. We cleared a mile
or two of rapids, and about noon left the Sturgeon and worked up the Tomagamy to Lake Cedar, where our voyage was to end. In the evening we pitched our camp. I had shot two ducks and a brace of grouse, which made excellent eating; but there is no sport in shooting these birds. The ducks do not get up and the grouse are worse; they let you come to within a few paces, then move only a yard away. However, it is all the same so far as the cooking-pot is concerned; their flavour is excellent, for they are feeding just now on the tasty bilberries which grow here.

On the following day the journey was exceedingly difficult; we had to drag all the baggage and the canoes no less than seven times over long or short stretches of land, when we came to waterfalls. The Indians use the French word "portage" to describe this business, and their pronunciation of the word is quite Parisian. In the evening we reached our goal, the shore of the picturesque Lake Cedar, and here we pitched camp. On waking in the morning I found everything in my tent wet, the guns covered with rust, and the canvas strained tight with the damp. When I went outside there was so thick a mist over the lake that I could not see ten paces in front of me. In spite of this I soon started out in the little canoe, which the Indians steered with wonderful assurance round the numerous islands and rocks to a place of which I did not know. As we went along I tried to learn from John junior, our captain, what is the proper method of hunting the moose,—whether by day or by night, on water or on land, by stalking him or by waiting for him. But it was almost impossible to converse with him, for to all my questions, even those beginning with "When" and "Where," his only answer was a stupid "Yes." It was enough to drive one to desperation, but I dared not lose my temper, because I had no knowledge whatever of the character of the Indians, and one's men may be utterly spoiled by a hasty word.

Towards noon I stopped to have lunch, having seen no animal nor even a trace of one. I was not at all sure that it was a particularly good style of hunting to move about in
broad daylight on an open lake, in order to get a chance of a shot at a moose. It is true that I was convinced that the woods were too dense to be penetrated and the trunks of fallen trees would bar the way. I thanked Heaven that the weather at any rate gave me no cause to complain. Towards nine o'clock the sun had broken through the mist and was now high in a cloudless sky, making everything pleasantly warm.

The scenery is charming. You pass through channels, mostly narrow and rapid, from one lake to another, and all the time you see round you splendid woods stretching down to the water's edge on both sides. Here and there you may see huge fir-trees, ranking with the finest in the Black Forest, and birches hundreds of years old, the bark of which the Indian uses for the outside of his canoe. We had gone over ten miles from the camp and so turned back, myself much out of temper and the Indians with a smile of satisfaction on their faces, which only
served to increase my irritation. We had scarcely put out from the shore when John junior, who was sitting in front of me, calmly pointed ahead with his hand and said the single word "Moose." There on the margin of the lake I saw a dark mass standing out against the light foliage of the birches. I should never have taken it for an animal. How to get at the moose on the great open lake I could not imagine. I resolved therefore to say nothing at all and to have no discussion with the Indians, but to leave them to manage their own way. John made a sign or two to his father, who was sitting behind me, and murmured a few words of his volapuk. Then the two lusty fellows set the canoe going at such a pace that it would have taken a good horse to keep up with it; and soon we reached a little island, under shelter of which we came, unseen, within five hundred paces of the moose. Then, quick as an arrow, the boat flew round the corner and made straight for the animal, which was up to his knees in the water, moving slowly along the edge of the forest. A hundred yards farther John lay down flat in the boat so as not to be in my way when I shot, while old John paddled us on swiftly and noiselessly. How I was going to shoot was a puzzle to me. I could not
stand and I could not kneel, and I was sitting on an india-rubber cushion, which conscientiously participated in every movement of the boat. We got within two hundred paces, and the moose, which had antlers of moderate size, had not noticed us and was keeping quietly on. When we were fifty paces nearer he stood still, looking at us, and I fired at once. The animal never stirred. “Missed,” thought I, “and be careful about the second shot!” I raised my rifle, but up and down, up and down it rose and fell on the playful waves. Then in a moment

![Antlers of Second-Year Elk](image)

came my chance. The sound of my shot awoke a hundred echoes in the mountains, and the first moose took his place on my list of hunting-trophies. The Indians gave vent to a loud shout of joy which came no doubt from the depths of the stomach, at sight of the hundreds of pounds of venison before them. With great difficulty we drew the beast to land, and I found that one of my bullets had hit him in the shoulder and the other had pierced the throat. It was this second ball which had severed the main artery and killed him so speedily. When the head and antlers were stowed in the canoe, I returned to camp, and then sent out the Indians to bring in the meat.
Towards evening John took me out again on the lake, this time with a huge horn made of birch-bark, and sounded so as to attract the moose. We anchored in a sheltered spot, and John blew his horn at regular intervals, extracting sounds from it that I can only compare with the groans of a man in a fit. The rutting-season of the moose is over, but seeing that the Indians imitate the cry of the male animal and not of the female, they can attract the moose all the year round. It seems that they are inquisitive animals and come to see who has found his way into their fastnesses. To-day, however, they kept away, and I returned to camp, tired with my outing of thirteen hours in a canoe without any support for my back.

At five o'clock the next morning we put out again in the thick mist, and presently the Indians heard several moose. I waited in the bitter cold for two hours, but they must have had our wind, for they never appeared. We were going farther up the lake, when suddenly, taking a sharp
bend we saw a moose a hundred and fifty paces away and facing full towards us. Down went John. I sighted and fired two shots. The moose stood still as though cast in bronze. Two more cartridges, and at the third shot he reared up and dashed away towards the forest. The fourth shot brought him down. It will scarcely be credited that this incident, which lasted but a few seconds, could bring me from a half-frozen condition to a state of hot exhilaration, but so it really was. It was only with superhuman efforts that I had got fore- and rear-sights in line with the moose. I was wearing a thick hunting-coat, a flannel-shirt, two knitted waistcoats, a fur-coat, and, last but not least, a huge ulster. All this clothing together must have been nearly four inches thick and made it difficult for me to bend my arms.

Moose No. 2 is decidedly larger than No. 1, and has thirteen points against the ten of yesterday's animal. After two hours' work we got the big beast to land; he must have weighed quite six hundred pounds. Unfortunately I could not make out where my bullet had lodged, the coat being exceedingly thick.

In the afternoon, having seen near the water many traces of moose, as well as water-lilies lately snapped off by them, I made up my mind to pitch my camp in the neighbourhood, to spare my men and myself the long row in the canoe.

On the 12th of October I saw no game at all. The weather was, if possible, finer than on the preceding day, and the new camp in a place which was more favourable than my former ground, indeed I have never yet had a hunting expedition so pleasant and satisfactory in every respect. I get on very well now with the Indians; ever since I killed the two moose they have believed in me, and they take all the pains they can to give me chances with my gun. The feeding is excellent. Fish are caught in front of the tent; as for the grouse, you can just nicely shoot their heads off on the surrounding trees; you have only to wish it and ducks fly up from the short water-plants and reeds. And, besides these, we have savoury moose-
flesh and tongue and liver. I have only to repeat that I keep a splendid table.

On the 13th of October I was on a canoe at 5 A.M., as I wanted to take full advantage of the 13th, my lucky hunting-day. It was on this day of the month that I killed my first elephant, brought off a right-and-left at eland in South Africa, and got my long-wanted tiger in India; to-day a moose and otter fell victims to my gun. When we came to the place which the moose frequent because of the water-lilies, I was astonished to see what devastation the animals had wrought in the night. The reeds were trodden down, the thick roots of the water-lilies were floating on the water, and bubbles were to be seen everywhere, which proved how violently the water had been stirred. It would be hard to say how many animals had been here in the night; to judge by the extent of space which showed their traces—a hundred acres it may be—there must have been a very large number. When I came up, the moose had all gone off, but it was with the firm intention of spending the next night here that I quitted the place and turned towards Island Lake.

Towards half-past seven o'clock, as we were moving straight ahead over a lake as smooth as glass, the ripples from a series of rings lapped against the left side of the boat. The cause of these we could not see in the thick mist which still surrounded us. The Indians turned the canoe quickly and struck into the rings, bringing me in a few minutes face to face with a moose which was standing in the lake. When he observed us, he turned sharp round and made for the forest. My first shot was too high and struck a tree; the second passed through the vertebral column into the neck, finally lodging in the tongue. Unfortunately, he was only a two-year-old moose; at this age the antlers are not palmed and consist simply of tines branching outwards.

As we reached Island Lake, two otters rose suddenly from the water in front of the canoe. I shot one of them, and, leaving him floating, went after the other. These animals
swim with incredible speed under water, coming up periodically for a few seconds to breathe. It was during one of these breathing spaces that I hit the second otter, my bullet severing head from body. I was surprised to find no trace of the one I had first shot. Probably I had only wounded him and he had dived and fixed his teeth in the roots at the bottom.

At eight o' clock in the evening I reached camp, and after dinner took to the canoe again. We made our way with the greatest caution to the place where we had seen all the tracks in the morning, and moored the boat just where the moon threw a good light on my white sight, but no moose was to be seen nor sound to be heard. At midnight a mist began to come up; at two o'clock I could scarcely see a couple of yards in front of me, so, being bitterly cold and having severe backache from sitting upright so long, I returned to camp.

I had fixed the 14th of October as my last hunting-day. I might well be satisfied with three moose; besides which it was high time to be making definite arrangements with the guide in the Rocky Mountains for my wapiti-shooting expedition. On my last day, availing myself of every opportunity, I spent another twenty-two hours in the canoe without success, and the following morning began the return journey. The Indians worked so splendidly that, in spite of rapids and waterfalls which made a good deal of porterage necessary, we reached Pino the same day. At 11 P.M. I pitched tent for the last time; and the next morning took a cart for Sturgeon Falls, and two days later reached New York.
CHAPTER XI

HUNTING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

As I crossed the Rocky Mountains by rail in the spring on my way from San Francisco, I made up my mind that I would take the first opportunity of visiting this country in order to hunt the wapiti, the noblest of all the deer-tribe. After my expeditions in Newfoundland and Canada I enjoyed a stay of three weeks in New York, and then, on the 9th of November, quitted the great city once more, and betook myself to Cody in the State of Wyoming, where I had engaged a guide.

November is not really the proper month for a hunting expedition in the Rockies. The weather is then particularly cold, and at this time of year the bears have retired for their winter sleep. But seeing that I intended visiting the extreme north at no very distant date, to try for Polar bears, the cold weather suited me very well: I should find out how my body enervated by extreme heat would stand camping out in bitter cold beneath a starry sky.

The journey from New York to my hunting-ground is simply unending. For four days and four nights one travels, past Chicago and St. Paul to Red Lodge, Montana, the terminus of the railway. From this place it is a two-days' cart-journey to Cody, Wyoming, the starting-point for the mountains. Here I met my guide, Graham, of whom I formed a very favourable impression. We completed various preparations and started from the little town of Cody,—myself, Graham, a cook, and a groom,—Graham and I on horseback, the other two in a cart with all our baggage. As we went
along we caught fourteen horses on the prairie. They were driven into enclosures, caught with the lasso, and then provided with pack-saddles. The whole proceeding was a bit of the real life of the prairie, as we Europeans have seen it depicted by the famous Buffalo Bill. The well-fed animals are very reluctant to give up their glorious freedom, for they know what is in store for them. Their dexterous captors, however, throw a lasso over the neck of the unmanageable animal, and another round a hind-leg; they then jerk this second rope violently and make it fast to the neck by a running knot.

The horse jumps about awhile on three legs, bites and kicks a few times, and then, recognising that he is beaten, stands still to be saddled.

The remainder of this day and the morning of the next our baggage could be carried by cart. After this all our belongings were made up into bundles weighing 150 to 200 lbs. each and packed on the horses. Cook and groom now mounted their steeds, and our procession of fourteen pack-horses and four riders took to the mountains. At first the horses behaved in a very unmanly way with their loads. They lay down and rolled over in their endeavours to be rid
of them, and we had to be continually galloping from one to another to bring the beasts to reason.

The evening of our second day we pitched camp; the horses were freed from their loads, and, without bridle or reins, chased away over the prairie to forage for themselves. It was not particularly cold in the evening, but I woke in the night to find myself so frozen, because I had not put on blankets enough, that I could not sleep again. In the early dawn I found that the temperature was \(-8^\circ\) R. and was glad enough to be able to warm myself by catching and loading the

horses. We were not ready to start till ten o'clock, so we went ahead without a mid-day rest, till five o'clock, when we reached the place where we were to make our camp for several days.

I was by this time in the high mountains, which are mostly bare rocks, but show in some places, where the slopes are less steep, a sparse growth of firs. The valley along which the Stinking River rushes and roars is overgrown with beech, oak, and pine trees, to which the deer resort in the depth of winter to seek shelter from the piercing cold and deep snow.

Next morning at last, nine days after leaving New York,
HEAD OF CANADIAN ELK OR MOOSE.

Facing page 246.
I took rifle in hand for the first time, and under Graham’s guidance went hunting on the upper slopes of a little side-valley. We had been on the move for scarcely half an hour when we saw a black-tailed buck heading away on the hillside opposite, the valley lying between me and him. At a whistle from my guide he stopped and straightway had a bullet in him. The second shot went too high, as also the third, while the fourth brought him down as he was bounding away. I had reason to be proud of my début in the Rockies; for my range was something like three hundred yards. The antlers were not particularly good, carrying only eight points.

Shortly after the event just narrated it began to snow, and we decided to return to camp and hunt next day, when the fallen snow would help us. As we went tentwards we came across the tracks of a puma, the so-called "mountain-lion," which must have passed the place a few minutes before us. We took up the spoor at once and followed it at headlong speed in order to overtake the animal. At first he led us
down the valley, then he was pleased to take a turn up a steep slope, leaping from rock to rock. Graham and I did our best to follow his example; and for three-quarters of an hour the chase up the mountain continued. My pulse was racing, the sweat was dripping from my forehead, and still we did not seem to be gaining ground. The steep slope was composed of shifting pebbles which gave at every step, and a layer of newly fallen snow on the top of this made the going simply impossible. So we gave up our hard work and went back to camp. In the evening the snow ceased, the cold became intense, and the thermometer next morning showed \(-16^\circ R\).

Our chances of sport were excellent, for every track could be easily seen in the new-fallen snow. At 7 A.M. we rode away from camp and soon found the spoor of a fine buck, which we followed on horseback for over a mile. As the tracks led into the mountains we had to tie up our horses; and then began a chase more slippery, steep, and exhausting, if such a thing were possible, than our puma-hunt of the preceding day. When at last we reached the top, it was only to find that the deer had taken a slight turn and gone down the hill again. We did the same and followed the tracks for another hour in the valley, to the left of the swift mountain-stream, till we heard suddenly on the far side a loud sound of snapping branches, which could only be caused by the deer's antlers. Then I saw the firs moving, and the next moment the deer made off through a small clearing about two hundred yards away. At my first shot the fine beast made a convulsive movement, as if he were going to come down, but in a moment or two disappeared in the dense wood, followed by a second bullet which missed. Some three or four hundred yards on I saw him again in a small clearing, but two bullets failed to stop him. In the place where he was when I fired first, we found a fragment of the animal's coat and some blood, the result of my first shot. We left him the hunter's half-hour to grow weaker from loss of blood, and then took up the tracks, which were easy to follow. Two
hundred yards on the traces of blood ceased, a most discouraging thing for me, since I knew that I had hit too far back, and was afraid that I had brought off the poacher's shot at the hind-leg. Graham, however, calmed my fears in this matter, pointing out that the extreme cold makes the blood congeal immediately on the animal. So we strode vigorously and quietly onwards; over hill and valley, over fallen trees and
deep quagmires we followed our wapiti, who in choosing his ground had evidently not the slightest regard for his pursuers. At last after an hour's toilsome march, when I had abandoned all hope of success, we came to a place where the deer had lain down and left a slight mark of blood. A few paces farther on Graham took me by the arm, and pointed to the tips of a deer's antlers showing above the thick growth of firs fifteen paces away. The deer had lain down again, facing his pursuers, and in this position he received his coup de grâce. In a twinkling I counted fourteen points, and on closer inspection detected two more; so he was a stag of sixteen points, or, rather, an irregular eighteen-point deer, for one of the antlers had nine points and the other seven. I must own that I was almost speechless with astonishment at the enormous dimensions of these antlers. Compared with those of our German red deer and even the deer of Hungary, such trophies seem fabulous, and even in this country a stag of eighteen points is a rarity. The average number is twelve. I give this wapiti the second place in my series of trophies, the first going to the tiger. We celebrated the death of the deer in a deep draught, and straightway started back for camp to fetch pack-horse and camera. The whole afternoon was spent in skinning the head, an operation which must be done at once in this country, before the animal is frozen hard. The antlers measure 4 feet 6 inches in length, with a circumference at the burr of 15 1\frac{1}{3} inches.

The next day at 7 A.M. the thermometer stood at $-21^\circ$ R. with a keen north-east wind, which penetrated even six coverings and made me lead my horse by a rope most of the way instead of riding. When we had been out two hours, we left the horses in the valley and climbed a high mountain, on the plateau of which we expected to find the deer. Strange to say
we did not come across a single track, though we were hunting on the edge of Yellowstone Park, from which the deer usually come out in great herds. Frozen into a solid icicle, I got back to camp at eight o’clock, without having seen a solitary head of game.

On the 21st of November it snowed so hard all day that there was no object in going out. I must wait till the snow ceases, and then look forward to a princely hunt. Temperature $-5^\circ$ R.

The 22nd of November. The snowfall ceased this morning, and towards eight o’clock the sun rose in all his majesty. In the sheltered spot where my camp is, the snow is lying a foot deep, which means at least two feet on the mountain. When it is so deep as this, the deer are compelled to leave the high ground and come down into the valley. For to-day’s expedition I chose a white horse, and, starting out followed by Graham, soon came upon the fresh tracks of a fine
buck. While following the spoor of a deer one can form a very good idea of the size of his antlers by marking the fir-trees from which he has shaken the snow, and noticing besides that he mostly keeps among the trees which allow free passage to his antlers. Sometimes also he goes aslant between two trees. The spoor took us to the valley in which I won my "crowning glory" two days ago. We tied up our horses as before, and the chase began. Again our way lay along the steep slope, but this time many miles farther and by difficult paths into another valley. Sometimes I stood kicking the snow away to find a safe foothold, at others I lost patience and took a succession of leaps, finally laying hold of a bit of under-growth of fir, the most satisfactory thing hereabouts to help me. Sometimes I slid down the mountain like a ballet-dancer, with legs astride, or sat down so that the sun shone on the soles of my boots.

The deer, it seems, overcome the difficulties of the country with great ease, and I saw again to-day how inferior is man, the only two-legged mammal, when compared with his four-legged fellows. The slight measure of intelligence we should possess above the quadrupeds in no way counterbalances this great disadvantage, at any rate not on a hunting-trip in the Rocky Mountains. Close by the carcase of my black-tailed buck we found the new track of two pumas which, to judge by the melted snow, had lain down here to sleep after their dinner. The cowardly animals had, however, taken flight at our approach.

Farther and farther we went, up hill and down dale, till at last at 2.15 Graham stopped short and pointed to a splendid buck fifteen paces away. I had scarcely brought the rifle to full cock and raised it, when the magnificent beast bounded away out of sight, before I could even press the trigger. It would have been useless to send a bullet after him into the thick bush seeing that he had been only slightly alarmed, and there was a chance that we might get near him again.

While we were lighting the fire for lunch a black-tailed
buck came into view and stood on a steep slope some two hundred and fifty yards away, eyeing us curiously. My first bullet struck the snow between his legs; at the second the buck made off in the usual fashion of a badly wounded animal, springing from all four feet at once. Following him up, I found blood immediately. Unfortunately, however, I could not continue the pursuit, because he was bearing away from my camp, from which we were three hours' march; so we again took up the spoor of the wapiti we had alarmed. He was kind enough to lead us the nearest way to our horses; but we never got sight of him again, and returned to camp unrewarded for our efforts.

Soon after leaving camp next day, I took up the freshly made tracks of a big deer, which was making his way into a narrow valley flanked by high rocks. Graham's plan was to march along the ridge of the mountain and cut him off—an excellent plan no doubt, but how was it to be carried out? It was a warm day, —2° R., and the indescribably toilsome march had made me throw off one garment after another, to be met finally at the top with a violent north wind. Thank Heaven, Graham now altered his plan, and sent me down the mountain again, while he was to make a detour into the valley and drive the deer towards me. Heartily glad to escape from the deadly wind, I took up a position on the slope of the mountain from which I could command the little valley and the two flanking slopes. In a few minutes the noble deer came racing straight towards me; and when he was a hundred and fifty paces away, I could not have had a better shot. Then in a moment he turned off sharp and was away down the valley a hundred paces below me. Neither of my two shots produced any apparent effect. There was no blood, no shred of coat, so I had clean missed! Graham fetched the horses and led them along in melancholy fashion, while I followed the spoor of the buck, which was racing furiously away. Suddenly he changed his gait; from a full gallop he slackened to a short trot, to a walk, and then, to my astonishment,
lay down. All this of course was shown by the deep snow. Half a mile on, and the deer crossed the stream and climbed the steep bank on the other side. We followed, and a few paces farther on came to a place where the great beast had come down in attempting to clear a fallen tree. Even the horns were distinctly outlined in the snow, and now I was sure of my prey. After an hour’s careful march I had him broadside-on, with head lowered, and a couple of bullets laid him low. I found my first two shots fairly far back and quite high up near the backbone. The bullets had not gone clean through, and the bleeding had been all internal. The antlers are wonderfully regular, and have fourteen points.

The £8 hunting-licence gives permission to shoot two wapiti, two black-tailed buck, two antelopes, and one sheep. I had therefore finished with the wapiti, the chief item in my programme, and there remained only one black-tail and one sheep to slay; the antelopes are found only in the plains. Hunting wild sheep is the most difficult sport of all, because these animals live entirely on the higher peaks and are practically exterminated in this part of the Rocky Mountains.

