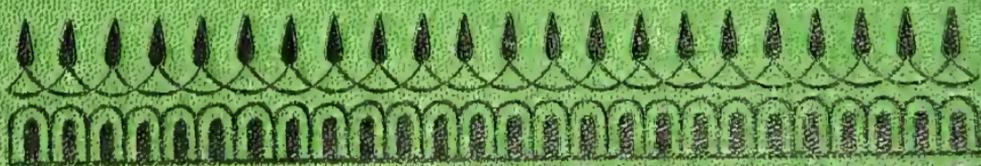


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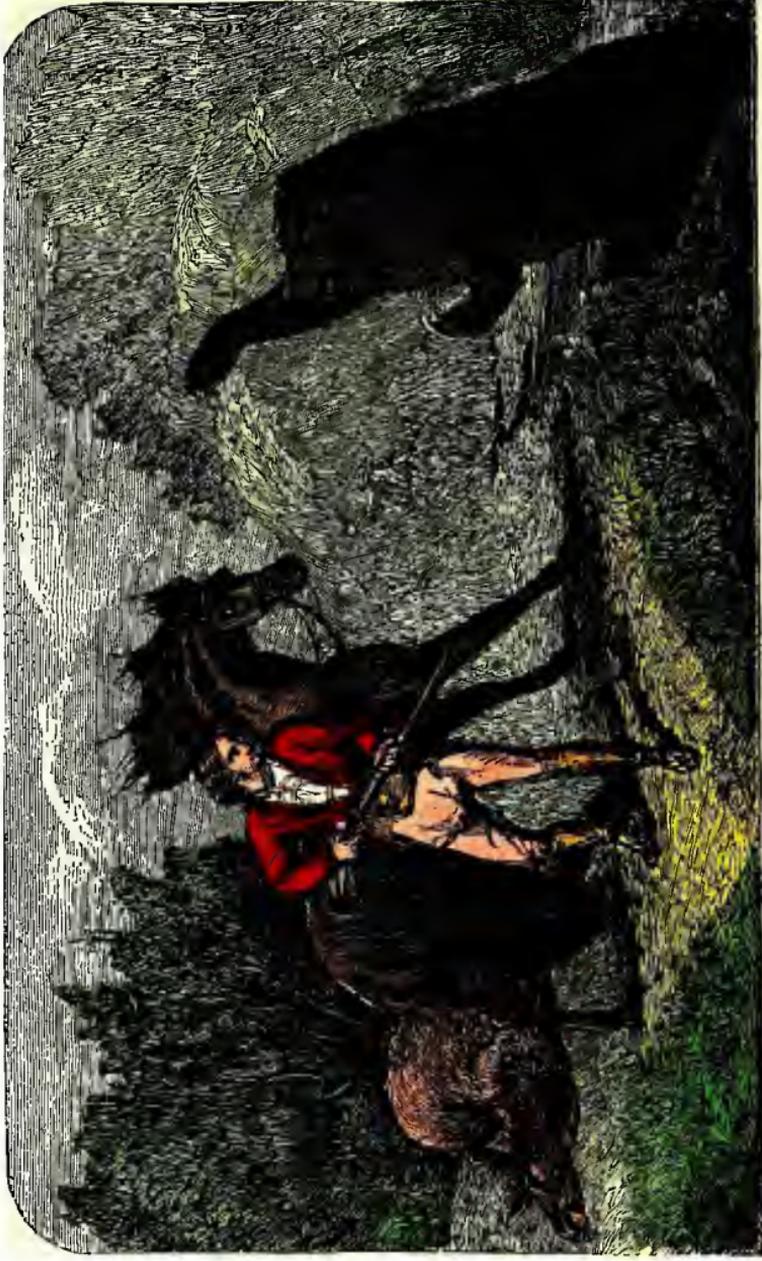
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MR. PALISER AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR

PERILS & PLEASURES OF A HUNTER'S LIFE.



PERILS AND PLEASURES

OF

A HUNTER'S LIFE;

OR THE

ROMANCE OF HUNTING

BY PEREGRINE HERNE.



PHILADELPHIA :
PUBLISHED BY JOHN E. POTTER & CO.,
Nos. 614 AND 617 SANSON STREET.

Gift:
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P R E F A C E .

HUNTING, which is the amusement of most of those who pursue it, is a business with many. On the borders of civilization, and in the midst of barbarous and half-civilized regions, are men whose sole occupation is the chase; and, with these men, it is not only an occupation, but a delight. They live on the flesh of those quadrupeds and birds which are considered *game*, and they pursue with a fierce pleasure those beasts of prey which are the terror of the peaceful rustic, and the destroyers of his flocks and herds. The adventures of these genuine hunters are full of thrilling incidents and hair-breadth escapes. They constitute the romance of hunting.

In the following autobiography of a hunter, the reader will find a specimen of this species of romance. It is not without its moral. It shows what a man is capable of daring and doing, even for the mere love of adventure; and thus foreshadows what higher things he might dare and do under the potent influence of a higher motive.

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PERILS AND PLEASURES

OF

A HUNTER'S LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

A ROUGH, BEAR-FACED INTRODUCTION.

THE grizzly monster glared at me from his rocky perch with the eyes of a fury. It was no time for hesitation. I raised my rifle, took a quick aim at the shoulder of the bear,—the only part fairly exposed—and fired. The next moment there was an awful growl, and my fierce enemy came limping down the pass towards me. I turned and ran toward a small pine that stood by the side of the pass, about a hundred yards from the spot where I had fired. I reached the tree, dropped my rifle, and, with a few rapid jerks, reached the lower limb, just as the bear dashed to the foot. Such was the monster's

tremendous strength, that as he clasped the tree I thought he would break its trunk in twain. How he growled and glared! But I felt comparatively safe; and with a malicious coolness, I pulled out my revolver, and shot ball after ball into the vital parts of the bear, who at length, after receiving the last ball in his side, fell over and yielded his breath.

“An admirable exploit!” the inexperienced reader would, perchance, exclaim. But as a practised hand with the rifle and revolver, among the crags of the Rocky Mountains, I could not consider it as such. My father—old Peregrine Herne—may he have reached the happy hunting-grounds!—would have snapped his fingers at the achievement, and I who was ambitious of “treading in the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor” — merely judged that I had done pretty well. I was then about twenty-five years of age. Up to my twentieth year I had resided in St. Louis, with my mother, more attentive to books than mountain and prairie sports. My mother died, and I then joined my father, who was the most restless of men—in his hunting expeditions in the far west. Five years of such a life had given me the experience necessary to make a hardy mountaineer and a successful hunter. Having killed many a bear, and made many a narrow escape from death, it could not be expected that the destruction of the animal mentioned

above should be to my mind an admirable exploit, however it may appear to the uninitiated.

The vanquished bear was of considerable size—weighing probably twelve hundred pounds. I had frequently seen them much larger, bears weighing fifteen hundred pounds being common in the Rocky Mountains. The skin, I thought, would be a valuable addition to my pack, and the fat sides promised me good living for several days. Skinning the bear was quickly performed. According to the custom of the mountaineers, I cut off one of the hind feet to retain as a trophy; then secured my steaks—hungry as I was, they made my mouth water, as the phrase goes—and leaving the carcass to the wolves, descended to the foot of the pass.

My faithful mules—Old Flygrass and Young Oregon—were cropping the scanty herbage near a small rivulet that ran at the foot of the rocks. Their packs were lying under a ledge—a shady spot where I had resolved to encamp when startled by the bear-sign. It was the afternoon of a June day—the sun was very warm, and having journeyed about twenty miles since daybreak, I was fatigued enough to enjoy a cool shade, a good meal, and a few whiffs of the pipe. Kindling a fire was a work of some difficulty. Trees were scarce near the Pass. I was at least half an hour in gathering dry twigs, bark, and leaves, and nearly the same time was occupied in hunting up a

stout limb for what is usually called a "back-log." But the fire was kindled, and with the ramrod of my rifle I spitted the steaks for broiling. The mules were tethered so as to allow them plenty of grazing room, and then my mountain camp was formed. And now while the meat is simmering before the fire, and I am preparing my seasoning, I can find time to let the reader know where I am, how I got there, and what is my object.

My camp was within about twenty miles of the Great South Pass, in the Rocky Mountains, at the foot of a narrow rugged path, worn by hunters and war-parties of Indians. At this point, the mountains were neither lofty nor steep, but very rocky and bare. The rivulet of which I have spoken was one of the many which went to form the Sweet Water River. From the foot of the mountain an undulating plain stretched away, covered with a short parched grass. Occasionally a small band of buffaloes, a straggling deer, or some gaunt wolves would appear in the distance, linger awhile, and then hurry out of sight, while prairie-dogs, chameleons, and enormous beetles were constantly to be seen, playing among the grass and sand. From my camp, I could see the Wind River Mountains, glittering in mantles of snow, while the Sweet Water Mountain capped in clouds, looked gray and cool, in striking contrast with the plain at its foot.

So much for my situation. As to the wherefore of my

being there, a few words of explanation will suffice. I had been trapping beaver up the Yellow Stone, and having been forced to leave that region by the bands of Blackfeet, before I had fairly begun to trap, I had come to the mountains, with the hope of making a pack of bear-skins, or at least, of living well upon the meat of the bear and the Rocky Mountain sheep. Thus far I had met with tolerable fortune, having already stowed away in my packs, three bear-skins, four sheep-skins, and about a dozen deer-skins. Still I had much work to perform, to earn my winter's support at the mountaineer rendezvous, "Brown's Hole." Deprived of my usual stock of beaver, which always brought me a good living price, I knew that it would take many a hunt to supply the deficiency. However, my mules were sound, my arms in prime order, and my ammunition was abundant. I had the fullest confidence in my own ability to contend with the dangers and privations of the wilderness, and as I laid myself by the fire on that June night, with the starry sky for a roof, and the howling of the prairie-wolf for my lullaby, I feared neither wild beast nor savage man.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRAIRIE WOLF AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

I CONTINUED hunting in the neighborhood of the South Pass—the region in which game of all kinds was abundant, and where my solitary life was occasionally relieved by a meeting with hunters or emigrants. The only Indians I cared to avoid were the Arapahoes and Blackfeet. Straggling parties of those tribes occasionally appeared in close proximity to me, but I always contrived to conceal myself, so as to escape their notice. Most of the tribes were friendly to the white hunters, and with many of the chiefs I had an acquaintance intimate enough to insure me against attack. I was known among them as a good hunter, and was always sure of a welcome at their lodges.

My daily expeditions were enlivened with many adventures—and some occurrences not altogether agreeable. One day I shot a deer, and as I was about to butcher it,



HUNTING THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

another, much fatter, came in sight. Thinking to make property of both animals, I left the dead one on the ground and sprang off in pursuit of the one last seen. After a cautious chase of about a quarter of a mile, I succeeded in getting a fair shot, and dropped the deer. He was a noble fellow, evidently destroyed in his prime. Shouldering him, I hastened back to the spot where I had left the first deer killed. Not a particle was visible except some hair; but at a distance of some hundred yards, a dozen coyotes, or prairie-wolves, were feasting on a lump of something which proved to be the remains of my deer. When I dispersed these cowardly gluttons, I found that a handful of hair was all that was left of it.

The prairie wolf is an animal of wonderful sagacity. It will follow hunters all day, at less than a hundred yards' distance, stopping when they stop, sitting down quietly when game is killed, rushing to devour the offal when the hunter retires. If a deer or antelope is wounded, the wolves immediately pursue it and sometimes pull the animal down in time for the hunter to come up and rescue it from their ravenous clutches. One day I killed a buck which was so poor that I left the carcass on the ground, as unworthy of the trouble of cutting up. Six small prairie-wolves had attended my excursion that day, and before I had left the deer twenty paces, they had commenced the work of destruction. About fifteen minutes

afterwards, I looked back, and saw the same wolves following me. Thinking it scarcely possible that they had devoured the whole deer in so short a space of time, I returned, and was astonished at finding nothing but a pile of bones and hair. A short time afterwards, I killed a black-tailed deer, and it was also in a wretched condition, I merely took the fleeces, (or the meat from the back and ribs,) and left the rest of the animal untouched. I then walked away, and sitting down quietly on a rock, watched the operation of the wolves. They hurried to the deer as if famished, and commenced tugging, snarling, biting, and swallowing, seemingly at the same time. At the end of five minutes, they withdrew, and nothing remained on the ground but a well-picked skeleton. During the day, they swallowed three entire deer. The voracity of these animals was always astonishing to me—for I could not help wondering where they stowed all they ate. The coyote is not as bold and fierce as the large gray wolf, and man has little reason to dread a flock of them. I frequently chased them from my camp, with no weapon but my ramrod.

My favorite game, in an epicurean point of view, was the Rocky Mountain sheep, called by the Mexicans, the carnero cimaron. This animal partakes of the nature of both the deer and the goat, resembling the latter in its habits and fondness of lofty crags of the mountains,

whence it seldom descends to the valleys. Its color is a brownish dun, with a whitish streak on its hind quarters the tail being tipped with black. The horns of the male are enormous, curved backward, and often three feet in length, with a circumference of twenty inches near the head. The cimaron makes tremendous leaps down precipices, invariably alighting on its horns. Their senses are very acute, and sentinels are always on the watch, so that it is difficult to get within rifle-shot of them. I had read of the chamois hunts in the Alps; but I did not believe that the chase of that swift animal was attended with a great deal more danger and excitement than hunting the cimaron.

One day, I got within rifle-shot of a cimaron, in a rather singular way. I was leaning against a steep rock, a considerable distance up the mountain, and enjoying a smoke. Happening to scent a peculiar odor, I looked up and was surprised to perceive four cimarons not far above me. I noiselessly grasped my rifle; but the motion, slight as it was, was sufficient to alarm the animals, and with a loud bleat they dashed up the mountain at so rapid a rate that all attempts to get a good shot were vain. When, however, they reached a little plateau about a hundred and fifty yards from where I stood, they suddenly stopped, and approaching the edge, looked down at me. As soon as I saw them stop, I lifted up my rifle,

took aim at the side of the cimaron nearest me, and fired. The animal jumped from the rock, and made an effort to follow its flying companions; but its strength failed, and after some convulsive struggle, it fell over the rock, down almost to my feet, and laid dead. It was a young and fat cimaron, and that evening, when I camped, according to custom, under shelter of the rocks, I made a glorious meal of the juicy flesh.

Hunting the cimaron was to me the most arduous as well as the most exciting of sports. Many a day I followed a flock of these animals without killing a single one. They led me over paths, where a slight slip of the foot, would have sent me to destruction. I learned to leap with them from crag to crag, and to jump down precipices which at other times I would have cautiously avoided. One day I wounded a young sheep, which I determined to keep and train as a companion. It was a brisk little animal, and as soon as its wound had partly healed, its gambols about my camp became a source of genuine pleasure to me. These animals are quite intelligent, and quick to attach themselves to human beings. My young cimaron soon learned to come at my call, and when I stretched myself by the fire to sleep, to huddle beside me. Many a wolf lurked near, in extreme hunger for a taste of Fondle's sweet flesh, but they kept clear of my protecting arm.

One night, a famished pack of coyotes made an attack on my little camp in a desperate attempt to get hold of my pet. In an instant I was on my feet, and as Fondle set up a piteous bleating, blazed away at the wolves, and stretched four of them dead. The rest fled with some thing like the speed of the wind.

The wolves occasionally displayed astonishing audacity. They came within twenty feet of my fire, and I had much difficulty in preventing them from gnawing away the leather ropes by which my mules were tethered. One night, they succeeded; but luckily I awoke just about the time that my mules felt their liberty, and dispersing the wolves by a shot, I once more secured my animals near the fire, and stretched myself to repose.

CHAPTER III.

A COMRADE AND FRESH SPORTS.

ON a bright day in July, I was sitting near the foot of the Pass mentioned at the commencement of this narrative, when an unexpected sight greeted my eyes. Coming leisurely along at the foot of the mountains were three mules, two of which were laden with packs, while upon the other rode a hunter, who, on a near approach, I recognised to be an old acquaintance of my father's, called Joe Blaney. He did not immediately recognise me; but with his rifle thrown over his arm, ready for emergency, he rode up.

“Wagh, no!” he exclaimed. “Young Peregrine, or I an't Joe Blaney, now,” and he quickly dismounted and gave me his hand. After the customary salutations of the rough and ready hunters, I inquired.

“Where from, Joe?”

“New Mexican country—Santa Fe, and there abouts; been up the Yellow Stone. Blackfeet thicker than beaver

BEAR FIGHT IN THE PYRENEES.



up there, Peregrine. Must go the buffalo, bear, deer, and sheep, instead, now, boy. Buffalo thick on the plains."

"Let's join, Joe. I'm getting a little tired of the mountains, and like yourself have been driven away from the Yellow Stone beaver. Let us camp to night, and in the morning strike across the prairies," said I, and my services were immediately given to aid Joe in preparing to encamp.

He had three fine young mules; his traps were in the best order, and he had abundance of ammunition. The hunter was about forty years of age. His face was sharp and gaunt. His head was always bent forward, giving him the appearance of being hump-backed; but in stature he was rather above the ordinary height. His twinkling eyes seemed to look on all sides of him at once, so restless were they. His voice was at all times loud, sharp, and ringing. His costume was very much like my own, but rather the worse for wear. It consisted of an old felt hat, hunting-shirt, and leggings of leather,—shining with grease—mocassins, and heavy Mexican spurs. In the shoulder-belt which sustained his bullet-pouch and powder-horn, were fastened an awl, with deer-horn handle, a worm for cleaning his rifle, a squat-looking bullet mould, and a little bottle, made from antelope horn, which contained the "medicine," used in baiting the beaver-traps. His rifle looked like one of the best quality—and although I

had a strong arm, I doubted my ability to hold that shooting-iron long presented.

We had a pleasant camp that night. Joe gave me a great deal of information in regard to the condition of things at the trading-posts, and in New Mexico, told stories of his recent hunting expeditions, and showed himself a cheerful and entertaining companion. When I expressed my perplexity in regard to the disposal of Fondle, during our hunting expeditions on the prairies, Joe informed me that the proprietor of "Brown's Hole" station would pay a good price for a tame cimaron, and I then determined to go to the trouble of taking care of the animal until I went to that rendezvous. The next day we crossed the mountains, and at night encamped at the edge of the prairies, near the head waters of the Colorado. Morning had scarcely streaked the east, when we were abroad in the prairie. Fondle was tied to the girth of my pack mule, Flygrass who evidently felt very uneasy at the proximity of the cimaron, but travelled along very well, every thing considered. Within an hour we were far enough advanced on the prairie to expect to see many buffaloes; but we saw only a few, and they did not look in a very good condition. They were bulls; and, as is well known, buffalo bull meat is very rank and tough, from June to September. We knew, however, that these animals were the sentinels of a herd of cows,

and as they fled, we followed, first tethering our pack mules.

On reaching the summit of a low bluff, we caught sight of a herd of buffaloes, quietly cropping the grass, almost within rifle-shot. I judged there were about five hundred large fat cows in the herd. They discovered us almost as soon as we reached the top of the bluff, and scampered off with a rumbling noise that seemed to make the ground tremble. Each of us singled out a fat animal, which we endeavored to separate from the rest. Joe succeeded in accomplishing this very soon. But I had a long chase and a dangerous struggle, before I could drive my cow from the herd. There is but one spot where a buffalo may be mortally wounded at the first shot. This vulnerable place is a few inches above the brisket, behind the shoulder. I took a cautious aim and fired. The buffalo was immediately brought to a stand, and I concluded that the shot was a clean one, and that, as the hunters have it, I had "thrown it in its tracks." After the mortal wound is given, it is a great point to keep in the rear of the fierce beast, as, unless it sees its enemy, it will remain still. I was fortunate enough to keep from its view, and while reloading could observe its efforts to remain upright. It braced itself on its legs, swayed from side to side, and stamped impatiently as it felt a growing weakness. It planted its limbs farther apart, but to

no purpose. As the body rolled, its head turned slowly from side to side, as if seeking for its foe. Gradually the failing limbs refused to support the ponderous carcass. Suddenly, a convulsive tremor seized it, and, with a fierce gasp, the mighty beast fell upon the plain, stark and stiff.

In the meantime, Joe had more difficulty in securing his prize. The first shot had failed to reach the vitals, and the buffalo turned fiercely upon the hunter, who immediately put spurs to his mule, reloading his rifle as he fled. When a short distance from the herd, the buffalo stopped and seemed disposed to return to his companions. Joe immediately checked his mule, turned, and, as afterwards ascertained, shot the buffalo through the heart. Yet—such is the extraordinary tenacity of life in these animals—that this mortally wounded cow chased Joe about a quarter of a mile before it fell in the agonies of death.

Regardless of the remainder of the herd, we now turned our attention to securing the valuable portions of the animals we had killed. Mine was a splendid prize. The *depouillé*, or fleeces,—the meat of the back and ribs—showed about four inches of solid fat. This, with the short and delicious hump-rib and tender loin, the “*boudins*,” the medullary intestine, and the tongue, being secured and wrapped in the hide, the carcass was left to

the wolves, which were not very long in taking the burden from the prairie. Joe's cow was not as fat as the one I killed; but still, it was a fine animal.

We had a delicious meal upon the prairie that day. Strangers to such a mode of life would have been astonished at the quantity of food we put beneath our belts. The hunters are generally immense eaters, owing to the severity of their exercise and the bracing climate of the mountains and plains. Joe Blaney and myself were no exceptions. When we had concluded our meal, our supply of meat was just about sufficient for another feast and no more. Not a particle of the delicious "boudins," was left.

Soon after the meal, we packed up and set out to find a good camping ground for the night. The scenery of the prairie over which we were travelling was rather monotonous. Occasionally we came upon a small stream, muddied by the buffaloes, the banks being somewhat elevated. But trees were scarce. In the course of our march, we shot a black-tailed deer, and two more buffaloes, which considerably enlarged our prospects of a successful expedition. Near an inconsiderable stream that emptied into the Colorado, we came upon a small party of Crow Indians. They were hideously daubed with the war-paint. I knew their chief, Little Robber, and in consequence, the meeting was not attended with any un-

pleasant circumstances. The chief informed us that he was reconnoitring, as the Crows contemplated an expedition against the Sioux. We gave him what information we could, of the condition of the neighboring tribes, and then passed on. Shortly before dark, we reached a well-wooded bottom, through which flowed a tolerably clear stream, called the Little Sandy, tributary to the Colorado, and there we made our camp, fully satisfied with our day's success.

CHAPTER IV.

CAMP ON THE LITTLE SANDY. BUFFALO IN ABUNDANCE.

AS we resolved to form a permanent camp on the banks of the Little Sandy, some description of the river and the surrounding country may be necessary. The stream was about forty feet wide, but only two or three deep, with a swift current, running over a sandy bed. It was timbered with a growth of low, bushy willows, among which were verdant patches, affording fine pasture for the mules. Up the stream, at a considerable distance from our camp, were some hills of granite, presenting a bare aspect, while the rest of the country, as far as could be seen in front, and in the rear to the base of the mountains, was undulated and diversified with an alternation of grassy and sandy levels.

Our camp was formed beneath the shade of the largest

willows upon the sloping bank. We cleared a space about twenty-five feet square, and around its sides—except that of the stream—planted a stout picketing—of the strongest willow branches we could find. At each end farthest from the stream, we constructed a rude shed, and made couches of our packs. The fire was kindled in the centre of the camp. It was agreed that our mules and Fondle should be brought within the pickets at night, so that they might be more easily defended against the savages and wolves.

It was late, and the moon was high in the sky that night before the camp was completed; so tired were we, that the sun was high above the prairie next morning, before we opened our eyes. Joe was up and moving about for some time before I awoke. His iron frame could bear the brunt of many a day's severe toil. He wanted but little rest, and was so constituted that he could take that any where. Hardy as I was, I could not have attempted to compete with this veteran hunter.

Our breakfast was quickly dispatched; for we saw plenty of buffalo not far from camp, and we were "eager for the fray." This day we resolved to try our skill at what is called "still hunting"—approaching the buffalo on foot. The head of this animal is so thickly hung with long, shaggy hair, that it is almost precluded from seeing an object directly in its front; and if the wind be against

the hunter, he can approach with caution, a buffalo feeding on a prairie as level as a floor. Its sense of smell, however, is so acute, that when the hunter is to windward, half a mile distant, it will be seen to snuff the air and satisfy itself of danger.

We separated and approached a small band of buffaloes, about three-quarters of a mile from camp, and on the same side of the stream. I crept up the bottom as far as I wished to go, while Joe struck out on the prairie, sometimes crawling along the ground, and then running swiftly, but lightly, as the heads of the buffaloes were turned from him. I contrived to get within pistol-shot of the small herd, and then almost lying flat on the ground, took a steady aim, banged away, and almost immediately saw a fat cow totter. About the same time, Joe, who had approached near enough to touch the buffalo with his rifle-barrel, shot her dead. The rest of the herd scampered away without turning to look at us. The animal shot by me soon fell upon its side, and was dead. Then came the work of butchery, and carrying meat and hides to camp—where Joe remained to prepare a secure meat-shed, and make preparations for preserving some of the best portions of the buffalo, while I set out for new game.

This time I went about a mile from camp before I succeeded in getting within rifle-shot of a buffalo. Two or

three times the animals scented my proximity in season to escape; but at length, I struck a cow in the shoulder. The wound enraged her and she turned quickly to catch sight of her foe. I had much trouble in dodging around to keep in her rear, and reloading my rifle. Being once more prepared, I blazed away, and this time made a better shot, doubtless hitting in the lungs. Still, the animal maintained her feet, and turning suddenly around so as to front me, made a rapid charge, so that it was with extreme exertion that I kept clear of her threatening horns. At length she checked herself, feeling her weakness, and I coolly gave her the *coup de grace*.

One more buffalo, a black-tailed deer, and an elk, were the reward of this day's hunt. The elk I shot as it was standing under the willows, on the banks of the Little Sandy, whither it had come to drink and to escape from the annoyance of the flies. In point of size, this animal ranks next to the buffalo. It is found in all parts of the mountains, and descends not unfrequently far down into the plains, in the vicinity of the larger streams. A full grown elk is as large as a mule, with rather a heavy neck and body, and stout limbs; its feet leaving a track as large as that of a two-year old steer. They are dull, sluggish animals, at least in comparison with others of the deer tribe, and are easily approached and killed. In winter they congregate in large herds, often numbering

several hundreds; and at that season are fond of travelling, their tracks through the snow having the appearance of a broad beaten road. The elk requires less killing than any other of the deer tribe, (whose tenacity of life is remarkable;) a shot any where in the fore part of the animal brings it to the ground. A deer, on the contrary, often runs a considerable distance, strike it where you will. The meat of the elk is strong-flavored, and more like "poor bull" than venison; it is only eatable when the animal is fat and in good condition; at other times it is strong-tasted and stringy.

Joe and I shook hands on our prospects that evening, and lived, if not like princes, as deliciously as mountaineers care to live. We retired to repose at an early hour, with full stomachs and happy hearts, which promised a good night's rest. Suddenly, we heard a noise like distant thunder, but somewhat more steady. The noise gradually increased, and drew near camp. Placing our ears close to the ground, we could distinguish the roaring tramp of buffaloes upon the plain; and as the moon came from behind a cloud, I saw the prairie was covered by a dark mass which undulated like the waves of the sea. We were in a perilous situation, for when thousands of these animals are pouring over the plain, it is almost impossible to change their course, particularly, at night, the myriads in the rear, pushing on those in

front. Even if we were not crushed by the immense torrent of animal life, our beasts would be borne away. We shouted and fired our rifles, and happily succeeded in keeping the herd upon one side of our camp. Still, as the buffaloes rushed into the stream, and thundered past us, some of them grazed our pickets, and greatly frightened the mules. We had splendid opportunities for killing the game, but we were too glad of our escape to attempt to bring a buffalo to the ground. I have seen many wonders of nature, but nothing comparable in grandeur to the thundering march of such a herd of buffaloes upon the prairies.

The danger being over, we quieted our animals, and once more stretched ourselves to repose. Fondle was so much alarmed that I had to take the pet to my side, and hug it as if it had been a child, to quell its fright.

CHAPTER V.

MR. PALLISER AND HIS FRIENDS. CAMP STORIES.

ONE evening after we had actually wearied ourselves in slaughtering buffaloes, we sat by our camp-fire, preparing a meal, for which we had a huge appetite. We were in excellent spirits, and in spite of our fatigue, were disposed to "eat, drink, and be merry." At such a time, Joe Blaney usually let off his extra good feeling in long stories of his mountain and prairie experience, and he was just beginning one that was never known to have a termination, when I descried a small party coming across the prairie, in the direction of our camp. The first idea was that they were Indians, and our rifles were quickly prepared for action. But Joe's keen eye soon settled the matter, by making the strangers out to be white hunters, and followed by pack-mules. In a few minutes they were near enough for us to see that the men were four in number. Their mules were heavily burdened with skins and

provisions, and did not seem to be in sound condition. We waited with patience till the party came to the opposite bank of the stream, when a salute was exchanged.

“How are you friends?” said the leader of the horsemen, a tall, noble-looking man, handsomely dressed in hunting costume. “This seems to be a good camping-ground. Have you any objections to our stopping alongside for the night?”

“Of course not,” I replied. “In fact we are rather glad that you propose to do so, because the Arapahoes are lurking among the mountains. Besides, the more the merrier, this night, for we have heaped up the buffalo to-day.”

“Very well,” said the hunter who had accosted us “We will cross a short distance above, picket our animals where that bit of green is, and visit your camp. Come, Bill!” The two last words were addressed to a hunter at his side.

The party crossed the stream, dismounted, tethered their animals, carried their large packs within our picketing, where, when piled up, they helped to form a breastwork, and then brought a quantity of rare meat, biscuit, and brandy, to extend the supper for the whole party. In the meantime, however, the hunter alluded to as Bill, was left as a guard among the animals, a short distance up the stream.

As soon as we were comfortably seated around the fire, the leader of the party introduced himself as a Mr. John Palliser, an English gentleman, who had traversed the prairies to see their variety of scenery, and enjoy their splendid sports. His companions were citizens of the western states, who accompanied him in the expedition. Two of them I recognised as experienced hunters and trappers on the Missouri. Mr. Palliser expressed himself delighted with the exciting nature of life on the plains. He was a lively, talkative companion, and while we were discussing the meal, he told us, in an animated style, phases of his short experience in prairie sport.

“Of course,” said he, “such adventures as those with which I have met are trifles to such veteran hunters as yourselves. But some of them have been just about as thrilling and perilous as I wish to undergo. My first dashes at buffalo hunting were made near Fort Union, on the Missouri. It was about Christmas time.

“I started off one day by myself after a large herd of buffalo, about three miles westward of the fort, adopting the novel expedient of carrying with me a white blanket in order to stalk them. I took such a course as not to give the herd my wind, and with the cover afforded by the point, succeeded in getting within a couple of hundred yards of them. I crept forward on my hands and knees, covered by the blanket, which prevented them from distinguishing

me amidst the surrounding snow, and enabled me to approach until I came within shot. I continued creeping around them, singling out the best and the fattest of the cows for upwards of an hour, and it was not until I had laid five of their number low that they smelt a rat, and bolted off unanimously, shaking their shaggy heads and ploughing up the snow.

“In two days all the fresh meat I had brought in that evening was gone, and the buffaloes were four or five miles off; taking my friend, the little gray, I stole out with him unperceived, and had a splendid run, flooring a cow, and wounding a bull, which I left for the present, and stretching away at full speed, I pursued after another uncommonly fine fat cow. She gave me an awful chase, turning and doubling immediately. My little horse was sorely at a disadvantage in the snow, and began to show symptoms of distress; but I could not manage to get a broadside shot. At last making one more push, I got pretty close behind her, and raising myself in my stirrups, fired down upon her. The effect was grand. She dropped down at the report, the bullet breaking her spine. My little horse unable to stop himself rolled right over her, making a complete somerset, and sending me, gun and all, flying clean over both of them into a snow drift. I leaped up, ran back to my horse, which I caught without much difficulty, and was glad to find no

more hurt than myself. My gun was filled with snow of course, but otherwise uninjured. I certainly was in luck that day, for the guard of the horses at the fort joined me soon afterwards; he had seen the buffalo, running, and came to my assistance to secure and pack the meat, so that I was enabled to get home and put my gallant little gray quietly into his stable again.

“You came off lucky in that throw,” said Joe. “’Twar’n’t much. If you hunt the buffalo you must expect many a tumble, and you can bless yourself if you keep your neck straight. Old Bill Muggin—that once hunted hereaway, was tumbled on his head, and he never troubled himself to get up again, no way. But have you done any thing in the mountains, Mister?—there’s hunting for a genuine sportsman—Running after the big horn cimaron—and the grizzlies—that’s sport.

“I can boast of having hunted successfully among the mountains,” replied Mr. Palliser. “And I have seen that famous monster—the grizzly bear. I was hunting far away up the Missouri, in company with a Frenchman, named Boucharville, a lively comrade and a successful hunter. One morning we left our camp for a hunt among the mountains.

“Pursuing a westerly direction on leaving the camp, we made for a more rocky part of the range where the frowning, overhanging cliffs gave a promise of big horn

on our way. As we went along I got a shot at an antelope (for which I dismounted expressly) and the animal instantly dropped, whereupon I remounted, and, not stopping to load, rode up to the spot, and found him a fine old male with large full-grown horns. Boucharville now came up congratulating me upon my having got such a fine specimen for my collection, and as I sat quietly upon my horse discussing the length of the shot, he dismounted, and drew his knife, for the purpose of skinning the apparently lifeless animal, but before doing so began to sharpen it upon his steel, which hung at the belt of his hunting-frock; when, to our amazement, the antelope, after one or two convulsive struggles, jumped up and bounded off safe and sound, turning about when a couple of hundred yards off to look back at us, as if in ridicule, and again darting away bade us a final adieu. As soon as we recovered from our surprise we both burst out laughing. I dismounted and loaded, and we went on to the cliffs close by. We rode for some distance upon the base, but seeing no sheep crossed the ridge, leading the horses after us up the ascent, and over rocks and places over which the poor animals could hardly scramble, accomplishing this with great difficulty. We had hardly commenced our descent on the other side when Boucharville's quick eye perceived under the cliffs, about three hundred feet below, a doe-*clk*, feeding in a glade, surrounded with thickets of

fruit trees and rose-bushes. With his usual deliberation he drew out and stuck crosswise in the ground his ramrod and loading stick for a rest, and a deliberate shot brought the elk down on her tracks. The spot from which he had fired was so steep that we were obliged to turn back and take a more circuitous course to reach her. Boucharville, who had not loaded, went at that moment to a stream, about thirty paces from where the wapiti lay, saying, "Je vais laver ma carabine;" and I leaving my horse to graze, having taken off his bridle and unrolled his halter, was busy, knife in hand, removing the elk's skin, when Boucharville, who by this time had his rifle barrel in the stream, and was sponging away very diligently, suddenly shouted, "Un ours! un ours!" and at the same instant a she grizzly bear emerged from a cherry thicket charging right at him. Boucharville, dropping his rifle barrel, sprang back into a clump of rose-bushes, when the bear, losing sight of him, stood on her hind legs, and I then saw she had a cub of a good size with her. I at first ran to assist my companion; but seeing him safe and the bear at fault, I rushed back to the horse to secure him, fearing that were he to smell the bear, he would soon speed his way over the prairies, and be lost to me for ever. Seeing me run, the bear instantly charged after me; and when, having reached the horse, and rolled the halter a couple of times round my arm, I turned about

to face her, she rose on her hind legs. I did not like, however, to venture so long a shot, as I had only a single barrelled rifle in my hand, and paused a moment; when she altered her intention, turned aside, and followed the direction taken by her cub. I then caught a glimpse of her, as she ran to the left, and fired through the bushes, but only hit her far back in the flank, on which she immediately checked her onward course, and wheeling round and round, snapped at her side, tearing at the wound with her teeth and claws, and, fortunately for me, afforded me sufficient time to enable me to load again; my ball was hardly down, when a shout from Boucharville warned me that the fight was only commencing. "Gardez-vous, gardez-vous, Monsieur; elle fonce encore," and on she furiously rushed at me. I had barely time to put on my copper cap, and as she rose on her hind legs, I fired, and sent my bullet through her heart. She doubled up, and rolled from the top to the bottom of the slope, where she expired with a choking growl. Boucharville now joined me, but we did not venture to approach the enemy until I had loaded, and we ascertained that she was safe dead, by pelting sticks and stumps at the carcass. All this time my noble horse stood as firm as a rock; had he reared or shied, I should have been in a serious scrape.

I was greatly rejoiced at my good fortune. She proved a fine old bear, measuring seven and a half feet long. We

immediately set-to and skinned her, preserving the claws. I then brought up the horse, and laid the skin upon his back; he, strange to say, offering no resistance, nor evincing the slightest fear or objection to carry it."

"That's a very unusual thing," said I, "for horses in general are terrified at the sight of a bear, and I never saw one that would allow a bear-skin to be thrown over his back.

"And I have never seen but one," rejoined Mr. Palliser. "The horse is a noble animal. You may see him out there among the rest. M^{ons}. Boucharville, who accompanied me in that expedition, was one of those quiet, patient, but indomitable men, who usually triumph over all difficulties.

"I knew him well," said Joe; "he used to be in the service of the American Fur Company. A good trapper he was when I saw him up the Yellow Stone."

"A consummate hunter, too," added Mr. Palliser. "We were at one time hunting on the Missouri, near the mouth of the Yellow Stone. Boucharville had been hunting one morning, and had returned to camp without having had a single shot. We then resolved to take the two best horses, and ride three or four miles along the prairie to a favorite point.

"This was a very fine wood, about nine miles long, and from four to five deep, interspersed with lovely glades,

and beautiful feeding-grass for deer and elk. We continued riding alternately through these and thick willows till, on emerging from a copse of the latter, we came in sight of a band of some fifteen or twenty wapiti, feeding in a large glade. We immediately fastened up the horses, and crept noiselessly on foot under cover of the brushwood towards the spot. Arrived at the utmost verge of our friendly shelter, we had the mortification to find that we were too far to risk a shot, there being fully two hundred and thirty yards between us and them. We held a council of war, and after some hesitation, determined to steal back to the horses, ride some way round, and come upon them from a direction at right angles to the one we had just tried, where we could see a clump of rose-bushes, which we fancied considerably nearer to the elk, and which we intended to try and reach by approaching from an easterly instead of a northerly direction, we being then between them and a river. Accordingly we crept back on our hands and knees; nor did we get up and run towards the horses until we were well out of sight of the wapiti. We then mounted and rode half a mile or so round to the east, when having again tied up the horses, we crawled as before upon our hands and knees, and reached the extremity of the rose-bushes unperceived. Here there was a large tree, behind which I could stand up quite screened from view of the elk, while Boucharville knelt on one

knee at the edge of the cover, a position in which he could shoot very well, for he used to make a rest for his rifle, by sticking his ramrod and loading-stick firmly into the ground across each other; I, who never could shoot well from a rest, preferred to stand up. We were now about one hundred and fifty yards from the nearest of the band. I chose a fine old stag, while Boucharville, with an eye to superior meat, singled out a doe. We drew up our rifles slowly, and both shots went off together. The smoke hung heavily for a second or two; when it cleared away, we espied one of the wapiti lying down. The next instant down rolled the stag also. We agreed to advance at the same moment lest one or other of the animals should be able to get up and escape. On coming near my stag, he struggled to rise, but unable to gain his feet rolled back again. I looked towards the other, when what was my surprise at witnessing a regular combat between Boucharville and his wounded elk, now transformed into a very formidable antagonist. Springing on her haunches, she was striking furiously at him with her fore feet; one hoof missed him, but the other fell on his rifle, which he held up for his protection, and smashing both his ramrod and his loading-stick, beating him down on his knees. Rising a second time, she was about to repeat the attack, when my bullet caught her in the side of the head behind the eye, and with a splendid bound

she fell lifeless on the broad of her back. I had made a quick and necessarily a rather dangerous shot, but I was in luck that day. 'Sacre enfant du diable!' exclaimed Boucharville, as he half rose from the ground, but looking at nothing till he had satisfied himself that his rifle was uninjured; 'mais qui l'aurait eru? May foi!' continued he, laughing, 'j'ai bien echappe, une biche a un cote et une balle a l'autre!' "

The meal being concluded, the guard was changed, and Bill received his share. Mr. Palliser then produced some *aqua vitæ*, which the mountaineers prize so highly and often abuse themselves with deplorably. This served to give new liveliness to the conversation. The fire was heaped up anew. Pipes and tobacco were distributed, and then as the clouds of smoke wreathed above us, we were again entertained by our English friend.

CHAPTER VI.

BAITING FOR AN ALLIGATOR.

“I REMEMBER,” said Mr. Pallister, “an adventure that occurred in the Arkansas country, near Lake Jefferson. I was stopping at the house of a man named Jackson. One day, while I was seated with him and his family, a little negro boy came into the room, shouting, ‘Oh, massa! terrible big alligator; him run at me.’ When we got him to speak a little more coherently it appeared that he had been bathing in the lake, and that an alligator had suddenly rushed at him, and when the boy, who luckily was not in deep water, had escaped by running to land, the brute had actually pursued him along the shore. We instantly started off in quest of the monster, accompanied by the boy, who came as guide. After carefully exploring the bank and reeds, though unsuccessfully, we concealed ourselves in hopes of seeing

him rise to the top of the water when he thought the coast was clear ; but, as we waited a long time without any result, we proposed what certainly was a most nefarious project, namely, to make the boy strip off his clothes and start him into the water again as a bait for the alligator. It was some time before we could get the boy to come round to our view of the matter : his objections to our plan were very strong, and his master's threats failed completely, as indeed they generally did, for he was the kindest hearted man in the world to his negroes. At last I coaxed him with a bright new dollar. This inducement prevailed over his fears, and the poor boy began to undress, his eyes all the while reverting alternately from the water to the dollar, and from the dollar to the water. We told him we did not want him to go in so deep as to be obliged to swim. ' By golly, then, me go for dollare ; ' and in he walked, but had hardly reached water higher than his knees, when crash went the reeds, and the little fellow cut in towards our place of concealment at an astonishing pace, pursued by the alligator. The savage beast, as before, came right out on the bank, where we nailed him with two capital shots through the head that effectually checked his career. He struggled violently, but uselessly, to regain his congenial element, and after two or three furious lashes of his ponderous tail, sullenly expired. The triumph of the boy was complete ; had he,

like another infant Hercules, strangled the alligator with his own hands, he could not have been more delighted; he yelled out, 'Me so bery glad,' tumbled head over heels, walked on his hands, and exhibited every symptom of negro joy."

We all laughed heartily at this idea of baiting an alligator with a negro boy, and Joe was so tickled that it was some time before he could compose himself to listen to another story.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. PALLISER CONTINUES HIS ADVENTURES.

SHORT as had been Mr. Palliser's experience upon the prairies, he seemed to have met with many stirring adventures, and he certainly narrated them with an ease and spirit that I have seldom found equalled. While he was willing to talk, we were well content to listen.

“One clear, cold morning, in January,” continues Mr. Palliser, “I started out to shoot some prairie fowl. These birds were too wild to shoot with shot, so I took my single-barrelled rifle, and shot them off the branches of the high trees where they used to sit sunning themselves, taking the lowest first, that his fall might not alarm his companions. I had not long been at this sport when an Indian overtook me, and said in Sioux, ‘Ho, my friend, (*how coonah*,) I saw the track of your long foot in the snow. He wanted me to help him in stalking up three buffalo bulls that were feeding in some willows at a little dis-

tance. I accordingly started off with him, and when we came within about a third of a mile of the spot, I went carefully round to leeward, and directed the Indian to go and give them his wind by approaching on the other side, as soon as he thought I had reached my intended post, whither I knew they would make in order to pass through to the open plain. So accurately had the Indian calculated time and distance, that I was hardly at my place when a huge bull thundered head-long by me, and received a shot low and close behind the shoulder as he passed. He stumbled on for about ten paces, and lay quietly down. I waited to reload, and on going up found him stone dead. The Indian then joined me, and said that the other two bulls had not gone far, but had taken different directions, so that we agreed that he should pursue one and I the other.

“I soon came in sight of mine. He was standing a little way off on the open plain, but the skirting willows and brushwood afforded me cover within eighty yards of him, profiting by which I crept up, and taking a deliberate aim, fired. The bull gave a convulsive start, moved off a little way, and turned his broadside again to me. I fire again, over a hundred yards this time; he did not stir. I loaded and fired the third time, whereupon he turned and faced me, as if about to show fight. As I was loading for a fourth shot he tottered forward a step

or two, and I thought he was about to fall, so I waited for a little while, but as he did not come down I determined to go up and finish him. Walking up, therefore, to within thirty paces of him, till I could actually see his rolling eyes, I fired for the fourth time directly at the region of the heart, as I thought, but to my utter amazement up went his tail and down went his head, and with a speed I thought him little capable of, he was upon me in a twinkling. I ran hard for it, but he rapidly overhauled me, and my situation was becoming any thing but pleasant. Thinking he might, like our own bulls, shut the eyes in making a charge, I swerved suddenly to one side to escape the shock, but to my horror, I failed in dodging him, for he bolted round quicker than I did, and afforded me barely time to protect my stomach with the stock of my rifle, and to turn myself sideways as I sustained the charge, in the hope of getting between his horns, he came plump upon me with a shock like an earthquake. My rifle-stock was shivered to pieces by one horn, my clothes torn by the other; I flew into mid-air, scattering my prairie hens and rabbits, which had hitherto hung dangling by leathern thongs from my belt, in all directions, till, at last, I fell unhurt in the snow, and almost over me—fortunately not quite—rolled my infuriated antagonist, and subsided in a snow-drift. I was luckily not the least injured, the force of the blow having

been perfectly deadened by the enormous mass of fur, wool, and hair that clothed his shaggy head-piece.

“It requires a bold man to stand up against such a charge as that,” said Joe, looking doubtfully into the face of Mr. Palliser. “I tried it myself once, but the close approach of the bull’s horns so flurried my nerves, that I just made a clean jump over them on to the back of the beast, and so gained time to put in a stretching shot.”

“I own to a considerable shiver, as the bull approached me,” said Mr. Palliser, “but the number of his wounds gave me a little confidence that by activity I could escape the assault. I can say without boasting that I do not easily lose either hope or presence of mind. Since I have been out on these plains, I have been placed in situations calculated at the very least to make a man think seriously of his last hour. Last winter I was on my way to Fort Mackenzie, travelling alone. All my hunting effects were placed on a travail, to which was harnessed a large animal—half wolf and half dog—called Ishmah. He was a faithful servant.

“Ishmah’s relationship to the wolf family was often productive of much inconvenience to me, as he used to run off and engage in play with the young wolves, chasing and being chased by them in turn. At first I was amused at this indication of his wild origin, but subsequently much annoyed, and on one occasion seriously

alarmed at the result of these gambols. One day, after a long march, I was looking out for a convenient camping-place, when a she-wolf crossed the ice at some distance from where I was standing. In spite of all my exertions and threats, Ishmah immediately gave chase and they continued their gambols, until I attempted to approach them, when, of course, the wolf made off at full speed followed by my dog with his travail behind him, loaded with every thing I then possessed in the world. I followed, shouting after him in vain, until he entirely disappeared from my view, after which I continued running on the tracks, till darkness obliged me to abandon the pursuit, and I found myself a long way from timber, out on the broad prairie, alone on a vast barren waste of snow stretching around me on every side. It was some hours before he returned, when, happily, I found not an article was lost.

CHAPTER VIII.

BREAKING UP OF THE PRAIRIE CAMP. RETURN TO THE MOUNTAINS. ANTELOPE. CARCAGIEU.

MR. PALLISER and his friends had been such excellent company, that, when the morning of their departure came, a feeling of genuine regret came over me. But we hunters had been accustomed to many such meetings and transient friendships; and, after all, this world is but a halting place for humanity. We come, make friends, perhaps enemies, and depart into an unknown eternity. Shortly after a hearty breakfast, we bade our friends farewell, wished them many a successful hunt, and saw them slowly ride away over the prairie.

Joe and I now held a council to decide upon our future course. We had secured an abundance of provision, and our packs were of a satisfactory size. Yet it was rather too early to visit a station, and we were still well provided for hunting in the mountains, or trapping beaver.

After some deliberation, we decided to make a season of it—to return to the mountains, proceed northward upon the range, and to look out, at least, for trapping opportunities.

One whole day was occupied in breaking up camp, mending and cleaning various articles, and stowing our valuables into the smallest space. The next morning, at the first peep of day, we struck for the mountains, and at noon reached the foot of the range, near the Big Sandy, a tributary of the Colorado, and within full view of the remarkable isolated hills, called the Two Buttes. Shortly afterwards we encamped on the banks of the stream, and while Joe remained to secure the animals and attend to other necessities of the camp, I set off for a short hunt, on foot.

After an oblique ascent of about two miles, over ground sometimes sandy and sometimes rocky, I came upon a large grove of pines, on the other side of which I caught sight of a large herd of prong-horned antelopes. Creeping noiselessly through the grove, I got within rifle-shot, and just as the beautiful creatures snuffed danger, I blazed away, killing one and sending another away with a limp.

The antelope, the smallest of the deer tribe, affords the hunter sweet and nutritious meat, when that of nearly every other description of game, from the poorness and scarcity of the grass during the winter, is barely eatable.

They are seldom seen now in very large bands on the grand prairies, having been driven from the old pastures by the Indians and white hunters. The former, by means of "surrounds," an inclosed space, formed in one of the passes used by these animals, very often drive into the toils an entire band of antelopes of several hundreds, when not one escapes slaughter.

I have said that the antelope is a beautiful animal. The following descriptions, by Dr. Richardson, is perfectly accurate:—"The male is furnished with short, black, roundish, tapering horns, arched inwards, turning towards each other, with their points directed backwards, each horn having a single short branchlet projecting from the middle. The winter coat consists of coarse, round, hollow hairs, like those of the moose. The neck, back, and legs are yellowish brown; the sides are reddish white; the belly and chest are white, with three white bands across the throat. The hairs on the occiput and back of the neck are long and tipped with black, forming a short, erect mane. There is a black spot behind each cheek, which exhales a strong goat-like odour. The tail is short; on the rump there is a large spot of pure white. The dimensions of the animal were as follows:—from the nose to the root of the tail, four feet; height of the fore shoulders, three feet; that of the hind quarter, the same. Girth, behind the fore legs, three feet; girth, before the

fore legs, two feet ten inches. The female is smaller than the male, having horns, with rather a protuberance than a prong. She is also deficient in the black of the neck."

The Indians, particularly the Shoshonees, have a remarkable mode of hunting these animals on the plains, which is well described by Lewis and Clárk:—"The chief game of the Shoshonees is the antelope, which, when pursued, retreats to the open plains. where the horses have full room for the chase. But such is its extraordinary fleetness and wind, that a single horse has no possible chance of outrunning it, or tiring it down; and the hunters are therefore obliged to resort to stratagem. About twenty Indians, mounted on fine horses, armed with bows and arrows, left the camp; in a short time they descried a herd of ten antelopes; they immediately separated into squads of two or three, and formed a scattered circle round the herd, for five or six miles, keeping at a wary distance, so as not to alarm them, till they were perfectly inclosed, and usually selecting some commanding eminence as a stand. Having gained their positions, a small party rode toward the herd, and with wonderful dexterity the huntsman preserved his seat, and the horse his footing, as he ran at full speed over the hills and down the steep ravines, and along the borders of the precipices. They were soon outstripped by the antelopes, which, on gaining the other extremity of the circle, were

driven back and pursued by the fresh hunters. They turned and flew, rather than ran, in another direction; but there too they found new enemies. In this way they were alternately pursued, backwards and forwards, till at length, notwithstanding the skill of the hunters, (who were merely armed with bows and arrows,) they all escaped; and the party, after running for two hours, returned without having caught any thing, and their horses foaming with sweat. This chase, the greater part of which was seen from the camp, formed a beautiful scene, but to the hunters is exceedingly laborious, and so unproductive, even when they are able to worry the animal down and shoot him, that forty or fifty hunters will sometimes be engaged for more than half a day, without obtaining more than two or three antelopes."

As the herd bounded away from me, with unapproachable speed, the wounded one, lagged behind, and I was about to give chase, when one of those fierce animals, known by the hunters as the carcagieu, and believed by many of them to bear a "charmed life," sprang from a rock upon the antelope's back, bore it to the ground, and before I could raise my rifle to a fair aim, sprung away up the rocks again, bearing the prey in its teeth.

Most of the hunters give the carcagieu a wide berth. It is a species of glutton, of a dark color, and possessing astonishing courage, activity, strength, and ferocity.

When pressed by hunger, it will not hesitate to attack a man; and so sudden and furious are its assaults, that they are almost always successful. Even that fierce monster, the grizzly bear, is less dreaded than the caragieu. I felt exceedingly glad that the antelope had stood in my place, when this savage of the mountains chose his victim. The skin of these animals are esteemed by the Indians, as "great medicine," and will fetch almost any price; while, if a hunter kills one, he boasts of it as a brilliant exploit, sufficient of itself to establish his reputation.

Shouldering my antelope, which I remarked was in excellent condition, I returned to camp. In the meantime, Joe had been led away by the sight of a black-tailed deer, which he killed, but found in such poor condition, that he merely took the fleece, and left the remainder to the wolves. We made a good meal and retired to repose on our packs, about an hour after dark. We were both anxious to get as much sleep as possible, as we knew that when we got into the beaver region, one of us would always be on guard at night, to give the alarm on the approach of Indians.

CHAPTER IX.

MORNING AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. ENCOUNTER WITH SHOSHONEES. A GRIZZLY BEAR FIGHT AND TERRIBLE RESULT.

NOWHERE have I enjoyed the beauty of morning as much as among the Rocky Mountains. At sunrise on the day after the last hunt, the air was clear and pure, and, though the summer was at its height, bracing cool. The caps of the mountains, which arose loftily on two sides of our encampment, were covered with shelving snow, while the valley of the river was glowing and bright. Here and there a rushing stream upon the mountain glimmered in the rays of the sun, while the pines upon its borders stood in contrast, dark and stern.

After a hearty breakfast, we resumed our journey. The road was delightful. During the morning we crossed many streams, clear and rocky, and some grassy valleys, where flowers, of various kinds, brilliantly decked the

green. Among the shrubs, the most common was the *artemisia*, or wild sage, which greets the traveller's eyes even upon the sandy plains west of the mountains, reminding him, amid the trials of the desert, of the beauties of earth.

About noon we came upon a party of Shoshonees, or Snake Indians, numbering about thirty, including the squaws. The latter were engaged in digging the root called *yampah*, in the low timbered bottom of a creek. Among the Indians, along the Rocky Mountains, this root is considered the best of food; while in the United States and in Europe, the seeds are used to flavor soup. Farther on in our route, there was a stream, tributary to the great Colorado, along the banks of which this root is so abundant, that the Indians have given it the name of the Yampah river, although the trappers call it the Little Snake. There we arrived in the middle of the afternoon, and found a large party of Shoshonees encamped near the stream, while the squaws were engaged in digging the root. The chiefs were well acquainted with both of us, and had repeatedly solicited us to take some of their squaws for wives, as a decisive sign of our alliance; but these offers we had both declined, as the Shoshonee women were disgusting in appearance and habits. We encamped near the party, made them some trifling presents, and were as intimate as if we were members of the tribe

The Shoshonees, or Snakes, are supposed to be the most numerous tribe of Indians in existence. The Camanches of the plains are a branch of this nation; and although many hundreds of miles now divide their hunting-grounds, they have a common language, and there is a close analogy between their religious rites and legendary tales. The Camanches rule supreme on the eastern plains, and the Shoshonees are the dominant power in the country west of the Rocky Mountains, and in the mountains themselves. A branch of the latter is the Tlamath Indians, the most warlike of the western tribes; as, also, are the Yutas, who may be said to connect them with the Camanches.