For three days I endeavoured to get within shot of one of them, and it was the most fatiguing part of the expedition. I never had a sight of one, and determined to give up the chase for the present, since the chances of getting a sheep are decidedly better on the Canadian side of the Rockies, where I intended to hunt next. The return to Cody was far more difficult for man and beast than the journey out; Stinking River, which we had to cross twelve times, was in some places frozen over, in others fringed with ice. Where the ice was strong enough to bear the weight of a horse, we made a path of earth to prevent the beasts from sliding; where it was too weak we had to break it away with axes along the banks to make a ford. The journey was accomplished without serious accident, and on the evening of the 28th of November, after two days’ riding twelve hours in the saddle each day, I reached Cody. I was assured that my eighteen-pointer was the biggest deer killed this
year, and so, in spite of my ill success with the sheep, I could return to New York, well satisfied with this little expedition.

Between the hunting-tour just described and my second expedition in the Rocky Mountains, I paid an unsuccessful visit to India in the spring of 1901; but was compelled to come home without firing a shot. A few days after landing, I had an attack of the fever contracted in South-east Africa, brought on again by the extreme heat, and had therefore with a heavy heart to depart from the country in which previous experience of prevailing conditions promised a good bag.

I had planned for the autumn an expedition to the Canadian Rocky Mountains, i.e. to that part of the range
which belongs to British Columbia. I sent my guide Graham ahead in the spring to find out whether the country could be traversed with pack-horses, but since the beginning of June received no word of any sort from or of him. I waited till the end of August, and had then no other alternative but to give up this tour altogether, partly because I did not know from what point to start, partly because it was already too late to undertake a big expedition with any chance of bringing it to a close before winter. So I engaged the man who had been my cook in the previous year, Nova E. Brown of Ishawood, Wyoming, to act as guide in a bear-hunting expedition in the States of Wyoming and Idaho.

The railway-journey from New York to Red Lodge, Montana, is tedious in the extreme, and it was followed by a hundred and twenty miles in a small cart, along roads rendered incredibly bad by heavy rain. Then came a couple of days’ march, ten hours a day with eighteen pack-horses, and I reached the first camping-ground. On the second day of our hunting Brown and I struck the fresh spoor of a bear. We took it up at once, but soon lost it in the heather, as where there is no snow it is almost impossible to follow the spoor. I could hear the deer calling all round, for it was the beginning of the rutting-season. The
sound they make begins like the high-pitched whistle of a man, and ends like the braying of a donkey.

Soon after leaving the bear-tracks, I saw a herd of deer moving peaceably along a mountain-slope, and among them a twelve-pointer. Brown and I were just considering how we could cut them off, when another stag came trotting by, a hundred and fifty paces in front of us. Immediately after my shot he turned sharp off, and went at headlong-speed down the slope. A hundred paces on he fell dead. He was a twelve-pointer with good canines but poor antlers, not much in the way of trophy, but very welcome as bait for the bears and meat for our kitchen. The flesh of a young wapiti is as good as the best beef and has no gamey taste at all.

On the 11th of September the thermometer registered \(-4^\circ\text{ R.}\); snow had fallen in the night, and it seems that winter intends to make an early entry up here in the mountains. I spent the whole day in making out the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park; these are marked by posts, but
too scantily. In Yellowstone Park no wild game, not even a bear, may be shot. The park is closely guarded by soldiers, and any breach of the hunting-regulations is punished by imprisonment. It is a splendid place of refuge for wild animals; they enjoy absolute liberty, which is not the case in zoological gardens, and they have besides very effectual protection against their hereditary enemy, man. The boundaries of this park are naturally the best hunting-grounds.

For the next few days storm and rain made existence in the mountains very uncomfortable; the deer did not call, and I spent a whole week without shooting. Meanwhile the bears had found and taken a taste of the carcase of my deer: it would be easy enough to get them if one could only follow their tracks, but with no snow on the ground it is perfectly useless to go after them. The bear usually visits a carcase in the evening before sundown, so yesterday at four o'clock I
took position about fifty paces from the dead deer. For two days we had been free from storm and rain; then followed a fairly keen spell of cold, with the thermometer marking — 6° R. at mid-day. One is painfully aware of this low temperature when one stands for three hours motionless and unsuccessful, bears never putting in an appearance at all. At seven o'clock Brown and I started, half-frozen, for camp, with the agreeable prospect of being obliged to resume our chilly sitting next afternoon and very likely for many later days.

During the night of the 16th-17th of September a deer was calling for hours together close to our camp, and I roused my men at 4 A.M. to stop the performance of this disturber of our night's repose. In the early dawn I followed the sound of his cry, and came to a clearing where he was standing with some dozen hinds. So soon as it was light enough to see, I fired a bullet at him from a distance of a hundred and sixty yards. The deer gave no indication of being hit, and trotted away with his hinds into the dense forest, followed by a second bullet. I could find no sign of blood nor tuft of hair in the place
where he stood, and supposed that I had missed. Suddenly, however, I saw him in the forest; he was moving slowly as though wounded. I was soon up with him, and a second shot added this twelve-pointer to my collection. I found the first ball rather too far back in the shoulder. The behaviour of the animal when shot proves once more that one can never say with certainty whether a bullet has hit or not. While I was busied in looking for bullets and canines, a deer called like one possessed, quite close to me. I made a dash for my rifle. Brown answered, imitating the cry to perfection. The deer rushed towards us, clearing the tree-trunks which lay everywhere, and only turned a few yards away from us. In the afternoon I put a great piece of the dead animal on a pack-horse and took it into the forest for the bears.

On the previous day I had made out the tracks of a grizzly bear, the object of my ambition; and it was to him that I made this sacrificial offering. The next day Brown had to ride out to look for horses, for at a general muster it was found that two of ours were missing. When camp is pitched the horses are, as we have seen, left entirely to themselves; and it is scarcely surprising that sometimes one or other gets separated from the herd: The cowboys on horseback follow up the traces of the wanderers, and are usually wonderfully successful in finding them and bringing them back to camp.

After an unsuccessful morning's outing I spent the afternoon knocking over what they call "grouse" with stones. These birds are very popular items on our bill of fare and could easily be shot. The firing, however, would cause too much disturbance in the forest, so we have to use stones as missiles. They are incredibly tame, or I should rather say, stupid. To-day, for instance, I threw fifteen stones at one of them as he sat on a dead pine. He never troubled himself about my big stones, but eyed me interrogatively, ducking his head now and then when a stone flew close by him. When at last I hit, he just tumbled over and let me catch him.

In the evening I spent several hours watching for bears,
but again to no purpose. As I was returning to camp, a black-tail buck stood facing me on a steep hill-side, some eighty-five yards away. Unfortunately, it was so dark that I could not see my fore-sight, but took the best aim I could, and after my shot the deer made off into the forest. A three hours’ search the next morning failed to find him, though he had lost a good deal of blood. The page I write this on ought to be printed with a black edge, for this is the first head of game that my dearly-beloved 375-rifle has failed to bring down, after accounting for two bucks, three moose, and four reindeer. The flesh of my last deer I have placed in various parts of the forest, well tied up, in order that I may make out the movements of the bears.

The 20th of September was a splendid day, – 8° R., with a warm sun; so I determined to climb one of the high mountain-ridges to try for sheep. Passing the boundary-line above which even the hardy pine cannot exist, I thought that I should reach the summit in half-an-hour; but owing to the rarity of the atmosphere I had woefully miscalculated the distance, and it took me three hours of difficult climbing to get to the top. I was rewarded by a glorious view over the snow-capped peaks and dark-green valleys, westward towards the Pacific Ocean and eastward towards the Atlantic. I was actually on the watershed between East and West. Of game there was no sign nor track.

After sundry tumbles of no great consequence, though they put me in mortal terror for my gun, I got safely down, and then, as in duty bound, went off again after the bears. On the way to our carefully selected bait, Brown and I made out the tracks of a bear going alone and of two others together, apparently mother and cub. We were approaching the bait very cautiously, when, about a hundred yards away, I saw a dark mass moving from right to left of us in the thicket. Supposing that it was a bear disturbed at his dinner by the sound of our steps, I ran hastily up the steep slope. Then I looked up again and saw the bear straight in front of me and gazing at me,
eighty paces away. Before I could steady myself on the sliding stones and bring gun to shoulder, Mr. Bruin had clean gone, and, though I raced after him, I saw him no more. So I lost a fine chance to-day owing to the difficult nature of the ground, but maybe I shall bring my bear down to-morrow.

At 1 p.m. I was at my place; yesterday I was too late, to-day I meant to be first. When I came to the bait, I found that the bears had torn the deer to pieces. Here was a piece of flesh, there a bone, over yonder a couple of ribs; there had been fine feasting. Taking up a position on the slope with my guide, where I could see some of the fragments that remained, from the higher ground where I was I had a good chance of seeing the animal approach from below, whether he came from the right or left, as judging by the numerous tracks we supposed he would. If he should come from behind, the wind was in the wrong direction, to say nothing of other disadvantages.

I had been sitting for two hours when I was suddenly roused from the usual reverie of the hunter by the noise of logs knocking one against another, and soon a stone rolled down close beside me. The bear had arrived. It is the habit of these animals to turn the dead tree-trunks and stones over, in order to get at the grubs and beetles underneath. Turning round, I knelt down with gun raised, expecting each moment to see the friendly face of the bear I had already met emerging from the little fir-trees higher up. In the trees overhead the squirrels were chattering away, the surest indication of the presence of the bear. The latter uses the "right of the stronger," and takes possession of the fir-cones which the busy little squirrels hide under the tree-trunks and stones. The fir-cones contain under their scales small tasty seeds, much prized by these little rodents and stored away for their food in the winter, when the snow is lying deep. In India it is the monkeys who by their cries warn the other beasts of the forest, as well as the hunter, of the approach of the tiger. Here the little squirrels summon the hunter to avenge the misdemeanours of the robber. I would willingly have done their pleasure, and the
EASTERN WAPITI HEAD.

Facing page 262.
sooner the better, for my position, though not distressing, was sufficiently exciting. The bear being above me held the master-hand, but this was a game which I intended to win. I do not know whether it was because I had not hunted dangerous game for so long, or because the bear by rolling the big stone down had waked me from my nap too suddenly, at any rate I had a dose of real "hunter's fever," of which I thought I was cured long since, and could count my heart-beats without feeling my pulse. This must not happen again or the bear will become conceited.

The rolling stone had long since reached the valley, the squirrels had ceased to use abusive language, and I was still at my post, but without a sight of the bear. It was evident that the wind, the hunter's inveterate enemy, had snatched a sure prey from my hands. For another two hours I stayed where I was, hoping that the bear would come back to appease his hunger, but he came not. Then I went to look at the place where he had been, and twelve paces from my seat found the hole from which he had rolled the stone; there were his tracks also showing how he had bounded up the hill when he got my wind. When I observed this I could not help thinking that man must be a vile-smelling creature indeed if the mere scent of him can put a great strong beast to flight.

To-day, according to the calendar, is the beginning of autumn, but up here in the mountains we are a whole season ahead, for winter has set in right rigorously, and it has snowed for thirty-six hours. I could follow up spoor splendidly if the snow would not begin again every two hours and fill up the tracks. I did duty again yesterday evening at my post, but once more to no purpose.

Yesterday I made the acquaintance of an animal new to me, the snow-flea. These tiny little black creatures sit on the snow by millions looking like soot from a chimney. When one comes too near, they jump like their better-known relations; my guide, however, assured me that this species has no predilection for mankind.
On the 25th of September the snow at last ceased; the sun came out in all his glory, with as brilliant a face as if he had had a good snow-bath. In the valley the snow was lying a foot deep, on the mountains two feet, and I could now go out with renewed vigour to follow the spoor of game. The morning's quest brought me to the tracks of a herd of black-tail deer, and in a couple of hours I was within twenty paces of a poorish animal of ten points. I did not shoot because the wind was in my favour and the tracks in the snow had shown me that there was a bigger buck in the herd. Then came a sudden gust of wind in the opposite direction, and in a few minutes I saw the whole herd make off into the valley, followed by the big buck on which I had set my affections.

The afternoon was again devoted to the bears, but I found no fresh tracks near either of the two baited places I had visited; and started for camp, rather depressed at my lack of success, even with the snow to help me. Providence, however, had in reserve for me to-day a more cruel disappointment still. Brown and I had left the last bait and were riding slowly down a steep slope when I suddenly sighted a bear in the valley. We dismounted at once, fastened our horses to a tree, and then saw that the bear was going in the same direction as ourselves, and moreover that there were two, namely, mother and cub. They were already both mine in the spirit, for a better chance could not have presented itself. The animals had not yet noticed us; they could not have had our wind, and they were scarcely three hundred paces distant. My plan was to hasten on under cover of the firs, and to fire when near enough; but suddenly Mrs. Bruin, without even a sniff round and for what reason I cannot conceive, set off at her best gait, with the youngsters behind her, straight towards the mountain-side on which I was standing. When the old bear was about a hundred and twenty-five yards away, I was obliged to fire, for in a twinkling she would have found covert. Where my bullet struck Heaven alone knows! The little bear was still so young and small that he was scarcely visible in the deep snow. The animals
were now hurrying up the hill-side, and I followed, and fired whenever the mother stopped to wait for the little one to come up. As I was not gaining ground Brown proposed to follow the bears on horseback: we therefore ran back and mounted, and then began a chase which was very much to my liking. In comparison with our horses the bears were slow movers; the little one must have been tired, and we could safely count on coming up with them in the end.

We were riding the best and surest-footed horses we had: the country which animals like these are expected to face being to our European notions absolutely impossible for a four-footed beast. It is only these trained ponies of the cowboys that are any good at all, and do not damage either themselves or their riders. Over fallen trees, holes, rocks, and streams, our good steeds went, sliding at times, or down on their knees, as we followed the deep tracks in the snow to the ridge of the mountains. There we were brought up short by a steep precipice. The bears could not have reached the summit more than a minute or two before us, but they had slid down the steep slope on the other side, as we could see by the continuous line stretching away in the snow. There was no trace of blood, and therefore it would have been useless to follow on foot.

Bad luck the hunter must expect sometimes, but such abominable luck as fell to me on this expedition is a little too much! The snow I had waited for so long had come; for three whole days I had been obliged to stay in my lonely tent till it had ceased to fall, and now instead of helping it only hinders me! Summer has come back all at once, and the sun, beautiful though he is to look at, is bestirring himself from morning to night to melt all the whiteness away. We have several degrees of frost at night, and a hard crust forms on the snow, remaining till nearly noon; then the surface becomes soft for a few hours, only to harden again when the sun's rays have lost their power. When he goes over ground like this, the hunter makes his approach known to the game
hundreds of yards away, and might just as well stay at home.

On the 27th of September I abstained purposely from going to the bear-ground, being afraid that my constant presence would frighten the animals away. The next day I found that no less than four bears had been at the bait and had polished it off, skin and bone. My guide, Brown, who is naturally of a cheerful disposition, was maddened by our ill-luck, and indulged all day in unparliamentary expressions concerning wild beasts and weather. To have come by only five head in three weeks of laborious and methodical hunting is an extraordinary thing in a country like this, but I have long since become used to disappointments of all sorts. I amused myself by watching the charming little squirrels, and threw stones at the "grouse" for want of something better to do.

It is now the 9th of October, and we have neither killed nor shot at a bear. I have been at my post every single evening, but it is evident that in this unusually warm weather the bears prefer berries and nuts to venison. I have had a couple of shots at deer, but on both occasions the conditions were unfavourable. The first I missed through slipping down the slope at the very moment when I fired; the second I killed, but he had very poor antlers. The deer usually return at dawn to the heights from which they have come down in the early hours of the morning to feed in the valley. If you find a fresh track at sunrise, you take it up, and must run up a hillside which is usually very steep; then when you are quite breathless, you see your deer and have to fire. It was very interesting to follow the tracks of a pack of wolves. Some time before they had surrounded an animal and then torn it to pieces. I missed one of the villains as he fled into the forest.

The 12th of October. My unremitting efforts to shoot a bear having proved unavailing up to this date, I resolved to leave the camp in which I had spent four weeks in vain, and to make a digression into the State of Idaho, i.e. to cross the
watershed and try my luck for a few days on the Pacific side of the Rockies. A forester who rode by told us that ten thousand deer had gone off from the National Park into the valley, and were disturbing people’s nights by their cries.

left the cook behind with the larger camp-equipment, and late on the evening of the 12th of October, with five pack-horses, reached our destination.

We had done thirty-four miles in ten hours, an excellent performance for horses, which get no other fodder than what
they find for themselves in the open, and have to step or jump over hundreds of fallen trees on a journey like this. When we descended into the valley the sun was already low in the horizon. This is the time when the deer come out of the forest. We were riding over clearings in which earth and grass were literally pounded by the wapiti, and presently I had before me a sight which was, and probably always will be, unmatched in my hunting experiences. Right and left of me hundreds of deer were grazing on the mountain-slopes, eyeing us inquisitively as we approached. One of twelve points, whom the ardour of excitement seemed to have bereft of his senses, abandoned the hinds when my guide whistled, and charged so vigorously towards us that the leading pack-horse shied and bolted. I did not shoot, as I wanted to enjoy the sight of such abundance of game so long as I could. Little by little the deer on the lower ground moved up the mountain-side, and formed great herds, one of which must have consisted of five hundred head, counting males, females, and fawns. Dozens of stags together answered the whistle of my guide: it was music to make the hunter's heart beat fast. At night the animals were calling quite close to my encampment, and I went to sleep to the calling of stags of twelve and fourteen points, or even more. They seemed to be conducting a choral festival in honour of the hinds of their choice.

The next morning I was at my post at dawn, and a fourteen-pointer made my work very easy. He was practising his upper notes at the other side of a little knoll, which I had only to go round to get a splendid shot; the antlers were not specially large, but have seven evenly matched tines on each, and thus make a fine trophy. It is the *Cervus occidentalis* of the naturalist Hamilton Smith, and differs from the wapiti of the Atlantic side of the Rockies, which is named *Cervus canadensis*. In *occidentalis* the two terminal tines of the antlers, one being above the other, are not in one plane, but arranged in crown-fashion, the plane of one intersecting that of the other. This is the wapiti of Columbia. The tributaries of
the Columbia and the Missouri take their rise in Wyoming, and here again these characteristic varieties of wapiti are found in the districts drained by these rivers. It was only on my return that this difference was pointed out to me by Professor Paul Matschie, curator of the Royal Zoological Museum of Berlin. In the afternoon I had no chance of a good animal, but next morning in the semi-darkness fell in with a herd, in which was a male who could boast at least sixteen points, if not more. Unfortunately, before anything could be done to prevent it, he got my wind, and nineteen females trotted slowly away, followed by their lord and master. My only chance was to cut off the herd before they reached the shelter of the forest. I should easily have succeeded in this, had not a female, which had fallen behind the others, spoilt my hunting. Directly the herd had disappeared behind a hillock, I left my cover and ran towards the forest, unfortunately without
seeing the female, which was standing right in my path. Frightened by my approach, she dashed after her company and set them all off in headlong flight. The question now was who would be first, and the wapiti, as usual, won. As the last chance of a shot presented itself, I fired, and the bullet shattered the left fore-leg of the male at a distance of about two hundred yards. My second bullet missed, and, though the animal lost much blood, a six hours' search was unavailing. It was a great disappointment to me not to find this fine beast, but this was not to be the only disappointment of the day. My guide and I next climbed a high range. On the top were clearings large and small, alternating with forest-land, which seemed to promise good sport for the late afternoon. In this glorious weather the stags call all day, and it was easy enough to stalk them, if only the wind remained in the right direction.

Towards four o'clock I had taken up a position in a clump of firs, from which I enjoyed a remarkably fine view. There must have been, if it were possible, a more glorious picture before my eyes than on the evening when we rode through the Pacific valley. Brown, the musician, whistled, and presently a wapiti of twelve points came slowly and deliberately towards us, followed by what looked like his twin-brother. They answered the whistling regularly, always gazing intently towards our hiding-place. In a short time a third appeared on a hill on our right and joined the company. At first there was nothing to be seen but his antlers, next the dark mane came into view and the dun coat, then he stood in full view on the bare hillock, outlined against the deep blue of the sky, like a figure cast in bronze. With outstretched neck and antlers laid back on his shoulders, he too joined in the chorus, but, now that the rutting-season was coming to an end, he was so hoarse that he could emit only a shrill note; at other times he contented himself with a sort of muffled rattle. In front of me lay forests and valleys; far behind me the snow-covered Treton could be seen, the highest mountain and glacier of this part of the Rockies, and within easy shot were three wapiti
of twelve points; a more beautiful picture neither hunter nor nature-lover could depict. I forgot altogether that I had come to shoot deer, and the spell of enchantment was broken by the voice of my guide saying, “Don’t shoot!” On the left a fourth wapiti had just appeared, one of ten points, but neither his antlers nor those of the others were specially worth winning. They were the weaker males, which had been beaten in battle and driven from the herd by their stronger adversaries, and

were now venting their rage in these musical strains. The wind remained in my favour, and seeing that the deer had no intention of moving, I must needs myself beat a cautious retreat to look for the big wapiti in the herds.

In a short time I had with my glass selected an animal with twelve points, but the lie of the land made it impossible for me to get nearer than about a hundred and sixty yards. Here again was a noble picture! Surrounded by his harem the proud stag stood turning from side to side, proclaiming to his rivals in trumpet notes that none should dispute his sway. The prowling hunter does not trouble him. In these days he

THE PACIFIC VALE.
consecrates himself wholly and entirely to the pursuit of the hinds, and forgets to guard against man, his mortal foe. I had to wait a long time till the crowd of hinds and fawns moved out of the way. Then I fired two shots, and straightway the whole herd made off into the valley. I found in the place where he stood quite a handful of hair sliced from his mane by my bullet, but not a drop of blood either there or on his tracks.

While I was following these tracks and just emerging into a clearing, I found myself close to another herd. The male was standing somewhat apart with his head lowered, and I quite thought that he was the animal I had lately wounded. My first shot made him stumble forward; at the second he went off with his herd into the valley, running on three legs. A little later I came on traces of blood, but a regular search the next day failed to discover the stag. In the afternoon I resumed the fascinating sport of hunting these noisy animals, but again
it was only the weak and mediocre specimens which came within easy shot. It was already quite dark when I at last obtained a shot, but, unfortunately, the herd sighted me too soon, and I had to fire when they were in full flight. The male came down at my second shot, but sprang up again at once, and I did not get him. After this we were obliged to return to the main camp, for our provisions were exhausted.