The Shoshonee chiefs informed us that beaver was abundant on the streams of the Bayou Salada, or Salt Valley, and at the boiling Springs. We determined to proceed to the latter place, starting the next morning. While in camp, my tame cimaron, Fondle, excited much interest among the Shoshonee squaws and children. They never seemed to grow tired of playing with it, and towards night I was compelled, in consideration for the worried animal, to confine it to our camp. The Indians insisted on our taking full share of their hospitality that night, and to please them we ate too much of their favorite root, which affected our stomachs. Before we laid down to repose we made arrangements for the perfect security of

our animals and packs, and prepared ourselves for a determined resistance to any thing like robbery. We were not molested, however, and we enjoyed a tolerable rest.

About daybreak we were aroused by a loud shout. On inquiry, we learned that an enormous bear had been discovered in the vicinity of the camp, and that it had carried off a dog belonging to one of the chiefs. A hunting party was immediately organised, under our direction. It was composed of twenty of the best hunters among the Shoshonees, and the command was given to Joe Blaney. The track was boldly marked, and easily followed. It led us along the bottoms, and then up the mountains a short distance, when it descended a broad and deep ravine, where the bushes grew high and thick enough to afford shelter to the largest animal to be found among the mountains. Here Joe commanded a halt, while he advanced around the brink of the ravine, to reconnoitre. But he could see no trace of the bear. We then concluded to descend the ravine cautiously in two parties, one to follow the bear's trail, under Joe's command, and the other to descend from the opposite side of the ravine, under my lead.

When both columns were "in position," to use a military phrase, we slowly commenced the descent, amid the thick and gloomy bushes. Near the bottom of the ravine, Joe and I discovered the monster almost at the same

moment. He was sitting upright, and eating berries from a bush. We fired nearly at the same moment, and both balls took effect, but did not inflict a mortal wound. The monster groaned with pain, jumped aside, and seeing Joe before him, dashed upon him.

“Do your best, men,” shouted the gallant hunter, as he stood his ground, struck the bear with his clubbed rifle, and discharged his pistol into the animal's body. In an instant, the pistol was knocked from his hand, and he was rolling on the ground in desperate conflict with the ferocious monster. Most of the Indians ran away. Those who remained were afraid to fire, because they might have hit Joe instead of the bear. With tooth and claw, the flesh was torn from the hunter's face and body, while he, clenching his knife, stabbed his foe many times. Watching a favorable opportunity, I stepped up behind the couple, put my rifle close to the bear's ear, and shot him dead. He fell over, even with his last motion sinking his claws deep into Joe's lacerated body.

A loud shout was raised by the Indian hunters. They had done positively nothing; yet they made the most noise in the triumph. My attention was entirely engrossed with poor Joe. He was horribly disfigured, and fainted from torture and loss of blood. I obtained assistance, raised him up, and strove to revive him. The Indians shook their heads, and declared that he was dead. However,

they assisted me to carry him to camp. One party made a sort of litter on which they placed the bear, and followed it to camp.

Near the camp, the squaws and children came to meet us, and seemed extremely anxious to celebrate a triumph in their savage way. But a sight of the wounded man put a damper on their exulting enthusiasm, and the squaws, with commendable tenderness of feeling, immediately ran to get their little stocks of medicines. One of the chiefs tendered me the use of his lodge, of which I gladly availed myself. Joe was laid on a soft couch of skins, and while I superintended, some of the squaws washed and dressed his wounds, with a skill and delicacy peculiar to these wild daughters of the mountains and plains.

Before the gentle surgeons had completed their labors, Joe revived, and seeing me near him, tried to smile. "Not gone under yet, Perey, but awful sore," said he, and then, after a pause, during which he writhed in pain, he inquired, "Did you conquer old grizzly, Perey?" Upon learning that the bear had been killed, and was in camp, he appeared to enjoy much satisfaction. I examined his wounds and found that some of them were severe, none were dangerous. A few weeks under the treatment of the Shoshonee squaws would make all sound again. After a short conference, it was agreed, that Joe should remain with the Shoshonees, until perfectly well, and that his

mules and packs should remain with him ; while I pushed forward to the beaver region, and tried my luck at trapping. This arrangement was satisfactory to all parties. My stay at the camp could do Joe no good, and it would only have been a waste of time.

The Indian women were exceedingly kind and attentive to the wounded hunter ; and being better acquainted than myself with the healing art, could cure him without my aid. The only difficulty concerned his animals, which I feared would be neglected, and perhaps stolen. I spoke of them to a chief, and he pledged me his word that they should be as well taken care of as if Joe himself was superintending them.

CHAPTER X.

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAINS. NARROW ESCAPE. THE BEAVER REGION. TRAPPING BEAVER.

ON the morning after the fight with the bear, I gave some final directions in regard to Joe and his animals, and once more started forth alone. In fording the Yampah river, I came near losing my cimaron. I had taken it on the mule with me, and not being used to such a position, it struggled and broke from me, and fell into deep water. With some difficulty I succeeded in grasping it by the horns, and dragged it along through the water, till young Oregon ascended the opposite bank of the stream, when it was once more permitted to run by the side of old Flygrass. The old mule had become much attached to Fondle, and I was very glad for her sake, as well as my own, that the pet was saved.

I travelled all the morning over an undulating road, crossing several streams, and "hugging" the base of the

mountain range. About noon, I calculated I was full fifteen miles from the Shoshonee camp and my suffering friend, Joe. I then fastened my animals beneath some shady trees on the banks of a little rivulet that sparkled over a sandy bed, made a slight repast of dried buffalo meat, and set off up the mountain, to see what game I could kill, for fresh food.

The day was very warm, and the chase of two black-tailed deer led me over such rugged ground, and through such difficult thickets, that, when I at length brought one of them to the ground, I was quite tired, and having secured my game to my person, I sat down upon a rock overlooking the prairie bottom, and fell into a doze.

When I awoke the sun had already set; but, although darkness was fast gathering over the mountains, I was surprised to see a bright light flickering against its sides. A glance assured me that the mountain was on fire, and, starting up, I saw at once the danger of my position. The bottom had been fired but a short distance from where I secured my animals. A dense cloud of smoke was hanging over a gorge, and presently, a light air springing up from the east, a mass of flames shot up into the sky and rolled fiercely up the stream, the belt of dry brush on its banks catching fire and burning like timber. The mountain was already invaded by the devouring element, and two wings of flame spread out from

the main stream, which, roaring along with speed of a race-horse, licked the mountain-side, extending its long line as it advanced. The dry pines and cedars hissed and cracked, as the flame, reaching them, ran up their trunks and spread among the limbs, while the long waving grass underneath was a sea of fire. From the rapidity with which the fire advanced I feared that it would already have reached my animals, and hurried at once to the spot as fast as I could run. The prairie itself was as yet untouched, but the surrounding ridges were clothed in fire, and the mules, with stretched-ropes, were trembling with fear.

I immediately released the animals, mounted young Oregon, threw the cimaron across the back of old Flygrass, and secured my packs. Fondle struggled and fell from its position between the packs. I could not wait. The fire was rapidly surrounding me, and cutting off my escape. Taking hold of the rope attached to Flygrass's bridle, I drove the spurs into young Oregon, and rode for a broad stream, which was visible full five miles in an oblique direction from my camp, and at a considerable distance from the mountain. In that stream I could proceed till I reached the sandy plain, where the fire could have but scanty fuel. The fire was travelling with amazing quickness through the bottom, and it was an exciting race for me to reach the stream, before the fierce blaze

THE STAMPEDE.



began to advance along the bank. However, this was achieved—Young Oregon plunged into the stream, and waded in, waist-deep. Flygrass, who had broken from my hand during the race, came in ahead of the cimaron, which was slightly singed as the fire reached the bank. I jumped from my horse, drew Fondle into the water, remounted young Oregon, taking my pet in my arms, and leading the old mule, descended the stream to the plain. On each side of me, the ground was a sheet of flame, and the heat and smoke nearly overcame me. It was a struggle for life, however, and at length, I stood upon the prairie, where the herbage was so short, that the fire could take no hold. There I felt safe and took advantage of my situation to view the awful scene around me.

The mountains themselves being invisible, the air, from the ground where I stood, appeared a mass of fire, and huge crescents of flame danced, as it were, in the very sky, until a mass of timber, blazing at once, exhibited the gloomy back ground of the rocky range. The bottom was like a lake of fire, while above it rolled vast clouds of black smoke. Here and there, antelopes and cimaron appeared, so frightened, that they rushed directly into the jaws of the devouring element, and perished. Some of these animals, partly scorched, scampered away over the plain, followed by flocks of wolves, who narrowly escaping themselves, seemed resolved that the poor antelopes

should not enjoy the same exemption from death. My pet cimaron shuddered at the sight of the ravenous wolves, and crept close to my side.

Following custom in such cases, I drew my animals into as small a space as possible, and then fell to work pulling up the herbage within a circle of about fifty feet in diameter. As it was extremely scanty, this was a labor quickly performed. The fire swept far and near. I was completely surrounded by the flames, but succeeded in keeping myself and stock unscorched. When any herbage caught my camp, I quickly trampled it out, and although thus kept rather busy, I rendered myself more secure. From the direction of the wind, I judged that the Shoshonee encampment would escape the fire. For this, I thanked God, as had the encampment been attacked, Joe would have been abandoned to his fate.

I was unacquainted with the origin of the fire; but conjectured that some marauding Indians, perhaps Arapahoes, had taken this method of destroying some of their enemies, or stealing their horses and mules, as this is often attempted. Occasionally, however, these tremendous fires originate in accident, such as dropping a spark among some dry leaves, or the blowing away of a small coal from a camp-fire—which innocent incendiary is left to commence the work of destruction, because unobserved.

For two days I remained encamped on this island, in

the lake of fire. The flames had then spent their destructive force around me, as far as I could see. On all sides desolation appeared. The mountains were covered with blackness, while here and there a smoke and a blaze upon them, were still visible. The level bottom was strewn with ashes, among which could be seen, the half-burnt carcasses of wolves and antelopes; and there, too, a fierce lord of the mountain—an enormous grizzly bear, lay, partly consumed by the side of a black-tailed deer.

On the morning of the third day after encamping on the prairie, I determined to advance northward. I first walked a considerable distance upon the prairie, and ascertained that the mules could travel without scorching their feet—then adjusting my packs, and left the “island camp,” as I had christened the spot of safety. My object was to advance as rapidly as possible, in order to reach pasture, as my mules were beginning to weaken. I believe if they had not obtained food within a short time, they would have failed me entirely. I was fortunate. About the middle of the afternoon, I reached the end of the desolate tract, with all its gloomy horrors. It was on the bank of a clear stream. At this point the wind seemed to have slightly changed the direction of the flames. Upon the other side I saw green grass, and shady trees, and there I was happy to encamp. An antelope which I had picked out of a small herd near the

foot of the mountains, furnished some luscious meat for my evening meal; but I could not get within rifle-shot of any other game before dark.

At dawn the next morning, I resumed my march for the trapping region. Yet I did not reach the famous Bayou Salada until noon the day after that. On the banks of one of the small clear streams which pass through this beautiful valley, I encamped, preparatory to commencing trapping operations. A mountaineer's camp is always picturesque. Mine resembled those commonly constructed. I cleared a space about ten feet square, on a gentle slope, about twenty yards from the edge of the stream, and put up a breakwind of skins stretched on poles. On the right of this rude substitute for a tent, I erected a meat-frame, consisting of two upright poles and a cross-piece, high above the reach of wolves or bears, and on that hung my provisions. A small skin sheltered my ammunition and rifle on one side of my camp, but I had no roof. A pile of wood was ranged on the outside of my camp.

The Bayou Salada, or the Salt Valley, is remarkable for its wildly beautiful scenery. On all sides it is walled in by lofty and rugged mountains. Pike's Peak, snow-covered, towering above all like a ghostly sentinel. The principal stream is the Fontaine qui Bouille, or Boiling Spring river, which in the valley is not more than forty

feet in width. Gentle slopes of green, and patches of woodland appear in the vicinity of the dancing, glimmering streams, and contrast boldly with the jutting cliffs and yawning chasms of the mountains. The Indians have fought many a bloody battle for the possession of this splendid hunting and trapping region, but the Yutas have generally succeeded in maintaining it against their foes. I was intimately acquainted with these Indians, and having no fear that they would interrupt my pursuits, I immediately set about preparations for trapping.

The beaver was once found in every part of North America, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, but has now gradually retired from the encroachment and the persecutions of civilized man, and is met with only in the far, Far West, on the tributaries of the great rivers, and the mountain valleys in the great chain of the Rocky Mountains. On the waters of the Platte and Arkansas they are still numerous, and within the last few years have increased considerably in numbers; but the best trapping-ground now is on the streams running through the Bayou Salada, and the Old and New Parks, all of which are elevated mountain valleys.

The habits of the beaver present quite a study to the naturalist, and they are certainly the most sagaciously instinctive of all quadrupeds. Their dams afford a lesson to the engineer, their houses a study to the architect of

comfortable abodes, while their unremitting labor and indefatigable industry are models to be followed by the working man. The lodge of the beaver is generally excavated in the bank of the stream, the entrance being invariably under water; but not unfrequently, where the banks are flat, they construct lodges in the stream itself, of a conical form, of limbs and branches of trees woven together and cemented with mud. For the purpose of forming dams, for the necessary timber for their lodges, or for the bark which they store for their winter's supply of food, the beaver often fells a tree eight or ten inches in diameter, throwing it, with the skill of an expert woodsman, in any direction he pleases, always selecting a tree above stream, in order that the logs may be carried down with it to their destination. The log is then chopped into small lengths, and pushing them into the water, the beaver steers them to the lodge or dam. These trees are as cleanly cut as they could be by a sharp axe, the gouging in furrows made by the animal's strong teeth cutting into the very centre of the trunk, the notch being as smooth as sawed wood.

With his broad tail, which is twelve or fourteen inches long, and above four in breadth, and covered with a thick scaly skin, the beaver plasters his lodge, thus making it perform all the offices of a hand. They say that, when the beaver's tail becomes dry, the animal dies, but whe-

ther this is the case or not, I have myself seen the beaver return to the water and plunge his tail into the stream, and then resume his labor with renewed vigor; and I have also seen them, with their bodies on the bank, thumping the water with their tails with a most comical perseverance.

The female seldom produces more than three kittens at a birth, but I know an instance where one was killed, with young, having no less than eleven in her. They live to a considerable age, and I once ate the tail of an "old man" beaver whose head was perfectly gray with age, and his beard was of the same venerable hue, notwithstanding which his tail was as tender as a young racoon. The kittens are as playful as their namesakes of the feline race, and it is highly delightful to see an old one with grotesque gravity inciting her young to gambol about her, while she herself is engaged about some household work.

The work of tracing and trapping the beaver has many curious features. I pursued the usual method, which I had learned from my father—than whom a more successful trapper never appeared among the mountains. I followed the stream, on the banks of which I had encamped, keeping a sharp watch for "sign." If I saw a prostrate cotton-wood tree, I examined if it was the work of the beaver—whether "thrown" for the purpose of food, or to dam the stream. I also examined the tracks of the bea-

ver on the mud or the sand under the bank, and if the "sign" was fresh, set the trap in the run of the animal, hiding it under water, and attaching it by a stout chain to a picket driven in the bank, or to a bush or tree. A "float-stick," was then made fast to the trap, by a cord a few feet long, which, if the animal carried away the trap, floated on the water, and pointed out its position. The trap was baited with the "medicine"—which is prepared from the substance called castor, obtained from the glandulous pouches of the male animal. The contents of five or six castor bags are mixed with a nutmeg, twelve or fifteen cloves, and thirty grains of cinnamon in fine powder, and then the whole is stirred up with as much whiskey as will give it the consistence of mixed mustard. This preparation must be kept closely corked up, and in four or five days, the odor becomes more powerful. As I had often observed, this "medicine," smeared upon the bits of wood, with which the traps are baited, will attract the beaver from a great distance. Wishing to make a close inspection, the animal puts its legs into the trap, and is caught.

When I discovered a beaver lodge, I set the trap at the edge of the dam, at the point where the animal passes from deep to shoal water, and always beneath the surface. Early in the morning, I mounted young Oregon, and rode out to examine my traps. When successful, I

took the beaver to camp—skinned them and packed the tails, which are a great dainty, carefully away. I then stretched the skins over hoops, scraped off the flesh and fatty substance, and left them to dry. When dry, I folded them into square sheets, the fur being turned inward; and about a dozen made a bundle ready for transportation.

I had cheering success, both in trapping and hunting, and while my camp was well supplied with meat, I stowed away some beautiful skins. Occasionally I saw Indian sign, and was driven to extreme caution in my expeditions through the valley. However, no red men appeared; and I spent two weeks of successful hunting and exquisite enjoyment of all the luxuries of a mountain camp.

CHAPTER XI.

ARRIVAL OF JOE BLANEY. KILL AN ARAPAHO. START FOR THE RENDEZVOUS.

I DID not expect that my friend Joe Blaney could reach me within three weeks. Therefore I was astonished one clear evening to see the well-known mules emerge from a grove on the banks of the stream, a short distance from my camp. Joe was mounted. His thin, gaunt face bore the marks of his terrible battle, and he looked rather weakly. But he dismounted easily, and as he did so, I gave him three lusty cheers for a welcome. He seemed to be in very good spirits, for he replied by a loud cock-a-doodle doo.

“Not gone under yet, Percy, my boy,” he exclaimed.

“Not exactly, but you look a kind of streaked,” I replied. “However, throw off your packs, while I make camp room, and then we can talk and eat at the same time. There’s first-rate pasture for the mules, and they look as if they wanted a taste of that sort of thing.

Within a few minutes, I had extended the breakwind, and Joe had stowed his packs within, on the side opposite to that on which mine were piled. The mules were tied to pickets near my own, and Fondle, my pretty pet, played among them as if it recognised old acquaintances. Joe then took a seat beside the fire, and as the meat was simmering, we talked.

“Well, Joe, now that you are here, and almost ready for another fight, tell me how your wounds are healing, and what has happened to you since I left you in the Shoshonee camp.”

“Just so; but cook the meat quickly, for I feel wolfish,” said the gallant hunter. “The Shoshonee squaws were kind to me and no mistake. They attended to me as if I had been their child. Big Tree, the chief, took almost as good care of my mules as if they had been his own; but he had a great deal of trouble in preventing his young men from stealing skins from my pack. I suppose you saw the fire?”

“Saw it? Yes, indeed, and made a narrow escape from it,” I replied.

“Well, for a time we thought the blaze was going to sweep over the Yampah to our camp, and the Shoshonees made all the noises that Indians can make, and you know they are not slow. But Big tree saw that the fire could not reach the lodges, and, although he let the party pre-

pare for a run, he kept them on the ground. Late at night, we saw the course of the fire had somewhat changed, and Big Tree then ordered the party to move slowly down the Yampah. Four big braves carried me in a litter. After moving, I guess about a mile, the camp was pitched again, and every body owned that we were safe. I tell you, Perey, I was glad to be put down again, for the shaking of those ugly gashes in my breast didn't feel the most comfortable, no way. Well, I remained in camp for about a week, before I was able to walk about; and then I frightened the young Shoshonees. After that I gained strength so fast, owing to the natural healthiness of my meat, that I started three days ago for the Bayou, intending to travel slowly, and here I got to-night, without any accident. Is the deer done? Just so. I'll take something like a hunk this time. Help yourself, Perey. How's the beaver, and where's the Injuns?"

"Look at the skins. Trapping in the Bayou was never better to my knowledge," I replied. "Indians are about, but whether they are Yutas, Shoshonees, or Arapahoes, I can't say."

"Let them look out, Old Joe will be in trim for them shortly. But we must make good packs of beaver this time. Smart show that you have already."

We made a hearty meal, enjoyed the luxury of the pipe—and then stretched ourselves for repose.

The next morning, Joe and I rode out together to examine my traps, and to set some additional ones. He had more traps than I; but we agreed to make an equal division of the results of our labor and skill. Within a week afterwards, Joe had recovered his strength and activity. We were as successful as could be expected in trapping the beaver, and lived on the "fat of the valley." Our only cause of uneasiness was the frequent "sign" of Indians, whom we believed to be lurking around in small parties.

One morning, as I was about to examine a trap near a dam, a considerable distance from camp, I was startled by a sound resembling the fixing of an arrow to a bow-string. I turned quickly, and luckily, for upon the instant, an arrow struck me in the thigh, and I beheld an Arapaho about to repeat the attempt upon my life. Regardless of the wound, I raised my rifle and fired; and when the smoke cleared away, I saw the savage lying, gathered up in a heap, on the ground. I was at that time a mountaineer in heart and habit. I lifted up the head, seized the scalp-lock, and in a moment the reeking scalp was tied to my belt—a savage trophy. I then turned my attention to my wound. The arrow had pierced the fleshy part of the thigh clean through, and I had to cut off the head before I could remove the weapon. The blood then flowed freely; but I bound my legging tightly around it, mounted my mule, and rode rapidly back to

camp. About an hour afterwards, Joe came in with three beavers. He was a little alarmed at the sight of blood; but he quickly dressed the wound, and applied himself to rendering my position as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. But with all his attention, my wound was very painful, and it was a whole week before I was able to attend to my traps.

We continued to trap in the Bayou until the early part of October. We lived well, saw nothing more of the Indians in our neighborhood, and packed away a fine lot of skins. At the time mentioned, we broke up our camp, and started for the trapper's rendezvous known as "Brown's Hole."

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE AT THE TRAPPERS' RENDEZVOUS ADVENTUROUS ENGAGEMENT WITH AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

“BROWN'S HOLE,” is an inclosed valley, on Green river, one of the affluents of the Colorado. It is surrounded with lofty mountains, which cause it to look much smaller than it is in reality. It is well-wooded, and abounds in every variety of game. This valley is a favorite wintering-ground of the mountaineers. Here they bring the results of their toil and endurance. A trading station and a considerable number of shanties, or lodges, make up a little village, which, however, disappears with the snow.

We arrived at “Brown's Hole” in good time, and in excellent condition. A trader was already there, with an extensive store of powder, lead, tobacco, and ardent spirits, and various other articles in demand among the

mountaineers. Several trapping bands had already arrived. Singly, and in bands, numbering from two to ten, the trappers dropped into the rendezvous; some with many pack-loads, others with greater or less quantity, and more than one on foot, having lost his animals and peltry by Indian thieving. Here were soon congregated many mountaineers, whose names are famous in the history of the Far West. Fitzpatrick and Hatcher, and old Bill Williams, well known leaders of the trapping parties, soon arrived with their bands. Sublette came in with his men from Yellow Stone, and many of Wyeth's New Englanders were there. Chabonard, with his half-breeds, Wah-keitchas all, brought his peltries from the lower country; and a half-a-dozen Shawnee and Delaware Indians, with a Mexican from Taos, one Marcelline, a fine strapping fellow, the best trapper and hunter in the mountains, and ever first in the fight. Here, too, arrived the "Bourgeois" traders of the "North West Company," with their superior equipments, ready to meet their trappers, and purchase the beaver at an equitable value; and soon the trade opened, and the encampment assumed a busy appearance.

The beaver sold well, six dollars being the price paid a pound in goods, but the latter, as usual, were fixed at very exorbitant rates. Joe and I sold our stock of skins for about a thousand dollars; but the quantity of goods

received was really worth about half that sum. The cimaron was greatly admired by the trappers, and all praised my skill in training the animal. The principal bidder at the station—a shrewd Yankee—purchased it for what he called a hundred dollars' worth of powder and lead. I was glad to get rid of Fondle at any price, for although it was a pretty pet, it cost me a great deal of care to attend to it properly. Still, as the trader led the animal away, I could not help a feeling of regret.

The trade having been completed, the mountaineers plunged into all the dissipation of the station. Drinking, gambling, and rioting, were almost the only occupations of the day. The property so hardly earned was rapidly spent. Men could be seen in all stages of drunkenness—from riotous elevation to beastly intoxication. Joe, who had long been accustomed to regard these scenes as things of course, and even necessary to a social existence, engaged in them, as freely as the rest. I had an aversion for them. The counsels of my mother were constantly in my mind. On this occasion I was saved from the influence of temptation by a circumstance which effected a complete change in my mode of life.

There was an English sportsman at the station—a gentleman of fortune, named Robert Barrill, with whom I managed to scrape an acquaintance. He was very intelligent and agreeable, and a daring and successful sports-

man. Having leisure, fortune, and no encumbrances, he had visited America to engage in the exciting and perilous sports of the prairies—a kind of life he preferred to that of indolent ease. He expressed himself greatly delighted with hunting on the plains, and narrated a number of adventures, as we enjoyed a social pipe. He said, however, that the drunken and riotous behavior of the mountain men at the station shocked him. One reason for his singling me out for an especial friend was that I kept aloof from their dissipation, and strove to save something of the profits of my hunting and trapping expeditions.

I had spent about two weeks at the station, when, one evening, Mr. Barrill came into my lodge, and sat down for a talk. He said he had an important proposal to make. He was greatly pleased with my character, although he had known me but a very short time. He had no urgent business to call him back to England, and he designed to try sporting in various parts of the world. He wanted a trusty and experienced companion—had ample means to defray the expenses of both—and if I would accompany him in his travels and hunting expeditions, he would take care that I was well provided in every respect. The novelty of the proposal took me by surprise; but I was rather pleased with the idea. However, I requested a day to consider. I reflected upon my condition—an able-bodied young hunter, without encum-

brances of any kind. Then I thought of the curious countries, strange people, and, above all, the rare sports, I should see. I could not doubt the truth of what Mr. Barrill informed in regard to his means—for in our short acquaintance, he had shown ample proof of his sincerity. Then I sought the advice of Joe Blaney, although the brain of that veteran mountaineer was, during most of the time, lamentably foggy. However, Joe said that if I rejected such an offer, I would deserved to be “chawed up alive by a grizzly.” Before the day had elapsed, I was enlisted in the service of a universal sportsman, and had begun preparations for a start from the station.

CHAPTER XIII

A JOURNEY AND HUNT THROUGH NEW MEXICO. START FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

MR. BARRILL seemed very much pleased when informed that I had resolved to accompany him in his distant expeditions. He immediately gave me several valuable presents—among them being a handsome bullet-pouch, a powder-flask, and a finely mounted revolver. My rifle was equal to any to be seen at the station. Mr. Barrill then informed me that he intended to proceed to South America, to try hunting in the forests of Brazil, and upon the vast plains called the Pampas. After much deliberation, he had decided to journey through New Mexico, by way of the Rio Grand and the Gulf of Mexico, to New Orleans, where passage could be secured to Rio Janeiro. This arrangement was satisfactory to me. I merely suggested that we should take the vale of Taos, that Paradise of mountaineers, on our way through New Mexico.

Mr. Barrill had a fine equipment for travelling through the wildernees. He had four excellent mules—and one swift horse, elegantly caparisoned. His packs comprised some remarkable trophies, two or three beaver traps, some rare articles of provision, the best of ammunition, and a number of small tools for which use enough may be found far away from the settlements.

Leaving the station amid the drunken cheers of the mountaineers, we sat out upon our great sporting expedition. We travelled leisurely, keeping a sharp look-out for game. We passed Greenhorn creek without meeting with any remarkable adventure. On Huerfano, or Orphan creek, so called from an isolated *hutte*, which stands on a prairie near the stream, we fell in with a party of Yuta Indians. They seemed very friendly, but I advised Mr. Barrill to get out of their way as quickly as possible, as they were likely enough to entertain treacherous designs. He traded with them, however, for a few deer skins, for the dressing of which they are justly celebrated. We then pushed forward, and camped under the mountain on Oak creek, in a strong position, which the two of us could have maintained against a host.

At this point is a tolerable pass through the mountains, where a break occurs in a range, whence they gradually decrease in magnitude until they meet the sierras of Mexico, which connect the two mighty chains of the Andes

and the Rocky Mountains. From the summit of the dividing ridge, to the eastward, a view is had of the vast sea of prairie which stretches away from the base of the mountains in dreary barrenness, for nearly a thousand miles, until it meets the fertile valley of the great Missouri. Over this boundless expanse, nothing breaks the uninterrupted solitude of the view. Not a tree or atom of foliage relieves the eye; for the lines of scattered timber, which belt the streams running from the mountains, are lost in the shadow of their stupendous height, and beyond this nothing is seen but the bare surface of the rolling prairie. In no other part of the chain are the grand characteristics of the Far West more strikingly displayed than from this pass. The mountains here rise, on the eastern side, abruptly from the plain, and the view over the great prairies is not therefore obstructed by intervening ridges. To the westward the eye sweeps over the broken spurs which stretch from the main range in every direction; while distant peaks, for the most part snow-covered, are seen at intervals rising isolated above the range. On all sides the scene is wild and dismal.

Crossing by this pass, we followed the Yuta trail, skirting a pine-covered ridge, in which countless herds of antelope, tame as sheep, were feeding. Numerous creeks well timbered with oak, pine, and cedar, intersect it, and game of all kinds was there abundant. Mr. Barrill proved

himself an excellent shot, and a hunter of unflinching courage. Yet he frankly acknowledged that I could learn him much in regard to the methods of getting within rifle-shot of game. Each day exalted the character of this gentleman in my eyes, and, upon his part, he omitted no opportunity of showing that I had his esteem. His conversation was full of instruction. How could I regret having exchanged such company as that of honest, but narrow-minded, Joe Blaney, for that of Mr. Barrill?

On the eleventh day after leaving Orphan creek, we struck the Taos valley settlement on Arroyo Hondo, and pushed on at once to the village of Fernandez, sometimes called Taos. As we dashed through the village, the doors of the adobe houses were thrown open, and numerous dark-eyed beauties appeared, each smoking a cigarito. All replied to our salute, "Adios Americanos!" believing us both to be American mountaineers. I was well known in the valley, having visited it on two or three occasions, in company with a party of mountaineers. We rode to the house of an old mountaineer, who had long been recognised as the entertainer of the hunters when they visited the Taos valley, and were somewhat agreeably surprised to find two stalwart trappers from the Yellow Stone stopping there. They gave us a hearty welcome, invited us to a fandango, which they had arranged for that evening, and seemed exceedingly desirous of securing our good

will. Mr. Barrill seldom shunned sociability, and as I happened to know the mountaineers to be honest, true-hearted men, I recommended them to his favor.

The fandango came off in the great hall of the Alcalde, on the same evening. Mr. Barrill and I were promptly on the spot. My friend enjoyed the scene amazingly, and danced and frolicked with the girls, in a style which none of the hunters, so noted for their "sprees," could equal. On one occasion, a mountaineer, seeing a jealous Mexican interfere with his zealous courtship, knocked him down. Knives were out in an instant, and a bloody affray might have occurred if Mr. Barrill had not interfered. He spoke mildly and persuasively, but also with an air of authority, which had its effect. Order was restored and the dancing resumed, and continued till the peep of day, when Mr. Barrill and I returned to the old mountaineer's house, more fatigued than ever we were after a day's hunt.

We stopped one day at Taos to rest, and then resumed our journey, intending to follow the course of the Rio Grande to the Gulf of Mexico, more for novelty than for any other purpose. Yet we found that this route was about as dull and monotonous as any that we had ever travelled. We passed through a number of small towns, the inhabitants of which were remarkable for nothing but squalor and treacherous cowardice. Most of the Indians

we met on the route were timid and degraded. But we heard that parties of the bold Apaches and Navajos had penetrated but recently to the settlements, and committed many outrages. The Navajos are the most powerful of all the Indian enemies of the New Mexicans. They are a handsome, intelligent, daring people, far superior in every respect to the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico.

On arriving at Santa Fe, the capital of the territory, I had an opportunity of seeing a Navajo chief, who had been captured by a large party of New Mexicans, while recklessly exposing himself in an attack. He was a fine, manly looking fellow; but the ill treatment of his captors threatened to reduce him to a most wretched condition. In spite of the cruelties of which he had been guilty, I was compelled to pity him.

In descending the valley of the Rio Grande, we found excellent pasture for our animals; but the game was scarce, and not of the most inviting kinds. Mr. Barrill repeatedly expressed the wish that he had determined upon another route. At length, after weeks of dull travelling, we approached the Gulf of Mexico on the east side of the Rio Grande. At Point Isabel, we found a schooner, about to sail for Galvezton, and Mr. Barrill immediately secured a passage for us both.

I had never been upon the sea before. My sensations, as the schooner made sail from Point Isabel, were so novel

that I must have behaved very strangely. The view of the boundless level of the prairie seemed nothing to the sight of the vast and apparently shoreless sea. We had some rough weather; but having a stomach of leather I did not experience what is called sea-sickness. At Galveston, the chief port of Texas, and a very bustling town, we took a steamer for New Orleans, the great port of the Southern States. Mr. Barrill and myself were too anxious to be off to the sporting regions to waste much time in that gay city. We engaged passage in a large ship bound for Rio Janeiro, and soon afterwards, the shores of my native land faded from my view.

CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVAL AT RIO. HUNTING IN THE FORESTS OF BRAZIL.

I WILL not fatigue the reader with the monotonous detail of the voyage to Rio Janeiro. In spite of the entertaining company of Mr. Barrill, and rather a lively set of passengers, I was heartily glad when the captain announced that we were approaching the beautiful bay of the Brazilian port. And when we entered it, I was in ecstasies.

Rio Janeiro, the capital of the province of the same name, may now, perhaps, rank as the largest and most flourishing city of South America. It lies on the western side of a bay, seventy or eighty miles in circumference, forming one of the most spacious and secure receptacles for shipping in the world. It is studded with upwards of one hundred islands; the ships of all nations are seen passing through its channels, and innumerable little boats are seen flitting about. The shore rises immediately into

green and woody hills, thickly planted with villas and convents, and behind which lofty mountains shoot up their heads in the most picturesque and romantic forms. These objects compose the most enchanting scene that can be imagined. It struck a late traveller as greatly resembling the Trosachs at the entrance of Loch Katrine. The town is tolerably well built, the houses being three or four stories high, though the streets are rather narrow. Two of them extend the whole length, with new and broad streets striking off from them; and there are several handsome squares. The town is well supplied with water, by excellent aqueducts. The environs of Rio Janeiro are delightful in the extreme, the valleys and sides of the hills being covered with trees, shrubs, and creeping plants of peculiar beauty. The bay of Bottafogo, and the sides of the rude and lofty mountains called the Corcovado, are the spots most particularly celebrated. The king has a rural palace, called San Christovao, of light and pavilion-like architecture, and which from its site has a much more pleasing effect than that in the city. The arsenal, the dock yard, and marine establishments are on a small island within the harbor.

Mr. Barrill was exceedingly delighted with the city and its magnificent harbor. He had letters of introduction to the British consul, and a number of other distinguished persons, who gave us a handsome entertainment.

But we were anxious to pursue our grand purpose, and to be abroad in the forests of Brazil—admiring their beauty and vast variety of game. With much difficulty we effected an engagement with a native of Rio Janeiro, who had travelled and hunted in the interior of the country, and who was therefore considered a reliable guide. He spoke English almost as well as Portuguese and Spanish—the chief languages of the country—and seemed to be brave and intelligent. We were well provided with horses and mules; but the guide insisted on our purchasing three fine horses from the plains of Buenos Ayres. The cheapness of these animals astonished Mr. Barrill as well as myself. New spurs and heavy cloaks, or serapas, completed our equipment. About a week after our arrival at Rio, we set off, in the best of spirits, for the interior of the country. Yet it was several days before we left the plantations of sugar, cotton, and coffee, behind us.

Dense and impenetrable forests cover a great part of the interior of Brazil, and exhibit a luxuriance of vegetation almost peculiar to the central regions of South America. The infinite variety of tints which these woods display, give them an aspect wholly different from those of Europe. Each of the lofty sons of the forest has an effect distinct from that of the rest. The brilliant white of the silver tree, the brown head of the Mangou, the purple flowers of the Brazil wood, the laburnums, the deep red fungus,

and the carmine-colored lichens, which invest the trunks and bark, all mingle in brilliant confusion, forming groups finely contrasted and diversified. The gigantic height of the palms, with their varying crowns, give to these forests an incomparable majesty. All these are interwoven with a net work of creeping and climbing plants, so close as to form round the tree a verdant wall, which the eye is unable to penetrate; and many of the flowering species, that climb up the trunks, spread forth and present the appearance of parterres hanging in the air. These woods are not a silent scene, unless during the deepest heat of noon, but are crowded and rendered vocal by the greatest variety of the animal tribes. Birds of the most singular forms and most superb plumage flutter through the bushes. The toucan rattles his large hollow bill; the busy orioles creep out of their long pendant nests; the amorous thrush, the chattering manakin, the full tones of the nightingale, amuse the hunter; while the humming birds, rivalling in lustre diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, hover round the brightest flowers. Myriads of the most brilliant beetles buzz in the air; and the gayest butterflies, rivalling in splendor the colors of the rainbow, flutter from flower to flower. Meanwhile the beautiful, but sometimes dangerous, race of lizards and serpents, exceeding in splendor the enamel of the flowers, glide out of the leaves and hollows of the trees. Troops of squirrels and monkeys leap

from bough to bough, and large bodies of ants, issuing from their nests, creep along the ground. These immense forests are rich in timber of every description, for use and ornament, suited either for carpentry, ship building, dyeing, or furniture. That kind specially called Brazil wood is particularly celebrated for the beautiful red dye which it produces.

Our guide informed us that the forests were full of rapacious animals, among which he mentioned the tiger-cat, the hyona, the saratu, an animal about the size of a fox, but far more ferocious, the jaguar or South American tiger, the sloth, and the porcupine; that the planters were much annoyed by ounces; that antas, or tapirs, and wild hogs, were abundant. The tapir is the largest of the native quadrupeds. It is timid and harmless, feeding like a horse. It is amphibious, and capable of remaining a long time at the bottom of lakes and rivers, without coming up to respire. When killed, its flesh is generally eaten, and differs but little from the ox.

We had not long journeyed through the forest, before the keen eye of the guide detected a huge tapir, feeding at a considerable distance on our right. He said that if we would get between it and the river, the course of which we were following, it might easily be taken. We dismounted, tied our horses to trees, and crept in different directions towards the stream. Mr. Barrill happened to

show himself above the bushes, before the guide and myself could get in position. He fired, but missed, and the animal plunged into the water and disappeared. By the advice of the guide, we then stood upon the bank of the stream, about thirty yards apart. The opposite bank was within rifle-shot, and we naturally expected that the tapir would strive to escape by swimming to that point. We stood patiently in shooting position for full ten minutes, when the animal was seen slowly ascending the bank. Instantly two balls were driven into him, and he fell backwards into the water.

The next difficulty was to secure the game. The stream was too deep to ford. But with a rapidity that startled me, the guide constructed a stout raft of small palm trunks, bound together with vines, and with one of our camping-poles pushed it across. Then, tying the snout of the tapir to the raft, he towed the carcass in triumph to our side, upon which we gave him a round of cheers. The animal proved to be a male of the largest size. It was a clumsy looking beast. We cut off such portions of the meat as the guide recommended, and made a hearty meal in the forest. The flesh is very much inferior to that of the buffalo, but still quite palatable.

The next day we had another tapir hunt, in which we ascertained the remarkable peculiarities of this animal. When pursued, it ran awkwardly, leaving a broad trail,

and in a circle, so that we had but little difficulty in bringing it to the ground. We shot a number of wild cattle out of a herd, near the edge of a broad and open valley, and thus obtained an abundance of fresh meat; but after a week's travel we were somewhat disappointed in the sport afforded by the game of these forests. Mr. Barrill expressed his disappointment, and I agreed with him. After some discussion with the guide, we determined to return to Rio, and then proceed to Buenos Ayres. The guide insisted on the exciting character of the Brazilian sport, but we had experienced the thrilling excitement of hunting on the prairie, and gave him a very decided expression of our non-assent.

On the third day of our return journey, however, we had a taste of peril. About daybreak, I detected an animal prowling near the camp, which the guide pronounced a large jaguar. Our horses and mules evinced their knowledge of the proximity of danger by neighing, snorts, and starts. A moment more, and one of them might have been writhing beneath the claws of the fierce monster. The guide advanced cautiously to the attack; and just as the jaguar was about to spring upon the nearest horse, fired. The shot was effective, and the animal, with a horrid growl, limped away through the bushes. All gave chase—Mr. Barrill saw an opportunity for a shot in the rear, and fired, when the jaguar fell back

upon his haunches. It then turned, and, wounded as it was, ran rapidly towards us. The guide sprang aside, and Mr. Barrill was seized by the leg. At the same moment, a ball from my rifle, sent the jaguar to the arms of death.

Mr. Barrill had a narrow escape. His leg was severely bitten, and he could scarcely stand upon it. Yet this enthusiastic sportsman could not help admiring the beautiful skin of the monster—yellow, spotted with brown and black—and said it was a valuable addition to his packs. The guide attended to the wound in a manner which secured the sufferer almost immediate ease. We then resumed our journey, and within three days reached Rio Janeiro again. Our sporting expedition had not been satisfactory, but we agreed that the forests of Brazil were so magnificent that they well repaid the visit of the lover of the splendors of nature.

CHAPTER XV.

BUENOS AYRES. HUNTING ON THE PAMPAS.

AFTER getting rid of our Brazilian guide, who was rather troublesome in the matter of remuneration, we obtained passage on board of a small British barque, secured all our effects, including horses and mules, the same transportation, and sailed for Buenos Ayres. The voyage was short and pleasant. After we entered the mouth of the La Plata, we had a fine view of Monte Video, and the varied scenery of the shores. Still, the bay of Rio Janeiro was far more beautiful, and, after viewing it, I could not feel an extraordinary delight in the scenery of the La Plata. At length we came in sight of the city of Buenos Ayres. It is situated on the southern bank of the river, about two hundred miles from its mouth. Being raised about twenty feet above the water, and presenting the spires of numerous churches and convents, it makes

rather a fine appearance. There were a large number of vessels in the harbor, giving an idea of the extensive trade of the city.

When we landed, we found the wharves covered with heaps of hides, the chief article of export. People in every variety of costume, from that of an official dignitary to that of the Gauchos of the Pampas, and the tow trowsers of the toiling negro were to be seen; some bustling about, and others walking along leisurely, as if this world had no cares for them. Farther up in the town, at least two-thirds of those who were in the streets were mounted on horses, some of which were noble-looking animals.

The houses were built of brick, white-washed, and with flat roofs, over which a pleasant and even extensive promenade might have been taken. The windows were protected by iron bars, causing each mansion to resemble a lock-up house, and forming, indeed, a complete fortification. Rosas, then the iron-hearted tyrant of Buenos Ayres, resided in a fortress near the river, which had been erected for the old Spanish viceroys. In the centre of the city, is the Plaza, or great square, common to all towns erected by the Spaniards. The houses surrounding it were very handsome. Besides a splendid cathedral, the city could then boast of a number of fine churches and monasteries. The environs had a rather monotonous aspect.

Mr. Barrill secured lodgings, at a tolerable inn, about equal in entertainment to the lower class of hotels in St. Louis. His first object was to secure information in regard to the dangers of the Pampas, so as to be prepared for them. The next was to obtain the service of a native acquainted with the country. He first applied to the landlord, but that personage either had not the requisite intelligence, or was unable to communicate it satisfactorily; so my patron visited the British consul, who gave ample answers to all the inquiries of his countrymen, and recommended a trustworthy Gaucho, who had been in his service, named Joaquin Bunoz.

The reader may very naturally inquire who are the people called Gauchos. They inhabit the wide surface of the Pampas, and appropriate the herds that roam over them. Some travellers have designated them as downright savages. But they are often of respectable birth, and rendered estimable by their courage, intelligence and integrity. The Gaucho is at once the most active and the most indolent of mortals. He will scour the country whole days at full gallop, breaking wild horses, or chasing the jaguar or ostrich; but once alighted and seated on the skeleton of a horse's head, nothing can induce him to move. He considers it a degradation to set his foot to the ground; so that, notwithstanding a general vigor almost preternatural, the lower limbs are weak and bowed, and he is

incapable of walking to any distance. His dwelling is a mud cottage, with one apartment, and so swarming with insects, that in summer the whole family, wrapped in skins, sleep in the open air. All round is a desert, with the exception of the corral, or circular spot, inclosed by stakes, into which the cattle are driven. Neither grain nor vegetables are cultivated, nor is the cow made to yield milk. Beef is the only food, and it is roasted, or rather twisted, on large spits, stuck in the floor, in a slanting direction, so as to overhang the fire, a twist being from time to time given, to expose all sides of the meat in succession. A large number of the Gauchos are robbers, who are only daunted by a show of superior force.

Joaquin Bunoz had all the qualities of the Gaucho in perfection. He was short and thick-set, with bowed legs. His face was frank, fearless, and intelligent. His hair was long, black, and straight, in keeping with his piercing black eyes and heavy moustache. His costume resembled greatly that of the Californian muleteer, but was much more gaudily decorated. He prided himself upon three things; the rich saddle and bridle of his horse; his skill in throwing the lasso, and his luck at gaming—the leading vice throughout South America. By his advice, we armed ourselves as completely as possible—having a rifle a piece in reserve. He condemned our horses, but Mr. Barrill thought proper to retain them.

We started with thrilling hopes of sport for the Pampas—those vast plains of which we had heard so much. Buenos Ayres was soon left far behind, and we found ourselves riding across a plain, which, as far as the eye could reach, appeared to be covered with clover and thistles. Joaquin informed us that the plain continued of this character for about one hundred and eighty miles from Buenos Ayres. There are no regular roads across the Pampas, although they are so much travelled. There are carriage routes, upon which mud huts, called posts, are stationed, about twenty miles apart. But the country is so intersected with rivers, streams, and marshes, that progress is difficult in any kind of a vehicle.

Joaquin contrived to keep us within a few miles of the most common route. The advantage of this was that we were seldom far from the huts of the Gauchos, who might have aided us against the attacks of robbers or Indians. The latter are very warlike, and have a hereditary hostility to the Gauchos, and, indeed, to all whites. They even excel the Gauchos in horsemanship, which is the highest praise that can be given them. As they generally go abroad in large parties these attacks are greatly dreaded.

During our first day upon the Pampas, we saw immense herds of horses and cattle, but as Mr. Barrill and I had beheld the buffalos upon the prairies, we were not so much

astonished as our Gaucho guide desired us to be. Joaquin easily detected those which belonged to particular Gauchos by the marks upon them ; and these we took care to avoid. But enough remained to furnish abundant exercise for the lasso. The skill displayed by Joaquin in throwing the lasso astonished me, and yet I considered myself an adept in using it. Our lassos were made of strong platted thongs of green hide, about forty feet in length, with an iron ring at one end, forming a running noose, the other end being fixed to the saddle-girth. When Joaquin was about to seize an animal, he whirled the noose with a portion of the thong horizontally around his head, holding the rest of the lasso coiled up in his left hand ; and when near enough to the object, and the precise point of its rotation, flung off the noose, which never failed to secure the animal. If a horse it invariably fell over the neck ; and if an ox, over the horns. As soon as the Gaucho succeeded in his aim, he suddenly turned his horse, which movement set his legs in a position to resist successfully the pull of the entrapped animal. I imitated Joaquin rather clumsily, but made few failures, and met with no accident. Mr. Barrill was not so successful. On one occasion, he threw the lasso over the horns of a large ox ; but neglecting to turn his horse quickly into the proper position, he was pulled to the ground, and severely bruised. Joaquin, however, secured the animal by a skilful throw,

nearly at the moment when my patron reached the ground. A little practice enabled Mr. Barrill to overcome his deficiencies, and he was soon my rival in dexterity.

The chase of the wild cattle and horses was very exciting, and the rewards more than proportionate to the difficulty and danger. We fared sumptuously upon beef, very little inferior to buffalo meat, and the tongues were excellent. The hides we gave as propitiatory offerings to the wandering Gauchos whom we encountered. Most of these people seemed disposed to be friendly and peaceable; but we met two or three small parties, to whom we thought proper to make a show of our force. They saluted us, eyed our arms, shook their heads, and rode away, with the speed of the wind. Our Gaucho guide was very useful to us during these encounters, as he had a high reputation for courage and determination. He also rendered his services extremely valuable in breaking several splendid horses for us. They were beautifully spotted, and of great speed and strength.

Our encampment at night would have been pleasant enough, but for two great annoyances, viz: the immense number of insects, which buzzed around our ears and bit us severely, and the thundering tramp of the wild herds across the plains. The danger of a general stampede of the animals around the camp is very imminent. On one occasion we came near losing them.

About an hour after the usual time to secure the horses for the night, an indistinct sound arose like the muttering of distant thunder; as it came nearer it resembled the lashing of a heavy surf upon a beach. On and on it rolled towards us, and, partly from my own hearing and partly from the confused communication of Joaquin, I conjectured it must be the fierce gallop of thousands of panic-stricken horses. As this living torrent drew nigh, our horses and mules began to snort, prick up their ears and tremble. Each of us seized his rifle and fired to change the course of the herd. We succeeded so far as to retain our mules and three horses; but as the herd dashed furiously past us, in full charge, five fine horses, which Joaquin had broken, were carried away, and we never saw them again. However, we were well satisfied with our good fortune in escaping this tremendous onset, and slept very well after we had secured our remaining animals.

CHAPTER XVI.

LIFE ON THE PAMPAS. RETURN TO BUENOS AYRES. SET SAIL FOR THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

AFTER passing through the plain, covered with clover and thistles, we arrived at the second portion of the Pampas, a level covered with long grass, and extending about four hundred and fifty miles. In the middle of summer, the heat is intense upon the plain; but it was now November, and the weather was tolerably pleasant. We continued to see vast herds of cattle and horses; but few other animals of any size.

We had journeyed but about two days and a half among this high grass, when Joaquin detected the fresh trail of Indians. How he became aware of the precise nature of the trail I was unable to perceive, although I had considerable skill in the same way. The traces to which he directed our attention, were simply marks of horses's hoofs, which, to my mind, might have been made by a

party of Gauchos, as well as by Indians. But Joaquin insisted that they were Indians, and we were compelled to yield. We then scoured the plain as far as the eye could reach, but even the Gaucho could see nothing of our dreaded enemies. He shook his head, however, and remarked gravely—

“The darkness will render them visible to you.”

We rode on, changing the direction of our journey somewhat, and, at dusk, when I supposed we were at least fifteen miles from the spot where Joaquin had descried the Indian trail, we halted on the bank of a sparkling rivulet, and following the directions of the guide, constructed our camp, with an eye to its defence. In this my own knowledge was of much utility. Our packs were so arranged, as to afford us a slight shelter, when we stooped; but this only served for one side of the camp—a line of about ten feet. I then suggested that we should throw up breastworks of sod upon the other three sides, and as no other mode of defence could be devised, the suggestion was approved. No time was to be lost. Hatchets and knives were brought into play. The work was slow and difficult, and even my hard arms began to tire before one side of the breastwork was complete. However, we toiled steadily, like men who knew that life was at stake, and by the light of the camp-fire we finished quite a neat little fortress. The animals were then hobbled, so that they

could not be disturbed without giving us notice of their danger.

The night was very gloomy. Occasionally the stars peeped out of windows in the gloomy ceiling of clouds, but we depended almost entirely on our fire for a light by which to catch a glimpse of surrounding objects. The keen-eyed Gaucho stood as sentinel, while Mr. Barrill and myself cooked the meat; and, when we commenced eating, he took his share to eat while continuing his guard.

Suddenly he jumped over the breastwork and trench, and put his ears to the ground. Then springing up, he pointed in the direction from which he heard a sound to come, and exclaimed—

“They come! they come!”

Then another noise in an opposite direction seemed to catch his ear, for he leaped over the breastwork on the other side, and put his ear to the ground. Then, springing up, he swore a terrible oath, and announced that another party was in full gallop towards us, from that direction. He then entered the camp. We drew our animals as close to the breastwork as we could; then prepared our ammunition and arms for rapid use, and awaited the attack, determined, yet scarcely hoping to make a successful defence.

The parties seemed to be approaching at about the same speed. Nearer and nearer they came, and my heart,

at least, beat quicker than usual. But I had faced death in its most terrible forms too often to flinch in such a situation. I was fully prepared to send some of our enemies to their grand trial in another world. Nearer and nearer they came, and louder and louder grew the sounds of their gallop, till the light of our fire showed us the front of both parties. They discovered each other at the same time—and with terrific yells turned from us to engage in combat. Joaquin fairly yelled with joy—one party consisted of Araucanian Indians—the other of their deadliest foes—the robber Gauchos. They had encountered while bent upon the same predatory errand. They met in full charge, and the shock was tremendous. Horses reeled and fell. Rifles were discharged, and we could see the glimmer of the lances used by the Araucanians.

What course were we to pursue? Mr. Barrill thought that flight during the battle would be our best resource. But Joaquin suggested what he felt convinced would be the better course:—To mount our horses and charge the Indians in the rear—help to defeat them and gain the good will of the Gauchos, who, in the meantime, seemed to be getting the worst of the conflict. I was delighted with the proposition. In a moment we were mounted; and, rifle in hand, we raised a tremendous shout, and dashed upon the rear of the astonished Indians. A short, fierce struggle ensued, and then the few surviving In-

dians scampered away over the plains, leaving the field to the Gauchos, who raised a yell of triumph which had an infernal sound to our ears.

Joaquin now sought the chief of the party, explained to him our situation, and the great service we had rendered him—and expressed a hope that no violence was intended to such good friends. The chief promised that not one of our little party should be injured, but wished to see what we had in camp. He behaved very politely before Mr. Barrill and myself, and hoped we had had a fine journey. We showed him our packs, while his party were engaged in attending their wounded, killing the wounded Araucanians, and appropriating whatever was valuable about the slain horses and their savage masters. They contained nothing to tempt his bump of acquisitiveness, but our arms caused his eyes to brighten. Mr. Barrill saw which way his thoughts ran, and happily anticipated him, by presenting him with a pair of handsome pistols, to which I added a Colt's revolver, the use of which Joaquin glibly elucidated. With this latter present, the chief seemed overjoyed. Calling some of the Gauchos, he told of the presents we had made him, and bade them all remember that not a hair of our heads was to be touched. They assented, some of them, I thought, rather sullenly.

It was now ascertained that but two Gauchos had been killed and three wounded, while twelve Indians had been

killed in the fight, and four dispatched afterwards ; neither of these belligerent tribes recognized such a thing as quarter. The wounded Gauchos were attended to roughly, but with some skill. A great fire was then kindled on the space cleared, near the bank of the stream, so that the grass could not catch the blaze, and the party, then numbering about twenty, sat around, took out some beef, ate, compared notes of the fight, grinned at us, and examined what they had taken from the Indians.

The chief sat down with us, around the fire, within the breastwork, at which he could not but express his contempt, and chatted with Joaquin and Mr. Barrill till the break of day. He then bade us adieu, mounted his horse, summoned his men, and in a few moments, the robber band was scampering away across the plain.