I was very loth to leave this beautiful country, in which I experienced so much ill-luck. I was leaving behind me three more or less badly wounded wapiti, all of which ought to have been killed, if I had placed my bullets only an inch or so better.

On my return to the old camp I visited all the baited spots at once, but found no trace of bears. They seem to have left this valley altogether, to feed on the excellent berries lower down; and I, too, will depart from this vale of disappointment, and try my luck with the sheep. The 20th of October is considered by the guides to be the latest date for
crossing the watershed; else one runs the risk of being barred by the snow, in which case one must either remain till the following spring, or go many hundreds of miles round to reach the railway again.

The weather this year has been extraordinarily mild; even now the thermometer marks $15^\circ$ R. at noon, and seldom falls below $-5^\circ$ R., and there is no snow on the ground at all; but agreeable though the mild climate is, it has spoiled my hunting. So soon as the first snow falls the bears roll themselves up and begin their winter sleep. This same snow would make me beat a hasty retreat; we must therefore depart to a better land!

When we were about to strike camp we found that six of our horses were missing, and we had to go out and hunt for them. After two days' hard riding we found three of them; the others had to be left to their fate, *i.e.* death by starvation. We happened, however, on the second day's march to come across the tracks of the lost animals, and after a diligent search of some hours our cavalcade was once more complete.

From the new camping-ground which I had selected on the actual dividing ridge of the mountains, I undertook two expeditions, both without success, and finding no tracks of game, determined to leave this part of the mountains and return to the "North Fork" of Stinking River, where I had killed the two fine deer in the previous year. The North Fork has this advantage that there is little or no risk there of being snowed up, as it lies eastward of the dividing range. The march to this place took four days and a part of the nights, and was very arduous for man and beast; although neither were any the worse. The snow we had waited for so eagerly was not here either; the temperature remained warm, our expeditions were unsuccessful, and I was beginning to lose heart.

Then my guide Brown made a very bold proposal, namely, that we should leave this camp and make a dash into the plains to get a prong-horned antelope, the only representative
of the antelopes in America. The horns at the upper end are somewhat like those of the chamois, but nearer the tips there is a pair of tines projecting forward, giving a very strange appearance. Formerly the prong-buck wandered in thousands over the plains of North America; now they are reduced to hundreds, and must be counted among the rarer game. We selected our three best horses, one of which we loaded with all that was absolutely necessary, and galloped away impetuously for the valley.

In the evening of the second day we reached a farm, where we put up, after covering eighty-five miles in thirty-six hours, partly over difficult country. The antelope-hunting was very fatiguing, because, to say nothing of the long rides, we had to strain our eyes to the utmost, using the glasses constantly to find the game, which is exactly the same colour as the prairie. In spite of our strenuous exertions for several days, we had not the good fortune to detect a single antelope; and I resolved to return to the mountains. But even this was not to be permitted, for I was suddenly attacked with such a bout of rheumatism that I could not raise my rifle. So I returned to New York, and, thoroughly discouraged, gave up my hunting for this year, in the hope that Diana would be more gracious in 1902.
CHAPTER XII

FROM THE SUDAN TO ALASKA

This is the heading I give to-day, the 8th of January 1902, to this chapter of my hunting-experiences, for I am presuming to hope that I shall succeed in the course of the year in visiting both these countries and bringing back with me some of the noblest big-game trophies in the world.

The Sudan, which only recently became accessible to sportsmen, was so strongly recommended to me as a good hunting-ground that I resolved to give up a projected trip to Southern India, in order to try my luck with lions once more, and if possible make amends for my ill-success of three years ago in Portuguese East Africa. After sundry and manifold preparations in Cairo, I started on the evening of the 8th of January, leaving that dear delightful city with a heavy heart, but dreaming of a Paradise stocked with all manner of beasts, wild and tame. So far as Luxor I travelled in a train de luxe of the Wagons-lits Company, much as though I had been in an express train in Europe. There was nothing to remind the traveller that he was passing over the classical ground of ancient Egypt; but as there was no train from Luxor to Assuan, I had to do this part of the Nile journey by boat. I found to my disappointment that Messrs. Cook had not reserved a cabin for me, and that the little steamer was quite full.

Not wishing to wait several days for the next steamer, I determined to take up my quarters in the Arabs' part of the boat, where I got a cabin more like a goat-stall than a room
for human beings. The roof was so low that even a man of my modest proportions could not stand upright; bell there

THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ, ASSUAN.

was none; and, worst of all, I could not have the window open, because the water would have splashed in. Some time

THE NILE AT ASSUAN.

before this I had discovered that you cannot always depend on Messrs. Cook, all-powerful though they are in Egypt.
One likes a little more than the privilege of paying for a ticket.

After a journey of forty-two hours, we reached Assuan on the morning of the 11th of January, when I quitted the ship, hoping that the superstition of our old German forester would not be verified in my case; the idea being the sportsman will have no luck in his hunting if he chance to meet an old woman in the morning. In the course of my travels I have seldom come across such a pack of old women as we had on board our boat, which indeed bore the proud name of Cleopatra. I do not understand how the pious American lady-missionaries reconcile it with their consciences to travel on a boat named after one who is said to have been hardly on speaking terms with morality.

At Assuan I was condemned to two days' inactivity, since the steamer which was to take me to Wady Halfa did not start till the 13th of January. I employed my time in learning Arabic from my Bedouin dragoman, Sadi, whom I had engaged
WESTERN WAPITI HEAD.
The Nile at Wady Halfa.
at Cairo. I came to an agreement with the guide that he should provide everything needful for the expedition except arms, ammunition, and drinkables.

The journey from Assuan to Wady Halfa was made by the Government steamer Tanjore. There were but four of us as passengers, and we got on very well together; the boat was clean, food and the service excellent; one can recognise at once the strong hand of the British Government. The journey is a slow process, for, owing to the many sandbanks, the boat has to lie to from sunset to dawn, and we were three days in doing the 219 miles.

From Wady Halfa to Khartum there is direct connection, the railway-journey taking thirty-six hours. The train is made up exclusively of sleeping and dining saloons, and is as good as the best expresses of Europe. The carriages are built to the pattern of the American Pullman cars, with six axles and springs lying transversely to the rails, and they travel considerably better than those of our D trains; so that the journey to Khartum, which may be counted as belonging to Central Africa, is far more comfortable than that from Cologne to Berlin.

Khartum itself is a horrible place; the only hotel consisting
of a few sheds scattered about in a vegetable-garden. The

food is the worst imaginable, but one has to remember that
the place has only been re-inhabited for something like four
years.
The British officers and Government officials, with whom I came in contact in the matter of choosing a hunting-ground and taking out the permits, were all, from the Sirdar downwards, most amiable; a thing which is all the more worthy of acknowledgment as I am a stranger, come to the country to kill game.

The Sudan is divided into five hunting-districts, having various regulations in force for the shooting of the larger wild game. Two different permits, A and B, are issued for all districts. A costs £2.5, and entitles the bearer to shoot all game except elephants, buffaloes, hippopotamuses, and ostriches. Of the various kinds of antelopes and birds, the total number stipulated by the permit is sixty-seven. Beasts of prey, such as lions, leopards, jackals, and hyænas, may be shot *ad libitum*. Permit B, costing £5, allows only the shooting of the wild beasts just mentioned, and in addition a few antelopes, which are found only in the mountains. Elephants, buffaloes, hippopotamuses, and ostriches are entirely excluded from these
permits. The number which may be shot differs in each
district; and for these extra fees have to be paid as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Animal</th>
<th>Male</th>
<th>Female</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Elephant</td>
<td>£8</td>
<td>£12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hippopotamus</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ostrich</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
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In the case of elephants and ostriches there are additional
payments in respect of the ivory and feathers. For animals
included in permit A, there are also export charges to pay;
these are small for males, very high for females—quite a
reasonable arrangement.
In the matter of choosing my hunting-ground, the main question was whether I should go up the White Nile or the Blue Nile. There is plenty to be said for and against either of these. The Blue Nile, District 4, with its tributaries, the Dinder and Rahad, is the one usually chosen by sportsmen, because the conditions of the country are the more favourable. District 2, the White Nile, is less visited for two reasons: firstly, because the left bank only of the river is available for hunting, the right side being a so-called "game-reserve," in which hunting is forbidden; and secondly, because the climate is not so good as that of the Blue Nile. After long deliberation I
decided for the White Nile, partly because the country was little known and therefore more interesting, partly because the permit of this district allowed me to shoot twice as many elephants and buffaloes, and six times as many hippopotamuses, as I was permitted to kill in the Blue Nile district.
The Blue Nile is no longer navigable at this season of the year, and the long distance to the hunting-ground must be covered on camel-back; the White Nile, on the other hand, is practicable for steamers for some way above Fashoda, and remains so all the year round. Another question before me
was whether I should take the weekly steamer to Fashoda, or go up the river in a sailing-boat. The first method would have been the easier, but then I could land only where the steamer put in, and moreover, once landed, I had neither riding-camels nor transport-camels to carry my camp equipment into the interior. The idea occurred to me to charter two sailing-boats. One of these I had fitted up with a roomy cabin of straw matting, and on the other I shipped eight camels and two donkeys. In this way I was free to land wherever I wanted, and had my transport animals always available. At this time of year the wind blows continuously from the north, and it was so strong that in the first thirteen hours my boats travelled twenty-two miles.

I must pause a moment to mention my fellow-traveller,
who is my old friend Brown, known to my readers as my guide in the Rocky Mountains. He came with me as companion and general manager. With his peculiarly American adaptability to strange surroundings, and his own practical common-sense, he makes himself useful at all times, and I am glad to have with me at least "one white sentient soul" in the midst of all these ugly blackamoors. On my improvised yacht everything works admirably; the cook is developing into a veritable artist. He understands so well how to disguise the taste of the inevitable and universal mutton

\[1\] "One white sentient soul"—a reminiscence of Schiller's *The Diver*. In the ballad the diver finds himself the "one sentient being" amidst the monsters of the deep.
or goat-flesh, that one scarcely recognises it is the abominable animal of the Khartum Hotel.

The second day after our departure we passed a crocodile asleep on the bank. I could easily have shot hundreds of birds,
such as ducks, geese, and turkeys, but refrained, because it would have caused too much delay, and my hopes and wishes were set on bigger game.

Early on the morning of the 23rd of January, we arrived at El Duem, where I paid a visit to the resident British officer, to inform him of my intention to hunt on the White Nile. After a wait of some hours, the boats put out again, and we were favoured the whole day by so strong a breeze that we overtook the Fashoda steamer, which started before us, and were soon out of sight of her. In the afternoon we passed a good many crocodiles reposing on the banks, and saw as well three hippopotamuses gambolling in the water, and happy, as they seemingly always are. It is useless to shoot at these animals in midstream, when one has no intention of anchoring and finishing them off properly.

Unfortunately there is at present in the Sudan no law which forbids shooting from the steamers. The passengers amuse themselves by firing at hippopotamuses and crocodiles, the steamer meanwhile continuing its course, and no one troubling to see what the effect has been of the shots.

The farther we sailed up-stream the more beautiful the scenery. The banks, which for the first part of the journey
were just bare sandhills, edged with a narrow fringe of green, were now wooded, and on either side there was a border of grass six feet high, the nocturnal feeding-ground of the hippopotamuses. The globe-trotter who takes the trouble to go to Khartum should not fail to go at least three or four days' journey farther up the river. So far as Khartum the Nile is nothing more than a muddy channel in the sand, but where we now are it has a very real beauty, particularly at sunrise and sunset. River and river-banks are enlivened by thousands upon thousands of long-legged flamingoes, cranes, pelicans, geese, and every other species of feathered fowl known to tropical Africa.

On the following morning I found out that we had reached Abu Zeir, so that we had therefore done another seventy miles. The hippopotamuses became more and more numerous: as we lay at anchor, I fired at a big bull, which was standing up to his knees in the water, a hundred paces away. Had I succeeded in hitting between the eye and the ear, I should have killed him, but I missed the fatal spot, and he plunged into the safety of the deep water. In the afternoon one of the sailors saw from the mast a small herd of waterbuck. We put into the bank, and after a brief hunt, brought the leader of the

![Image: White-marked, or Rothschild's, Gazelle: Head of Male.](image-url)
herd down. The horns are abnormal, one of them being broken off half-way down, a phenomenon I have not hitherto observed in any antelope.

On the 25th of January by 9 A.M. the boat had accomplished seventy-two miles more; and I was now sixty miles inside the border of District 2, and decided to make my first expedition into the interior, westward. In a little native village I tried to get a guide who knew the country, but neither money nor kind words prevailed. It would seem that a lion had been heard roaring the previous night; but I did not believe this story, and went on board again and continued the journey up the river, sending a native to the mast-head to look out. Late in the afternoon he sighted game on the bank, and climbing up the mast I saw a herd of antelopes, though I could not make out whether they were Bubalis or Hippotragus. The land being well wooded and apparently suitable for stalking, I stopped the boats, and had preparations made for an expedition into the
interior next day. The search for men, who would give me information about the country and the game, was fruitless. I found not a soul, but got a little gazelle with pretty horns, and was delighted to make out elephant-tracks everywhere. Seeing that I could explore farther afield if mounted, our two donkeys, Daisy and Roosevelt, were landed in the afternoon. Following the tracks of some natives for a couple of hours I came to a few huts inhabited by dirty Bedouins, and succeeded in engaging two of these malodorous beings as guides. I learned that there was no water anywhere near, except that of the Nile, and that all animals have to come to the river to drink.
I was told that three elephants had been coming to the water for the last three days, and that they might be expected again the next morning; there were lions also,—one was roaring last night,—and antelopes by the hundred. This was the Bedouin talk, and I shall soon see how much I have been imposed on again by these blacks, who, as we know, can beat white men at lying. In the evening I shot another gazelle, and missed a running hartebeest at a hundred paces.

Sunrise found me already after an elephant. The spoor could not have been more than three or four hours old at most. After a time, on reaching a spot where the tracks were clearly marked, I discovered—what I had rather suspected—that my Bedouin was guiding me back along the track of the elephant; and it was only after long explanation that he was induced to follow up the spoor in the proper direction. However good our eyes may be in other respects, when it comes to following spoor in dry grass we are helpless and have to trust entirely to the natives. These fellows are glad enough to earn a little money, but with few exceptions they are terribly afraid of wild beasts, and prefer to follow the tracks in the wrong direction,
which saves them from danger and brings in the money all the same. After three hours of hard going we came to a place where the elephant had stood for some time and seemingly had lain down; then he had gone off at a quick pace, as was clearly shown by the deep marks of his toes in the sand. It was apparently the accursed wind again which had made him flee from us. It would have been useless to follow him farther;

so we returned to our boats with one more disappointment to record in the annals of our elephant-hunting.

In the afternoon I shot two gazelles and a hartebeest, and the following morning pitched camp six miles from the river, in order to be more in the heart of the country in which the elephants spend the day. The chief difficulty of a march like ours inland is that all the water for man and beast has to be carried in pig-skins. The water takes its colour and taste from the hides, especially if they have been little used, and is
very unpalatable. I had the empty bottles of Rosbach water (excellent drink in the Tropics) filled with Nile water, loaded on camel-back, and taken with me up-country. Owing to the incapacity of the guides my elephant-hunting was unsuccessful, even when we were on freshly made tracks. I was desperate, particularly when I found one afternoon that, in my absence, five elephants had been quite close to my tent, and had decamped speedily at sight of camels and men.

This morning we were standing all together in a thicket of thorns and creepers, speaking of wind and game, when one of the Bedouins suddenly pointed in a particular direction, and cried out several times "fil," i.e. elephant, and then with all his comrades took to his heels. I should not have objected to this if the brutes had put down my two guns, which they were carrying; but they were off with them, and I had to run after them to get possession of my rifles, a performance as ludicrous as it was annoying. I made plentiful use of the butt-end of my rifle to begin with, and then went back to the place where the elephants should have been, only to find nothing which indicated their presence. We neither heard nor saw an elephant; the whole affair was the vivid imagination of the Bedouins. The theory that a man should never part from his gun is no doubt correct, as is shown once more by this affair of mine, but to put the theory into practice is not always easy in great heat, owing to the weight of one's guns and the denseness of the undergrowth.

On returning to camp I had the satisfaction of seeing the two cowardly fellows abused and repudiated by every one; even the peaceable camel-drivers from Khartum joined in, though I am convinced that their courage is not much greater. There was but one thing to do now. The elephants had been vexed by my noisy camp, so I packed the guides off home and returned to the Nile, hoping that, in the course of my hunting-expedition, I should come across a better and bolder type of men. On this trip also I made the acquaintance of the ostrich. These birds did not bury their heads in the sand, a habit
they are stated in the natural history lesson at school to possess. So far as I could see, they made off at once with great speed.

Having lost my only available pencil, I have made no entry in my diary for a fortnight, but there was nothing of importance to record. South of Achmed Aga, an isolated mountain on the right bank of the Nile, the river changes its character entirely. There is no more sand to be seen, the banks are marshy and impassable sometimes for a mile from the river, and beyond the marsh there is a luxuriant forest, in which hundreds of monkeys lead a merry life. The marshy banks exhale, particularly by night, the offensive smell of decomposing vegetable matter; and it is these well-known and justly feared exhalations which beget the fever, and I knew that it was only a question of time with me when I should be laid up again with my old scourge, malaria. Eventually it came—shivering fits alternating with high temperature—and the only thing to do was to move away
at any cost and go inland. But we were separated from *terra firma* by the marsh; the camels refused to move on the soft ground, and the donkeys stuck in the mud and had to be got out with poles. We had therefore, first of all, to build a causeway over which could pass the laden beasts. The Sudanis, who are naturally lazy, shirked the work. On the ship they got their fill of the flesh of the animals we shot, and they only wanted to eat and sleep. So I threw their meat into the water, and promised them more and better food inland.

Finally, after two days' work, my tents were pitched in the evening in the beautiful forest; but we were bothered by swarms of mosquitoes,—the abominable insects which are said to inoculate men with the malaria-germ. Accordingly, next day I moved six miles farther up-country, where I found an excellent camping-ground, entirely free from mosquitoes owing to the absence of water. The fever soon subsided, and in a few days I could again march with impunity for ten hours in
the sun. I did not return at all to the boats now, but with my caravan kept a course parallel with the stream, leaving the boats to follow.

The farther south I went the greater the falling off in the quantity but not in the quality of the game. Between Moahed Zeraf and Kaho I found numerous tracks of buffalo, and devoted myself at once to this interesting sport. I had not yet discovered a native guide; the country is almost uninhabited, and the few natives whom I have met, called Dinkas, are very low in the scale of civilisation. They go quite naked, and show no sort of ambition. Neither money nor fresh meat has any attraction for them; they just manage to live on the small quantities of grain which they get in exchange for their goats. Thank Heaven, I do not need them any longer, for I have discovered among my sailors one who appears to be a very good fellow. The sailors are very reluctant to leave the ship, and every morning I have to force some of them to accompany me in order to bring into camp the animals I shoot. On one of these occasions I was much struck with the way in which a black named Brindji discovered a herd of hartebeests one day and, taking due account of the wind, stalked the animals so well that I got a shot at them. After this I tempted him with good pay to be my guide, and I think that the success of the whole expedition is assured, thanks to this one man. I know now where the game is, it only remains to get at it. Unlike most Sudanis, Brindji has an unassuming
demeanour, and is endowed with all the qualities a hunter should possess. His eyes are better than mine, even when aided by a good Zeiss glass, he knows the habits of the game, and, better still, he has the courage to follow the tracks of a wounded buffalo.

The buffaloes apparently come down to the Nile every night to drink, but they leave their retreat in the jungle only after sundown, and go back again before sunrise. The only course open to the hunter is to take up a track early in the morning and follow it until he comes upon his game. This sounds simple enough, but is by no means so simple in actual practice. The tracks are very difficult to follow in high grass, and on the bare hard ground, where the grass has been burnt away, are almost indistinguishable.
The places which the buffalo chooses for his siesta during the hot hours of the day are always overgrown with thorn-bushes. To speak generally, there is scarcely a plant in this country which does not grow something which pricks or scratches; even the grass which covers the great plains being no exception. Then there is the horrid wind to take account of; and, finally, it is the regular habit of buffalo, as is well known, not to stand on their own direct tracks, but to come back some thirty or forty paces to right or left of them. Twice already these cunning animals have in this way sighted me first, or scented me. Then there is a cracking of branches, a vision of dark forms vaguely outlined in the
thicket, a whirling cloud of dust, and the toilsome task of stalking goes for nothing!

To-day I followed the spoor of about ten buffaloes for five hours, and again my hunting would have been in vain, the animals being already behind us, if a calf had not lowed and so betrayed the place in which the little herd was standing. The wind being favourable, I was able to get within thirty paces of them, and could easily have brought down a young bull, but he was too small, and I granted him his life.

The buffaloes of the Sudan belong to the group of the Cape or Kafir species. In these Abyssinian buffaloes the horns are not so heavy as are those of their brothers of the south; they are also flatter, and do not curve inwards so much at the points.

The 3rd of February. For the last three days I have been on the way back to Khartum, *i.e.* I have been working northwards, and have given up my projected visit to Fashoda. The most southerly point I reached was Kaho, which lies some fifty miles north of Fashoda, on the western curve of the great bend which the Nile here makes. The region between Kaho
and Fashoda, according to the account of some hunters I met in the former place, was likely to be more boggy than the country I am now in, and also short of game. I do not want to conjure up the fever-demons, and know now how to find elephants, ostriches, and buffaloes on the way back. The prospect of getting a lion is unfortunately the feeblest imaginable: I have found no tracks of lions, nor have I once heard the resounding roar of these beasts. The natives assert that the lions are on the other side of the Nile, but I am not allowed to hunt there. Buffaloes are plentiful on this side, and on the 14th of February I stalked a herd of forty to fifty. It was an impressive sight, this array of powerful, dark-brown beasts, a very forest of horns. For a long time I tried, from my place of concealment, to single out with my glasses a big bull, but it is very hard to make out which horns are best, because the buffalo carries his head high, and the black horns do not contrast strongly with his dark coat. As I could get no nearer than a hundred and ten paces, I fired at this distance. In a
moment the herd dashed away, the wounded animal with them. I found blood-marked tracks, and in half-an-hour saw the herd again, standing in the shade of some trees.