Congratulating ourselves upon our escape, we immediately held a sort of council of war in regard to our future course. Mr. Barrill broached the idea of our returning to Buenos Ayres. He expressed himself satisfied with what he had seen and enjoyed of life on the Pampas, and said that to proceed farther would only be to encounter great dangers to no purpose. I agreed with him, not because I was under his patronage, but because the counsel was wise. Joaquin murmured, but the debate was decided in favor of the return.

Before sunrise, we had taken the trail leading back to

Buenos Ayres. The details of this return journey are not worth recording. We had excellent sport in hunting, good living, and, made a trip without stoppages. We arrived at Buenos Ayres without any accident of importance, and every thing considered, in good condition. Joaquin then received a handsome reward for his faithful services, and bade us adieu.

During a week after our return, we rested, and had leisure to observe the city and the citizens. I was not greatly pleased with this town. In my opinion, Rio Janeiro is a much more desirable place of residence. In the meantime, Mr. Barrill secured passage in a British ship, employed in the China trade, intending to make the Cape of Good Hope his next sporting scene. At the expiration of a week, we sailed. Horses and mules had been sold at a cheap rate; but our weapons and packs, with many additions of Gaucho costume and natural curiosities of Buenos Ayres, were shipped with us. The vessel sailed, and during the long days of that voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, Mr. Barrill and I had plenty of time to talk over our hunting expeditions in South America.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARRIVAL AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. START ON A HUNTING EXPEDITION INTO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

THE voyage through the South Sea, was the most pleasant I had yet enjoyed. Yet I was not sorry when we approached Table Bay, and when we came in sight of Table Mountain, which looms up just behind Cape Town, my heart fairly bounded with delight. Mr. Barrill's account of the hunting region of South Africa had fired my imagination, and I longed to meet the lion, the elephant, and the rhinoceros, upon their native plains.

Table Bay, the harbor of Cape Town, is capable of containing the navies of the world. It is generally safe, but during the months of June, July, and August, it is exposed to a heavy swell from the west. A wooden jetty projects for half a furlong into the bay from the east end

of the town, near the castle, alongside of which ships discharge or take in their cargoes. I judged from the number of large vessels along this great pier that the commerce of the town was rather extensive. Several large men-of-war were anchored in the bay.

Cape Town presents a beautiful appearance from the bay—the mountain forming a fine back ground. It is regularly laid out, and contains several good squares. Its streets, which are straight and wide, cross each other at right angles, many of them being watered by canals, and planted on either side with trees, in the Dutch fashion. The houses, mostly of brick or red granite, are flat-roofed and chiefly white, with green windows. They are spacious and convenient, having an elevated terrace, here called a stock, in front, and small gardens behind, usually with a treillage covered with vines. Upon the shore at the eastern extremity of the town, is the castle, a pentagonal fortress of considerable strength, having outworks which command both the bay and the roads to the country. On the west side of the town, Table Bay is defended by four batteries, placed round and on the hill, called the Lion's Rump. On the east side, the town is protected by fortified lines of defence. The principal public buildings are the government house, with extensive gardens, the burgher senate house, barracks, and commercial exchange. Cape Town is the capital of the colony.

On landing, Mr. Barrill expressed his surprise at the appearance of bustle and gaiety. We afterwards ascertained that British residents in India frequently resort to the Cape for their health, and their presence greatly adds to the life of the town. We found, however, that the greater number of the inhabitants were either Dutch or descendants from that people, once the owners of this valuable colony.

Mr. Barrill was acquainted with some government officials at the town, and to these he applied to ascertain where he could get the best entertainment. They established us without much ceremony in their own quarters. Having resolved to be off to the interior of the country as soon as he could make a complete outfit, Mr. Barrill sought a person who could give him the necessary information in regard to the articles needed. He was referred to a trader, named Williams. Following the directions of that experienced individual, he purchased two large cap-tent wagons; twenty-five oxen, well-trained for draught, and four horses, bred by the Dutch Boers. Three young Hottentots, named Carollus, Brutus, and Mallo, were engaged as drivers, and to perform various kinds of service. They were active and intelligent, but, I thought, rather stubborn and sulky. The stock of provisions and necessary articles, such as cooking utensils, pocket-knives, axes, hatchets, camping materials, &c., was so extensive

that I thought we could have set up two or three traders in business. Mr. Williams said that we would want other ordnance besides our American rifles and pistols. He recommended that we should get at least two double-barrelled guns, such as the Boers used, and Mr. Barrill followed the recommendation. Our stock of ammunition was extensive and various.

Having completed our arrangements, we left Cape Town early in October. The train had a very clumsy appearance, but we proceeded at a tolerably rapid rate, and the very first day of our journey succeeded in accomplishing fifteen miles from the Cape capital. We had more trouble with our Hottentots than with our teams, especially about the time to encamp, when Carollus seemed disposed to every thing but that which he was ordered to do; and neither of them could be bribed to hurry.

Mr. Barrill determined to proceed as directly as possible to the region of the sport. We travelled steadily every day—passing numerous farms of Dutch hoers, which presented a curious appearance. Most of the farmers had vast herds of cattle and horses, and I judged that, as a class, they were very wealthy. They were generally sociable and hospitable. At length we reached the Great Fish river, which was forded with much difficulty. Soon afterwards, however, we entered upon th-

great plains, and for the first time were gratified with a sight of those beautiful antelopes, known as springboks, which are generally diffused throughout South Africa.

The next morning, Mr. Barrill and I mounted our horses, and as the wagons drove on, kept on the flanks, looking out for a chance to chase the springbok. A herd soon appeared, and away we flew in chase. But after a long run in pursuit of animals, and the expense of considerable ammunition, we returned to the train without the satisfaction of having even inflicted a wound. Next day, however, we were more successful, and two fine springboks rewarded a long and exciting chase. We continued to advance towards the interior, and soon left the homes of the hunter Boers behind. Every day game became more abundant, and I was absolutely overwhelmed with astonishment at its variety. The large animal between the antelope and the cow, called the wildebeest, was abundant. We shot two; but the meat was pronounced decidedly inferior to that of the springbok.

One day about noon, as we were going to encamp, we caught sight of four ostriches, the first I had ever beheld. Mr. Barrill and I were soon in full chase. These enormous birds ran with amazing celerity, and after a very tiresome ride we were compelled to yield; they got away unscathed. I was extremely disappointed, being so anxious to secure some of the beautiful feathers of the ostrich.

However the immense herds of the springbok which now began to cover the plain afforded us splendid rifle-shooting. We were very successful in still hunting for these animals. Concealing ourselves in the bushes—we obtained opportunities for singling out the best ones, and bringing them down. This kind of sport so elated me, that I began to feel as if I could spend the rest of my days in these magnificent hunting-grounds. But I had yet to see their animal wonders—to witness the march of the elephant—the majestic port of the grim lion—the noble beauty of the giraffe. The grandest sporting treasures of South Africa were yet before me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXCITING CHASE OF THE GEMSBOK. BEAUTY OF
ORANGE RIVER. CHASE OF THE RHINOCEROS.
CHASE OF AN ELEPHANT.

OUR Hottentots gave us promise of glorious sport in hunting a species of antelope, called the oryx, or gemsbok. We soon emerged upon a broad, arid plain, where these animals were known to abound, and after travelling about five miles over this most desolate tract, we encamped not far from a vley, or pool, where the game drank. This pool was about two hundred yards in breadth. One side presented patches of grass, the bright green of which was very refreshing to the eye, which had been gazing for miles upon the desert plains. Flocks of wild geese, ducks, and cranes, enlivened the spot with their fluttering and cackling. The other side was bare, and trampled hard by the feet of wild animals which resorted to the pool to quench their thirst.

There were no trees in the vicinity of the vley. Our camp was formed among some low bushes; and after enjoying a hearty meal, we began preparations for hunting the gemsbok next day. The two best horses were abundantly supplied with forage. Mr. Barrill and I spent some hours in cleaning our rifles, and our powder-flasks and bullet-pouches were well-stocked. When we stretched ourselves for repose, beside our scanty fire, it was not to sleep soundly. Morpheus himself must have caught our sporting enthusiasm—for, instead of treating us to his potion of forgetfulness, he caused us to hunt the gemsbok in the land of dreams; so that when we arose before the peep of day each had a tale of most successful sport to tell, as a stimulant to a persevering chase.

The dawn saw us in our saddles and away over the plain, Carollus following with some provision for our refreshment, in case of the hunt keeping us too long from camp. The morning was clear and pleasant, and I felt in the best humor for exercise. As the dazzling sun showed a brilliant line where the sky kissed the plain, in the east, we reached a little hillock, which commanded a view of the surrounding scenery. There I dismounted, and from the summit of the elevation examined the country in search of game. I was fortunate; for, before Mr. Barrill could join me, I discovered, at about a distance of a quarter of a mile, in a hollow between two hillocks, a herd of twenty

animals, which from the description I had heard, I knew to be gemsboks. As soon as Mr. Barrill joined me, and was gratified with a view of the game, I suggested a plan of attack: while we rode circuitously a long distance to the windward of the herd, Carollus was to give chase and bring them within reach of our leaden death. Mr. Barrill approved the plan, and away we rode. At the distance of about half a mile, we halted in a good position for obtaining a shot; and presently we were excited by the shouting of the Hottentot, and the rapid tramp of the pursued gemsboks. They came within two hundred yards of us; but just as we were about to charge and fire among them, they scented our proximity, turned and fled in a direction at a right angle with their former course. Then began the most thrilling chase for game in which I had yet engaged. Mr. Barrill and I kept nearly abreast, while riding at full speed. At the end of about three miles, I shot ahead, reached the herd, and gave a beautiful cow a death wound behind the shoulder, tumbling her upon the plain.

Mr. Barrill shouted, as he dashed past me in chase of the remainder of the herd. Carollus then came up, and as he took charge of the slain animal, I again set off in pursuit of this splendid game. The herd and Mr. Barrill were more than half a mile ahead when I saw him fire, and a gemsbok fall. He did not stop a moment, but

loading rapidly as he rode, pressed forward in chase. He was just preparing for another shot when his horse stumbled and fell. This accident hurt neither horse nor rider, but only enabled me to pass them, and kill an old bull that lagged behind the herd. My horse now showed signs of distress. We had not proceeded far, but the ground was so undermined by colonies of meir-cat and mouse-hunts, that the horse's feet sunk deep at every step; so I concluded to rest satisfied with my first achievements in the way of gemsbok hunting.

Mr. Barrill had gone to examine the animal he had killed, and I had now leisure to do the same, in regard to the old bull. The gemsbok is indeed a beautiful animal. It has the erect mane, long, sweeping black tail, and general appearance of the horse, with the head and hoofs of the antelope. It is robust in form, squarely and firmly built, and very imposing in its bearing. Its height is about that of an ass, and in color it slightly resembles that animal. Beautiful black bands adorn its head, giving it the appearance of wearing a stall collar. The rump and thighs are painted in a very singular manner. The horns are long and straight. I ascertained during my stay in South Africa, that the gemsbok is the swiftest and most enduring of all the animals hunted in that country.

Following the directions of Mr. Barrill, who desired to make as large a collection as possible, during his expedi-

tions, I cut off the head and skinned the bull; and then cut some meat from the rump and sides. We then took as much as we could convey on our horses of the trophies of our hunts, rode back to where Carollus was skinning the cow, gave him directions in regard to cutting off the head and choice meat, and then returned to the camp. The sun was now intensely hot, and we were glad to seek the shade of the wagons. When the meat was all brought in, we did our best in the way of cookery, and in spite of my recollections of delicious buffalo "boudins," I acknowledged to Mr. Barill that the flesh of the gemsbok was incomparable eating.

For three days we remained encamped near the vley, enjoying splendid shooting and luxurious feasts. While here, I first saw the gnou, or horned horse, the quagga, the animal called the hartebeest, and the nests of the ostrich, all of which increased my anxiety to pass all my sporting days in South Africa. On the morning of the fourth day we broke up the camp, and advanced in the direction of Orange river. We had understood that this stream was one of the glories of South Africa. The route to it did not increase our faith in the report. For many days we travelled over wild and desolate plains, where it was really wonderful how animals could subsist. But the game was abundant and various. Antelopes of several varieties, wildebeests, hartebeests, gnouos, and ostriches

thronged in this seemingly barren region, and while the dull monotony of the scenery might have wearied us, the splendor of the sport afforded an exciting relief.

As we approached the Great Orange river, the country assumed a less sterile aspect, and when we reached the stream, the beauty of the scene compensated manifold for the desolation through which we had passed. Only those who have travelled through a desert, beneath a blazing sun for weeks, and have been surprised by coming upon an oasis of verdure can appreciate the luxurious feeling we experienced when we saw the crystal water, bordered with groves of verdant foliage and gorgeous blossoms. The breadth of the river was about three hundred yards. As far as we could see, the banks were fringed with willows, the branches of which, yielding to the music of the breeze, now dipped in the stream and danced upon the ripples, and then, threw themselves up, scattering showers of pearls from each leafy tress. Behind, and among the willows, we could see the golden blossoms of the mimosa, and the deep green of the oleander. The most delicious perfume filled the air. Numerous birds, of rainbow plumage and fluttering melody, flitted among the foliage. The ground was carpeted with emerald grass, decked with flowers of every hue and enchanting fragrance.

Riding ahead of our lumbering wagons, we reached the shade of the groves about noon. I imagined myself

entering a fairy-land. Throwing myself from my almost enchanted horse, I stood upon the edge of the stream, to drink in the splendor of the scene, and then stretched myself under the cool and perfumed shade of a mimosa, to luxuriate. I have travelled through many countries, but never have I beheld a scene so near the Eden of the imagination as the verdured banks of Orange river.

Mr. Barrill seemed to be even more under the sweet influence of the enchantment than myself. Long after I had lain down and given my mind to musing upon the contrasted scenes of this life, he stood upon the edge of the rippling water as if spell-bound. Then, quickly divesting himself of his clothing, he plunged into the stream, and seemed to revel in the coolness of its crystal waves.

We had a delightful meal, and a siesta such as could be enjoyed nowhere else. We then turned our attention to getting across the river. The Hottentots reported the stream fordable. Before attempting to cross, we were occupied for upwards an of hour, in raising the goods liable to be damaged by water, by means of a platform, constructed of green willow boughs, with which we filled the bottom of the wagons, and then replaced the goods. Entering the stream, we found the drift rather rough and the wagons were jolted about in no very agreeable way. We got safely through, however, and having proceeded about half a mile up the opposite bank, encamped

in the midst of gorgeous groves of mimosa. That night, as the silvery moon and her train of stars appeared in the clear blue of the sky, and gave a new enchantment to grove and river, we revelled in a beauty the like of which we never expected to see beyond the shores of Africa

The next morning, Mr. Barrill was up with the first gleam of the dawn, and eager for the chase. "Let us make good use of our time, Perey," said he, enthusiastically, "for we cannot always be in these 'happy hunting-grounds.'" We ate a hearty meal, a cup of coffee being added to our luxuries, and then mounted our horses. Leaving the groves bordering the river, we struck northward to an extensive range of rocky hills that walled a level plain. These eminences were so strong that it was impossible to ride through them. They were covered with a wild growth of rank grass, varied by dwarfish branches. Carollus had accompanied us as after rider, and we left him in charge of the horses, while, with rifle in hand, we eagerly traversed the range in search of game.

On ascending to the highest summit, we had a grand panoramic view of magnificent scenery. In a northerly and easterly direction, a succession of bold lofty mountains extended assuming various shapes as they diminished in the distance. Some of them were tabular, but others of conical and pyramidal shapes, towered above their fellows, their steep sides standing in grand relief above the undu-

lations of the plain. We were disappointed in not finding game, and, descending the ridge, we remounted and rode back to camp, with the purpose of advancing farther into the country.

The next day we resumed our march. The plain was covered with a luxurious carpet of grass. Mountain ranges bounded the view on every side, and strips of mimosa forest stretched along their bases. After a very pleasant journey, during which we killed several beautiful antelopes, we reached what is called the salt-pan, an oval basin, the bottom of which is usually covered with salt, to the depth of two or three inches. In the vicinity of this curious place we enjoyed good shooting, among herds of antelopes, for several days. We had yet seen none of the great game of South Africa, however, and we therefore marched steadily forward to the region in which it was said to abound. We crossed the Vaal river, and soon afterwards reached the Riet, beyond which we might expect to find the monsters of the plains. The people we met, who were called Griquas, were friendly, but the miserable Bushmen kept clear of our rifles. The country was diversified, and we passed through many scenes which words would be inadequate to describe.

After passing the Riet river we found ourselves in the land where we might expect our sleep to be startled by the roar of the lion. Three days afterwards we encamped

near a fountain, where the wild animals were accustomed to drink, and then prepared for the anticipated sport.

The next morning we mounted our horses, Carollus being in company for after rider, and left the camp. We had not advanced more than two miles, when turning abruptly around the base of a low hill, we found ourselves front to front with a monstrous black animal, having two horns upon its long snout.

“A black rhinoceros!” shouted Mr. Barrill, checking his horse, and, I thought, turning pale. My nerves were unshaken, and as the huge beast had fairly discovered us, I aimed at its shoulder and fired. Mr. Barrill then followed suit. The rhinoceros was struck by both balls; but it made a tremendous rush towards us, and we fled rapidly. Suddenly the monster halted, and, as we checked our steeds and prepared our rifles for another shot, it fled and was pursued in turn. Mr. Barrill knew more of the nature and habits of the animal than I, for he had conversed with intelligent hunters upon the subject. I kept in the rear, fearing to trust my horse upon the side; but Mr. Barrill dashed up, and gave him a mortal shot behind the shoulder. I repeated the dose, and, after snorting and blowing dreadfully, the rhinoceros turned on us a look of intense ferocity, and fell dead upon the plain.

Here was a triumph! Three cheers broke from us, as the animal thundered down. We quickly dismounted,

and with feelings of indescribable exaltation surveyed our prize. It proved to be a full grown specimen of the black rhinoceros—the largest and fiercest of its kind—called by the natives—the borele. The horns were about eighteen inches in length, and finely polished by continual rubbing against trees. We found that these terrible weapons were not connected with the skull, but merely attached with the skin, and we separated them with our knives. Mr. Barrill considered them very valuable. The eyes of the huge beast were small, and so set, that, it was plain to me, it could not see except directly in front. But the most curious portion of the animal was the skin. This covering was extremely thick, and laid in folds as if much too large for the body. Each rhinoceros appears to have entered the skin of one a great deal more bulky than itself. Ordinary bullets will not penetrate this clumsy armor. Mr. Barrill had taken the precaution before leaving Cape Town to provide himself with bullets hardened with solder, and these were easily driven into the vitals of the animal.

Elated with our unexpected success, we took the polished horns and a large piece of the skin of the rhinoceros, and returned to camp. In the afternoon, when the heat of the sun had somewhat declined, we rode out in the hope of shooting game, to furnish fresh meat for our evening meal. Not far from camp, we started a herd of ante-

lopes, of the kind called blesbok, and away we went in chase at full speed. The fleet animals led us for about three miles over the plain, and then took shelter on one side of a rocky ridge, where we found it impossible to cross. Thus were we completely defeated; but with commendable resignation we immediately turned our attention to waking up other game.

Night was gradually approaching, flinging long shadows on the ground. We saw no antelope, and were about to take the return track, when a crashing noise, far to our right, caused us to check our horses. What a sight for our bloods! Beating and slashing among a grove of mimosa were two elephants. The next moment revealed three, and the next four of these lords of the plains, evidently full grown. I need not attempt to say with what thrill of excitement we concerted a plan of attack. We knew it was a venture more critical than any we had ever yet dared. Encountering the ferocious grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains was comparatively safe. But we were determined to conquer or perish in the effort. Briefly, Mr. Barrill, who had gained much information in regard to the nature and habits of the elephant, gave me instructions, thus:—

“The elephant entertains an extraordinary dread of man, and is therefore difficult to approach. Happily we have the wind in our favor, and so may get close enough

for a shot by caution and good riding. Fire the balls into them just behind the shoulder, for they will be effective nowhere else. They will not charge unless enraged by wounds, and then you must spur hard and dodge skilfully from the right track."

Enough said. Our rifles were examined. Both were double-barrelled, and we now increased the weight of their loads. Then, we skirted the base of a ridge till we came within about four hundred yards of them, when they discovered us, and dashed away, with a thrilling trumpeting, and crashing tramp. We had nothing then to do but to spur away in pursuit. The huge beasts ran faster than I had imagined they could. But our steeds were fleet, and, after a race of a mile, I succeeded in getting within a hundred yards of the hindmost elephant. A few furious strokes of the spur then threw me within rifle-shot; and, as I dashed a little upon one side of the animal, I aimed and fired. I missed the shoulder but broke one of the elephant's fore legs. This wound caused him to lag behind, and Mr. Barrill and I were soon alongside, firing into him at our leisure. Suddenly he stopped; turning his sharp tusks first to one side then to the other, as if uncertain which way to charge, when, receiving the brace of bullets in his vitals, he uttered long and mournful moans, and, fell dead on his side, the shock making the ground tremble under our feet.

Exultant from this great victory, we quickly dismounted to examine our prize. Mr. Barrill pronounced it a full grown bull elephant. The tusks were about five feet in length, and beautiful specimens of ivory. I stood in amazement at the tremendous proportions of the animal, and could not but wonder at the gift of puny man, who was enabled to effect so easy a triumph over such a monster of strength. The skin was nearly as thick as that of the rhinoceros, but not so tough; a dozen of our bullets had penetrated it; and of these, at least three had entered the vitals of the elephant. We had but little time for an examination. The twilight was deepening into night, and we had a long ride before us. With considerable hacking, we secured the tusks, and a large slice of the rump, and with these trophies of the greatest hunting triumph we had yet achieved, we started for our camp. We arrived safely, but not until the night had spread her full serenity over the teeming world.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ROAR OF THE LION. STILL HUNTING AT THE FOUNTAIN. THE LION AND THE LIONESS. WILDEBEEST. RESUME THE MARCH. CHASE OF THE GIRAFFE. BUFFALOES.

A FEW nights after we had encamped at the fountain, I was startled by hearing, for the first time, the roar of the lion. Who, once hearing, can ever forget that grand and awful voice? The peculiar tone of haughty defiance, in its thunder, sent a thrill of terror through my heart—one not easily appalled. Slowly, the dreadful sound pervaded the plains, like a commanding threat from the king of wild beasts to his subjects. Mr. Barrill and I sat up by the fire to listen. First came a low, deep moaning, ending in faint sighs; and then came that lofty roar, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when the voice died away in

five or six low muffled sounds, resembling distant thunder. Soon afterwards the feeling of awe which these dreadful sounds had excited, gave way before the desire to prove my superiority over the grim lords of strength, and I determined to make the effort the next night, cost what it might.

The next day, we occupied ourselves in completing a hole of concealment for the still-hunting at the fountain. We dug it among the low bushes on the side farthest from the camp—making it about four feet in diameter and three in depth. Between the hole and the edge of the fountain the bushes were thinned, so that we could have plenty of room for aiming, and yet not be seen, from the other side, by the game. By noon, the work was finished, and, after dinner, the Hottentots were ordered to take blankets and some provisions to the hole, for our comfort while waiting, during the chill nights, for game.

That night the moon rose early, and as we had refreshed ourselves with a doze and a hearty meal, we took our stations soon after nightfall and stood prepared to administer a dose of death to any animal that chose to visit the fountain. And there we waited with statue-like patience for some hours before we could discern the approach of any wild animals. Suddenly, the heavy tread of elephants was heard, and ears and eyes were instantly on the strain. Moving majestically, and, with a sweeping pace, casting

shadows like hills, came three elephants. They advanced fearlessly, and, on reaching the fountain, lowered their long trunks, and began, almost simultaneously, to suck up the refreshing liquid. Each of us selected an animal, and watching an opportunity, when the heart was exposed, fired. Scarcely had the report shocked the air into echoes, when the three elephants turned and fled. But the two at which we had fired, lagged, and as they fell far behind the unscathed animal, we knew that they had received wounds which in time would lay them low.

It was not our purpose to give chase. Congratulating each other on the night's sport, we loaded, and waited to see what kind of a beast would become the next victim. Carollus, the Hottentot, had informed us that, when the moon rose early, the lion deferred its hour of watering, until a short time before day-break, and, therefore, we were not particularly disappointed in not seeing any of these grim monarchs approach. The elephants had not disappeared more than an hour, when the tramp of a herd of animals broke on our ears, and looking up, we saw about twenty gnoos approaching at a trot. Near the fountain, they paused, as if suspicious of danger; but, one of them leading the way, the others followed to the water, and began to drink. We cared nothing for this game, and therefore reserved our fire for better that might have been alarmed by the report. Before the gnoos

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had quenched their thirst, several wildebeests, that had a fine fat appearance, came trotting up and, very sociably, commenced drinking among them. Here was our game. Delicious morsels of meat floated in perspective. Singling our fleshy targets, we fired, and as the herd scampered away, as if all had received some shot in their tails, we saw two wildebeests tumble on the plain. And now it became our duty to guard at least one of these animals, until day-break. After this no other game appeared near the fountain, for some hours after midnight; and we were actually beginning to doze, when a loud lapping noise at the farthest end of the fountain startled us to turn our gaze in that direction, and we beheld a large lion laying on his breast, with his massive arms stretched out, and engaged in drinking as if extremely thirsty. Here, at last, was the far-famed king of the beasts. The moonlight did not permit us to see the form, in all its grandeur of aspect. But there was something awful about the massive head and shaggy mane, which we did not fail to perceive. It was agreed that we should each fire a single bullet at him as soon as he rose from the ground. He seemed to have a burning thirst. Four times, he paused, to catch breath, and still the quantity of water lapped up did not seem to satisfy him. We were patient, however, and, at length, the lion stood up. Instantly, our rifles rung on the air. As the smoke cleared away,

we beheld the enraged majesty of the beast—the eyes glowing like living coals, and the bristling madness of the mane. He disdained to fly, but stood looking for his foes, till the darkness of death came over his sight, and with an awful groan, which seemed to come from a heart striving to conquer agony, he fell dead beside the fountain.

The king of beasts was stretched in the dust by the power of man. Not even when I beheld the enormous elephant we had slain, did I experience such a noble thrill of triumph—such a proud consciousness of superiority—as when this monarch of the plain, so renowned in story and the metaphors of men, was stretched in death before my eyes. The glory of the warrior was dimmed in my estimation, and I felt as if the powers^{*} conferred on man by the Creator of all, and denied by his Providence to beasts, were vindicated and displayed.

We still hoped that other lions would visit the fountain if not to drink, to feed upon our wildebeests. We were disappointed however. Several hyenas came, in the eager expectation of enjoying a plenteous meal; but a few shots scattered them far and wide. No other animals appeared within rifle-shot till the white light of day filled the eastern sky. We then left our place of concealment, feeling rather stiff from remaining so long in one position, and eagerly went to examine the results of our night's work.

Our Hottentots reached the wildebeest before us; for

we were anxious to take a survey of the lion. It was one of the most daring and ferocious kind—known as the black-maned lion. The entire length of the animal was ten feet—and the height from the fore feet to the top of the enormous head was about four feet. The mane was long, rank, shaggy, and black, reaching almost to the feet. The skin of the body was of a dusky brown hue, and upon the end of the tail was a tuft of hair, somewhat darker. The limbs had the appearance of tremendous strength, and the whole frame seemed so compactly built, that I had no doubt the stories of this celebrated animal were true. The teeth had a horribly powerful look, and the skin of the tongue was rough enough to lick off the flesh from his victim's bones. When we had gained a more familiar acquaintance with the lion, he rose considerably in our estimation. Combining in comparatively small compass, the perfection and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome and destroy almost every beast of the forest and plain, however, superior to him in weight and stature. A lion under four feet in height has little difficulty in dashing to the ground and overcoming the lofty giraffe, whose head towers above the trees of the forest, and whose skin is nearly an inch in thickness; and the powerful buffalo is to him an easy prey.