I now stalked them with great caution, for the wounded buffalo might easily conceal himself behind one of the thick bushes and make a rear attack, as is the habit of the animals, on Brindji and myself. The black examined every bush, even those which could scarcely have given covert to a rabbit; the wounded buffalo was however with the herd, as was proved later by the large pool of blood we found. It was unfortunate that I could not get another shot. When I approached again, they made off in headlong flight: it was a noble sight to see the massive brutes racing away with tails in the air.

The next day Brindji brought me in masterly style up to a smaller herd, the sounds of which his sharp ears had caught a long way off. A buffalo which stood directly facing me fell dead at my first shot, hit in the brain. The whole herd then galloped past me, but, seeing only cows and calves, I did not fire again. The one I shot was unfortunately a cow—there was not a single bull in the herd. As I said before, if the buffalo does
not lower his head, the horns are very difficult to distinguish, particularly in a country where thousands of little branches spoil the view. The afternoon hunt brought me a crocodile, 10 feet 4 inches long, and a male white-eared kob. The 17th of February, therefore, with its hundred per cent of successful shots was a red-letter day in my "book of the chase"; but there was better still to come.

A DEAD ABYSSINIAN BUFFALO.

Some days later I stalked a herd of buffaloes, again to within forty paces; it was none too soon for me, for I had run for five hours after the brutes, which would not consent to stop. They were hidden behind the thick underwood, and it was only the movement of a tail to and fro that revealed the place. I could not get round them on the left because of the lie of the land, nor on the right for they would have had my wind. I determined therefore to stand ready to fire and to draw the animals from their retreat. Kneeling down beside a
little bush which matched the colour of my clothes, I began to imitate the cry of a calf calling to its mother, first gently, then louder and louder, but could not disturb their peace. It was only when Brindji joined in the chorus, imitating the lowing of a cow, that the buffalo, whose tail had attracted me, turned slowly round and came out of the bush into the open. He was the bull of the herd, as I had expected from the fact that he was standing behind the others. He was a big fellow, and when he was broadside to me I lodged a bullet well in the shoulder, as indeed I ought to have done at such short range. I did not empty my second barrel, for in the herd which was now galloping away there did not appear to be any animal worth trying for. The wounded bull started off with the herd, but presently dropped behind, and finally took covert in the jungle alone. After half-an-hour's wait, the meaning of which Brindji could not fathom, I started off armed to the teeth, and took up the blood-stained spoor, expecting to have another fight with the old giant; but soon found him lying in the thorn-scrub, stone-dead. I had good cause to be pleased with the size of his horns; but the following Sunday had some quite different trophies in store.

At 6 a.m. I was on the fresh spoor of a solitary buffalo, and soon afterwards saw him standing in the shade of a tree. Wind and ground were in my favour, and I was easily able to approach to within sixty paces. As I was stalking him, I discovered another buffalo quite near, but, as I had made out with the glasses a splendid pair of horns on the first animal, I left the second alone. There was a clear line of fire as I knelt down, and I could choose any spot between the thick neck and the flanks, except the shoulder, which was hidden by a tree-trunk. I decided to try the neck, and the buffalo fell dead when I fired. I now turned my attention to the second animal, quickly slipped another cartridge into the rifle, and came out into the open. The buffalo was broadside-on to me twenty-five paces away, looking straight in front of him, evidently puzzled to know where the sound of the shot came from.
When I raised my rifle he turned his head towards me, and so we stood facing one another for our duel. Neither of us would give way. Knowing well that I must inflict a fatal wound, if I did not want to find myself in a very awkward predicament, I took aim quietly, endeavouring to find on his dark brown hide the spot through which I should reach the heart. When I fired, he dashed some ten paces forward, then turning round with tail in the air gazed now to right, now to left, and now straight at me. I never moved a muscle, and he cannot have seen me properly. Next he turned sharply to one side, and bounded forward for a few steps, when I took my momentary chance of reloading. Then he faced round once more, exposing his shoulder for a shot. He sprang forward on receiving my fire, and turned again towards me, this time with his head lowered. This showed me that he was mortally wounded, and that he was on the point of falling dead. The pictures one so often sees of buffalo charging with heads
down are misrepresentations. They never charge thus, but always with their heads up, dropping them at the last moment to catch their victim on the horns. Just as the ponderous beast was tumbling over, I gave him a third bullet in the shoulder. On closer examination I saw that they were both old bulls, the second being a much more powerful animal than I expected to find the Abyssinian buffalo. (Later on it was ascertained that this buffalo was of larger proportions than any of the Abyssinian variety of the Cape buffalo hitherto measured. The greatest outside width of the horns is 3 feet 8 inches; and up to the time of the publication of my book this record had not been beaten.)

At last I seem to be favoured by the luck which attended me only too rarely on my expeditions. It was indeed a piece of great good fortune to meet under such favourable circumstances, and to bring down without any untoward incident, these two old bulls who were spending the remainder of their days apart from the herd.

On the next day also I succeeded in bringing down, one after the other, two Baker's antelope. They are noble beasts, coming next after the eland in size. One of my shots at a female of the species was interesting. The bullet hit her immediately below the spinal column, about half-way between the withers and dewlap. With the naked eye I could clearly see the blood spurting out, yet, wounded as she was, she raced away, and in spite of a long chase I could not get her. The explanation of the mystery is that between the withers and the internal organs is a hollow, large enough to admit a small bullet like that of my rifle. The animal may live to a great age with such a wound, especially as it is within reach of the tongue.

After these great successes came a greater failure;—I missed a panther as he was slinking by me in the thick grass. Both bullets went too high, as the puffs of dust clearly showed. I am as bad as a sixth-form schoolboy, who cannot make up his mind to use ut with the subjunctive; I seem never able to get into my head that a rifle carries too high at this short
range. I made some amends for my error by shooting three white-eared kob the same day.

While carefully following buffalo-spoor on the last day of February, I discovered a herd of ostriches, about twenty strong, in a grassy plain. Accompanied by Brindji, I began at once to stalk this rare game, the habits of which I do not know at all.

From the great caution with which the black went to work I concluded that the birds must be very shy. Taking covert sometimes behind a little thorn-bush, sometimes behind a clump of dry grass, we approached the big birds, which were moving slowly along with outstretched necks. The covert became more and more sparse, the ostriches went faster and faster, and finally with mighty strides of long legs started off at a run. Though the distance was at least five hundred yards,
it was my last chance, and I was obliged to fire. Lo and behold, one of them fell, flapping its short wings! Another, which I supposed to be wounded, separated itself from the herd, and we began to race him. There were three runners, a white, a black, and an ostrich. Result of the race: Ostrich 1, Black 2, White 3. The last-named gave up, dead beat, at the end of half a mile.

The bird that fell was a hen, and I had broken her leg. Heaven be praised, say I, that ostriches cannot make use of their wings. First of all I took out the stomach, in which, as we know, diamonds are said to be found; but I discovered only a couple of handfuls of pebbles. However, the cutting open of the stomach was very instructive, for I found the contents to be mainly the leaves of a cactus, and I shall certainly in future look for ostriches in the neighbourhood of those plants.

So far I am quite contented with my bag; the proportion of successful to unsuccessful shots is also satisfactory. Of the sixty-seven animals shot at, forty are to-day in my possession. Though I would willingly stay a little longer in the country, it is high time to turn my attention to elephants—in other words to go farther north, to the place where six weeks ago I found their tracks in plenty.

While the boats are being rowed slowly downstream, I myself, with camels and camp, keep a parallel course, pitching tent for the night sometimes on the bank, sometimes a mile or two from the river. This is an excellent way of studying the game of the country. From the tracks made by the animals, which must perforce go to the Nile to quench their thirst, I can make out what kinds of game frequent the district. Marching a couple of miles or so ahead of my caravan, I shot during the first five days of March four gazelle, two male tiang, a waterbuck, and two magnificent Baker's antelope. There are various species of hartebeest, among which are the tiang (*Damaliscus tiang*) and a new species from the White Nile, named in my honour by the African traveller, Professor Oscar Neumann, *Bubalis niediecki*. 
On a certain morning one of the last-named animals interested me much by its behaviour. I was moving with my companions and the donkey "Roosevelt" out of the bush into a large plain, when I saw the buck on the far side several hundred yards away, and coming directly towards us. I immediately gave the signal "down," and we all lay motionless on the ground. The buck had seen us, and stood still, but, as we did not stir, he came on slowly towards us, manifestly to satisfy his curiosity as to the donkey. "Roosevelt" rose to the situation, and stood as though sculptured in marble, while the buck with his head in the air kept on his way, throwing out his fore-legs and pawing the ground like a circus-horse. Two hundred paces away he stood still for twenty minutes, and then began his march again, passing close by us. Suddenly he stood still, and then turned round; he had our wind, but before he could escape, my bullets had punished his curiosity.

The numerous tracks of ostriches induced me to make a long march into the interior to explore the great plains on which
those birds live. Setting out two hours before sunrise, it was not till eleven o'clock that I sighted a herd of ostriches about a mile away, and then the hunt began. Covert there was none, so Brindji and I, stooping low, went over the plain as hard as we could go, to try to lessen the intervening distance. When

we were six to seven hundred yards away, the whole company decamped. None of my bullets hit, and, disappointed and breathless, I ate my lunch without appetite, and washed it down with nothing but hot water. No shade, a vertical sun, and nothing killed; this is the culmination of misery to the hunter in Africa! But I did not yet despair, and went out after the ostriches again in the afternoon with renewed courage.
After a while I discovered that the birds were in the place where I had last seen them, and now determined to arrange a great drive. Brown and the natives remained behind with the donkey, which had been groomed like a racehorse, while Brindji and I were to make a big detour and then lie down in the grass; the rest were to act as beaters, and it was agreed that, at the given moment, Brown should charge on "Roosevelt." Everything was well considered, signals were agreed on and watches compared, but we had reckoned without the sagacious birds. They were again under sail; so the drive had to be relinquished. I determined to shoulder my repeating Mauser once more, put my best foot foremost, and run after them,
taking advantage of all the covert there was. By straining every nerve I came within about six hundred yards; and then, aiming at the herd as well as I could, fired shot after shot. At the sixth shot a bird came down, and, satisfied with this result under the difficult circumstances, I sat down in the grass with my black, gasping for breath. The boy suddenly jumped up, and hopping about cried "Dakka mat!" which means "Cock dead!" I saw with my glasses a mass of black and white feathers lying on the ground, while the rest of the ostriches were running away fast. The hen, which I had shot high up in the leg, I put out of her misery, and, when the beaters came up, we joined forces and carried her to her dead brother, so as to photograph the two together. The sight of the mass of feathers awoke in me irresistible reminiscences of a lady's hat, for they are the adornments which as a rule we associate only with the gentler sex. The image of some fair lady, lately seen, wearing a hat bedecked with ostrich-plumes, floats vaguely before the hunter's eyes; then he comes back to the realities of life, back to the dry, sandy plain stretching
away to the horizon, back to the commonplace fact that ostriches must be skinned forthwith, if he is to be in camp before nightfall.

The plumage of the cock compared with that of the hen is in point of beauty as different in ostriches as in most birds. The cock's feathers are only black and white, and much longer than those of the hen, which are of a simple uniform grey. On the following day also Diana smiled upon me. In the morning I brought down two male hartebeest, and in the afternoon succeeded in hitting a splendid specimen of Baker's antelope at two hundred and fifty paces. The ball entered the neck, and, exploding inside, shattered the heart and lungs. His horns, like the buffalo's, hold the world's record for size; measured along the outside of the curve they are 3 feet 1\(\frac{1}{4}\) inches long.

Meantime it was becoming very warm up the White Nile, though in general the temperature had been much lower than I
had expected it would be. On the journey upstream to Khartum it was cold; in Assuan, which is considerably farther south than Cairo, I was frozen, as one is wont to freeze on the Riviera or in Italy. It was of course "the coldest day of the century," the "oldest inhabitant" did not remember anything like it—one knows the old refrain. At Khartum too it was warm only in the middle of the day, and staying out of doors after sunset was decidedly cold. At present the thermometer records in the middle of the day 30° to 40° R. in the shade, or I should rather say my thermometer goes no higher than this, and it may very well be warmer. The nights are pleasantly cool, and enable us to enjoy our very necessary sleep.

On the 11th of March I reached once more the country in which I had previously found traces of elephants, and this morning at six o'clock was on the fresh spoor of one which
had gone farther inland. I marched till towards noon at a smart pace, and then, not having enough water for a night out, had to give up the pursuit and make my way back to camp. As I could not manage to get at an elephant in the course of one day, and there was not moonlight enough just now to bring off a shot near the river at night, I determined next day to make a little trip into the interior. I had both donkeys packed with provisions and water, marched six miles west, and sent the donkeys back to camp, keeping with me only Brown and two blacks. We rigged up our little camp for the night under some thorn-bushes on a great plain over which I had a wide view, intending to cut off the elephants next morning on their return from the Nile to their favourite haunt. I left the tents and their paraphernalia behind on purpose, because they could be carried only on camel-back, and the number of camp-fires the blacks keep up at night for fear of wild beasts would have frightened off the elephants.

At 3 A.M.—it was a pitch-dark night—Brindji roused me saying that there were elephants about, he could hear them. I listened for some time, and then, hearing and seeing nothing, lay down again and went to sleep. Half an hour later the black boy waked me once more, saying that the elephants were close to us. Going a little way into the open in my stockinged feet, there, sure enough, I saw some dark masses moving. I went back quickly, put on my shoes, and picked up the 375-calibre rifle. Meantime the animals had come nearer; I could clearly see the outline of one of them, apparently about sixty paces away. Brindji repeatedly urged me to shoot; but as I could see neither rear-sight nor foresight, and did not want at any price to wound an elephant in the darkness, I did not shoot, hoping that the animals would go quietly by, and that I might be able to take up their spoor at dawn with a good prospect of success. I never supposed, till too late, that they would attack us, and that I ought to have fired a shot into the air to frighten them away. Suddenly a deafening trumpeting resounded, I jumped back into the
bush, ran right into an elephant, and fell. My endeavours to creep forward were vain, there was a heavy thing on my left foot,—it was the elephant. I pushed against him with all my force, but to no purpose. Picturing the big beast thrusting one of his huge tusks through my body, I was just about to say good-bye to the world, when suddenly my foot was free. I crept on all fours through the thorns, and ran out on the open plain, when I threw myself flat on the ground behind a little bush, and shammed dead. The elephant would doubtless follow me, I supposed, after the usual fashion, to complete his work of destruction. We are told on good authority that elephants do not meddle with lifeless bodies, and, as strategy of this kind seemed to be my last chance, I adopted it. Glancing up, I thought I saw an elephant in every bush, hunting for me, and then my ears caught the sound of a man's groans, the first sound I had heard of my companions since the attack began. Next I heard the grass rustling just in front of me, and thought that it was the elephant, and held my breath. But it was not, and glancing to one side I saw a man creeping along the ground; it was the black boy, Abdul Hamed. He was stark
naked, whispered a few words I could not understand, and fell face forward on the grass. I could not wait any longer. I wanted to get at my guns, and ran towards the thorn-bush where I had lost them. Then Brindji rushed up, seized me violently by the arm, and raced me off over the plain towards the river, crying repeatedly "Elchem," his word for "Camp." He wanted to run back to it; and with great difficulty I succeeded in stopping him, after a regular fight, in which I tore off him the rags which served for clothes. Terror had brought him to a pitch of excitement bordering on madness. I asked him about our fourth companion, Brown, and he kept repeating "Brown mat" and "Mafish" (dead), and that the elephants had carried him off. At the same time he kept pointing to one place, to tell me that the animals were still there. Making him lie down on the grass beside me, I explained that running was no good, and that the only chance of safety lay in my guns and in firing the grass to frighten the animals away. We crept back to the little battlefield. I snatched up my rifle eagerly—it was lying on the ground with the breech open but unloaded—and put in a cartridge quickly, to fire into the air; but, sad to say, the rifle would not shut, the lock was bent. I then felt in the darkness for my 9 mm. gun; also for Brown, shouting his name loudly, but receiving no answer; and for matches, but none were to be found. With united forces Brindji and I then blew up the still glowing embers of last night's fire. I threw on it all the dry grass which had made our beds, and in a short time the flames were shooting up a yard high, and the danger was past. Brindji now imitated the elephant, showing how he had seized Brown with his trunk and carried him off. I had already in the spirit buried him and reported the sad affair to his old mother in Wyoming, when, lo and behold! the man I thought dead stood before me, rifle-on-shoulder. This was the happiest moment of my life. I had not only the joy of seeing my friend in the land of the living, but the heavy load of responsibility was lifted from my heart.
We now stirred up the fire with all our might; the elephants had gone. Then we were anxious to bring Abdul Hamed, who appeared to be badly wounded, to the fire, but the poor fellow refused to be touched; he wanted to die, and begged us to bury him, and not leave him to feed the vultures. He bequeathed his donkey, left behind at Assuan, and his gun to a friend, and all our attempts to persuade him that he would not die were useless. When the sun rose a few hours later, we saw that he had a gaping wound across the loins, and seemed also to have some internal injuries: Brindji was bleeding profusely from a wound above one of his eyes, Brown was quite undamaged, and I had severe pain in the left foot, and was bleeding from three little thorn-scratches on the head. While Brindji hastened off to camp to bring camels and donkeys, Brown and I rigged up a litter for the black, and also bandaged my foot, which was already much swollen. I had torn, or at any rate strained, the sinews.

A few hours later I mounted my donkey, and Brindji, Brown, and I, thinking how nearly we had been a funeral procession, went back on the tracks of the elephants in order to make out exactly what had happened. We found that the animals, a big male and two females, on their way from the jungle to the river, had scented us, and then circled several times round our camp. They were the same beasts that Brindji had so often observed. They came very slowly and cautiously along until they were within a few yards, and then rushed in to destroy us. It is very easy, as one knows, to miscalculate distances in the darkness, but when I saw the animals shortly before they charged, they were only a few yards from us, and not sixty as I thought. If I had suspected that they were so close I should certainly have fired into the air, for I should have realised that they intended to attack; the shots would probably have frightened them and made them turn aside. But when a hunter goes to the trouble of bivouacking at night in order to kill elephants, of course the
very last thing he would think of is to alarm and frighten away his game.

At the moment when the elephants rushed into the bush, two of them abreast and the third behind, Brown was standing farthest to the right on the plain, and separated from the three of us who leapt into the bush. After jumping successfully out of the way and firing his gun into the air, he ran off over the plain, and came back only when the fire burnt up brightly and I shouted his name. The bull-elephant managed to get his trunk round Abdul Hamed, who stood near me; he then knelt down to pierce him with his tusks, but only succeeded in gashing his back. It was at this moment that the monster was on my foot. Rising from the ground, he picked up the black boy and hurled him through the air into the bushes, where his clothes were still hanging to tell the tale. Brindji saw all this, and thought that Brown was the victim. When the elephants came at us, the bull knocked me to the ground with his trunk, which he had stretched out to seize the boy. My struggles to release my foot must have been very strenuous, for the sole and heel of my heavy shooting-boot was torn off, and it was only owing to the sandy nature of the ground that the foot was not crushed to pieces. I had a rifle in my left hand at the time of the attack, and it is a marvellous thing that the elephant missed me, and trod only on the rifle.

I had got about half-way to the river, when all my boys came out to meet me, headed by Jack, the most intelligent of them, with a happy smile on his face. He had actually predicted the whole event the day before, and had refused to accompany me. To the delight of his brother blacks he had shown them how the elephants would come, kneel down, pierce us with their tusks, and then sling us into the air with their trunks, exactly as everything happened down to the smallest detail,—quite an astonishing bit of prophesying.

As I write these lines I am drifting peacefully down the
THE "RECORD" BAKER'S (ROAN) ANTELOPE.
Nile. My expedition is over, for I can move only with difficulty and great pain. Abdul Hamed's wound is healing well, but he complains of great pain in the hips and abdomen; and is for ever showing us how the elephant squeezed him with his trunk. Brindji's hurts are trifling, but he is always trembling, and I fear that his nerves have received something of a shock from the adventure. Still, when one thinks of the position in which we were, we all got off, comparatively speaking,

very well. A man cannot well be more helpless than when attacked by elephants in the darkness, without any available covert, and after losing his guns. If the elephants had happened to come back, they would have made mincemeat of every single one of us. It is easy enough for them, with their keen scent and their faculty of seeing in the dark, to find the tracks of a man and follow him. It seems highly probable that their departure is due to the shot that Brown fired, and also to the fact that two of the three were females, and that the male went after them.
Added to the danger of being trodden on by the elephants was the possibility that the loaded and cocked rifles might go off. We found my 9-mm. gun lying undamaged a few yards away from the scene of the encounter. One of the elephants must have got caught in the strap, or kicked the rifle away with his feet. When the incident is considered in the light of the "whole art and science of hunting," the question may be asked whether, in undertaking to lie in wait for elephants on a dark night, I was not carelessly exposing my men and myself to danger? I have elsewhere dealt with the subject of elephant-hunting and its dangers; but, as the case in point may be regarded as wholly exceptional, the incident, interesting enough in itself, merits a few words of explanation.

It is well known that the elephant is one of the three animals which attack men without provocation; the others being the rhinoceros and the buffalo. So far as I know, the best authorities assert that only the rogue elephant, who has been driven from the herd by a rival and lives apart, is dangerous, whereas the herd-elephants always avoid man if possible. In my case we had three elephants in company, hunting us literally for hours together, stalking, and finally charging us. The idea of such a possibility never entered my head in the night, for I knew beforehand that there were several elephants in company.

I heard from the natives that shortly before this Prince Lichtenstein had shot at elephants in the night somewhere near the place where I was hunting, but had not killed any. It may also be that the bull-elephant had been wounded once before in his life by the spear of a Bedouin, hunting, as do these people, on horseback, and that he wanted to vent his hatred of man on us.

The spoor of the animals gave no indication that one of them had been recently wounded, either by gunshot or by spear. In any case the elephants have gained their object, for I am hors de combat and have to quit the Sudan without ivory.
Baker's (Roan) Antelope Head.
On the other hand, I can truly say that I have had an interesting experience; it would have been still finer if Abdul Hamed had not been damaged. On my journey down the Nile I had the good fortune to meet one of the doctors attached to a
mission. He examined my boy, and to my great joy found no serious internal mischief. There was a bruised hip and considerable extravasation of blood, but his restoration to health is only a matter of time.