Mr. Barrill skinned the lion—a work of great toil and

difficulty; and I secured several of the teeth as my share of the trophies. The Hottentots expressed their surprise and joy in a series of ridiculous gestures, and they kicked the carcass about as if they thought it could feel their blows. These people entertain a more than wholesome dread of the lion, and the man that kills one, is from that time a superior being in their estimation. We found that they are not to be relied upon in case of a perilous encounter with the king of beasts.

The wildebeests slain by us proved to be two fine animals. They were females. The general color was blue—but the long, bushy tails were black. Their general aspect resembled that of the buffalo, although they are said to belong to the antelope tribe. Their heads were ponderous and fierce looking, and their manes long and shaggy. Our Hottentots soon butchered these animals to our satisfaction, and we then returned to camp, determined to eat a hearty meal and then set off in pursuit of the wounded elephant.

Before we had concluded our meal of wildebeests flesh, which was indeed delicious eating, we were startled by an incident that might have had unpleasant consequences. While we were engaged in eating and chatting, our oxen came trotting along in front of the wagon as if pursued; and looking up, we saw a lioness following within twenty yards of them; and the next moment her mate, a yellow

maned lion appeared among the grass not far ahead of the animals, as if waiting for the lioness to put them to flight. Fortunately the oxen ceased running, and huddled together among the bushes by the fountain, about one hundred and fifty yards from where we were eating. Now was the time to show if we were equal to the open attack upon the lordly lion. Each of us seized a two-barrelled rifle and ran forward to obtain a fair shot. I got within seventy yards of the lion, and taking as cool an aim as the proximity of such an animal would permit, fired. An excellent shot; the lion was hit in the shoulder, and bounding forward, he growled most ferociously, and struck a bee-line for the neighboring ridge. Mr. Barrill fired at the lioness, but missed, and she scampered away far ahead of her wounded lord. Determined to follow up my success, and, alone, achieve a victory over one of these powerful animals, I quickly reloaded, and set off on foot shouting to my English friend, that he might follow or remain as he chose. He came on slowly, so that I was soon far ahead of him, and near the lion. The track was deeply dyed with blood. Near the base of the ridge, it led among some thick bushes, where extreme caution was necessary to guard against a sudden attack. I beat the bushes before me as I went. Suddenly, I heard an awful growl, within about ten yards of me, and walking noiselessly around the path the lion had marked with his

blood, caught sight of his grim majesty seated upon the ground. He was evidently unable to proceed farther; and his life was fast ebbing away. But his eyes glared defiance around him, and he evinced a stubborn determination not to yield to his agony. I stood fearlessly admiring his wounded greatness, when, to my horror, the lioness we had before seen crept up to his side and began to look around him for the hurt. For the first time, to my recollection, my nerves felt extremely shaky. Before I could fairly raise my rifle, the quick eyes of the lioness discovered me, and with a tremendous growl, she crouched for a spring. The wounded lion arose at the same moment. I stood face to face with both of these horrible monsters. upon the impulse of the moment, I aimed at the lioness, and, as she sprang towards me, she received my bullets in her breast and fell to the ground. Almost at the same instant, another rifle report rang on the air, and the lion fell dead upon his side, uttering an awful groan. The lioness was not quite dead, and in her writhing, she came near me, clawing my legs, causing me to dance about to the time of a lively jig. But the contents of my other barrel quenched her flickering flame of life, and she stiffened beside her lord. At the same moment, Mr. Barrill came up to congratulate me on my narrow escape, and to survey the vanquished beasts.

The lion was not as large as the one we had killed at

the fountain. His skin was of a dusky yellow hue, and his mane, which reached to his feet, was of a lighter color. The lioness was the first we had seen in Africa. Her body was long and very compactly built. She was utterly destitute of mane, but covered with a short, thick, glossy coat of tawny hair. Her face wore an expression of intense ferocity, such as no other animal possesses. We afterwards ascertained that the lioness is much more to be dreaded than the lion, being far more active, daring, and ferocious.

The labor of skinning the slain animals we left to our Hottentot, Mallo, and we returned to camp to prepare for a ride after the elephants. The thrilling excitement of the morning had banished all thoughts of sleep from our minds, and we resolved to devote the day to hunting. Our horses were rubbed down and refreshed at the fountain; our rifles examined and ascertained to be in prime order; and our stock of ammunition replenished. Carollus was directed to follow us as after rider, and he also was well armed. On his horse was a small bag, containing some pieces of cold meat for our refreshment in case of our not returning to camp by noon.

We set off before the sun had risen far above the eastern plain, and while the coolness of the night was still retained in some degree by the air. Not a cloud was to be seen; but above us, like a vast blue tent, was spread the un-

stained beauty of the sky. We had not proceeded more than two miles from camp, when we came in sight of a herd of blue wildebeests, and we succeeded in getting within about three hundred yards of them before they discovered us and fled. Away we went in chase. These animals run swiftly, and we gained but little. They led us over an undulating plain and through groves of mimosa to a rocky ridge, up which they sprang, and so got away untouched. We then determined to retrace our steps till we could find the track of the elephant, shot at the fountain. We came upon the bloody traces within about three miles of the camp; and following them up, proceeded about two miles in a direction at a right angle with that we had been pursuing. They then led into a thick grove of mimosa and camelthorn where we heard crashing noises, as if some large animal was there moving about. We dismounted, and, as quietly as possible, entered the grove to reconnoitre. The trees were sadly belabored by the trunks of elephants, that was evident. Suddenly, as we pushed aside the broken limbs we saw an elephant stretched dead upon the ground, amid pools of blood; and, alongside, was standing another of those enormous animals, which sometimes looked piteously at the dead one, and then furiously belabored the trees, with that rage of grief which causes human beings to tear the hair and beat the breast. It was a cow elephant, and the slain was a lordly

bull with magnificent tusks. We had wounded the cow in a much slighter degree than was supposed, and were compelled to wonder at the death of the bull from a single shot. We first saw our path clear for a fair run to the horses, and then, taking aim at the region behind the shoulder, each fired the load of a barrel into the grieving cow, and without waiting to see the result, ran for our horses. And we did well; for a shrill trumpeting sounded the signal for a tremendous charge through the grove in our rear. The horses had not been tied, we seized the bridle, sprang into the saddle, and spurred away just as the enraged cow reached the edge of the grove. She must have been within a dozen feet of Mr. Barrill, when he started his horse. But we had no need of hard riding. The poor cow had done her best. She halted about fifty yards from the grove, and turned, as if about to go back to the body of her mate; but the strong grasp of death had seized her vitals, and, with a few, long, horrid groans, she fell forward, and rolled dead upon the plain. We did not cheer on this occasion, as we did when our first elephant fell before our rifles. Though determined to complete our work, we had been too much affected by the touching display of attachment between the elephants to break forth in clamorous rejoicings.

Leaving the cow we entered the grove to survey the bull. The ground was absolutely slippery with blood,

and our shoes were soon dyed with its horrid red. We were not long ascertaining the cause of the bull's death. In the belly was an awful rip, evidently made either by the tusk of another elephant, or by the horn of a rhinoceros. Suspecting it was the latter, we began to look around for the assailant; and about twenty yards from the bull, we stumbled upon the body of a black rhinoceros, which seemed to have been killed by the thrust of an elephant. Our version of the case was, that the wounded bull had been attacked and killed by the rhinoceros, and the cow had punished the murderer. But, sinking sympathy, we hacked off the tusks which were fine specimens of ivory—taking possession of the weapons of all the vanquished, and leaving them in charge of Carollus, with directions to drag them back to the camp. In the meantime, we took the bag of refreshments, and, emerging from the scene so red with slaughter, made a tolerable meal of our “cold cut.”

At the end of an hour, Carollus returned, and we once more mounted, and rode away over the plain in search of game. But an accident cut short our sport for the day. As Mr. Barrill was carelessly riding within a few yards of me, his horse stumbled into a kind of rut, in the plain, and he pitched over its head. He fell heavily, and on dismounting to assist him, I found that he had sprained his ankle, and bruised his right shoulder. The injuries

were very painful, and we thought it advisable to return immediately to the wagons to procure some lineament for rubbing them. We rode slowly and it was about the middle of the afternoon when we reached the camp. Mr. Barrill's ankle was so much swollen that he could not walk, and we lifted him from his horse to a soft couch of skins in one of the wagons.

During the remainder of the day we discussed the question of the extent of our journey. Mr. Barrill had a tolerably accurate map of the country with him. By examining this, we found that we were in the vicinity of the people called Bechuanas, and that the journey of a few days would take us within the limits of Amazoola, dominions, governed by the able and inexorable Moselekatse. At this time the friendship of the chief for the white was of a doubtful character, few persons, besides officials, ventured from the colony to the borders of the Amazoola country. Yet we desired to hunt that paragon of South African animals—the elegant giraffe, and we were willing to encounter danger in gratifying our wishes. The debate concluded in this resolution, not to place ourselves within the reach of Amazooloo spears if we could find giraffe without so doing; but, at all events, to push on till our eyes were gladdened with the sight of that noble beast. Being extremely fatigued I retired to repose early that evening.

The next morning, Mr. Barrill found himself rather sore, but much easier. The bruise on the shoulder had ceased to pain. The ankle was swollen, and it was impossible for him to tread upon the foot. He was eager to move on, however, and proposed that we should at once break up the camp—that Carollus should take a rifle and proceed with me on horseback, while he sat in the wagon, and tried his hand at driving the oxen. I was indifferent to all things, but the wishes of my kind friend, as regarded the course to be pursued, and, by sunrise we were moving away from the fountain, in the vicinity of which we had seen such excellent sport. The day was fine, the route level and pleasantly varied with beauties of the vegetable kingdom.

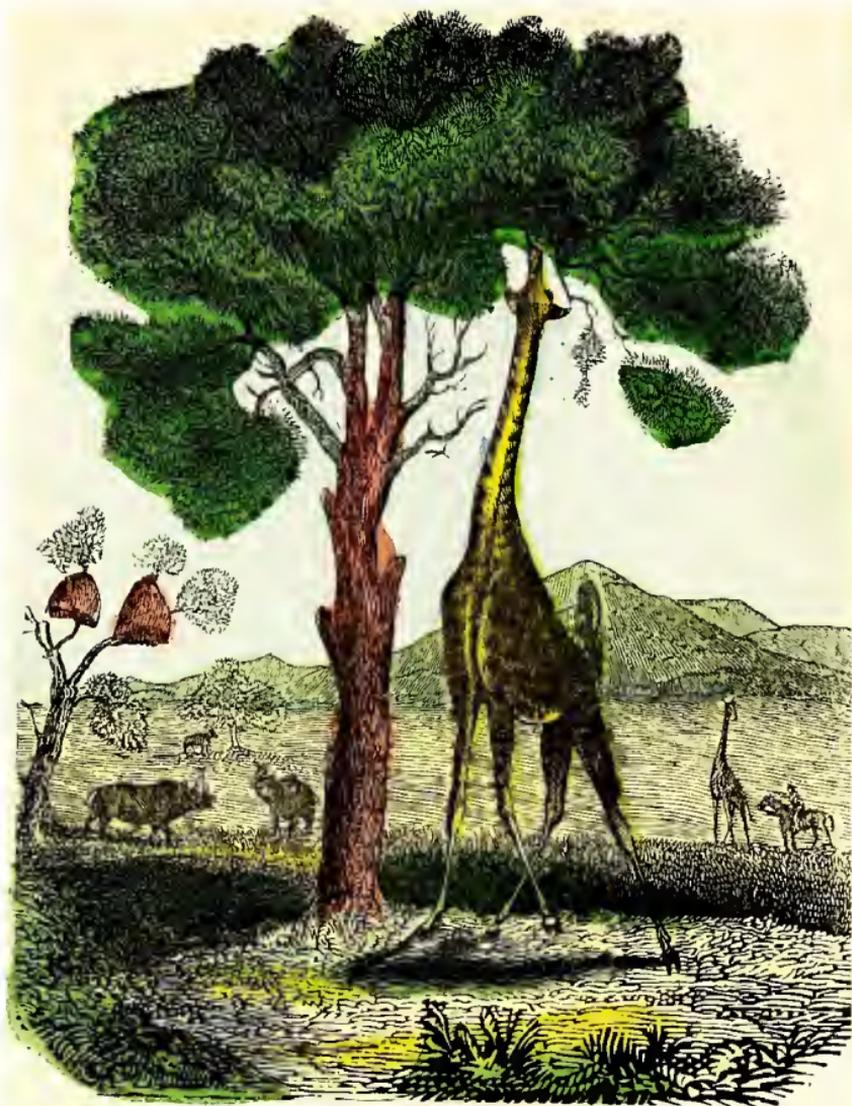
Occasionally, we caught a glimpse of herds of antelope, zebras, and quaggas, but they were too far away to tempt my pursuit. Wretched Bushmen, more resembling filthy apes than human beings, would sometimes start from holes in the ridges, look at our wagons, in grinning surprise, and then disappear so rapidly, that we could not attempt to communicate with them. No people I had ever seen—not even the miserable Digger Indians, west of the Rocky Mountains, in my dear native land, appeared to me to be so near the level of the brute creation. Near about noon we witnessed a singular race. It was the attempt of a party of Bechuanas to run down an ostrich—an exploit

which these people sometimes accomplish. They were about three hundred yards behind the ostrich when they passed our wagons, and as they disappeared over a ridge upon our right they seemed to have gained some ground. Certainly no sport could excel this mode of hunting the ostrich, in fatiguing the ardent hunter. As night came on, we encamped near the Kurrichane mountain range, beside a salt-pan, then filled with water. The country was generally undulating, covered with grass and dwarfish trees, and from the slightest elevation looked like a vast park. The mountains were not lofty, but rugged and picturesque. Towards evening I had succeeded in killing a hartebeest which served us for a delicious meal.

The next morning, Mr. Barrill considered his ankle well enough to mount his horse, and Carollus resumed his jambok, or whip, to perform the difficult task of driving the oxen over the mountains. The ascent was easy, but very slow, and the descent, though more rapid, was extremely fatiguing to the oxen. In the valley, upon the other side, we found a road, which our Hottentots said led to the vale of Bakatla. We proceeded up the valley about three miles, when we reached a gorge in the mountains. Through this ran a crystal stream, which we followed for about half a mile, and then entered the beautiful vale of Bakatla, bounded by finely-wooded mountains and varied with corn field and grassy meadows. That

night we supped with the resident missionary and Mosielely, king of the Bakatlas, a Bechuana tribe of but trifling importance. The Bakatlas we saw had become about half civilized as regarded their costume, and were far beyond the other natives in intelligence. The next morning, we obtained a supply of some corn, and some pumpkins and watermelons, and made the Bakatla chief some presents of beads, snuff, and other articles valued by these people; obtained some information in regard to the country northward of the vale, and, in spite of all the hospitable entreaties of the kind missionary, proceeded on our journey. The same night we encamped about ten miles beyond the vale, after a day of hard travel and unsuccessful chase.

The next day we resumed our march. The country was beautifully diversified. Wooded hills and mountains stretched away on every side. Gorgeously-colored groves lined the route. Herds of antelopes of many beautiful varieties, zebras, quaggas, gnoos, ostriches, and occasional rhinoceroses and numerous animals of which we had no knowledge or description, appeared to tempt our rifles; but we only succeeded in slaughtering the antelopes which had furnished us with so much delicious food since we had been hunting in South Africa. For several days we travelled on, without the occurrence of any incident of a very novel or striking character. At length we reached



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the bold and romantic mountain pass of Sesetabie, in a range of lofty eminences, in which Kulenberg river has its rise. We encamped at its foot for one night and then followed the course of the stream to cross the range. It danced and glimmered down a rocky channel, forming a beautiful succession of bubbling streams and leaping cascades. As we advanced up the gorge, the path grew so narrow, that the wagons could scarcely pass between the rocky brink of the stream and the rugged side of the mountain which towered in accessible grandeur on our left. Large masses of granite rock obstructed our progress through this wild and lonely pass, and we had great difficulty in rolling them out of our way. At the noisy junction of two streams we encamped a little after noon; and there remained until next morning, in order to rest our jaded oxen. During the night our dreams were made musical by the most terrible concerts of lions and hyenas I had yet heard.

The next morning, we resumed our march, crossed a rocky ridge, and then found ourselves in a more level country, very wild, but possessing many beautiful features. It was about noon, when, as Mr. Barrill and I were returning to the wagon track after an unsuccessful chase after some hartbeeste, our sight was first brightened by a view of the giraffe, or camelopard. Happening to cast my eyes at a grove of parasol-topped acacia trees,

about three hundred yards on our right, I thought I saw something like several heads towering above the tops of the grove. A moment longer, and the lofty grace of the giraffe was visible.

“See! see! Mr. Barrill, see!” I exclaimed, and he turned to look in the direction I was pointing.

“Giraffe! giraffe!” he fairly shouted, and the noise startled the colossal animal to flight. They were seven in number, and each one was at least seventeen feet in height. They cantered away, switching their long tails over their backs, and almost excited to a sportsman’s madness by the splendid sight, I dashed after them, Mr. Barill following rapidly. The ground was even, and after a thrilling chase of about half a mile, we were among the herd. I selected my game, and separated it from the herd. On finding itself driven off, this giraffe increased its speed, and cleared an amazing extent of ground at every bound. Riding near its stern I fired a bullet into its back, and then getting alongside I sent another in behind the shoulder. This brought the lofty animal to a stand. So that I had full time to reload. One more report rang on the air—the giraffe bounded into the air, and fell backwards upon the plain. Oh! the soft, imploring beauty of the eyes, as they were turned upon me! But they glazed, the limbs quivered as death’s chill crept over them—a gasp, and the giraffe—the pride of the plains—the loftiest

animal on earth—lay vanquished at my feet, where I could but gaze upon its noble form in wonder and admiration.

But my attention was now called to Mr. Barrill. He had singled out his game and shot the animal in one of the hind legs thus preventing it from bounding away. He had then got alongside and shot it in the shoulder, so that it fell upon one side, unable to go farther. Instead of killing it, then, my friend had dismounted, and when I turned to look at him, he was leaning upon his rifle, gazing at the beautiful skin and eyes of the beautiful creature. And thus he continued till the giraffe fell upon the plain in the last shivering agony of death.

The giraffe is admirably formed by nature to adorn the gorgeous forests that clothe the plains in the interior of South Africa. When a herd of them is seen scattered through a grove of acacias, on the uppermost shoots of which they are enabled to browse, grace, beauty, and dignity are in all their movements. The height is usually about seventeen feet, the male being at least a foot taller, when full grown. Of this colossal height, the legs have seven feet, and the neck about six. The head is small and tapering. The eyes, being large, black, and having a melting glance to which the long silken lashes add expression, far surpass those of the famed gaselle of oriental climes, these orbs are so constructed that the animal can see both before and behind without turning its head. On

the forehead is a remarkable prominence. The tongue has the power of mobility in such a degree that it almost rivals the proboscis of the elephant. The lofty, maned neck, possessing only seven joint seems to move on a pivot, instead of being flexible like that of the swan. The body tapers off towards the tail, which gives the giraffe the appearance of having its hind legs much shorter than the fore-legs, but they are of the same length. The tail is long and tufted with black hair. Both sexes have horns, covered with hair.

The skin is about an inch and a half in thickness, and it was a matter of astonishment to me how a bullet could pass through it. The general color of the female is a dusky white, with large pale, ferruginous spots, each darker in the centre. The color of the male is a deep sienna, or brown, varied with the same large spots as are seen to beautify the female. The belly, neck and cheeks of both sexes are white. These superb animals utter no cry whatever; their soft glances are their only speech. Their senses of sight hearing, and smell are acute and delicate. Naturally, gentle, timid, and peaceable, the giraffe has no means of protecting itself, but with its heels; but even when hard pressed by relentless foes, it seldom resorts to this mode of defence. The lion is the most horrible of its enemies, not even excepting man; for that powerful animal lies in wait near the drinking places and seldom fails

to dash the giraffe to the ground by a spring upon its back.

Although it was late and the wagons were far ahead, Mr. Barrill immediately set to work to secure the heads and skins of our prizes. Mine was a cow; the one my friend had killed was a magnificent bull. At the end of about half an hour, we had secured our trophies, and added some slices of meat to taste its quality. We then remounted and rode for the wagons. But we were in luck that day; for we had not proceeded more than two miles upon the wagon trail, when Mr. Barrill pointed out a herd of African buffaloes, far away to our right. The impulse was irresistible, and away we went to give these curious animals an illustration of our destructive propensities. Riding a short distance ahead, I got within about seventy yards of them before they discovered me, and started away. They were among the fiercest looking animals I had ever beheld. As they fled, they gave off a strong bovine smell. Mr. Barrill selected a bull, and after a short chase, during which the dangling of the giraffe heads gave us much annoyance, we succeeded in firing into him behind the shoulder, and a second volley, tumbled him upon the plain, when we instantly dismounted to examine him. He bore very little resemblance to the bison, or buffalo, of the American plains; but his structure was even more powerful. He was about twelve feet in length,

and five feet, six or eight inches high at the shoulder. • The neck was short, the back straight and hunchless. The head was short in proportion to the animal's bulk. The eyes were small, and so overshadowed by the rough and ponderous horns, as to give them a most ferocious expression. The hide was of a bluish-purple color, varied with black. We surveyed the buffalo with much curiosity on account of the associations of the mane, and pointed out the many points of difference between it and the noble bison of my own native land. The horns, tongue, and hide were then secured by the rapid application of both our knives; and, then, burdened with the spoils of the chase, we set out for our wagons, just as the first faint shadow of twilight fell upon the plain.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ELAND. A BECHUANA KRAAL. HERDS OF WILD ELEPHANTS. LIONS ATTACKED BY BECHUANAS. ABUNDANCE OF GAME. THE RETURN TRIP. SPLENDID SPORT. FALL SICK. ARRIVAL AT GRAHAMSTOWN.

THE next day after our encounter with the giraffe, we came to the base of another mountain range, along which we followed through woody dells and open glades till we came to a forest of a venerable aspect. The traces of game were abundant, and here we slew a noble animal which we had frequently seen during our expedition, but never had an opportunity of bringing to the ground. This was the largest of the antelope tribe, known as the eland. I saw an old bull, about six feet high, standing under a tree. A short race, and two well-aimed shots, both from my own rifle, and the eland was stretched in the agonies of death, his soft black eye melting into tears.

The proportions of the body of this eland were like those of the common bull. The horns were long, and nearly straight. The neck was short and thick. A broad, deep dewlap descended to the knees. The hind quarters were very large. The general color was a rufous dun, or ashey grey, tinged with ochre. The skin emitted a delicious perfume of trees and grass. That night we ate the flesh of the eland, and in a gormandizing enthusiasm, pronounced it the king of edible animals. The remainder of the sweet and tender meat was cut up and preserved. After that meal, when we hunted merely for fresh food, the eland was uppermost in our minds, and none appeared that we did not make a determined effort to secure. We found that these animals are of a plethoric habit, and that they cannot stand a severe chase.

The mountains were of such easy ascent that we occupied but a morning in crossing them. About a mile from their base, on the sloping bank of a small stream, we suddenly came upon a Bechuana kraal—which to our unaccustomed eyes presented a grotesque appearance. A circular thorn fence, six or eight feet in height, with only one entrance, inclosed a sloping area, around which the huts were ranged. The cattle were usually kept during the night in the inclosure. The huts were of a common bee-hive form, having a small entrance, barely affording space for a man to crawl through on his hands and knees.

But our rifles scared them away to an agreeable distance, for, be it known, that the perfume of a Bechuana female sometimes causes one to hold the organ of smell. These people were extremely anxious to obtain snuff from us—that being esteemed by them an earthly heaven of luxury; but we concluded to reserve our stock for a propitiatory offering, if we should encounter natives whose friendship was uncertain or whose enmity was to be feared. A few miles further on, among some extensive forests of mimosa and acacia, I shot an eland, and, after a severe conflict with a whole herd of buffaloes, I aided Mr. Barrill in killing a savage cow. We had a narrow escape from a white rhinoceros, which charged at the moment our attention was absorbed by the buffaloes, and but for a quick dodge, both of us would have been tumbled beneath the feet of the herd. A shot in the shoulder, sent the rhinoceros limping away, and we concluded the battle with a victory.

The next day, having seen fresh traces of herds of elephants, Mr. Barrill and I, with Carroll as after rider proceeded ahead of the wagons, through a country presenting every variety of feature. At one time, we crossed bare stony ridges, at another threaded the mazes of shady, but scattered forests; now struggled through fields of high grass, which the wind moved to a sea of green waves, and again emerged into open lawns. At length we arrived among groups of grassy hills, covered with loose stones,

interspersed with streams and occasional patches of forest, in which the destructive labors of the elephant were manifest. Here we descried a large herd of these stately animals leisurely browsing at the head of a distant valley. Carollus was dispatched, to drive the herd back into the valley, up which we rode slowly, and without noise against the wind.

Arriving within one hundred and fifty yards unperceived, we made our horses fast, and took up a position in an old kraal. Carollus now appeared above them, and by his shouting and firing, drove them towards us. The herd, consisted of ten, all females with large tusks. We selected the finest, and when she came within ten yards, each fired two balls into her, behind the shoulder. She stumbled, but recovered and uttered a shrill trump of lamentation, at the sound of which the rest of the herd clambered up the adjacent heights. Seeing us, the wounded and enraged cow turned upon us with uplifted trunk, and we had to put spurs to our horses. But the elephant soon stopped, and as I checked my horse I fired a bullet into her brain, and she tumbled forward dead, striking the earth with a crashing sound.

Turning around to survey the surrounding scenery we found that a second valley had opened before us, surrounded by bare, stony hills, and traversed by a thinly wooded ravine. Here a picture burst upon us, from which

description shrinks. The whole face of the landscape was covered with elephants. Every bare height and wooded knoll had its groups, whilst the bottom of the valley displayed a living mass those colossal animals in the open glades bearing in their trunks the branches of trees, with which they indolently protect themselves from the flies. A blue mountain range, lofty and precipitous, appeared in the background, completing a picture that would have defied the painter's art.

To the eye of the sportsman, this magnificent scene had a charm of sublimity which the mere sight-seer could not have enjoyed. As we approached against the wind, we were unobserved, and no alarm was excited until the cows we had left thundered down the hill, and passed so close to us, that we could not refrain from firing at one of them, which, however, escaped with little injury. We then prepared to attack this grand army of elephants. Securing our horses on the summit of a stony ridge, and then taking a stand on a ledge overlooking and commanding the wooded defile, we sent Carollus to drive the animals past us, so that we might select a bull. Slowly they walked within about twenty yards of us, flapping their large ears and twisting their tails to keep the flies off. Nearly all were cows, many of them having calves. But at length we saw a bull approach, and with a thrill of sportmen's joy, we fired. The bull stopped, but the re-

port put the whole herd to flight, and then we had to look out for our safety. We had barely time to ensconce ourselves behind the projection of the hill, when a large number of the cows dashed by, and our wounded bull followed them. The whole army was thrown into confusion, and it was one of the most thrilling scenes I had ever witnessed. Parties charged in every direction, and the air was filled with the shrill trumpeting of the alarmed groups. We entirely lost sight of the wounded bull, and as the herd came dashing rather too near us, we were compelled to retreat, dodging from tree to tree, stumbling among sharp stones, and constantly meeting fresh detachments of elephants. However, we obtained one good shot, and by a ball in the brain brought down a large cow, with a splendid pair of tusks, which we concluded to leave until the wagons came up. The train soon appeared, and we descended into the valley to encamp upon the banks of the small stream that ran through the wooded ravine. Within an hour from the time of the first attack, that no elephant was to be seen in the vicinity of our camp, the dead cow alone excepted. Her tusks were secured and placed among our large stock of trophies.