On the evening of the 18th of March I used my 9-mm. Mauser rifle on board the boat, firing a few effective shots at the head of a hippopotamus. The animal disappeared after my shots, and I supposed that he was dead and had sunk. Some natives were informed and instructed to go along the banks during the night, keeping pace with the stream, down which the body would be carried, and to tell me in the morning where the hippopotamus was floating. Quite early next day they came, and told me that a wounded hippopotamus was standing a few hundred yards upstream near the bank, and that he could not keep his head under water for long. When I came to the place it was an easy matter to penetrate the brain, aiming between ear and eye. The brute sank and was then towed to land with ropes.

My foot was mending fast, and I could now walk half a mile, but was obliged to relinquish my elephant-hunting, as the proper rifle for the purpose was unusable. The wind blew still from the north with unabated force, the heavy boats made very slow progress, and so I had myself towed by a steamer for the last hundred and ten miles to Khartum. The steamer, which belongs to the Government, did the distance in two days, and charged me the respectable sum of £30. At Khartum I spent three very uncomfortable days.

I experienced the greatest difficulties imaginable in getting cases in which to pack my trophies. The stupidity and laziness of the Sudanis are inconceivable, unless one has seen them making zinc-cases. The Government prescribes the use of these in order to prevent the introduction of the rinderpest from the Sudan into Egypt, a thing always possible if the skins and hides are packed in cases not hermetically sealed. On the 3rd of April I reached Cairo again, with a bag of sixty head, and in sound health, and
could therefore consider this expedition as the most successful of all I have hitherto undertaken.

Besides the buffalo and Baker's antelope I had the good fortune to bag another record head on this trip, namely, a white-marked, or Rothschild's gazelle (Gazella albonotata), with horns 12½ inches in length on the front curve.
On the 25th of September 1902, just four weeks and two days after leaving Ostend, I shot my first head of game in British East Africa, the everlasting waterbuck. The voyage from Europe had been long and tedious, but Mombassa, the port for British East Africa and Uganda, which lies inland, turned out better than I had expected. It is prettily situated and has a good hotel; the native Swahelis, so far as I can judge from a few days' acquaintance, are pleasanter fellows than the Kafirs of the south and the Sudanis of the north. As in Portuguese East Africa, there are no transport-animals, such as camels and donkeys, available; so there is absolutely nothing for it but the heads of the blacks. Sixty-one of these fellows I engaged in Mombassa, and with them started on my expedition by railway, first to Makindu, two hundred and twenty miles from Mombassa, on the Victoria Nyanza line. The railway has been open since January of this year, and it is another of those monuments of energy and enterprise which we see constantly in British colonies and protectorates.

At Makindu I was on the outskirts of a hunting-district now famous throughout the world, a country in which there are still plenty of lions, in which the rhinoceros can be seen from the railway line, and other wild animals, such as zebras, and various species of antelopes and the wily ostriches, still roam in herds. From Makindu to Nairobi, the most important town in the British East Africa protectorate, hunting is allowed only
on the north side of the railway line; the south side, as far as the frontier of German East Africa, being, like the right bank of the White Nile from Khartum to Fashoda, a so-called "game reserve"—in other words, a district in which no sort of game may be killed at any time of year.
From Makindu I marched for the most part along the railway line to Simba, pitching camp at various places but not stopping long in any one, because it was my intention first to get to know the country and its game, and later on to hunt as I worked down the line. At Simba I shot a few hartebeests as
meat for my bearers, and then again used the railway to Kiu, thirty-four miles on. Here I found two blacks, who offered to act as guides, and on the morning of the 29th of September I left the railway line and marched inland. Shortly after starting I shot two Grant's gazelles and a hartebeest. Towards ten o'clock I saw suddenly, eighty paces in front of me, two rhinoceroses, a male and a female, easily recognisable by their horns. All rifles were quickly loaded with the most powerful cartridges, and at full speed I was after the pachyderms. It is well known that rhinoceroses have bad sight, but they make up for this by excellent hearing and scent. They often locate men by the mere sense of smell. I made a slight circuit, so as to have the wind right and to avoid being attacked at our first meeting. The great beasts did not run far and let me get to within a hundred and fifty paces; then they started off again, the male sniffing the ground suspiciously, and, with his tail in
the air, looking as though he were standing on his head. In another five minutes I had to come within a hundred paces, and let fly at the shoulder of the male, using my English double-barrelled rifle calibre 375, with cordite powder and a solid covered bullet. The animal came down on his hind-quarters and looked like toppling over, but pulled himself up again and went off, followed by the female and another bullet. I now took my model 88-rifle, and at the first shot from this the bull came down. The female ran another hundred and fifty
MY BAG IN THE SUDAN.
paces and then stopped on the slope of a hill, apparently waiting for her spouse. He was dead; my first two bullets had lodged in the shoulder, the third hit the vertebrae of the neck, causing instant death. As I did not want to kill the female, we tried to frighten her away by loud shouting and whistling. This
had no effect, and the blacks declared that I should have to kill her to save ourselves from attack. I waited another half-hour, because I did not want the animal as a trophy, and also on account of the hunting regulations which permitted me to slay only two rhinoceroses in the year; but, when I saw the faithful better-half coming slowly towards her dead spouse, I resolved to send her, if I could, into the mountains.

Meantime, my bearers had come up and were standing all

![A RHINOCEROS COW.](image_url)

round, and, if the animal had charged, she would, at the very least, have caused frightful confusion. The rhinoceros was facing me ninety-eight paces away, when I took my 10-bore Paradox and fired a shot at her feet. After the shot she turned round and fled down the hill, soon disappearing from view. I then set to work to cut up the dead bull. In the evening I got back late to camp, having had a gratifying day's shooting—four head of game, three of which were species new to my collection.

I may at this point say a few words with regard to the
CUTTING UP THE CARCASE FOR TROPHIES.

A RHINOCEROS FŒTUS.
temperature. At Mombassa it was hot during the day, but the nights, owing to the cool sea-breeze, were endurable. Makindu, which is 4000 feet above sea-level, is considerably colder; from this place the railway line rises rapidly to Nairobi, 6000 feet. I am much higher in the mountains, and the temperature corresponds with the higher altitude. The thermometer sinks at night to 6° R., while in the day it reaches 28° R. in the shade. Consequently the cold is felt all the more, but I consider the climate to be very healthy and free from fever.

Yesterday, the 2nd of October, close to our camp, a rhinoceros, which apparently had our wind, came running down the hill in our direction. Then he lost the scent, and, as his horns did not seem very good, I let him go. Soon after this, having the wind in my favour, I found myself face to face with another rhinoceros. I stalked her to within a hundred paces and then gave her two bullets. She turned round and ran off, going against the wind, as is the habit of these animals. We soon found her lying down under shelter of a tree, but it was only after I had put six more bullets into her grey hide that she was finished. On close examination I found all the eight bullets; two were shoulder-shots but had not broken the leg. I conclude from this that the solid steel balls go right through the shoulder without breaking it, and that the only shots to bring these animals down are those which pierce the heart, the brain, or the spine. On cutting up the rhinoceros I made the interesting discovery
that she was about to become a mother. Unfortunately the offspring was dead, hit by one of my bullets.

I had scarcely begun to cut off the trophies, when the natives swarmed up from every side to get the meat. Many of them had been following me for several days and were so close as to be a veritable nuisance. Besides this they were exceedingly impudent, and refused to bring me six fowls and a few dozen eggs, of which they had quantities, in exchange for many hundreds of pounds of rhinoceros-meat. I threatened that I would burn the flesh, but this had no effect. They sat down on the ground in a semicircle and waited patiently till I should go away, knowing well that there was not enough fuel for miles round to enable me to carry out my threat.

Later on in the day I came unexpectedly on three sable antelopes, which by ill-luck I missed; but I brought down two more wart-hogs and a Thomson's gazelle.

Last night I was rudely awaked from sleep by deafening shouts and cries. Leaping from under my mosquito-net, I saw Brown close by, loaded pistol in hand, while the carriers were rushing from all sides to my tent. I went out, but could
find nothing unusual, and it came out presently that one of the boys had given the alarm "a lion in camp." In reality it was only a hyæna, which had come to steal a bit of rhinoceros. Though it was but 2 A.M. the camp got no more rest that night, for the blacks, who are known to be exceedingly childish, laughed for hours over the incident in spite of my orders to

![A MALE WART-HOG HEAD.](image)

them to keep quiet. For a few minutes they giggled, and then one of them burst into a guffaw and set the rest off again. Then Brown and I must needs laugh too, and this amused these children still more, so the only thing to do was to get up.

There is no doubt whatever that the lions do visit the huts of the natives by night, and I have already found two human skulls. The blacks defend themselves by surrounding their
hut with a screen of thorns so high and strong that it is a real defence.

On the 4th of October I left my camp in the mountains and marched back to Machakos Road Station. On the way I brought down two Grant's gazelles and had a shot at a panther, which I found sunning himself on a bare hill-side; I gave chase, but was unsuccessful.

I took the railway again from Machakos Road to Stony Athi; there was no object in marching thirty miles over the waterless plain. It is truly astonishing how familiar the game has become with the railway; gazelles and antelopes let the train go by at a distance of 60-80 paces; an ostrich, the shyest game I know, could have been shot with a revolver from my carriage-window.
Here I am at Stony Athi, the country famed for lions, in which it is said that in the last eight months forty to fifty lions have fallen victims to the rifles of various sportsmen and professional hunters. The country itself is extraordinarily favourable. Right and left of the railway-line is an unending hilly stretch of country, on which graze hundreds of zebras, wildebeests, and hartebeests, and in the middle, covering about sixty acres, is an oasis, consisting of thick sedge and reeds six feet high, the haunt of the lions. Numerous fresh tracks show that they really do hide here. They go out hunting in the evening and return to their cool retreat at daybreak. This is the time to lie in wait for them. One of my predecessors has put up a stone shelter affording very good covert and excellently placed; in it I spent two hours this morning. I saw no lions,
only yesterday's fresh spoor. To save myself several hours' march each morning I have pitched my tent in the neighbourhood of the lions' lair, leaving my black boys behind at Stony Athi Station, where they will not frighten my game. The next day I took up a position on the west side instead of on the east of the high grass, and, as ill-luck would have it, just after sunrise two lions appeared on the plain and struck off quickly for their sleeping-place, unfortunately for me on the east side. The next morning not one was to be seen, but today they came again about 6 a.m., likewise on the side opposite
to mine. The people in the tent called me, and said that the lions had gone down the rocky bed of the Stony Athi River and not into the grass. I followed them for two hours without success and then returned to the tent, from which I could see over a considerable extent of country, including the oasis.

Towards noon, while I was sitting at lunch, the two animals appeared—a splendid lion with a magnificent mane, and a lioness; they were coming up the river and moving with
deliberate gait towards their dwelling-place. In the afternoon some Indian workmen on the line offered to drive the lions, and I took position with the wind in my favour, but the drive did not go well. The Indians simply went yelling up and down the grass, and the lions no doubt continued to sleep peacefully.

Meantime an interruption appeared in the shape of rain. In the so-called rainy season of July and August scarcely any rain at all had fallen in the mountains, and it seems as if the heavens wanted to make up for the omission. This is very unpleasant for me, seeing that I am provided with no protection against the damp for myself and the animals I have shot.
Likewise it is highly uncomfortable to go out at 4 A.M. and sit waiting for lions for hours together in pouring rain.

On the 12th of October I determined to move on to Athi River, the terminus of my expedition, and hunt the lions in Stony Athi, if I got the chance, on my return journey. The Athi River, with its growth of trees on either bank, is a welcome change to eyes weary of the unending plain. On the first day's march down the stream I saw thousands of zebras and antelopes of all kinds, and shot a male Suala pala. On the second day I discovered with the glasses three lions, which appeared to be making away as fast as they could from me and my company. I called a halt and, accompanied by Brown and one black boy, began to follow the lions; on this interminable plateau I had no other chance of getting a shot
at them. We soon passed the place where they had just devoured their prey—a hartebeest—and the vultures were now quarrelling over the remains. Knowing that the lions would not be disposed to go far or fast on full stomachs, I hoped that I might be able to get near enough for a shot, and went on at full speed. At first we gained but little ground. They were about eleven hundred yards from us, but kept stopping more and more frequently, and I could see with the glasses that the trio consisted of a lioness and two lions. After we had chased them thus for half an hour the country became somewhat hilly, and I resolved to stay where I was to give the lions time to reach the hill, and then, so soon as they had disappeared over the crest, to make a dash for the top so as to lessen the distance between us. I reached the brow of the hill with my heart beating violently, and there were my lions four hundred paces ahead! At the first shot of my 375-calibre rifle they all stood still a moment, and then fled, two to left and one to right. This single lion seemed to me to be the biggest, so I gave him the second barrel. He acknowledged the hit by springing violently forward, lashing his tail and, after a few rushes, settling down. Sitting on the shoulders of the black boy, I could clearly see his yellow head above the dry grass, and determined to give him an hour to reach his end. When time was up, I climbed on my boy's shoulders again, but could see no more of the lion.

We now very cautiously approached the place where I had last seen the lion, and were within ten paces before I could make him out in the grass, which matched his coat exactly. I thought it too risky to stay ten paces from a wounded lion, so we went back a short distance, and told the boy to throw half-a-dozen stones at him; but nothing stirred. The king of beasts had joined his forefathers: he was a noble specimen. Seeing that I fired at a considerable distance and when I was out of breath, my shot was a lucky one; it hit him full in the body, and the bullet, travelling from back to front, had torn his liver and one of his lungs to pieces; the little double-
barrelled rifle had done its work well at 410 paces. With the death of the lion the object of my expedition is attained, for I have now killed all the known wild animals.

The 15th of October. I have seldom had such a fright as I had to-day. I was marching at the head of my company over the plain which stretched away before us, with no gun in my hand, because nothing was stirring for miles round, when suddenly a living thing leapt up at my feet, as though shot out of the ground. One's thoughts, not unnaturally, in this country are largely occupied with lions, and I supposed that it must be one. However it was a hen ostrich, sitting on forty-five eggs, and could in no way be distinguished in colour from the dry grass on which she sat; but Madam Ostrich also seemed to have had a bad fright, for she made off with astonishing rapidity. A meeting like this is not always free from danger; it sometimes happens that maternal love...
will make the bird defend her eggs and even attack a man, striking out in front with her long legs.

Yesterday afternoon I saw at a distance of some seven

hundred paces two more lions rushing madly away; but spite of great efforts did not succeed in getting near enough for a shot. To-day I have had many strokes of luck, which have resulted in a splendid bag. First of all I shot a Grant's gazelle near the camp, and soon afterwards two hartebeests
came dashing over the plain towards me and my companions. Two hundred paces from us they stopped and began to fight; then they started off on their wild career again without taking the slightest notice of us. At thirty paces I shot one of them, which fell dead, when the second rushed at his adversary and dug away at his flanks with his sharp horns, until a bullet brought him down too. While we were engaged in cutting up these animals, my black servant Msee came out of the tent towards us; he had left the salt out of the breakfast basket and was bringing it to us. I told him to go back to the camp and bring the porters to carry the venison to the tent. He had not gone more than a few hundred paces when he began to gesticulate violently, and shouting "Simba" (lion), came back to us. I ran quickly to meet him, but could see only the tail of the lion, which was making off down a hill. We could not get a sight of him, and without doubt he had hidden in the thick grass at the foot of the hill. We threw stones and fired blank cartridges to try to make him leave his cover, but to no purpose. After half an hour I gave him up and turned my attention to some antelopes which were grazing peacefully near by. Scarcely had we been gone for ten minutes when we saw the lion
slowly and deliberately going up the hill, from which he had descended, and making towards the dead hartebeests. It was at once evident that the crowds of vultures circling overhead had told him that there was dead game not far off, and, having been frightened away by the black at the first attempt, he was trying to find it for the second time. I let him get to the crest of the hill, and followed when he had disappeared from sight. When I came to within three hundred paces of the two dead animals, I actually saw the lion tearing off great mouthfuls of meat with relish. Experience shows that a hungry lion does not leave the prey he has slain or found; and it is only necessary, as in the present case, to approach and shoot him. When the lion, which I perceived to be a
young male, caught sight of us, he stopped in the middle of his dinner, and, facing us the whole time, took turns of sitting up or standing or lying down; sometimes also he made a few steps towards us, and then quickly returned to his meat, and chased the numerous jackals away. I moved slowly round the scene of operations and approached as near as 176 paces; at which distance I could fire from the kneeling position. My object now was not to wound him slightly, but to put him hors de combat, for a lion hunted in the manner I have described is still a dangerous adversary. When I fired, he was sitting broadside to me and with his head turned my way. My first two balls went high and, passing close over his back, buried themselves in the sand. The lion did not stir; at the third shot he came down, and at the fourth rolled over. The fifth shot was not needed; he was dead.

All this time the jackals, which are usually so shy, were
moving round the scene of action to the number of something like forty. They came within twenty paces of me and were not even disconcerted by my shots; but, when the lion lay dead on the ground, those which were nearest and saw him, took to flight, when the others began to run to-and-fro, and presently all of them scattered in flight over the dry grassy plain. Terror of their born enemy, man, had seized them, though previously they had felt safe even from him under protection of the lion. There is not another beast of prey which in such a case will expose itself to open molestation by a company of men; they will all take to flight; but the lion, as we see, will stand, though not always. Small beasts like jackals venture under protection of the lion to brave their dreaded enemy man. May we not then freely grant to the lion his title of "King of Beasts"?

I was now satisfied with my bag and resolved to return to
Europe. It was raining almost without cessation, and I was not at all prepared to face rain. So within three weeks I was back again at Mombasa with a bag of thirty-two head, a number due in no small measure to steam-power and smokeless powder. Thanks to these we need but days now, not weeks as formerly, to reach the places and objects we seek.
CHAPTER XIV

MOOSE-HUNTING IN ALASKA

The morning of the 11th of August 1903 found me on board the steamer Nome City, turning the extreme point of the Kenai peninsula in north-west Alaska, and about to land at Seldovia, the terminus of my voyage. Alaska, of which till lately the world at large scarcely knew even the geographical position, has in recent years excited extraordinary interest owing to the discovery of its rich gold-fields: nowhere in the world have individuals made such large fortunes in a short time as in this land. It was not gold which moved me to make this journey, but other hidden treasure of Alaska, namely, its wild animals; some of these, as, for instance, the moose and the bear, are the largest and finest representatives of their kind known to the naturalist.

From Seattle the steamer goes first to Sitka, the chief town of Alaska, a charmingly situated place, encircled by snow-capped mountains. From Sitka the boat travels to Yakutat and Kayak Island, and finally, after a voyage lasting ten days, to Seldovia, which lies in Cook's Inlet.

Since last year the exportation from Alaska of every kind of hunting-trophy has been prohibited; it has therefore been useless for a non-resident to hunt there. Permission is given to kill a certain number of animals without any special hunting-licence, but then the slain animals have to be left behind in the country. Exception is made in the case of hunters whose object is scientific research. Thanks to a letter of introduction
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from the Director of the Natural History Museum of Berlin, I had the good fortune to obtain from the Agricultural Department of Washington permission to export such game as I should shoot. The object of the American Government in these stringent regulations is to put a stop to the traffic in horns and skins carried on by the professional hunter; but it is exceedingly difficult for the State to maintain adequate control, and now, as formerly, hundreds of these articles go into the United States annually.

Means of transport for an up-country journey are as difficult to find here as in some parts of Africa. Horses are very scarce, and the little rivers are mostly too rapid to be navigable. The only available substitute is man. In Africa one can always engage a company of natives, but that cannot be done here. The Indians are few in number, and, besides, it is not advisable to take many men. Apart from food, the
native African receives £1 a month, the Alaskan Indian 4s. to 6s. a day; the latter being far more exacting in the matter of feeding. Every additional man means increased food-supply and restricted facility of movement. I therefore engaged, in addition to my guide Henry Alson and a cook, only two porters, who could carry between them 160 lbs. of baggage. Of course with so small a weight we have to forego all luxury. The food is the simplest imaginable, and in clothes we are restricted to the barest necessaries. For the first part of the journey I had my rowing boats towed by a little steamer; then, five miles inland, I made my first camp at the foot of a glacier.
My first expedition was after wild sheep. Here, as in the Rocky Mountains, this animal lives in the higher peaks, above the limit of trees and bush, and here, too, it is the hardest of all animals to hunt. To reach the ridge of the mountain my guide and I had to follow the course of a rushing mountain-torrent, and where there was a waterfall we crawled along the sides through the almost impenetrable scrub, which consists mostly of bushy alder. The stones of the watercourse were covered with slippery moss, and there were places so steep that we had to help one another up. Moreover, I had no alpenstock, which would have been of the greatest service, particularly where we had to cross parts of glaciers; I had a heavy double-barrelled gun, which at every fall might have been smashed to pieces on the rocks. On all expeditions like
this the sportsman stands a hundred chances of tumbling headlong down and breaking his neck.

It was a magnificent day. The sun stood high in a cloudless sky, and the dazzling white snow of the glacier made the landscape still more brilliant. But on none of the surrounding mountains could I descry any game, so the next day I quitted the camp, marched back towards the sea, and then rowed eight miles farther up the inlet. The place was alive with numerous ducks and other marsh and water fowl, but, to my sorrow, with thousands of mosquitoes also, which nothing but thick veils would keep off. Together with the
swarms of tiny black and white flies, these are the special curse of Alaska, and it is a curse which can spoil one's whole stay in the country.

I next made for another mountain-ridge in search of sheep. On the march one of my Indians had an attack of haemorrhage and could not carry his load. I had therefore to take my gun and cartridges myself, and reached the end of my journey, late in the evening, thoroughly exhausted. The whole way through the wood our track was obstructed by fallen trees, which we had either to climb over or crawl under. Then came great stretches of thick scrub, which we had to thrust aside with our arms. Add to this the frightful torment of the flies and midges, and the extremest limit of hardship was reached.

My hunt on the following day was again unsuccessful. I saw not a single sheep or even a trace of one, but plenty of spoor and droppings of bears.

In the afternoon a hurricane burst upon us, accompanied by heavy rain. I returned to camp wet to the skin and with no change of clothing, because we had been compelled the day...
before to leave one pack after another behind, in order to travel light.

Up here in the mountains there are numerous grouse of three different species, which are feeding just now on berries, so that their flavour is wonderfully good. They are so familiar that they can easily be knocked down with a Flobert rifle; with a shot-gun a very good bag could be made, but the loud echo among the mountains prevents us from using one.

Nature was in her glory when she endowed this land with its fauna, and not a whit less generous to its flora. Wild flowers, such as forget-me-not, harebell, foxglove, white and lilac iris, marguerite, heather, and many others, to which I cannot give names, all grow here and develop to perfection both in size and beauty of colouring. There are now berries just ripe, such as bilberries, cranberries, strawberries, currants, raspberries, and, last of all, the so-called salmon-berries, which resemble blackberries in size and shape, but are red and taste like apricots. They all possess a most delicate flavour, as do the majority of fruits which ripen in high latitudes. On
these the bear feeds, and for the salmon-berry he would sell his birthright.

The climate is much milder than I had expected to find. I am in the same latitude as Christiania in Norway; but the temperature on the coast is the same as at this season of the year in Germany when the days are cool. In addition to flies and mosquitoes, this country has another great disadvantage—it suffers from persistent rainfall. In the autumn (this is the season I am in now according to the reckoning here) fine, bright days are exceptional, while rain and fog prevail. To-day, for instance, I am sitting in the tent all day doing nothing. The clouds are hanging so low that we can scarcely see twenty paces before us.

For three days this involuntary imprisonment continued, but at last the sun shone gloriously again, as if it wanted to make up for past negligence. I took this opportunity of marching farther into the mountains, but found neither
sheep nor their tracks. I was barred from climbing the ridge, where they probably were, by the arm of a glacier, which my guide and I made a long but fruitless effort to cross. Half-way over we slid again and again to the bottom of the slope, and, as we had no implements for cutting a path, had to give up the hunt. I now returned seawards, when the descent was, if possible, more laborious for all of us than the ascent. The way through the forest had become slippery from the continuous rain, and we kept sliding and falling. Besides this, all our boots were knocked to pieces by the climbing, and hurt our feet; every step was painful, and, finally, thousands of greedy mosquitoes were sucking our blood, every drop of which we needed to maintain our energy.

I now made an attempt to take the boats up one of the little streams, to try my luck in another valley; but the current was so strong and the crews of the boats were so insufficient that, after very few miles, I had to give up the attempt as hopeless—and, with it, my hunting of the wild sheep. The Indians of this district hunt mountain-sheep freely for their flesh, which is highly prized. The animals have therefore gone farther into the interior, and to hunt them successfully one must now make an eight days' journey inland. For this preparations are needed; but I have made none, and cannot make them now. It is the same old story; the first time we must see for ourselves on the spot how not to do things, and then, when we pay a second visit to the country, profit by our previous experience.

I now concentrate my attention on moose, but it is doubtful whether they are yet out of the velvet-stage. It seems that they rub the velvet off only in the middle of September, and cast their antlers again in January. The country in which we now are might have been created for moose; it is hilly and marshy, with here and there a little lake, with fir-woods great and small, and everywhere willows, on which the moose browse. The three first days I had to content myself with finding plenty of spoor. The moose had made deep tracks in the marshes
and woods. These were easy enough to follow, and in places we saw lying on the ground great antlers cast by big bulls last year.

I intend to shoot the first decent game I see, for since leaving the mountains we have had no meat, or rather fowl. In the mountains fifty-two so-called ptarmigan, a kind of grouse (*Tetrao lagopus mutus*), which live at a high elevation, adorned our table; but on the lower levels grouse are scarce, and we do not shoot them for fear of frightening away the moose.

At last, after I had hunted for eight days without seeing any game, a moose came trotting down a hill, straight to the place where my guide and I were lunching. The wind was blowing right from us to the moose, carrying with it a cloud of smoke from the fire by which we were making tea, and I cannot understand why he did not make off in the opposite direction. When a hundred and fifty paces away he took a sharp turn. It was a male with small antlers still covered with velvet, so I let my guide shoot, who brought it down with two shots in the shoulder, and so put an end to our famine-stricken condition. The solid bullets of my 375-calibre rifle had each pierced a rib, and torn great holes in the lungs and heart; you could have thrust a fist into one of them, and I am more than ever pleased with this gun.

Next followed many days of rain and fog during which I had to keep miserably in camp. At last, after an unspeakably long week of waiting, as I was on a hill which commanded a wide view of the country, I made out, some two miles or more away, a female moose accompanied by two males, both with huge antlers. One of them had rubbed off the velvet, and the sun shone on the bright palms of the antlers, making them look like two great lanterns. The second had cleared one antler, but had the other still covered with the velvet. The three animals were moving together through a glade. The female kept quietly on her way, while the two males trotted about, now in front, now behind, evidently in great excitement. Sometimes they
lowered their heads threateningly, but did not fight: they appeared to be practising for the coming tournament, for it is the beginning of the rutting-season. Presently they returned to the side of the cow, which did not appear infatuated with their ardent attentions, but went on slowly and deliberately into the pine-wood. I left my post of observation quickly. The only way to clear the six-foot grass and the tangle of willow is by a series of jumps, and this method of progression became easier to me now that I had a prospect of getting a shot after eleven days of fruitless hunting. In an hour and a half I reached the place where the moose were last seen.

When these animals do not keep straight on, it is impossible to follow their tracks in the thick underwood; but I took the direction in which the moose had disappeared, and after another half-hour found myself near to one, which was standing on a hillside with its back towards me. Presently, bearing slightly to one side with my glasses, I discovered another moose with clean, bright antlers, but saw at once that he was not one of those I was after; the antlers being small for this country. I wanted now to turn the animals, but, before anything could be done to prevent it, they had my wind and were off.

In the course of the following days I saw two more males, one quite young with the velvet on, the other older and without velvet, but too young to make a good trophy.

Up to the 18th of September I had neither brought down a moose, nor indeed shot at one, so resolved to quit this part of the country and try my luck elsewhere. It was evident that, for some reason unknown to me, the moose had left the particular region where I was hunting.

For three days the rain came down without cessation. It was a case of equinoctial gales, and they seem to be at their best in this country. The water was knee-deep on the prairies, many trees had been brought down by the storm and blocked our path, and the brooks had become torrents, dangerous to cross. In one of these my two Indians were caught by a tree-trunk which was being washed down; the force of the
water swept them several hundred yards along in a few seconds; and they lost their packs which contained my sleeping-bag and my clothes-bag. The latter soon caught on a tree-trunk, and the former we fished out of the sea at a late hour in the day. Half of our cooking utensils and the Flobert gun were lost in this adventure. The cooking pots do not matter so much, we have enough left to cook beans and bacon; but the loss of the Flobert is very much to be regretted, for a few grouse and
ducks would have been very welcome just now. Some bird-skins also, which I had prepared with much care, were carried away by the flood. These are the woes of a hunter in Alaska, and I have no successes to set against them, i.e. no trophies to record. For seventeen days I did not see any game. This is particularly hard on a man who comes from Africa, where he has been accustomed to see the country alive with game from sunrise to sunset; but I shall wait, if need be, till Christmas.

I think that I have been luckier in the choice of my new hunting-ground, which is some nineteen or twenty miles from the old one. 'Three hours' march from camp I found a pyramid-shaped mountain, from the top of which I have a fine view of the surrounding country; here too it is mostly fir-woods varied with clear stretches. The very first day I observed with the glasses a male moose just as he was lying down to take his after-dinner siesta. His antlers were not good enough to tempt me to hunt him; but I wanted to try to get near enough to take a photograph. With the wind in my favour I was able to get within twenty-five paces, when he got up. I could see nothing but the tips of his antlers in the high undergrowth of osiers; and presently I heard him make off. This experience was instructive; it showed me clearly that I could not in future hunt moose in this fashion. I should not have been able to get a shot, even had the head been worth trying for. The grass is now, at the end of September, at its highest, and the willows are in full leaf; the cause of this being that the snow does not melt till May, when the vegetation begins.

The next day I saw from the hill five moose, all females and calves. A young male had observed my guide and myself on the slope of the hill, but, apparently, did not recognise us for human beings. Urged probably by curiosity, he came slowly towards the place where we had been standing; but under cover of the grass we had shifted from our position and taken up another at a little distance to one side. In an hour's time the moose was thirty paces in front of us. We could see the grass bending as he moved, and occasionally we spied the tips of his
huge antlers. Armed with the camera, I climbed on the shoulders of my guide. The elk turned round, and went off at an ambling trot towards the valley, while I took two snap-shots.

At last, on the 30th of September, I observed, at a distance which I estimated as close on two miles, a fine male accompanied by his family, a female and a calf. The animals went zig-zagging about, sometimes across the glades, sometimes in the fir-woods, apparently seeking a place in which to lie down. The male never let the female out of his sight for a moment; the rutting-season being then at its height. It was interesting to see how the amorous bull always chose the high ground, in order to keep a watchful eye on his consort.
If she disappeared behind the thick bush he was behind it in a moment, and seemed willing to put up with all her fancies as she moved to and fro.

Towards eleven o'clock the moose had lain down and were out of sight; but we knew exactly where they were. The place which they had chosen was the worst imaginable for me, as I could not make any approach which would bring me above the animals for a shot. Everywhere there was grass six to seven feet high, in which I could not have seen the animals even when close to them.

After long reflection I determined to arrange a drive. I wanted to turn the animals and take position on what seemed fairly high ground, while my guide was to get round to the other side and approach the moose with the wind behind him. The result of this manœuvre was very doubtful, with but one beater and one gun; but I counted on the fact that game when put up usually doubles back in the direction from which it has come, and I chose a position for myself at a point where the moose had shortly before crossed a deep ravine. We compared watches and allowed each other two hours to make our wide detours.

The result was exactly what I had calculated. Scarcely had I reached my post, when the moose appeared on the edge of the ravine, three hundred paces from me, first the male, then the female and calf. I should have had a splendid shot had not an alder-bush hidden the shoulder of the male. A few anxious moments passed, while all three animals looked cautiously behind them to see that all was safe. Then the male took a step down the hill, my bullets were fired, and the animal I had shot at disappeared from view, while the female with her calf fled back the way she came. In a few minutes she returned and gazed fixedly into the ravine, in which the male must have been lying; but, alarmed by my guide, she fled away again. I could not leave my post, because it was only from this point that I could command the ravine, supposing the moose got up again. Then my guide appeared and
called me, pointing to the ravine, and making signs with his long arms to show me the enormous size of the antlers. The male moose was lying with a broken back:—a coup de grâce sent him to join his antlered forefathers. The measurement of his antlers between the outermost tips was 5 feet 8\(\frac{3}{4}\) inches. Antlers from 5 feet upwards are considered good in this country. Mine are well ahead of this measure; the best pair hitherto got in Alaska measured 78\(\frac{1}{2}\) inches. In addition to the noble trophy which I had so long coveted, I had the equally great satisfaction of having done the right thing as a hunter; my guide came quite close to the moose, but never saw one of them in the thick covert.

Meanwhile winter has made his entry. For the last ten days we have had hard frost at night, and to-day, the 8th of October, snow is falling heavily, promising me the best of all sport, that of tracking animals in the snow. After the snow-storm came three indescribably beautiful days of clear, cold weather, with a midday sun as warm as in summer, and a glorious view of the snowy landscape. I was richly compensated for the many rainy days in September. Numerous tracks pointed to the fact that the moose were now leaving their covert in the fir-woods, and were moving about to enjoy the rare luxury of a fine day. As I followed the tracks I was soon convinced that I could not count on much success this way, grass and bushes impeding the view; so I climbed up the high mountain again to spy out where the moose would lie down. In these three days I saw fifteen head, but they were only females and small males, all going singly, from which I gathered that the rutting-season was over. It was in these days also that I saw a black bear, the first I had sighted. Unfortunately, it was too late in the day for me to go after him. In the glade in which I saw him were three female moose and two calves moving about. They all seemed to be on very friendly terms with Mr. Bruin. At last, late in the afternoon of the 11th of October, looking out from my mountain-top, I saw just beneath me a female moose followed at a little distance by a male,
seemingly with good antlers. Both animals were almost entirely under covert, and I had to wait till they came out; to attempt to approach them would have been lost labour.

· An icy north wind was blowing from the sea, threatening to freeze my limbs and make me incapable of shooting. The day was drawing to a close, and the moose did not stir. If I should bring down the male this day, I should be in time for the homeward-bound steamer from Seldovia on the 18th. Here then was my chance, but it was rendered increasingly difficult by wind, cold, and unfavourable ground. My target was hidden by malicious bushes; and I could not kneel down because of the high grass. I reckoned the distance at three hundred yards, and the shot was particularly difficult owing to the fact that the moose was some way below me. After half an hour's waiting I left my place in order to restore the circulation of my blood by a little exercise behind the shelter of the hill, leaving my guide to keep an eye on the moose. On my return I found that the male had moved slightly forward. He was standing under a fir-tree, framed by its branches, but I could see his shoulder, and so, ridding myself of all superfluous clothes, opened fire. Four bullets were discharged at regular intervals, but the moose took not the slightest notice of them; and it was only at the fifth that he turned sharply and stood with his back to me motionless as before. The guide watched him through the glasses, and made out a broken hind-leg; he assured me also that the moose was shot through the heart by the first ball, and might come down at any moment. This was my view too. To make security doubly secure, I continued my cannonade, and at the eleventh shot the fine beast fell. The female, which all this time had been moving about the scene of action in great excitement, now made off, and I left my post delighted to escape at last from the deadly winds. I counted five hundred paces to the dead beast, and found that he had been hit in the shoulder, rather too high up, and had both hind-legs broken. The distance was about four hundred and forty yards in a
straight line, for I had taken long strides on the steep snow-covered slope. There was no doubt that the first shot had pierced the shoulder, and had gone right through the upper part of the heart. The fifth broke a leg and made the animal turn round; the eleventh broke the second leg and brought him down. The antlers measured 5 feet 3\(\frac{7}{10}\) inches. In spite of the great distance I used only the sight for a hundred metres, and so avoided the mistake so often made of firing over the game, when it is far below the hunter. This brought my expedition to an end. I was not permitted to shoot more than two moose, and I determined to postpone sheep and bear hunting till my second visit to Alaska.

At Seldovia I met a good many hunters, some of whom were taking away from the country decidedly better heads than my own. The best measured 6 feet 2 inches across, and there were several which exceeded 5 feet 9\(\frac{3}{4}\) inches.
Owing to my ill-success with sheep and bear I must consider this hunting-expedition more or less of a failure; but I have been to some extent compensated by the glorious scenery of Alaska. Leaving the Kenai Peninsula and Cook's Inlet with its snow-clad smoking volcanoes, we came first to Kodiak Island, the climate of which is like that of the Isle of Wight; here the biggest bear in the world is said to live: I do not go beyond "is said." The steamer then entered the Gulf of Valdez, i.e. "the Gulf of the Gods," and truly the scenery was heavenly. The little town of Valdez lies in the bay, surrounded by high snow-clad mountains and glaciers—a town with a great future. It seems as though, when the world was created, Mother Nature paid special attention to this corner of the earth. No pen can do justice to all the beauties of this wonderland of the North. At every turn of the coast-boat, which steers its course sometimes among small islands, sometimes through narrow natural canals, a new picture unfolds itself before our eyes: here it may be the Malspina glacier or Mount St. Elias, with its mighty mass of glistening blue ice; or there the splendid fir-woods of Yakutat and Sitka. The whole way to Seattle, where the voyage ends, the steamer does not take to the open sea, but winds in and out among the islands which fringe the mainland, and the whole way the traveller has before his eyes an unbroken series of glorious views. Visited for its scenery alone, Alaska will amply reward the lover of Nature.
"Ursus ferox";—so Natural History has named the bear, which is found from end to end of the Rocky Mountains, from Alaska to Mexico, and is better known by his nickname of grisly. He is the only representative in North America of the so-called "wild" beasts, so we need not be surprised that the American, who is nothing if not imaginative, makes him out to be a sort of monster of which one hears only in fables.

There are stories told by so-called eye-witnesses—stories that in very truth make the hair stand on end—how, for instance, a grisly with seven bullets in his heart had strength enough left to climb a tree after his assailant. Somebody else saw him beat four stalwart wapiti in battle, and then chase the hunter who fired at him; and more of the same sort—all hunters' yarns.

In order to make further acquaintance with this interesting wild animal, which I had hunted in vain two years before in Wyoming, I set out, on the 30th of April 1904, from Fort Wrangel, a little port in Alaska, and went up the river Stickeen. This river is navigable as far as the Hudson Bay station Telegraph Creek, which is a hundred and sixty-six miles up stream in the province of Cassiar, and has a steamboat service in the summer months.

The boat was not to make its first trip for three or four weeks, and I therefore made common cause with Baron Wulff von Plessen, whose object was the same as mine, and we hired canoes to take us up the river.
We had no small difficulty in engaging crews for the boats; and had to do with Indians, either pure bred or of half-white blood, the latter called "half-breeds," both equally incapable of coming to a decision. The "talkee, talkee," i.e. the deliberative process, lasts for hours. Every one who takes service with us must discuss the matter with brothers, uncles, cousins, and other relatives; he accepts, then backs out, according as he comes under the influence of one or other of them; and then the pay!

The hire of each boat was 12s. a day, the daily pay of a captain 12s., and of each boatman 10s., and all food provided. We were glad enough to take a crew at this price; many of the Indians thought it too little and would not look at it. These people are as good as Orientals at driving a bargain. They keep us in suspense for hours together, knowing that sooner or later we shall be tired out; and they work upon us till we grant all their demands.

Our boasted civilisation has exerted a thoroughly pernicious influence on the Indians. Either they contract diseases unknown before the advent of the "white plague," or, with nothing but a veneer of culture, consider themselves the equals of the whites, and so swell the ranks of those objectionable creatures who set too high a value on themselves. There are plenty such in all races.

Among my men are two whites, a Russian and a German: the latter, one of the crew engaged by my captain, who is a full-blooded Indian. Here, therefore, is an instance of a white man taking service under an Indian!

In connection with the victualling the demands of the men are almost beyond belief. These people, whose ancestors lived exclusively on dried fish, now stipulate for delicacies before engaging for a trip. They must have butter, preserved fruits, condensed milk, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, English pickles, syrup, and other things. In fact, whoever has to do with these Indians must be prepared for disagreeables without number.
It was my intention to hunt bears in the spring and early summer months, at which season the skins of these animals are at their best; and, besides this, the chances of finding them are then most favourable, as the melting snow forces them to leave the retreats in which they have had their long winter sleep, and to roam about in search of food. It is a mistake to imagine, as people often do, that bears attack and eat other denizens of the woods: they go first to the mountain-slopes, where the sun has melted the snow, seeking the young and tender grass, for they are first and foremost vegetarians. Later in the year when the salmon goes up the river to spawn, they live largely on this fish, and, to speak generally, they eat flesh only when they are hungry and find that the slaughtering has been done for them.

We had no trustworthy information to guide us in our choice of ground, for neither whites nor Indians hunt bears in the spring. Of course there are always plenty of well-informed people to tell us where to go and how to get to work. One says it is too early in the season, another that it is too late, and everybody is at pains to convince the stranger of the correctness of his own views; but nobody gives us anything definite to go on, and the theories are for the most part constructed within four walls. On the way to our hunting ground it was everywhere the same story: we were much too early; the bears would be still asleep. One of these gentlemen had made such a precise study of the business arrangements of the bears that he thought he could definitely state that we were exactly sixteen days too soon; according to his reckoning the bears' resurrection-day was the 15th of May. From his description it might be concluded that at sunrise on the 15th a bell was rung throughout the district of Cassiar, just like the hotel dinner-bell in Europe, and that the bears were now sitting at the entrance to their holes, washed and dressed and frightfully hungry, only waiting for the signal. Things were not quite as this sound authority would have had us believe, for some bears appear to have been unable to wait. I saw their tracks in the
sand on the 5th of May. It is best to listen to none of this rubbish and to trust to luck!

After three days on the Stickeen River I turned into one of its tributaries, the Iskud, and kept on up stream for twenty-seven miles. A brawl in camp made me send half of my men back to Fort Wrangel, and the consequence was that C. Little (the Englishman I brought with me to prepare the birds I shot) and I had to do our share of the hard work, and paddle the heavy canoe with all its equipment up the swift stream.

The melting snow makes the rivers very rapid where the banks are near together; the greatest exertions are needed to make a single foot against the current; tree-trunks, a yard in diameter, sometimes bar the course, and have to be cut away with an axe. The temperature for the last few days has varied from 2° to 8° R., but as yet there is very little sign of spring; the wintry aspect of the woods is unrelieved. Still, one lively sign of spring has made itself felt, an unwelcome guest indeed, the mosquito. I thought that we should have escaped this curse of the country at least till June; but the first rays of the sun have already brought them to life in thousands, and night and day they mar our enjoyment of the beautiful scenery.

I made several camps along the river Iskud, and on my various trips found many fresh bear-tracks. The bears roam about and seem to pass down the valley in which I am, but not to stay in it. There is no particular reason why they should stay, when the salmon have not yet come up the river, and at the present time they keep entirely to the steep mountainsides.

I ought to go and hunt them there, but that is easier said than done; the country is very wild, and the woods are so thick as to be almost impenetrable. The mountains are steep and impracticable for men. There is therefore no other alternative but to wait in the valley and watch the river banks, till one meets a bear taking his walks abroad.

On the 6th of May I shot at a black wolf, apparently a fine specimen of his kind; he was six hundred yards away and my
bullets missed. Except geese and ducks, there is no game; I have failed to discover even the mountain-goat, which is said to live here. For a fortnight I hunted bears in this way; morning and evening I sat on the watch for them, but I had to content myself with finding fresh tracks and droppings every day. Of bears I saw not one. On the banks of the tributary streams of the Iskud heads and bones of salmon were strewn about everywhere, the remains of last year's meals, and I concluded that this ground would afford better hunting in late summer and autumn than in the spring. But even after my many failures I should not have minded persevering, if things in camp had not become unendurable.

The three fellows I had with me, after working well at first, proved in the long-run to be useless. I have never had
to do with such idle rascals. For every trifling detail I had to give an order, and on each occasion ran the risk of hearing grumbles or objectionable comments.