The next day we crossed the ridge on the same side towards the mountains, and found ourselves upon an undulating plain. We had not proceeded far, riding ahead of the wagons, before we witnessed a party of the Bechu-

anas attacking a lion As we were curious to see how they succeeded in hunting this formidable animal, we did not interfere, but held our rifles in reserve for a critical moment. Each Bechuana had a kind of mop of ostrich feathers tied upon a stick, made sharp at the end held in the hand—an article used as a parasol as well as in the chase—and the short spear, called the assagai, which these people throw with great certainty and force. The lion was a full-grown yellow-maned animal. He had received an assagai in his side, and was rather hard pressed, when he turned upon one of the Bechuanas and hurled him to the ground, clawing him frightfully. But a thrust in the rear again brought him to a run, when one of the Bechuanas, who happened to be in front, stuck his ostrich parasol in the ground and dodged aside. The lion attacked the senseless stick, and thus allowed his vigilant enemies opportunities to give him several deep thrusts with their assagais. He quickly turned upon them, and their utmost dexterity was needed to keep beyond his reeking jaws. But his strength was ebbing with his blood, and, as he made a vigorous assault upon an ostrich parasol, a Bechuana gave him a finishing-thrust in the heart. Yet after the mighty beast fell stark and stiff, these triumphant hunters continued to bury their assagais in his body to make sure of his death. This mode of hunting was as daring as it was successful. Though generally considered

somewhat reckless in adventure, I feel certain that I would not have attacked a lion, while merely armed with an assegai.

The Bechuanas have but meagre conceptions of the value of human life. The poor wretch who had suffered from the mangling claws of the lion, was left to writhe upon the ground—the other hunters evincing a sublime degree of indifference. We were indignant as well as shocked, and Mr. Barrill dismounted to fulfil the office of humanity. He wiped away the blood, and, as soon as the wagons came up, applied some bandages to the wounds, so that the poor fellow was enabled to resume his ostrich parasol, and accompany his comrades back to their kraal. When I compared these wild people with the Indians of my native plains, I ranked them far below in every respect. They seemed almost destitute of those feelings which are common to the rest of mankind.

Crossing a ridge about ten miles from the spot where we had witnessed the combat between the lion and the Bechuanas, we found ourselves near a charming river, and in the midst of vast herds of giraffe, antelope, buffaloe, gnous and zebras—and in fact all the finest game of South Africa seemed to have sent delegations to this enchanting country. Along the banks of the clear, sparkling stream, open forests of mimosa, acacia, camelthorn, and willow, spread their rainbow foliage—flowers of all hues,

glowed among the emerald grass, or bent lovingly to kiss the ripples away from the surface of the water; and birds danced and thrilled the music from their pretty throats, among the the swaying limbs. In this fairy-land we encamped, and Mr. Barrill decided to make it the limit of his journey. Here we determined to spend a week of sporting luxury, and complete our stock of trophies.

Evening came on in quiet majesty, wearing one sweet star upon her brow. Then the crescent moon appeared, and in a pure sea of light the timid stars were dimmed. Arcund our little camp, the light and shadow danced in fairy revelry and the birds sung their lullaby in harmony with the chirp and twitter of the insect world. But the grand roar of the king of beasts, swelling along the stream, shook the delicious feeling from our souls, and filled us with a purpose of death; and our rifles were prepared for service. The bellowing of the buffalo and the cry of the hyena increased the fever which had seized us. That night we resolved to hunt in a novel way. We went about two hundred yards from camp, near the edge of the stream, and selected two commanding mimosas, each of us mounted into the branches of one, and quietly awaited the approach of game to drink.

Our positions were decidedly uncomfortable. We were beyond the reach of lions, but an elephant or a rhinoceros might have made sad work of the trees, and we would

have had to be extremely agile to effect an escape. But we resolved to be careful not to provoke the anger of such enemies. In about an hour after we had taken our perch, a single giraffe approached the stream, within twenty yards of us. Its advance was slow and cautious, and, by the moonlight, it looked like a stately tree moving to the stream. The noble animal at length emerged from the trees, and stood on the bank. Our rifles were raised, and we were about to pull the trigger, when a tremendous spring brushed away the branches, and an enormous lion was upon the back of the struggling giraffe, tearing the flesh with its teeth and claws. In the struggle the head of the giraffe came near knocking me out of the tree. I told Mr. Barrill to aim at the head of the giraffe, and I would strive to bring down the lion, and we fired nearly at the same moment—the animals being within ten feet of us. The lion got his terrible hold, and uttering an awful groan, fell to the ground. The giraffe tottered, and fell crashing among the trees, which upheld the animal's weight, although it was still struggling, and I had an opportunity of firing a mortal shot into its breast. This early triumph was all we could expect to achieve that night, as the report of the rifles would alarm the rest of the game, so we called out for Carollus to come to our aid, and descended from the tree.

The Hottentots brought two lanterns. By the light

we were enabled to make a closer inspection of the animals we had slain. The giraffe was a bull at least, eighteen feet in height. His back was torn and gashed by the teeth and claws of the lion, and the beautiful skin was greatly damaged; but Mr. Barrill, nevertheless, set to work to secure it. The lion was a black-maned individual, of rather forbidding aspect, even as he lay dead upon the ground. I could not lift the heavy paw without experiencing a degree of nervousness, which a hunter of my practice should be somewhat ashamed to acknowledge. The skinning operation lasted about half an hour, during which we were somewhat apprehensive of the attack of other lions whose awful voices resounded through the forest. But we were not disturbed, and soon afterwards, we returned to camp, to repose upon our laurels.

The next morning, bright and early, we were abroad in the forest, not hunting, but selecting our game; for we killed on all sides, with a rapidity of slaughter I had only seen paralleled in the midst of a herd of buffaloes, on the plains of my native land. Several beautiful varieties of antelopes that I had not yet beheld, fell before our murderous rifles; an ostrich was killed not far from the edge of the forest; the elephant and the rhinoceros were sent crashing through the forest, maddened by severe wounds; our camp was abundantly supplied with eland and buffalo tongues—and on these we lived for a week—the happiest week of

my life—a week in the “happy hunting-grounds” of which the Indians dream.

But one accident occurred to mar the pleasures of this period. One night, an ox was seized by a lioness, and in the confusion of attempting her rescue, Mallo, the Hottentot, received a terrible claw upon the left arm, laying it open to the bone. Although wounded by Mr. Barrill, the ferocious animal escaped; the ox was disabled so far that we deemed it a mercy to shoot it through the head. At length, the last day of our stay in this beautiful hunting-region arrived. We found that our wagons were well-stowed with all the trophies of the chase in South Africa, and we had meat enough cut up and preserved to last for many days. During this last day of our encampment, Mr. Barrill occupied himself in sketching the gorgeous scenery around us. He had a ready pencil, and his productions were delightful transcripts of glorious nature. I superintended the arrangements for the return journey. Although noble animals frequently came within range of our rifles, we let them browse and drink in security.

At dawn, the next morning, the loud crack of the whips resounded through the forest, and the wagons started. We merely remained to carve our names in large letters upon a stately mimosa, and then, with a sigh which neither of us had power to restrain, we turned our horse's heads from this land of beauty, and took up the trail to return.

We now designed to travel as far as possible each day, in order to reach the settlements with our train in a good condition. No incident of a striking character occurred until we reached the Kurrichane mountains, in the vicinity of which we found game abundant, and enjoyed some good sport. A stream flowing from these mountains, happening to be swollen, we had much difficulty in getting our wagons across it, and I was compelled to remain in the cool water during the greater part of a day. This, and the burning heat of the sun, which was beating on my head at the same time, brought on a fever, and from that time, until two days after we had passed the Orange river, I suffered from the pangs of disease, being totally unable to do any thing but recline in the wagons, upon a couch of skins. Could I ever be too grateful to my excellent friend, Mr. Barrill? He watched over me with the un-sleeping vigilance of a father, and ministered to my wants, as far as his limited means would permit. He exhausted his memory and invention in finding me in those comforts which the sick only know how to value. Two days after passing the Orange river, I felt well enough to take a short ride on horseback, and a few days afterwards, as we crossed the sterile plains before described, I was strong enough to take my old place beside my friend during the day's march. In the meantime, Mr. Barrill found time to indulge in a chase after antelopes, and added to our

stock of meat. Near the settled region he concluded to change the route of return, and proceed to Grahamstown, which he knew to be about six hundred and fifty miles from Cape Town. There we arrived, somewhat worn and fatigued in appearance, but in high spirits at the entire success of our expedition. The town, which was situated at the source of the Cowie river, contained but about three thousand inhabitants, and as our picturesque train entered, the majority of these turned out to view the procession. As we stopped before the door of the best hotel in the town, a crowd of inquisitive individuals gathered round us, and when they learned how successful we had been as hunters, far in the Bechuana country, we received three lusty cheers, and found ourselves heroes for the time.

CHAPTER XXI.

ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN. SEND THE TROPHIES TO ENGLAND. START FOR BOMBAY. THE TOWN AND THE PEOPLE. AWAY FOR THE FORESTS AND JUNGLES.

EVER-RESTLESS life, who shall mark thy flitting changes? We, who had scarcely concluded an expedition which would have served many for the boast of all their days, were eager to start for other scenes of peril. We passed but two days at Grahamstown. On the morning of the third day, we took the route for Port Elizabeth, which we reached on the afternoon of the seventh day after leaving Grahamstown. We found Port Elizabeth to be a town of about five hundred houses, built on the shore of Algoa Bay. It presented a miserable appearance, but we were surprised to find an excellent hotel where we could secure fine accommodations.

At this place, Mr. Barrill determined to part from his teams and horses; and as our Hottentots had served us with a fidelity, very seldom displayed by these people, he presented the teams to them, thus doubly paying them for their services. They expressed much regret at parting with us, but were overjoyed at their large reward. Our skins, horns, etc., were boxed at the hotel, and a schooner then anchored in the bay, was chartered to convey us and them to Cape Town. We remained three days at Port Elizabeth, and then sailed, with a fair wind, but a rough sea, for the capital of British Africa. The coast was rocky and dangerous. But the captain of the schooner was thoroughly acquainted with his business, and the vessel was a stout little craft; and we arrived in Table Bay, three days from the time of our sailing from the harbor of Port Elizabeth.

A swift ship was anchored near the town, which we ascertained was to sail in a few days for Bombay. Mr. Barrill had his baggage transferred to this vessel, but the boxes were directed to one of his friends in Liverpool, and placed on board of a large barque bound for that port. We landed at Cape Town, and occupied the few days leisure that remained to us in visiting places of note, and in sailing excursions on the bay. The day arrived for the commencement of the trip to India, and found us scarcely disposed to resign the pleasures of Cape Town, for the

monotony of a sea voyage; but we submitted gracefully and, soon after, we had stepped aboard of the ship, her anchor was weighed.

The voyage occupied six weeks. During this period, Mr. Barrill and I agreeably employed ourselves in writing a journal of the adventures we had met with in company. This was done for the sake of refreshing memory in after years. My friend did the writing, making duplicates, and I aided him by jogging his memory and amplifying his facts. At length, when the journal was nearly completed, as far as our expedition had proceeded, we came in sight of the shores of India, and after coasting a few miles, we entered the beautiful harbor of Bombay, diversified with rocky islets and crowned by a back-ground of lofty and romantic hills. The city, which has long been the western capital of British India, presents a dingy, but picturesque appearance, when viewed from the bay. We found that it was built on an island, which is joined to the main land and to another island, called Salsette, by causeways. The city consists of two portions, the old town, at the southeast extremity of which we saw the castle, and the new town, or Dungaree. In front of the new city, we saw the arsenal, the government house, a large dismal-looking structure, and some capacious docks, filled with vessels of all sizes. The old town is strongly fortified, and from the bay, has an impregnable appearance.

Entering the city, on the afternoon of arrival, I found every thing wearing the aspect of age and business. Some of the shops and warehouses were extensive and made a fine display. The streets were not straight by many a crook, and they contained a great deal more than a wholesome accumulation of filth. The houses were generally built in the style initiated by the Portuguese. The upper stories projected beyond the lower; and the verandahs were supported on pillars. The roofs were sloped and tiled. I ascertained that the poor classes lived in huts of clay, upon the skirts of the city. Towering above all was the splendid pagoda of Momba Devi, one of the most remarkable structures I had yet beheld.

In our walk from the landing to a hotel, we saw but few whites, and most of them were English sailors. The people who seemed to be doing all the business were Parsees, a comely, tall, active race; fairer than the other natives; mild in their manners, but bold and persevering in enterprise. Mr. Barrill informed me that they were the descendants of the Ghebers, or fire-worshippers, of Persia, and that they have a number of temples dedicated to their singular religion. Strange to say, these people are generally acknowledged to be the best provided and most moral of all the natives of India. The Hindoos and the Mahomedans attracted my attention by the peculiar character of their costume. The former had an extremely de-

graded appearance. Two of them were engaged to bring our baggage to our stopping-place under my direction.

Inquiring of an English sailor as to the best public house in the city, Mr. Barrill was directed up the principal street, about half a mile from the landing, where we found a large house, built in the style of hotels in the western cities of America. Mr. Barrill remained there, while I accompanied the Hindoo porters to the wharf to secure our baggage. These individuals were much stronger and more active than I had supposed from their appearance. But they had a dark reputation for pilfering, and it was necessary to follow their movements with both eyes set keen, to maintain the inviolability of the baggage. However, it was safely stowed away in Mr. Barrill's room before night, and we were once more completely established upon dry land.

Our entertainment was of tolerable quality, and as we were willing to be pleased, we were satisfied. The next morning after our arrival, we took a walk, to see the features of the city and make inquiries in regard to the route to the region where the elephant, rhinoceros, and the royal tiger could be found. Bombay differed in so many respects from all the cities I had yet visited that my curiosity was greatly excited as we proceeded through the streets. The singular, but solemn, architecture of some of the temples strongly impressed my fancy, while the

novel occupations and the picturesque costumes of the people, afforded me continual subject of remark. As officers of the army in India are famed for their sporting propensities, Mr. Barrill, naturally enough, sought an acquaintance with some of them. At a hotel, in the vicinity of the dingy-looking barracks, we had the good fortune to meet a lieutenant, who had travelled through upper India, who was well acquainted with the route usually followed, and the regions where game was known to abound. Mr. Barrill at once introduced himself, and requested the favor of the lieutenant's company to dinner. The invitation was accepted. Dinner was served in a private room, and after the cloth had been removed, the lieutenant, in an easy, but precise way, communicated a vast amount of the kind of information we desired.

The next day we made our equipment in accordance with the advice we received—engaged two Parsee servants who were believed to be more trust-worthy than the Hindoos, and who could speak good English—purchased four horses recommended for speed and endurance, and secured an abundance of ammunition. One more day was passed in Bombay to make arrangements for the transportation of our baggage, which did not occupy much room, and in getting some clothing suited to the warm climate of the country, and then, we started from Bombay. Each horse was compelled to carry a portion of our baggage—the

heaviest articles being placed in bags, on those which the Parsees rode, so that in case of a chase, our horses should be as little incommoded as possible. In the order of two abreast. Mr. Barrill and I leading, we left the city, and before noon we were some miles upon our way to the hunting-grounds of India.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ROUTE. INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY. VARIED SCENERY. ARRIVAL IN THE REGION OF THE TIGER AND THE ELEPHANT. OUR FIRST ELEPHANT HUNT IN INDIA.

OUR destination was the province called Guzerat, which is a large peninsula northwest of Bombay. We could have proceeded thither in a short time by sea, but Mr. Barrill took the circuitous land route, in order to see the country. At the end of the first day's journey we encamped at the base of a range of mountains—the height of which I supposed was fifteen hundred feet. These mountains extend entirely through western India. In the vicinity of our encampment, they were steep and stony. On all sides were forests of bamboo, presenting a straighter and more regular aspect, than any woodland I had ever

beheld. Our encampment was of a very simple description. Along the banks of a stream flowing from the mountain, was an open, grassy level. There we kindled a large fire of dried bamboo, and made seats of piles of the same wood. Our horses were tied to stakes, about ten feet from the fire, having a short range to feed. Our Parsees had found their own provisions—rice comprising nine tenths of their stock. We had a supply of boiled rice, but dried beef, and biscuit were our chief articles of food.

Most of the Hindoo servants refused to eat in the company of foreigners, on account of their religious notions. But we found the Parsees to be less scrupulous. The night was clear and starry, but rather chilly, and we had no hesitation in wrapping ourselves in blankets. For an hour and a half our meal had been despatched we conversed with our servants, gleaning as much information as we could in regard to their manners and customs. They were very sociable, but their business turn of mind was evident in their economy of words when answering our enquiries. Having instructed the Parsees in reference to the necessity of keeping a strict guard, as we heard that robbers occasionally committed depredations in these mountains, we stretched ourselves for repose.

My first night in the forests of India, was spent in sound, secure sleep, such as I had been wont to enjoy far away upon the prairies of America, with no companion but my

rifle. The stars had scarcely begun to pale before the advancing light of day, when Mr. Barrill shook me awake. the morning meal was soon dispatched, and the camp was broken up. Skirting the forest, our route brought us, early in the forenoon, to the town of Calianee, a miserable-looking place situated on a very pretty stream. There we dined, and then forded the stream. Upon the opposite side, the country generally ascended, and was broken and stony. But we journeyed without difficulty, and, after crossing the ridge, found ourselves near another small town, called Maundvee. There we arrived shortly after dark, and, after the fatigues of the day, enjoyed the miserable accommodation offered. Here, we ascertained that we should have to travel at least fifty miles before reaching the next town, which was called Gorah. It was also stated that tigers had been occasionally seen in the extensive forests that intervened. This was thrilling news. But the next day we travelled through the entire region without meeting any animal larger than a jungle fowl, which we shot.

At the assemblage of clay and bamboo huts called Gorah, rested a little, to allow our horses to recruit their strength. Resuming our journey, we skirted the forest at the base of the mountain, and as night closed down, found ourselves at the lofty town of Jowaur, situated nearly on the summit of the range, and visible at the distance of many miles. Here we obtained tolerable accommodations, although the

inhabitants had a brigandish, treacherous look, which caused us to pass a sleepless night, and to hurry away at dawn. This town could be made almost impregnable.

Descending the mountain, we held our course north-westerly for Sudjun, a town situated upon the coast. The country presented the contrast of open sandy plains and dark-green forests of bamboo, that tree seeming to be universal in this region. But there was a gradual descent to the coast, and our road was easy; and after a day's monotonous ride, we came in sight of the sea near Sudjun. The town was composed almost entirely of the clay and bamboo huts, so common in this part of India. Here we enjoyed a view of one of the most gorgeous sunsets I had ever beheld. Mr. Barrill and I were sitting at the door of the largest bamboo house in the town, which was situated about three hundred yards from the beach. The evening was rather cloudy; and the sun which had blazed all day with almost intolerable radiance, was now shorn of his beams, and his fiery orb seemed about to be quenched for ever by the gale-driven clouds; but he struggled majestically among them, and flashes of his glory occasionally scattered the gloomy assailants. Slowly, he sank in the waves, flinging to the very beach a column of light, and as his golden head disappeared, the clouds were struck into bars by his farewell beam.

The night was raw and windy, and we were glad to re-

tire early, even in the filthy house opened for our accommodation. The next morning was windy, but clear. We started at dawn, and rode along in almost constant view of the sea. Gundaree, the next town on our route was known to be at the distance of two day's journey, so that we expected to pass another night in the forest. Before noon we crossed a small stream and found ourselves in a hilly country—covered with a straggling forest of bamboo, and wearing a most desolate aspect. We killed a few jungle fowls and some small birds of beautiful plumage, but we saw nothing of the game we sought. At night, we encamped on the banks of a stream, about three miles from the sea, and, as we counted, about twenty miles from Gundaree.

The jungle fowls were real additions to our supper—but we still mourned the absence of the noble game, to encounter which we had ventured thus far. In the afternoon of the next day, we reached Gundaree, which was situated at the foot of the mountains, and presented a neat appearance—at a distance. The inhabitants were wretched, indolent people, who did not seem to have an idea beyond the gratification of a moment. Here we rested for the night. An old man, in whose bamboo house we were allowed to be tortured during that period, informed us that northward of this town we might expect to see the elephant, the tiger, the rhinoceros, the lion, and

many other varieties of Indian game, and our hearts beat high with hope of what the morrow might bring forth. For my own part, I was weary of the monotonous traveling that had been our lot since we left Bombay.

The next morning we started in the full expectation of making the day memorable by an exploit. We struck the mountains and kept along their base, as nearly as the forest, which here began to be extremely thick and luxuriant, would permit. We had not proceeded more than five miles, when, upon hearing like a crashing noise a short distance in advance, we came to a halt, dismounted, gave the bridles of our horses to our Parsees, and stole forward cautiously to reconnoitre. The noise ceased almost at the same moment, as if our proximity was scented. This caused us to move more noiselessly, and to watch more keenly for the appearance of the animal. I first saw the traces of an elephant in the broken branches of the trees, which strewed the ground in front; and on suddenly emerging from the thick forest, into what greatly resembled a park, we beheld a single elephant, engaged in twisting branches from a stately palm, within about seventy yards from where we stood. As we stood behind some luxuriant bushes, we could see through their thick foliage without being seen, and we aimed with coolness and precision, Mr. Barrill, at the elephant's shoulder, and I at one of his eyes. Flash—bang! and we ran back to

our horses with the precipitancy of men who know that they have a monster enemy in their rear, Mr. Barrill was in advance, when I, being rather too careless of my steps, fell into a hole, made by the burrowing of some animal, and before I could get up, I heard the elephant within a few yards of me. At this dreadful moment, I retained my presence of mind; and as the bleeding monster emerged from the bushes, I fired the contents of my second barrel into his eye, and he fell forward with a mighty crash, his enormous tusks almost impaling one of my legs. In an instant I was upon my feet, and engaged in reloading my rifle. But the elephant was fully paid—he did not even groan.

I shouted for victory, and my friend was soon at my side. The Parsees came up last, uttering many expressions of alarm and astonishment. All congratulated me on my narrow escape from the tusks of the elephant, as well as upon my courage in facing the wounded monster. In examining the wounds of the animal, we found that although my first shot had not reached the brain, the second had entered deep. Mr. Barrill's shot had entered the lungs.

The elephant of India differs in many respects from the elephant of South Africa. The head is more oblong, and the forehead presents, in the centre, a deep concavity between two lateral and rounded elevations; that of the

African being rounded and convex in all its parts. The ears of the Asiatic elephant descend no lower than its neck, while the African is furnished with ears which descend to its legs. The Asiatic has four distinct toes on its hind feet, while the African has but three. As regards size, it is generally believed that the difference is in favor of the Asiatic animal. Our prize was a full-grown bull—of the kind called by the Parsees *gaja sallungal*, which differ from other elephants by wandering singly, or in herds of two or three. The tusks were about three feet in length, and Mr. Barrill said they would bring a good price at the next town. These were secured, and leaving the carcass of the elephant to the hyenas, of whose proximity we did not doubt, we resumed our route.

The day was sultry, but as we travelled almost entirely beneath the luxuriant foliage of the forest, which here excelled even the groves of Africa in freshness and delicious variety, we did not suffer much from the heat. The same night we reached the town of Domus, on the shores of the bay, into which enters the Taptee river, and there we concluded to give our wearied animals the rest of a day, although we knew that the city of Surat, was within about twenty miles.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DOMUS. SURAT. THE NATURE OF THE JUNGLES
BEYOND. A BOA CONSTRICTOR. A TIGER. A
LION. TERRIBLE CONFLICT. A BANYAN TREE.

AT Domus, Mr. Barrill disposed of his tusks to a Parsee merchant, for about one-half the price he could have obtained if he had conveyed them to Surat. But he was glad to get rid of the burden. Domus was a small town. The inhabitants were courteous enough, but we understood that some of them were strongly suspected of being engaged in piracy. Our servants informed us that the Parsees were very numerous in the country northward, and their enterprise was the chief source of its prosperity.

At noon the second day after our arrival at Domus, we came within sight of the celebrated city of Surat. Its towers and pagodas gave it an imposing appearance at a

distance, but as we approached the walls age and decay were strikingly evident. This city is situated on the Taptee, about twenty miles from the point where the mouth, or bay, empties into the gulf of Cambay. It is about six miles in circumference, and shaped like a bow, the cord being the Taptee, having near its centre, a small castle garrisoned by a few sepoy and Europeans. On other sides, the town is surrounded by a wall, flanked with semi-circular towers. Without the walls we found some good European houses, formerly occupied by the French, but now, the residence of English officers; but the houses within the town were very inferior, consisting only of timber frames filled up with bricks, their upper stories projecting over each other. The streets were narrow and irregular. Only small boats, called ketches, can ascend the river to Surat—yet the city once had a very extensive commerce.

We remained three days in Surat. During this period, Mr. Barrill made some valuable acquaintance among the English, and purchased some small articles which he deemed necessary for our comfort. We found that nearly all the business of the city was carried on by the Parsees—the Hindoos being generally as indolent as they were superstitious. The English and the Mahommedans made up the remainder of the population. I was not sorry when the time came for leaving this ancient city, for life there

had dull and uninteresting features ; and when, upon a warm, bright morning, we rode away from the dingy walls, the sight of the dark-green foliage of the forests was refreshing to my eyes. About five miles from the city we entered upon jungle land.

There is a very erroneous idea of a jungle among those who have never visited India. The word is generally supposed to mean a luxuriant thicket ; but in India, every patch of wild, uncultivated country, whether forest or grassy plain, is designated as jungle. The country through which we now began to travel was generally level or undulating, the Ghaut range of mountains terminating below Surat. It was very thinly settled, and for miles we could ride over open grassy plains, or through forests of palm, bamboo, and other Indian trees. We kept almost constantly in sight of the Gulf of Cambay.

On approaching a patch of forest rather thicker than any we had seen since leaving Surat, one of the Parsees who was riding near me, called out that he saw a large serpent, lying coiled up near the edge. Curious, yet doubtful, as to the propriety of advancing, we checked our horses, and began to examine the object pointed out by the Parsee. We were about two hundred yards from the first trees of the forest. Upon the ground, between two tall palms, I saw a huge coiled mass of brilliant colors, one portion being much more bulky than the rest ; but I could



CONFLICT BETWEEN AN ICHNEUMON AND A COBRA DI
CAPELLO.

not believe it to be a snake. Mr. Barrill pulled out his pocket glass, and after a moment's attentive examination, pronounced the object a large boa, distended by an enormous meal, and, most probably, in a torpid state. Without waiting for our decision, the Parsee, who had first discovered the monster, rode slowly up towards it, with his gun ready for a shot. A cold thrill ran through my veins as I watched him with straining eyes. He had got within twenty yards, when the serpent moved, and reared its head, as if to observe who dared to molest its terrible majesty. The Parsee checked his horse and fired at the throat of the monster, taking care to put spurs to his horse immediately afterwards, and hurry back to us. On receiving the ball, the head of the serpent fell. But the writhing of the body convinced us that it was still alive and formidable. Once more the head was raised, and, with the sure aim of a Rocky Mountain hunter, I fired the contents of both barrels into it, mangling it terribly. Still the twisting of the body continued, and one of the Parsees then took a hatchet from one of the packs, and advanced cautiously, but with wonderful intrepidity to the close assault. He was within a few feet of the monster—a *sugg—sugg*, sounded in our ears, and the brave fellow shouted that we might approach without fear.

We advanced and beheld the splendid horror of a huge boa constrictor's form. For a few minutes, Mr. Barrill

and I stood in utter amazement, yet in admiration. The whole of the enormous body—about twenty-five feet in length—was covered with gorgeous hues, to which the flowing blood was but a glowing addition. Mr. Barrill repeated these lines :

Fold above fold, surprising maze, his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes,
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect,
Amid his circling spires that on the grass
Floated redundant.