In old days when Alaska belonged to Russia things were better. The Russian knew how to deal with a character so cunning and so devoid of all moral sense as the Indian. He used the knout, and where the knout failed, religion succeeded. He converted the natives to his faith, and pictured to them the terrors of hell.

Farther north is Cook's Inlet, where civilisation has made even less progress than in the southern part of Alaska. Indians may still be found who have kept the Russian faith, and with it some respect for authority; but the American Government is trying quietly to suppress all Russian influence, which is now of course nothing more than the influence of the priests. The Yankee laughs the Indian to scorn for his religion, and soon teaches him to be as self-assertive a creature as himself. It is not pleasant in any part of America to have dealings with paid servants, especially when they belong to the lower classes, and in this new country there is a swarm of adventurers of the nations, men who, on their way here through the United States or Canada, have divested themselves of the decencies of life which they perhaps possessed in the land of their birth. It has actually come to this, that in this country no one speaks of a "gentleman"—only of a "man." People avoid accosting others as much as possible, lest they should have to use the word "Mister"; the ordinary workman addresses you by your surname only, but, on the other hand, he speaks of a charwoman as a "scrub lady."

It was impossible for me, as I said above, to associate with my men any longer. The German was the worst of the lot. So I had myself rowed back to the river Stickeen, sent the boat and its crew of questionable characters to Fort Wrangel, and was left alone with my taxidermist.

We breathed a breath of relief when the boat bore its load down the stream; better no servants than such fellows. At
the same time I cannot pretend that the washing of pots and pans and chopping of wood were particularly intellectual occupations—to say nothing of cooking. The worst of it was that I had no boat, and, consequently, the lie of the land being what it was, I was much restricted in my movements: on one side of me was water, on the other impenetrable forest. All too soon I was to realise how very awkward it was to be without a boat. In the afternoon of the 16th of May I saw two black bears peacefully feeding on the far side of the river Stickeen; and endured the very torments of Tantalus. The wind was good; the game was in the open country, with here and there a bush, seemingly planted expressly for stalking purposes; but there was a barrier between us in the shape of three hundred yards of swiftly flowing water.

The bears were engaged in play, chasing one another and romping. They were a male bear and his consort; the former being evidently very amorous in this month of May, Dame Nature’s chosen time for Bruin’s courtship.

Besides the mosquitoes and the accursed little black flies which have begun to appear, we have another pest to put up with, quite new to me, viz. the mice. These pretty little rodents, which grow to the size of our rats, seem to appreciate highly the comforts of a tent. They make themselves very much at home, and damage the provisions and everything else. They would run over me all night long, and one morning I was waked by a slight pricking sensation on the head, which I took to be a mosquito-bite; but when I opened my eyes, there was a mouse sitting quietly on the pillow, which had been tweaking my hair, as if to say: “Get up, sleepy-head, the bears are waiting for you.” But there were no bears. All my hunting was in vain, and I never even had another glimpse of the bears on the other side.

I now occupied myself with shooting all the birds I came across, and preparing them for the Berlin Museum.

On the 21st of May the steamer arrived, and it was a real relief to get away.
Since the 16th the rain had been falling with but the briefest intervals, and the rivers had risen so much that I could not move from the island on which I was encamped. The boat, the *Mount Royal*, belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, is a charming little stern-wheel river steamer, very like those which go up the Nile. The cabins are good, the food good too. Everything is kept scrupulously clean; we soon know that we are in the hands of the sound and substantial Hudson's Bay Company, which makes us exceedingly comfortable and charges exceedingly high prices. The voyage up-stream was very difficult owing to the unusual shallowness of the water of the upper river. There were many rapids too, and at them we had to put a wire-hawser ashore to tow the boat up.

On the 23rd I reached Telegraph Creek, the terminus of the steamer's voyage. The little settlement takes its name from the telegraph-line which passes through the place. The line runs from Ashcroft to Dawson, and has a total length of 1807 miles. The overland telegraph through this impracticable region was laid by the Canadian Government, only after the greatest difficulties had been surmounted. It is a striking testimony to British enterprise, such as we find everywhere in the English colonies. From Telegraph Creek I followed the well-made road along the telegraph wires so far as Shesly River, forty-eight miles. This portion of the journey I did in two and a half days with pack-horses, each carrying 220 lbs. For each horse I paid 8s. a day. The horses, unlike the lazy Indians, work splendidly. This is easily accounted for by the fact that the Americans cannot possibly mismanage their horses so badly as they have mismanaged the Indians. I have engaged two of these fellows, Dennis as guide at 16s. a day, and Ned as cook at 10s.

Though it is already the first of June the spring is still in its infancy, the landscape having quite a wintry aspect. The nights are very cold, and in the last few days of May the thermometer went down to \(-7.5^\circ\) R.
When we reached the Shesly River I was forced to build a boat, as there was no other means of getting down the river. I had not the proper tools, and the problem before me was therefore difficult of solution. However, in four days our vessel was ready to carry four men and about a ton of baggage, and we started down-stream in pouring rain.

Towards noon, my cook, who seemed to have uncommonly good eyes, observed a black bear far away in the distance and high up on a barren mountain. I landed immediately and began to stalk him; the bear, however, kept on up-hill and disappeared over the crest.

Very soon after this we saw a black bear on the other side; he was much lower down than the first, and there seemed a prospect of getting at him. The country which lay between the heights and the river was marshy and dotted with little
lakes connected together by a number of rivulets, simply impassable to men not clad in bathing costume. However, with a bear in sight one is not deterred by trifles; the Indian and I were not intimidated by water up to the hips, and, when one of us stuck in the bog, the other would pull him out. At one treacherous place I took a new sort of bath in the shape of an ice-cold sitting-bath, a very uncomfortable sensation; in my fall I was unlucky enough to sit down in a hole full of water, and I could not get out without help.

Unfortunately this bear, like the other, kept on his way up the mountain. As I was crossing a hollow I lost sight of him, and my exhausting pursuit came to nothing. Meanwhile the camp-people had sighted a moose on the other side of the river, so it would seem that I am in a district where game abounds. I now selected as my post the place where I had seen the second bear, because I could command from it a wide extent of country, and it might be supposed that the bear would sooner or later appear again. Even now in June there is no pleasure in waiting for game for hours at a time. Up in the hills there is a cold wind, which owes its temperature to the snow-clad mountains and glaciers over which it sweeps.

On the second day, towards 11.30 A.M., my usual reveries had merged into a profound slumber, when the Indian waked me and pointed to a black bear some way below me, and presenting a three-quarters view of himself as he came towards my post. I prudently waited till he was a few seconds clear of the covert, and then at a hundred and twenty paces gave him five bullets in all, four of which, as we found later, penetrated his coat. He was a full-grown male and his fur in splendid condition, which means that it has no bare patches.

Bear’s ham is considered a delicacy, but I cannot praise it, though the flesh of these animals is at its best just now; for since last autumn they have not been eating rotten fish, but living exclusively on tender grasses and young willow-tops.

In addition to the skin as trophy, we have the fat of the bear, which is very useful as grease for our boots and matchless
as a hair-restorer. If it is to be used for the latter purpose, the grease is melted down, filtered, and bottled.

To my great satisfaction there has been a change in my staff. Dennis the guide deserted after having been somewhat unceremoniously hauled out of bed by me one morning. So
he has broken his contract, and in his place I have taken on another man, who is now to show what he is worth.

The insolence of an Indian like Dennis is inconceivable. The fellow definitely disputed my right to find fault with any of his work or give him any orders whatever. And these are utterly uncivilised creatures, who can neither read nor write nor speak good English, and yet think themselves our equals because they wear collars and ties and cowboy hats which cost 24s., and, what is more, are paid 16s. a day with food provided! Thank Heaven such a state of things is quite unknown in the other British colonies. Canada, however, has been greatly influenced and spoilt by its close proximity to the United States. We find already the same jobbery in the elections and the same corruption among officials, more especially those who hold subordinate positions. There are only masters here, no servants.

I spent the next few days at my post, but saw no bears till the 9th; early in the morning of that day I beheld far off a grisly, the game I was longing for, and started at once, endeavouring to intercept him. But he never showed again, and had apparently taken to the thick forest. Now that the bears find food everywhere, they do not stop long in the open country as is their custom at the beginning of spring; they are much more intent on the females.

Though bears seem to move at a moderate pace they get over the ground with astonishing speed. They seem to surmount the difficulties of the country with the greatest ease, and the man who would follow them must be prepared to run hard, if he is to keep up.

While I was after bears my Indians killed a moose, the savoury flesh of which was welcome to all the camp. When I went to look for the dead body I found that the bears had already made several meals of it; so I determined to take up a position near to the remains. On the very first day a small two-year-old black bear came early to the bait, and I now saw for the first time that my place was not well chosen, the animal
being too far away and hidden from me by a quantity of small branches. I waited for a long time, hoping that he would

place himself favourably for me; but in the end I was forced to shoot because he was always sniffing the air, and apparently suspected that everything was not quite as it should be.
At the first shot he came down, at the second he gave a loud groan, and then got up and disappeared in the bush. Half an hour later I took up the blood-stained tracks. The bear was making for the valley—a good sign; but I found less and less blood as I went on; then he changed his course and began to climb a steep mountain. I pursued for two hours, and then had to give up the chase, being unable to follow the spoor in the thick scrub. I must have shot him in a fore-paw, or else wounded him slightly in the belly.

In the afternoon I had the pleasure of welcoming in my camp Baron von Plessen, from whom I had parted on the Iskud River. He had been hunting thirty miles farther down the river, and, having got four bears, had made good use of the time I had wasted on the Iskud.

The only possibility of killing bears at this advanced season of the year is to watch for them near a baited place. This is usually a tedious business, and, as I killed only one bear, my spring expedition is nothing but a fiasco.

All I can do is to wait till the beginning of the hunting
season for moose, reindeer, mouflon, and mountain-goat. I have decided to remain in my present picturesquely situated camp, and I regard my stay here in the light of a compulsory summer holiday. The weather, thank Heaven, is not bad. The sky is mostly overcast, and there is a keen wind almost always blowing; but it seldom rains, and, as in this country we are very moderate in our demands, we are content. The climate here, some 150 miles from the Pacific Ocean, is quite different from that of the lower reaches of the rivers

Stickeen and Iskud; here we are clear of the baneful influence of the sea, while the coast, particularly in southern Alaska, has an abundant rainfall.

Sitting in my place one morning, near the remains of a moose, I saw a bear feeding in a clearing above me. He was soon added to my bag, when I discovered that he was the same animal that I had wounded six days before. One of his shoulders was broken, and he had also a wound in the ball of a hind-foot, caused by my second shot. The bullet had pierced the nerves which are just in this part of the foot and had made him cry out. He was a two-year-old black bear. The
tenacity of these animals is marvellous; here was one that had been wounded like this, feeding a few hundred feet above the very place where I had fired at him!

I had been in the camp for nearly a month and had made a bag which was scarcely worth mention, so I departed and went fifteen miles up the Shesly River. On the way I had to get over a mile and a half of rapids, when I was guilty of one of those acts of imprudence, which in this country may easily be fatal. Though previously cautioned against it, I kept all my baggage in the boat, instead of having it carried overland past the dangerous part. I took the rudder, and put my two Indians and Little ashore with a stout rope to haul the boat up. At first all went well; then I ran on a rock. The bow was raised high out of the water, and the boat, which was but a rough structure of planks, was creaking at every joint and threatening to go to pieces, when I managed to get her free. Straightway I ran her on another rock. The boat heeled over
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SHOOTING THE RAPIDS. NO. 2.

BY THE SHESLY RIVER.
and, caught by the rushing waters, filled in a moment. My men hurried to the spot, leapt into the river, and succeeded in getting all our baggage safe to land, after which they dragged the empty boat over the rocks. My whole equipment, guns included, came very near being irretrievably lost; and to be upset in this icy water, with the tremendous current running and rocks projecting from the water, would mean that one had little chance of reaching the bank uninjured.

The mosquito-plague is at its worst, particularly in the marshy valleys. To the reader unfamiliar with North America a strictly veracious description of this pest would probably appear a gross exaggeration. I will therefore not attempt to describe the nuisance.

Nature, it is maintained, has ordered all things wisely; I must combat this assertion most strenuously. What sort of use are these insects, which appear in multitudes beyond the powers of algebra to calculate? They “rest not night nor day,” they spoil the hunter’s pleasure wholly, but worse still is their treatment of the workman who wins the treasures of the mines for the use of his fellow-men. They make his labour doubly hard, and poison all the joy of success. In this land the phlegmatic man develops a violent temper, and the most pious is prone to blasphemy. Beasts too, as well as men, suffer unspeakable tortures from these insects.
A few days ago I saw an overloaded horse, which had come down from exhaustion and did not seem able to get up again. With a little care it might have recovered; but how was it possible when clouds of mosquitoes were devouring the poor defenceless creature alive? How is it that Nature allows the horse, noblest and most beautiful of animals, man's faithful servant to his dying day, to be destroyed by these ignoble mosquitoes, which first suck his blood and then poison him?

Following a tributary of the Shesly, I could make out numerous tracks of the grislies. Here, as by the Iskud, they have worn paths in the steep banks on their way to their fishing in the autumn, and the heads and bones of the salmon are strewn everywhere.

I had to send out the Indians to kill a moose, for we had not much to eat, and the carcase of the animal would do for bait. Without bait I had no chance of getting a bear. The men were successful at the first attempt, and came back to camp in the evening carrying the hind-legs of a moose and
beaming with joy. They had bagged in addition a duck and a grouse. Unfortunately the body of the moose lay in a place which did not look promising for bear-hunting. However, I had the remains conveyed to a steep slope, and hoped that the penetrating odour would attract the bears.

On the same day Little and I undertook a long reconnoitring expedition on the mountain-sides as high as the snow-line, but saw neither game nor tracks. Mountain-climbing, which distressed me very much at first, has now, after two months' training, become much easier. There is less difficulty in breathing, and the pulse no longer beats at an alarming pace. Exercise is all important for man and beast, and one should not demand severe effort from either without a thorough preliminary training.

On the following day I discovered at a height of some hundred yards above my camp a picturesque lake. It was about half a mile square, and surrounded by a chain of heights, the slopes of which were covered down to the water's
edge with pines and firs. Towering behind and forming a background were snow-clad mountain-peaks and rugged crags of light-coloured stone.

A fox got up at my feet and hurried away; he too was hunting, lying in wait for the ducks, which with their young broods added a touch of life to the scene. A moose about a year old was standing up to his knees in water some two hundred yards away, browsing on young water-lilies, the favourite food of these animals. The Indian grasped his weapon, but I frustrated his intention, for we had game in plenty, and the moose in this place was of no possible use as bait.

For some time I stood in enjoyment of this beautiful picture, illuminated by the cheerful rays of the warm June sun. Then I cautiously stalked the young elk, so as to watch him at close quarters. I got within twenty paces of him, but a dry branch snapping under my foot warned him of my presence, and he trotted off slowly into the forest.

The salmon had already begun to come up the river, and in some parts of the Shesly they might be seen by the dozen. They can be caught very easily with hooks fixed on long sticks.

For weeks I continued this inactive, or, I should rather say, stupid existence. Then I returned to Telegraph Creek, intending to make my way to Dease Lake. Telegraph Creek is a small
place about as important as a little German village. I was just sitting down to my evening meal there one day when two black bears appeared on the hill which runs down to the opposite bank of the Stickeen River. I took my rifle and began to blaze away at the animals, which were, as nearly as I could guess, five hundred yards away. My shots did them no harm, and they soon disappeared over the top of the hill.

The day before two women, who were picking wild strawberries, were disturbed by a black bear quite close to the village. There are, indeed, plenty of bears here; what is needed is the luck to meet them. Lake Dease, near which I intend to hunt next, lies seventy-two miles north-east of Telegraph Creek, and the country round is said to produce all kinds of game—wild goat, sheep, reindeer, moose, and both species of bear.

For transport purposes I had again to use pack-horses, and with them I reached the lake in seven days. I first sent on three of the horses two days’ journey in order to establish a provision-depôt in the country where I intended to hunt. When the animals came back I started out.

As guide I engaged an old Indian called Jim; to distinguish him from the other Jims, and on the score of his having once broken his arm, he goes by the name of “Broken-arm Jim.” I have also a fifteen-year-old cook, a very perfect specimen of the hobbledehoy; and Ned, who has been with me since the spring and proved his competence, is in charge of the horses.

Jim had promised to bring me to wild goats in five days, so I proposed to devote my attention to them first. Travelling with pack-horses means going at a foot’s pace, and is consequently deadly dull; but the country into which I now came was splendid, and the weather, remarkable to say, splendid also; under such conditions the journey was really pleasant. During the midday hours the sun was so warm that, to spare the horses, I started early in the morning. I was called at 3.30 A.M. and was sometimes on the road at 5.30; the day’s march of about twelve miles being usually over by noon.
Every day we saw reindeer (caribou); at this time of the year they keep to the heights to avoid the insects, which do not follow them so far. In the daytime they go far into the mountains, above the limit of vegetation, where they rest on the everlasting snows, and only come down into the valley at night to feed.
I came upon a herd of nineteen in a ravine full of driven snow, and as we needed meat I ordered one of the Indians to kill an animal. This was a very simple matter; for so soon as we reached the foot of the mountain the reindeer, being hemmed in on all sides by steep rocks, and having no other outlet by which to escape, dashed away in headlong flight towards the valley and came right to his gun.

We had been on the march for four days, when old Jim said he had made a mistake: the goat-country was five days farther on. There was positive risk in going so far afield under guidance of an old man, the only one of us who knew the country; the provisions were limited, and such exhausting expeditions are not willingly undertaken without a definite prospect of success. Neither did I care to turn back half-way, especially after the signal failure of my recent hunting, so resolved on a forced march ahead.

When we had gone about six miles up-country from Lake Dease, the Indian pointed to a distant mountain as the goal of our expedition, and on the next day I hunted in that direction, but there were no traces of goats, not even old tracks.

The ancient Jim was exceedingly disappointed; he had, as he put it, "heap sick tum-tum," which meant a very bad conscience. He kept on assuring me that formerly when he was "so big," indicating with a gesture the height of a little boy, hundreds of goats frequented the precipitous rocks. That must have been forty years ago or more, to judge by his age. The goats had to be given up, and my purpose now was to try my luck with sheep.

Favoured by splendid weather, I went out every day on the mountains, but at first could find no male worth getting, only females and lambs.

One day I saw in the distance four sheep feeding on a plateau commanded by rocks. They were too far off for me to see their horns, but from the fact that they had white tails and were very high up in the mountains, I supposed that they were sheep, and, to judge by their size, rams. Then
began the labour of getting round the animals and reaching the rough crags above them. In two hours I was up, and looking over a peak could see them below me. I should have had all of them, had they been reindeer instead of sheep!

Soon after this I saw another herd of the same animals, forty to fifty strong; they were lying on the snowy ridges of what appeared to be the highest mountain of the district.

I am 4,500 feet above sea-level. The air is marvellously sweet to breathe, the scenery is lovely beyond description, and for the last fortnight the sun has smiled upon me the whole day long from a cloudless sky.

When the camp is pitched near a rushing mountain-stream, with a fine view over green slopes, covered with bright flowers and surrounded by rugged snow-clad mountains, involuntarily one feels impelled to say, "Waiter, a bottle of champagne, please."

In the camp-kitchen, where too often in the last few months "short commons" have been the order of the day, the choicest dishes are now prepared. Reindeer-meat, unlike that of the moose, has a decidedly gamey flavour, and is so tender that it can be eaten the day it is killed. The tongue, the liver, and the kidneys are prime delicacies. My cook shot a very young sheep, fit meat for a king's table, and only to be eaten with devout gratitude; lastly, we have a plentiful supply of rock-partridges and ptarmigan which share the highest crags with the sheep; roasted, they are delicate enough to tickle the palate of the most pampered epicure.

I spent my days going to and fro in quest of sheep, and climbed all the mountains on which the game could have lived, but in vain!

The weather now made hunting still more difficult; it had changed to rain and storm, the clouds hung low, and the fog shut out all view. On the 21st of August there was a violent snow-storm. Winter has already made his entry, but I have seen nothing of summer or autumn. The season of torrential rain has come, and with it the interminable days when one
has to sit in a tent, while outside it snows and rains by turns, to say nothing of hail and wind.

In the last days of August I chanced to sight a small flock of sheep in a place where there must have been violent volcanic eruptions hundreds of years ago. The ground is covered with ashes and small calcined pebbles, while the lava and reddish-brown rock have taken fantastic shapes like Gothic buildings with turrets and projections unnumbered. These mountains are a favourite haunt of wild sheep, to judge by the tracks I found.

The long-wished-for 1st of September came at last, the day on which the nine months' close-time for goat, sheep, moose, and reindeer ends. I had shot no game for sixty-eight days, but now could get to work. It was a glorious day. The sun's rays diffused a pleasant warmth in the sheltered spots, and it was only on the heights that I encountered a keen wind, blowing from the north-east over a sea of snow and ice.

Aided by the freshly-fallen snow I soon approached the sheep, and at about three hundred paces fired at a ram, which disappeared quickly behind the rocks. When shortly afterwards I saw the flock of twelve in full flight over the crest of the mountain, I felt sure that I had missed, for there was a ram among them like the one at which I fired. I thought that the position for shooting was inaccessible to human feet, so started back for camp, sad at heart to have missed my first mouflon.

The next morning I saw from the camp a flock feeding high up on a plateau. Having the wind in my favour and finding excellent covert in a little watercourse, I began to stalk them; but had hardly been on the move for half an hour, when, to my great surprise, I saw the herd go by me in close order and at a frantic pace.

For a long time I could not make out the cause of this sudden flight; I was too far off for the sheep to see me, and I was under cover. The wind was blowing straight from
them to me. Then the Indians pointed to a great black eagle circling overhead, which was the malefactor.

This eagle is found all over Alaska, and is the terror of the sheep, carrying off their lambs and even attacking the bigger animals. The damage done by this plunderer even among the domestic sheep of Kodiak Island is incalculable; and yet the eagle is protected in American Alaska because he is Uncle Sam's Bird of Freedom!

This exaggerated patriotism is not at all in keeping with the matter-of-fact attitude of mind of the ordinary Yankee; but where the law does not protect his goods the person concerned protects himself. The cattle-breeders of Kodiak Island pay a reward of a dollar for every eagle put out of harm's way. But this did not save a hunter, who shot one of these birds a short time ago in Cook's Inlet, from a fine of fifty dollars for showing disrespect to the sacred heraldic bird.

The king of birds had spoilt my hunting, for I never saw the sheep again. In the afternoon I visited the place where I had shot at the ram the previous day, and in the distance saw a female with her lamb. I resolved to drive the animals and climbed to the highest part of the mountain, telling the
Indian Bob, whom I had brought with me in place of the half-blind old Jim, to advance from below at a given signal. The drive was entirely successful. Several sheep came within ten paces of me, but, unfortunately, there was no good ram among them. Bob succeeded in climbing up the steep rocks, and reported that he had found a five-year-old ram dead. I went with him to the place—nothing would induce me to go there a second time—and found the animal I had fired at the day before, which had been shot in the belly.

I do not understand how anybody can be bitten with the mania for mountaineering. Personally I can imagine no more painful situation in the world than standing glued to a rock, like a stamp stuck on a letter tilted up on end, and looking in vain for the next foothold.

There are certain things which one cannot describe truthfully without raising in the mind of the reader quite natural doubts as to the trustworthiness of the writer. Among these things are the hardships of hunting wild sheep in this country. The two legs which Nature has given to man are, however, insufficient for the purpose of following these animals to their retreats. The wind is un-
necessarily violent in the mountains, and the driving sand mixed with stones is an unmitigated abomination. We are not wrong, therefore, in counting the pursuit of wild sheep and ibex among the most difficult things in the whole range of sport.

Since my departure from Telegraph Creek I had seen no bears, nor even a single track. I could scarcely expect to find them, for in the country in which I was there were none of the berries on which the bears feed at this season. The salmon did not come up there, and I concluded, therefore, that no
bears were likely to be met with; indeed, I did not know what they would find to eat.

The best thing to do was to make a good bag of sheep, caribou, and moose as quickly as possible, and then go down the Stickeen River from Telegraph Creek, and catch the bears at their salmon-fishing.

The fine weather seemed to have taken its departure with the month of August. The first ten days of September it rained and snowed and hailed by turns; an icy wind blew, making it impossible to stay long among the high mountains, and, worst of all, I had not yet killed or sighted a good mountain-ram. No doubt good rams are to be met with now and then, for a few days ago another hunter killed a splendid specimen close at hand. He also killed three grislies on a mountain-slope, which, as it happened, I had not visited in the course of my weeks of wandering. The ground, which was torn up in all directions, showed that the bears live not only on grass but on
the marmots which are plentiful here, digging them out of their burrows and devouring them. I am pursued by ill-luck as of old, and have not yet found a way of escape. Sitting in a tent for days together while the elements are unchained outside is the hardest task of all for a hunter. The books I brought with me are long since read, as well as the month-old news which came by the last mail.

But here as elsewhere sunshine follows rain, and the sunshine it was which helped me on the 12th of September to bring off a double shot at caribou. Hunting on a ridge far above the region of vegetation, I saw the two animals about two hundred and twenty yards below me as the crow flies. The antlers were good though not specially big. A shot in the shoulder, a shot in the back-bone, and the two animals were mine!

To naturalists this caribou is known as *Rangifer osborni*; its antlers differ from those of the caribou of Newfoundland and the east coast of America in being smaller and having fewer points. They have in front between the eyes usually only one palm-tine with a scalloped edge, whereas those of the east as a rule have two.

Caribou-hunting does not afford me any special pleasure now any more than it did in Newfoundland in 1900, though here hard work is needed and the highest peaks must be scaled to get near to the game.

On the 14th, after a long chase, I brought down a magnificent male caribou, which came within thirty paces.

My taxidermist Little on this day shot two males, one of which had not yet got rid of his velvet, while the other, to judge by the dark colour of the antlers, must have lost his some ten days before.

So soon as the caribou loses his velvet the rutting-season comes on; this lasts about four weeks, and at the end of November the caribou, like the moose, casts his antlers. These are really for ornamental purposes, being worn only during the month in which the males are rutting. It seems to
MY BEST CARIBOU.

Facing page 404.
be Nature's will that all created being should do battle at this season.

Between the 15th and 20th of September no less than 3 feet 7 inches of snow fell; part of which soon thawed, but there remained 1 foot 9½ inches, enough to make marching exceedingly difficult, particularly for the pack-horses.

I had supposed that the caribou would now come down

from the mountains, but nothing of the sort! They stay high up among the snows, and eat the white moss which grows there. I killed two more males, one on the 18th and the other on the 19th, with such ease that I cannot call it "hunting." One was so fast asleep that I had to rouse him to get a shot at his shoulder. He seemed unwilling to move. Another male which was lying near him took not the slightest notice of my shot, and did not rise until my men had come up and we were close to his dead comrade.
CASSIAR CARIBOU HEAD.
The Indians assure me that the males are not always so confiding, and one is inclined to suppose that they are exhausted by their battles.

I watched for a long time through a telescope a battle in which four males engaged by turns. The one who seemed the biggest and strongest drove his rivals one after the other into the valley, and then kept watch from his height to see that his vanquished foes did not come near the female again.

Of the two animals mentioned above, one had a particularly fine white mane, so I took his whole skin and the bones of a fore-leg and a hind-leg for the Berlin Museum. It is no light task to carry out these dissecting operations, and to take exact measurements of the various dimensions of one's game in a storm of snow and a temperature many degrees below freezing-point;
gloves cannot be worn, and I know nothing colder than a wet hide; there are times when one is hardly averse from the notion of warming one's frozen hands in the entrails of the beast.

With five caribou to my credit I had reached the number allowed by my permit, and now turned to the moose which were said to be found singly lower down the mountains.

The thaw has given place to a sharp frost; an icy north-west wind is blowing, and our fatigues are out of all proportion to the poor bag we have made; but a hunter should not complain.

The temperature at 7 A.M. on the 21st of September was \(-10.6^\circ\) R. It seems that winter is asserting his sway in good time, and I must soon think of leaving this part of the country if I am to find the Stickeen River free from ice and to hunt bears there. The Indians are in a hurry to get home. They have already cut one another's hair in clown-fashion, cropping it close at the sides and back, and leaving the black locks on the top of the head to stand up in tufts. Even I am possessed with a feeling which I knew in the old school-days: "Thank Heaven, the holidays will soon be here!" So low have continual disappointments brought me!

Three marches brought me clear of the deep snow, and then for a few days I hunted moose in miserable weather without success. The moose had left the heights, as the tracks showed. Lower down we could not command any view because of the denseness of the woodland, and the snow had already melted, so that tracking was out of the question.

As my pack-horses could not take the heads of eight caribou at one journey, I sent some of them ahead to Lake Dease, from which Telegraph Creek horses could fetch the unwieldy trophies.

When the Indians who had gone with them returned to camp their faces were beaming with happiness. They must have learned some pleasing news on their journey. Had they
shot the long-desired moose for food, I wondered, or had peace been declared in the Far East? No; it was something far more important. They had brought with them, on this 27th of September, new potatoes and onions, the first we had seen this year; but illusion is short and repentance long,—a sleepless night and violent stomach-ache were the inevitable consequences!

For the next few days we had alternate rain and snow,
and saw no trace of moose; so, vanquished by fate, I decided on retreat.

On the 3rd of October I left Telegraph Creek in a canoe, moving slowly down the Stickeen River, with the intention of getting a shot at a bear at last. Early next day I climbed one of the steep mountains which flank the river. It was literally and truly a "thorny path," but one of the Indians had seen a bear on the top, and I was after him. When I got within about a hundred and twenty yards' distance, he was standing broadside to me, and I resolved to shoot, though I could by a slight détour have come closer still. I was confident of success, but "pride comes before a fall." When I fired, the bear bounded away; I had clean missed. The first miss—my two shots at wolf and bear at six hundred yards do not count—is always particularly vexatious, for it irremediably ruins the hundred per cent of successful shots. Every hunter, of course, has an excuse ready; but, excuses apart, it is a fact that my rifle was full of grease, put in to preserve it from rust, and in this case, as one knows, the bullets go high. To ensure accurate shooting the barrels should always be perfectly dry.

In the afternoon of the same day a grisly at last appeared. It was the 4th of October, and I had been looking for him since the 30th of April. He was taking a constitutional on the bank of a poplar-grown island, which my boat had already passed. I stopped immediately and landed, taking with me the captain of my boat, an excellent Indian named Bradley. The bear entered the wood at a place where the undergrowth came right down to the water, but soon came into view again, advancing straight towards me. Bradley and I now advanced on hands and knees. The wind was excellent, and the sun was behind our backs, so that the bear could not see us, though we had no sort of covert. When he was a hundred and fifty yards away I got a suggestive dig in the ribs, but, thanks to the morning's experience, I was not to be disconcerted, and waited until there was no more than a hundred
paces, the breadth of the stream, between me and my adversary. Then the bear fell, shot dead. He was a full-grown male with a good coat. On the following day I saw

a black bear on a hill-side, but I had only a glimpse of him and he was gone.

The 6th of October gave me my second grisly, which was
on an island and appeared to want to swim over to the river bank; it came down to the water's edge at several places and then drew back. I went to meet it on the bank opposite the island, and, trusting to its bad sight, did not attempt to take covert. When I had gone a hundred and fifty yards it wanted to run away, but my first ball frustrated its intention; and when I fired, it got up on its hind-legs and reeled about like a drunken man, and then fell dying. It was a big female, with a light brown coat; but, strange to say, there was no baby bear with the mother; I made a thorough search in the island, but no second bear was to be found.

Since I left Telegraph Creek the weather has been extraordinarily fine. For four days there was not a vestige of cloud in the sky; at night the thermometer sank to \(-11\) R., but in the daytime it was as warm as in summer. The scenery is magnificent along the Stickeen River, both banks of which are flanked by high mountains, now covered with snow. The autumnal tints of the trees, among which the poplar predominates, lend life and colour to the darker foliage of the pine-woods.

It was, of course, a lucky chance that I fell in with the two grislies. In my regular hunting I have not seen one, though along the tributaries of the Stickeen they may be said to swarm. The little streams teem with salmon; the larger fish, of eight to ten pounds, are found where these streams join the river, while the upper waters are crowded with the smaller fish. The Indians hook the fish with the greatest ease, and eat quantities of them. They have nothing in common with the delicate salmon of Europe except their colour, and, being exceedingly dry and tasteless, are not palatable to one who is accustomed to Rhine salmon.

The water is so clear that the footprints of the bears in the mud can be distinctly seen in the places where they fish. Bones and heads of salmon litter the banks. The best times to watch for bears are early morning and late afternoon. To my sorrow I have not brought with me a little canoe in which to go up
MY FIRST BLACK BEAR.

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the smaller streams; and in consequence of this omission the results of my hunting may be seriously affected. The canoe in which I go down the river is not suited for hunting purposes, being of two and a half tons burden and drawing too much water.

The Indian, Shakes, with whom I went up the Stickeen in the spring of the year, promised, before I left Telegraph Creek, that he would leave his little boat at an appointed place; he was not going to use it himself for some days. When I came to the place there was no boat, nor any sign whatever of its perjured owner. He had offered me the boat with many asseverations, in order to prevent me from providing myself with another in Telegraph Creek; he had no intention of letting me have it, all he wanted was to spoil my hunting. This is a typical trick of the Indian, in full and complete accord with his crafty character; and it was stupid of me not to have learned wisdom by experience.

An incident in connection with an Indian in my crew was very instructive. I had landed on a sandbank, on which I discovered numerous traces of bears, and had gone scarcely three hundred paces when the mountains resounded with four shots, fired in quick succession. I went back and found that one of the Indians in the boat had fired these shots at a bear,—and this in spite of my express and repeated injunctions not to shoot at any animal whatsoever. When taken to task the fellow told me with the utmost effrontery and in good English, that he had as much right to shoot bears as I had. Here is one of the glorious results of the famous American doctrine of equality!

I dismissed the fellow on the spot, but was compelled to take him into my service again. I could not do without his strong arms when it came to handling the big canoe, and should have suffered most myself by his dismissal. These men know that, so soon as we are off the beaten track, they are indispensable; and this is one of the reasons why they become insolent. There is another reason too, some of the judges in
this country—I am speaking generally of Alaska—are not impartial; in most cases they side with the natives, and let deserters and contract-breakers go unpunished, and sometimes make the traveller, who has engaged them, pay their wages into the bargain.

When I was on the Shesly River, one of the many dogs kept by the Indians came several times to my camp and stole all the food it could. One day it was making off with half a ham in its mouth, and, as it paid no attention to the stones thrown at it, Little shot at it with a miniature rifle, calibre 22, which we use for shooting birds. The dog was bleeding when it got back to the village; and presently a deputation appeared, saying that the dog was dead and demanding £1 as damages. The dog was a wretched little cur, but, according to the owner, it had possessed remarkable qualities: it used to lead a blind man through the dark woods, and had also an excellent nose for scenting porcupines,—and more of the same sort. Of course I did not believe the legend of its death, and asked to see the body. This request was refused, so I turned the fellows out of the camp.

Two months later a man employed on the telegraph-line assured me that the wounded dog was alive and well; but the Indians lodged a complaint in the proper court, and, before we left, Little had to hand over £2 to the police officer of the district, instead of the £1 originally demanded, while for the ham and the other stolen articles I got no compensation.

No doubt in a higher court a thing like this would not be sanctioned, but who will expose himself to the endless worries of an appeal? This is but an example of many cases known to me, in which the traveller in this country has been unable to get justice.

Wages here are usually high: the smallest daily pay is 10s. 6d. with food of the best quality provided. For this the shopkeepers are chiefly to blame; the head and front of the offenders being the Hudson Bay Company. They allow the
Indian to buy largely on credit, and, when a trip is over, the pay goes, not to the man who has earned it, but to the store-keeper with whom he does business. The native has no idea of the value of money; he buys at the store all sorts of things, necessary and unnecessary, such as gaudy silk handkerchiefs, laces, and ribbons, and the like, for his "sweetheart"; in fact, buys anything on which the store-keeper makes a profit of hundreds per cent. The more money the Indian gets paid for his trifling services the more flows into the store-till; the store-keeper, therefore, makes it his business to raise the rate of pay, and in some places wages have already been run up to 12s. and 16s. a day.

Besides this, the store-keepers want to sell you provisions in the greatest quantity and of the most expensive quality possible. The Indians are already accustomed to all sorts of luxuries, and of course demand them in the interests of the vendor.

Here is a list of the provisions supplied by a store-keeper of Fort Wrangel to the four men who were to take me to Telegraph Creek, a journey of some eight to ten days up the river:—50 lbs. flour, 42 lbs. crushed sugar, 20 lbs. brown haricot-beans, 10 lbs. white haricots, 20 lbs. rice, 22 lbs. bacon, 1 case (12) 2 lb. tins of beef, 1 lb. tea, 4 lbs. coffee, 12 tins condensed milk, 4 tins each peach-jam, grape-jam and strawberry-jam, 12 tins tomatoes, 10 lbs. salt, 5 lbs. lard, 50 lbs. potatoes, 20 lbs. onions, 6 lbs. butter, 10 lbs. oatmeal, 73 lbs. biscuits, 1000 matches, 2 tins baking powder, 1 tin pepper, 1 bottle Worcestershire sauce, 2 large bottles English mixed pickles. Total cost, £7.12s.

One is imposed on right and left. The laws—by which I mean those who administer them—are against the stranger, though he is welcomed in the country as a willing victim. So soon as the prevailing conditions are properly known, I do not think that many hunters will turn their steps to Cassiar.

From the 8th to the 12th of October I hunted on the so-called Hudson Bay Flats, a group of large and small islands
formed by the river. Here I met Baron von Plessen, who was also on his way home, after having had the good fortune to get hold of the only Indian who knew the country, and, with whom for guide, had killed in September three grand sheep and four grisly bears.

The fine weather has given place to rain, always to be reckoned with here. The Pacific Ocean is not more than one hundred and ten miles away, and affects the climate unpleasantly. Still I go out twice a day on the water, where one of the many tributaries joins the Stickeen, and wade upstream in my good American rubber-boots, which come up to the hips, or crawl on all fours through the thick brushwood on the bank, to a place from which I may perhaps get a view. Here I may wait and watch for hours. Every time I have done this I have heard one or more bears in the bush, but, up to the present, wind and rain have spoilt my chances.

I saw no bears for ten days; but on the 16th of October one of the Indians discovered a grisly going along a bank of the Iskud, by which I was hunting. I was on an island, and had not time to go across to get at him, so made my way to the extreme point of the island, dropped on one knee and waited, in the hope that the bear would come out of the bush and pass the little clearing which I commanded. He did just what I wanted, and at three hundred yards I gave him two bullets. He fell at the first shot, but got up again and disappeared in the scrub.

Though it is my regular practice not to take up the chase of wounded animals, particularly of beasts of prey, till I have given them half an hour in which to grow weak and die from loss of blood, I made an exception to-day, because my guide Bradley wanted to start at once. He takes offence at trifles, so I let him have his way. We went round the island to the river-bank, and, as we approached the place where the bear was when I fired, I heard him growling, and saw some willows bending. The Indian raised his gun apparently intending to
fire, but I called to him and told him not to shoot. He took
offence and refused to come with me, so I had to go on alone,
which was annoying, because my hearing, never very good,
had been diminished by a bad cold to about an eighth of its
ordinary power, and hearing is an important factor in the
pursuit of wounded game.

The bear, which lost much blood as he fled, was badly
wounded in the intestines, as the patches of droppings showed.
I walked, or rather crawled, forward with the greatest caution,
as it was impossible to keep upright in the tangled wood. It is
better to creep because, if an attack is made, it is easier to get
one's gun into the desired position than when one is walking
and innumerable branches are in the way.

I had gone eighty paces in this fashion, when the Indian
came up behind and told me in dumb show that he could
hear the bear close ahead; pointing out the place where he
was. I left the blood-marked tracks and moved quickly
towards the steep slope just in front of me, but, before I had
gone far, I was met by a loud "Wouff!" from the bear, and
saw his head facing directly towards me. I fired immediately
and he fell dead, brain spurting from the wound.

My first shot had broken a thigh, so he could not well
have risen on his hind-legs to attack, as is the way of bears.
The hunter cannot foresee things like this, and caution is
always advisable when one is in dense bush chasing a grisly
with a wound in the belly.

After this I went farther up the Iskud River, where I found
plenty of fresh tracks of bears on the sand-banks and in the
streams, but for ten days saw no game. The weather was
chiefly to blame for this; the rain had been coming down for
eighteen days with but slight intermission, and it seemed as if
it was only at night that the bears came out of the dense
woods to fish.

Utterly depressed by my ill-success, and still more by the
odious climate of the country, I turned back on the 26th of
October, and reached Fort Wrangel the same day.

The whole trip may be considered a complete failure, the
causes of which are misinformation, untrustworthiness of the
Indians, and lack of game.

The great distances which have to be traversed are out of
all proportion to the results obtained; and Cassiar as a hunting-
ground has nothing to recommend it in spring and summer,
and but very little in autumn.
CHAPTER XVI

THE RIFLE

As to the weapons which should be used in hunting wild animals very contradictory views are held by hunters. Every one swears by the rifle with which he has been successful. The main question is: Should we use guns of large calibre with black powder, or guns of small calibre with smokeless powder? We cannot combine the two, for, if a gun of large calibre were built suitable for smokeless powder, the strong barrels, which would be necessary, would be so heavy that, when unshouldered, the gun would be unmanageable. I began with the large calibre and black powder, and later took to the small calibre with smokeless, and to this I intend to stick. There is something to be said for and against both. Rifles of larger calibre cause a greater shock, while those of smaller calibre have much greater penetrating power, especially at long distances. The larger calibre has the disadvantage that it cannot be successfully used at a distance of more than seventy-five yards; on the other hand it is an admirable weapon when one pursues dangerous animals to close quarters in covert. In this case the disadvantage of the smaller calibre is that the bullet, unless it hits a bone, goes through the animal, causing little damage, and exposes the hunter to the danger of being charged, even though his shot has been a good one; the larger calibre, on the other hand, owing to its enormous striking energy, will put the animal hors de combat, at any rate for a few moments.

In old days hunters in Africa used to equip themselves with veritable cannons, guns of 4 and 8 bore. Apart from
their frightful recoil, the very weight of these guns would spoil shooting, as it is hardly possible for the hunter who has carried a gun of this kind in great heat to take good aim. In these days guns are built of 13 m/m, shooting smokeless powder and weighing but 9 lbs. I consider these to be well suited for hunting dangerous wild animals. They will save the hunter many a dangerous chase, which is almost inevitable if he uses a gun of smaller calibre.

I know a case in which the sportsman had to pay with his life for using a rifle of small calibre. He was a young Englishman I met in India, who used to spend his annual furlough in hunting tiger on foot, stalking his game, accompanied by a native. He would use no other gun than the English service rifle, which is not very different from that used in the German army. Having brought down a good many tigers with this rifle, he would not listen to the advice which experienced hunters gave him, to use a weapon of larger calibre. One day he shot a tiger at close quarters; the animal sprang on him and bit him several times. When it left him, the hunter seized his rifle again, and wounded the beast a second time. The tiger turned round, killed his adversary, and then fell dead on the top of him. I found the two bullet-holes in the tiger's skin, both close to the heart. The animal would never have had strength to attack the daring hunter the second time if the shots had been fired from a weapon of larger calibre.

The Mauser and Mannlicher are undoubtedly excellent rifles, and have proved themselves thoroughly satisfactory in big-game hunting; but I think that the hunter will gain his object more speedily and more surely if he uses a heavier bullet than these guns fire.

Though the choice of a rifle is an important matter, and one which must by no means be underestimated, of far greater importance is the disposition of the man behind the gun. Coolness, quick grasp of situation, great self-confidence, thorough knowledge of the workings of the animal mind, these are the qualities which the hunter must possess before all things.
Those who have the common weakness of sportsmen, "hunter's nerves," had better leave big game alone. But, if the conditions I have named are fulfilled, and the hunter gets to work with circumspection, and seeks, whenever it is practicable, to lessen the dangers that threaten him, he will be able to enjoy for years the exceeding great delights associated with the hunting of wild animals.
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