Yet the head, mangled by our shot, looked horrible, and, as we saw the distention of the enormous meal, the horns of an animal being plainly marked, we thought of our narrow escape from the serpent's jaws, and the feeling of admiration gave way to a cold thrill of disgust. The Parsee, who had so bravely handled the hatchet, now cut open the serpent, where the victimized animal appeared, and we were further disgusted by the sight of a half-digested stag. How such a large animal, or even the horns, had passed through the small throat I saw, was a matter of wonder to me—since the neck appeared many times less in bulk. Mr. Barrill turned away from the sight of the dead monster, ordering the Parsees to secure the skin for him. We retired to a short distance, while the operation was being performed—Mr. Barrill enlarging, meanwhile, upon the extreme necessity of keeping a vigilant eye around

us during our march through a country haunted by such terrible reptiles. I did not need the advice; for I now entertained a greater dread of these serpents than of any monster I had ever encountered. I would sooner have faced a lion and a tiger at the same moment, than have put myself within the lightning dart of a boa.

The Parsees concluded the skinning operation in about a quarter of an hour, and returned, with the beautiful prize, wrapped in a cloth. Mr. Barrill said it could be prepared for preservation at the next town. Proceeding on our route, we passed through the less luxuriant jungles, near the sandy shore of the gulf, and early in the afternoon, reached the small town of Elaw, situated on the northern side of a shallow creek. Here the heat of the sun was oppressive. But we secured the best lodgings the town could afford—a bamboo shelter, alive with pestering insects—stretched and cleansed the boa skin, and alarmed the gaping Hindoos with a terrific recital of our adventure. In their turn they opened our eyes, by assuring us that tigers, lions, and other large animals abounded in the jungles between Elaw and Baroche—a city on the Nerbudda river. They expressed their amazement, when we stated that we were anxious to encounter the most ferocious animals of their country, and particularly intimated that we were woefully ignorant of the tiger's daring and activity. But when we told them of some of our

hunting exploits in South Africa, some of the boldest of them offered to accompany us on our journey to Baroche. As they found their own weapons—long spears and shields—and did their best in obtaining provisions for us, we acquiesced, and when we set out the next morning, ten stout Hindoos marched in couples between us and our Parsees.

The jungle was beautiful and luxuriant—the dark-green foliage of the bamboo contrasting finely with the lighter verdure of the palm and the blossoms of numerous other trees for which I had no name. The encounter of the day before had left an impression not easily effaced, and we took care to avoid, as far as we could, consistently with our designs upon the game, the thickest jungle, where it was difficult to see beyond a few yards on each side. The Hindoos were all eye as they marched, and I thought, that each moment, one of them shuddered as if he expected the terrible tiger to spring from the bushes and dash him to the ground. We had proceeded about six or seven miles, without meeting with any animals, deemed worthy of our rifles, and were growing more confident in our march. Mr. Barrill and I had fallen into conversation about the contrast between the forests of India and South Africa, when a tremendous roar, and the shrieks of the Hindoos, rang fearfully in our ears, and brought our shuddering horses to a halt. The case flashed on our eyes as

we turned. The Parsees stood as if paralyzed—the Hindoos shrieked and danced, and seemed senseless with fright. Hurrying away through the jungle we could occasionally catch a glimpse of the striped back of a tiger and a faint shriek told us what he had dared to seize for his meal. Humanity and our own burning thirst for distinction in this region, new to us, banished all feelings of dread, and we started away, with ready rifles in pursuit, the rest of the party following, not knowing what else to do for safety. The tiger had disappeared beneath the thick foliage of the bushes, and the cessation of the victim's shrieks left us no clue to the ferocious animal's whereabouts. When suddenly, within about fifty yards, sounded the tremendous voice of a lion—a sound we could never forget; and a succession of awful growls, snaps, and loud rustles among the bushes, led us to believe that the two tyrants of the forests were contending for the mastery. Anxious to gain a view of such a fearful struggle, we pressed forward, till emerging from a clump of bushes, we beheld almost at our horse's feet, the lion and tiger rolling over and over, in a conflict which only death could interrupt. The mangled Hindoo was lying senseless upon his face, within a few yards of the ferocious combatants. We did not fire, but reserved our bullets till the conflict should destroy one of the beasts.

It was a horrible struggle. The tiger was quite as large

as the lion, and much quicker in his movements. But the lion showed a decided superiority of strength, and his great mane effectually covered his head. Still his back and sides were torn by the tiger's claws, and for some minutes the contest was doubtful. Both possessed equal courage and determination, and no disposition was evinced to have a drawn battle. It was one of the compensations of nature. The tyrants of the woods, who had so long preyed upon the weaker animals, were now paying each other in due form. Draw near, ye ghosts of mangled cattle, stags and lesser beasts, to gloat over your revenge ! Our presence seemed a matter of indifference to the combatants, so intent were they in that struggle of strength and activity. But the endurance of the lion prevailed—seizing the tiger by the throat, he turned it on its back, and with his strong claws tore open its belly, and, thus put an end to its ferocious life. Hail, king of beasts, for so thou art ! This had scarcely been achieved when simultaneous balls from our rifles, stretched the lion beside the foe whom he had vanquished, and their blood mingled among the grass.

We immediately dismounted, hastened to the wounded Hindoo, while his companions busied themselves in striking their spears into the helpless tiger—and patting the head of the lion. Raising the poor fellow, we found that he was so dreadfully bitten and torn about the throat and

breast, that his chance of living was but small. He could not speak. After a short time spent in reeking their cowardly vengeance on the tiger, his Hindoo companions said that they had quite enough of hunting tigers on foot, and that they would take the wounded man back to Elaw as quickly as possible. Mr. Barrill agreed with them that it was the best course they could pursue, and gave them the skin of the tiger to take with them as a kind compensation for their fright. They constructed a rude litter of branches, on which they laid their wounded companion—then skinned the tiger—cutting off his head—while our Parsees were skinning the lion, and then bade us adieu.

The lion was not as large as those we had killed in Africa—His skin was of a yellowish hue, the mane being some shades deeper. In other respects, there seemed to be no difference between the lions of Asia and Africa. The tiger was a beautiful animal, the skin being striped as splendidly as that of the African zebra. The form resembled that of the common cat. The eyes were of a greenish grey color, having a ferocious glare—and the appearance of the teeth and claws was enough to send a thrill of terror through a person of timid nerves. The roar of this monster, which was the first intelligence of his presence we had received, resembled that of the lion, but was not so deep and grand. When enraged as it was during the conflict with the lion, it makes a shrill cry which pierces

the ear in a most disagreeable way. Taking up our lion's skin, we remounted our horses, and continued our route towards Baroche. We were in tolerable spirits—gratified at having witnessed a singular conflict between the tyrants of the forest and seen them both laid low—but sorry for the disaster, of which our sporting adventures had been, in some degree, the cause. On the banks of a small stream about a mile in advance of the sanguinary spot, we came upon a banyan tree of immense size. We had seen numerous small specimens of this wonderful tree during our journey; but this was the first time we had ever beheld it in its majesty. It had at least five hundred trunks besides the main one, and was about one hundred yards in circumference. It appeared to me like a vast natural temple, and, as I wandered among the pillars that upheld the thick dome of foliage, something like mingled feelings of awe and worship crept through my soul. A temple fashioned by God's own hand! What grander architectural idea could be found than that of this banyan tree? I did not wonder that the Hindoos looked upon the tree as sacred. That kind of superstition was infectious, and had I a banyan near me, its leaves should cover me in the solitary hours of prayer and meditation. About the middle of the afternoon, we reached the outskirts of Baroche, and stood upon the banks of the famous river, Nerbudda.

CHASE OF A LION



CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CITY OF BAROCHE. THE JUNGLES AGAIN.
RHINOCEROS. ANTELOPE. CAMP IN THE JUN-
GLE. ALARM. A LION.

THE city of Baroche has greatly declined of late years. We found it poor and mean, with narrow, dirty streets, and low houses built of sun-burned bricks. The surrounding country appeared fertile and well-cultivated, but there was an absence of trees, and the villages had a dingy aspect. The Nerbudda is there about two miles wide, and very shallow. There were a large number of small vessels in front of the city, but we were informed that the trade was not of much importance. As the climate was hot and unhealthy, and our Parsees did not seem contented, we only remained a single day in Baroche, and then resumed our route.

For many miles we rode between cotton-fields, and beneath a blazing sun. Scarcely a tree of any size was to be seen. But after we had entered the province of Baroda, there was a most agreeable change. The roads were lined with trees of various kinds. The villages gave every evidence of prosperity, and generally presented a strangely beautiful appearance, being surrounded with mango-topes and verdant tamarind trees. We observed that cotton, sugar-cane, tobacco, corn, opium, hemp, and flax were grown, the fields being divided by high green hedges. The inhabitants were called Coolies. They wore a singular costume, made up of a petticoat, a quilted kirtle, which in time of war was covered with armor, and a cotton cloth over the head and shoulders. Mr. Barrill informed me that the English government considered these people very turbulent; but we found them quiet, friendly, and hospitable. Perhaps, they have the spirit to resist the extortions of their conquerors, and this is the reason of their ill-esteem with the government. Such a spirit is a noble quality in the eyes of an American citizen, who from his cradle, is taught, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." After journeying till noon in delightful scenery, we halted at a neat-looking farm-house, and obtained an excellent meal of venison, hare, and quail—the best by far we had eaten since leaving Bombay. Quitting this farm-house, we rode on, the country assuming a wilder appearance as

we proceeded, and about the middle of the afternoon, we found ourselves once more amidst the jungles, and in the vicinity of all kinds of Indian game. The few inhabitants we met, belonged to the rude tribe called Bheels. They were known to be warlike, and fond of nocturnal marauding expeditions; but we were well-armed, and did not care for their favor or hostility.

As we were riding watchfully through the luxuriant and fragrant forest, an almost naked Bheel suddenly appeared in front, and, in much alarm, informed us that he had seen a huge rhinoceros in a thicket a quarter of a mile ahead. He spoke in a language which one of our Parsees interpreted to us. The fellow was armed only with a short spear. We directed him to guide us to the spot; but prepared for treachery. Cautiously, and with sight and nerves at the utmost strain, we followed the Bheel, from grove to grove, till, as we neared a thicket which seemed to put an effectual check to our further progress, a quick rustle was heard among the leaves, and before we had time to check the horses, a monstrous rhinoceros charged out upon us. With a fear-spurred agility, the Bheel turned back, and sprang upon a horse behind one of the Parsees. Experience had given Mr. Barrill and I a high degree of presence of mind, and, while our servants instantly turned and fled, we took the best aim possible under the circumstances, fired, and then dodged aside,

and went crashing through the thick underwood. The rhinoceros did not turn, but pushed forward in determined pursuit of the Parsees. Of course, we quickly returned upon his rear, and gave him the full benefit of two more balls. This checked the monster, and as we again dodged aside from the path, he came charging back. This time, he discovered my whereabouts, and turned off after me. I led him circuitously back to the path, feeling certain that my friend would reload and hit him again in the rear. I was not disappointed in my calculation. As the rhinoceros, with that mad-dog obstinacy for which it is so famous, rushed after my flying steed, a ball from Mr. Barrill's rifle brought him to a seat on his haunches. Seeing this, one of the Parsees came back, and gave me his gun, with which I gave the grunting monster a ball in the throat, and he tumbled over on his side. Yet we did not venture to approach, till another shot had been fired by Mr. Barrill.

On seeing the rhinoceros fall, the Bheel who had been so extremely ready to remove all obstructions from the path of the charging animal, gave a yell of delight, jumped from the horse on which he had perched himself, and ran before us to our prostrate foe. In spite of all our balls, we found that the monster still breathed. A thrust from the Bheel's spear, however, completely extinguished the spark of life, which was a new subject for clamorous rejoicing on the part of our half-savage friend. We dismounted,

tied our horses, and began a survey of this mighty game. The Asiatic rhinoceros differs from the African animal of the same name, in many respects. It is about the same size, but, in general, more ferocious and formidable. But there are differences that strike the beholder instantly. The Asiatic animal has but one horn, while, as it is well known, the African rhinoceros has two. The skin of the former lies over the body in immense folds, as if the animal wore robes, and this covering is so thick that some of our bullets, although prepared with solder, had flattened against it. Three had penetrated, one in the throat, and two behind the shoulder.

A half hour was spent in examining the huge bulk of the rhinoceros. The horn was about two feet in length. Mr. Barrill gave it to one of the Parsees, much to the disappointment of the Bheel, who had earnestly requested it several times. For himself, my friend reserved some of the teeth, while I secured a large piece of the skin to dry for my private stock of trophies. The remainder of the animal was given to the Bheel, with orders to save it from the tigers and lions if he thought himself able. While we were discussing the disposal of the vanquished monster, one of the Parsees caught sight of some four-horned antelopes bounding along in the distance, and away went Mr. Barrill and myself, with the hope of getting a shot. Vain! vain! the ride through such underwood in chase of animals

almost as fleet as the wind. After a ride of half a mile, we found ourselves beginning to lose ground, and, therefore, returned.

Getting into marching order, we bade our Bheel friend adieu, and resumed our march in better spirits than we had been since our arrival in India. Night overtook us before we had advanced more than three or four miles, and as the lions began to make the forests quake around us, we thought proper to encamp on the banks of a small stream. No camp was ever prepared by hunters with more anxious care. We knew that we were surrounded with perils, only to be met with at night in the jungles of India. Hungry animals of the most daring and ferocious species were roaring and howling on all sides of us. Perhaps, enormous serpents were lurking in the thickets, waiting till we were wrapped in slumber to dart upon their prey. The security of our horses was the most difficult matter to achieve. The stream was about twenty feet broad, and two or three deep, where we had encamped. This afforded us a kind of defence upon that side. Between the creek and the nearest trees was a space of about twenty feet, thickly covered with bushes. These we cut down, and ranged some of them as a slight breastwork, while the others, we used for fuel. The night was starry, but moonless, and the red glare shone with a strange light upon wood and stream. We cut log seats and placed them

around the cheerful blaze; then tied our horses as near to it as we conveniently could; and having directed the Parsees to keep a strict watch around, sat down to eat a hasty supper, with our trusty rifles laid across our knees. This being concluded, the Parsees were permitted to eat, while we kept guard. Occasionally, a lion's awful roar, sounding as if the animal was within a few hundred yards of our camp, startled us to keener vigilance, and we could see that our horses were very uneasy at the proximity of such ferocious foes. Once I thought that a shout and the report of a rifle might serve the purpose of keeping the animals at a greater distance, and, accordingly, both rang on the air. But the roars continued, and we began to feel the pressing necessity of keeping our eyes open all night. I mentioned this to Mr. Barrill, and after some deliberation, he decided that waking alone, we could be secure.

Accordingly, we placed the Parsees upon guard, with orders to fire at even the suspicion of an approaching animal of any size, and sat down to talk away the night. Mr. Barrill, I have said, excelled in conversation. He could wander "from gay to grave, from lively to severe," in a winning way, to which I could have listened day or night. Under such an influence I was forgetting the lapse of moments; and even the awful concert of the woods. I was in the midst of my third pipe, when a hist from one

of the Parsees, called our attention to him. He was endeavoring to get sight of some object in the bushes, about fifty yards down the stream, on the side of the camp. I called to him to wait and allow me to try my rifle, and, on going to the point at which he was standing, I beheld two eyes, like glowing coals of fire, among the bushes. They were evidently bent upon our camp. Their owner was unmistakeable. Only a lion's eyes could glare so vividly. What horrible meals tickled his imagination! With a cool aim at the dark space between those orbs of fire, I gave my bullet wings—the report rang on the air—an awful growl succeeded, and the eyes disappeared. We watched patiently, but saw no more of the monarch beast that night.

We continued our conversation till daylight, which was an agreeable relief. Then, with the eager curiosity of an enthusiastic sportsman, I went to the spot where I had seen the lion's eyes. I found great blotches of blood upon the bushes, and the marks of the lion's writhing were evident for several yards around. Following the traces, I suddenly came upon the body of the animal near the stream and a shout of triumph brought my companions to my side. The animal was young, and not full grown, but still its form had grace and majesty. A Parsee was left to skin the lion while we ate breakfast, and having secured this additional trophy, we resumed our journey.

CHAPTER XXV.

BARODA. CONTINUE OUR JOURNEY NORTHWARD.
AN INDIAN VILLAGE. A SINGULAR MODE OF
HUNTING THE TIGER. THE FALCON AND THE
CROWS. ROUTE TO CAMBAY.

BARODA is a much larger city than I had expected to see in this region. The population may be numbered at about one hundred thousand souls. The situation is on the left bank of the Viswamitra, which is here both narrow and shallow. The site is low and marshy. At a distance the city has a handsome appearance. It is surrounded with a double wall of mud, having round towers at intervals and several double gates. Two spacious streets divide it into four equal sections. The market-place in the centre, contains a square pavilion, with three arches on each side, and a flat roof, adorned with seats and fountains. This is a Mogul structure, and, like some others of that style of architecture, it possesses much beauty. But the Ma-

haratta edifices are all of mean appearance. The stone bridge over the Vismarita, is said to be the only one in Guzerat. In the vicinity of the city we found some famous wells, elegantly pavilioned. The largest of these, called Soloman's well, is noted for the purity of its water, a great luxury in this region. Baroda is the capital of the Guicowar dominions. A few Mahommedans reside in and around the city. But the chief portion of the population are Rajpoots and Hindoo Banyans. A native prince was the ostensible governor, but the agent of the East India Company, backed by a body of British troops, enjoys a power, which the prince dares not defy.

We remained at Baroda three days, visiting every notable person or structure in, and around the city. Then, having made a few purchases and acquired some information in regard to the character of hunting north of the city, we resumed our journey. For a few miles the route led us through a beautiful and well-cultivated country, smiling with prosperity. Then the character of the scenery changed to that of a luxuriant but sparsely settled wilderness; and we once more began to feel again in our element. No game but antelope appeared, however, and these succeeded in their praiseworthy exertions to keep beyond the reach of our rifles. Towards night, we reached a neat little village, in the midst of a jungle tract, that certainly looked as if it contained large game.

The inhabitants were Coolies. They seemed to be prosperous, and we found them hospitable. When they learned that we were on a sporting expedition, they requested that we would stop a short time at the village, and communicated the thrilling intelligence that tigers were numerous in the neighboring jungles. Much complaint was expressed of the depredations of these ferocious animals. Mr. Barrill at once concluded to stay a few days in the vicinity of the village, and the whole party was taken under the provident care of the village landlord and patriarch.

The same evening, in course of the conversation, which one of the Parsees interpreted to our satisfaction, the patriarch informed us that the common mode of hunting the tiger in that region might be novel to us. A hut was erected among the foliage of a jungle, on the sloping bank of a water-course, and on the opposite bank a cow was tied to a stump. The hunter, well-armed, but alone, placed himself in the hut at night, and there laid in wait for the tiger, or lion, whichever dared to attack the cow. This kind of still hunting struck our fancy, and it was resolved that Mr. Barrill should try it the first night, and I, the next. However, that night our whole party took a sound, refreshing sleep. The next morning, we were off under the old man's direction to choose the spot where our trap should be set. Three Coolie servants carried the materials for erecting the little hut. The pieces had previously

been used for the purpose, and the only trouble was to join them together.

A pretty little watercourse skirted the village. We followed this, through a few ploughed fields, past a large banyan tree, and into the jungle. A small but dense clump was selected as the spot for erecting the watch-hut, and to put it up and conceal it, so that at the distance of about fifty yards, only the practised eye of a woodman could detect it, was the work of about half an hour. It was about six feet square, and could contain besides the hunter, two guns, a mattress and a blanket, all of which articles were there deposited. We then returned to the village—and Mr. Barrill purchased a white cow to be sacrificed to the god of sport. Towards night, the Parsees led the cow and I accompanied Mr. Barrill, to the hut. The poor beast was tied to a stump by a double cord passed twice around her horns. My friend entered the hut, and after I had ascertained that nothing was wanting for his equipment, I wished him all manner of success, and accompanied the Parsees back to the village.

That night was a restless one for Peregrine Herne—his sleep was a succession of dreams, in which horrible battles with tigers and mangled limbs were the most conspicuous incidents. Twice I got up and went to the door of the bamboo house, to listen if there was any indications of an encounter, and once I thought I heard the report of a gun.

CHASE OF A JAGUAR.



But I could gather nothing concerning my friend's situation, until the next morning, when he presented himself safe and sound, at the door of our house. Glad that he had, at least, met with no disaster, I welcomed him back with a cordial shake of the hand, and while he was at breakfast, he told us his night's experience :

“After your departure,” said Mr. Barrill “the poor cow stared intently along the path by which you had retreated, and then, had it not been for the occasional stamp of her fore-leg, or the impatient side-toss of her head, to keep off the flies, she might have seemed carved out of marble. Next there was a fearful and anxious gaze up the bed of the stream, and into the thick fringe of mimosa, and then the apprehensive animal plunged and tugged to get loose. All in vain. The cord was strong. Then her sides began to heave, and she gave a low—that sweet music to the ears of a tiger. Again, again, the piteous sound echoed among the hills. The moon arose, and from my little window, I beheld a scene full of beauty and poetry. A crescent of low hills, craggy, steep, and thickly wooded, appeared on three sides, and above them, again, was the clear blue outline of the Neilgherry hills. In front, the silver-sanded bed of the dry water-course divided the thick and sombre jungle with a stream of light, till lost in the deep shadows at the foot of the hills. But the restlessness of the cow called my attention from the quiet

beauty of the scene to the perils of my situation. Suddenly a roar swelled on the air, and then died in awful echoes among the hills, the cow stood as if almost breathless with fear, and I grasped one of my rifles, and rested it on the side of the little window. Thus I watched for about half an hour; but no tiger appeared; and, as the cow laid down, as if her fears were quieted, I did the same. I had fallen into a doze, when the cow struggling on her legs and a groan brought me to my feet. There they were—a large tiger holding the poor cow behind the ears, shaking her like a fighting dog. I ran out the muzzle of my rifle as quietly as I could, and then I saw the tiger leap over the shuddering cow, without quitting his grip. She sank to the earth; and he lifted her up again. At the first opportunity I pulled the trigger. The left hand missed. I tried the right—Bang! The tiger relinquished his hold and was off with a bound. The cow staggered and struggled, and in a few seconds fell, and with a heavy groan, ceased to move. The fact then stared me in the face. The tiger had killed the cow within a few feet of me and escaped uninjured.”

When the story was interpreted to the patriarch, he laughed loudly, and uttered some expressions of encouragement for a patient renewal of the trial. I was sorry for my friend's disappointment. He seemed to feel it deeply. However, he readily assented to my taking his place the

next night. After breakfast, Mr. Barrill, the patriarch, the Parsees, and some Coolies repaired to the jungle to see the slaughtered cow. The animal was mangled about the neck in a manner that proved what terrible power the tiger could exert in a short time. The sides and back were also torn by the claws of the ferocious assailant. It was agreed that the carcass should remain where it was, and be guarded by the Coolies during the day.

In the evening, with an eagerness I could not conceal, I hastened to the little hut. Mr. Barrill and the Coolies saw me safely ensconced, and then retired. The moon arose early, and I had an ample opportunity of enjoying the beautiful scene described by my friend. This was varied by a sudden storm. At an early hour, I saw an arch of clouds approaching from the westward, and the rain descending, gave it the appearance of a huge black comb, the teeth reaching to the earth. The moon, half-obscured, showed a white mist as far as the rain had reached. Then was heard in the puffs of air, the hissing of the distant shower—the vivid lightning blazed in my very eyes, and then the rain rattled to the earth in bullet drops. The beautiful was swallowed up in the sublime. Each moment there was a startling change from a darkness that “could be felt,” to a dazzling flash of light, while above me the thunder bolts were hurled with stunning force. At length the storm, having spent its wrath, passed over, and the

bed of the stream ran dry again. As the watery moon appeared, I looked out and saw that the carcass of the cow was still untouched.

I watched about an hour, and then I was about to enjoy a doze, when my ear caught a thrilling echo among the rocks—and then the distant roar which could not be mistaken. Aye, a roar and an answer. Tiger and tigress! Hope filled to overflowing—the monsters of the jungle were coming within reach of my rifle. Stones and gravel rattled just behind the hut, on the path by which we came and went, and a heavy step passed and descended the slope into the bed of the stream. I heard the sand crackling under his weight before I dared to look, and then—looming in the moonlight, there stood the long, sleek, but terrible form of a tiger, smelling the slaughtered cow. The weight of such a beast would have crushed the frail tenement in which I was posted. As if the excitement was insufficient, the monster gazing down the dry water-course, caught sight of his companion who stood irresolutely, about twenty yards up the bed of the stream. The male walked around the carcass two or three times, and then began to tear it with a skill peculiar to his tribe. As he stood with his two feet upon the haunch, as he tore out a beef-stake, I grasped a rifle, and ran the muzzle out of the little port. The continual motion of the tiger's body prevented my getting a good shot for some time. But as I

got sight on a line rather low behind the shoulders, I pulled the trigger. Bang! A shower of sand rattled on the dry leaves, and a terrific roar of rage and pain satisfied me that the shot had been a telling one. The white smoke was blown away, and then I beheld the monster writhing where he had fallen. Either guided by the fire, or by some slight noise made in the excitement of the moment, he saw me, and with a yell that pierced my ears, scrambled up. The thunder of his roar filled the valley, and the echoes, among the hills, answered as at the command of a dreaded tyrant. I immediately perceived that the monster's hind quarters were paralyzed, and that however ferocious might be his will his power to harm me had departed. He sank down again upon his elbows, and I saw the blood flowing from a wound in the loins. But the countenance had more of the terrific in its expression than anything I had ever beheld. The glare of that ferocious eye, caused my flesh to creep. But as he gazed upon me, in helpless malignity, I took aim at his breast, and ere the smoke cleared away, the monster was stretched in death beside the slaughtered cow.

Although naturally elated by this easy victory over so formidable a foe, I did not forget the tigress. Indeed, I was apprehensive that she would attack my rickety hut. But at the end of about half an hour, I heard her roar echoing far away among the hills, and all dread was al-

layed. Nevertheless, I did not attempt to court sleep, but watched the splendid prize until day dimmed the stars and invited me to issue from my little castle.

A magnificent prize, indeed! As I stood gazing upon the beautiful skin, and the countenance so fixed in its determined ferocity, I was startled by a rustling near me, and, on turning quickly, I beheld Mr. Barrill, the Parsees, and several Coolies, whose impatience would not permit them to await my return. At the sight of the tiger they raised a shout of exultation, and showered congratulations upon me.

I here witnessed for the first time the performance of a superstitious rite by the Coolies. With the gravest movements imaginable, one of them kindled a small fire, and taking a brand, proceeded to singe off the whiskers of the tiger. Fearful that he intended to spoil the skin, Mr. Barrill called out to know what he was doing, when one of our Parsees informed us that the natives of India, believed that the performance of this simple rite, would lay the spirit of the tiger. Mr. Barrill smiled, but the remembrance of that tiger's last look of malignity, caused me to think that the sensitive Coolies had some justification for their singular belief.

The Coolies constructed a litter on which they placed the tiger, and we returned to the village in triumphal procession, firing guns and shouting so loudly, that the

whole village turned out to see the cause of the uproar. When it was known that I had killed a large tiger, the crowd rejoiced as if their deadliest foe had been subdued. We left the tiger outside of the house as we sat down to breakfast, I related the story of the night. Mr. Barrill informed that he had not enjoyed a wink of sleep—and that he had distinctly heard the report of my rifle. The escape of the tigress was regreted. However, that day the patriarch gave a grand open air feast in honor of the tiger's death—and despite the refusal of the Hindoos to eat in company with us, we had a merry time. The splendid skin of the slain monster was added to our packs.

While in this region, we enjoyed a taste of that rare sport, called falconry. It is well known that the crow is a kind of sacred bird among the Hindoos. He is fed at certain seasons with boiled rice and other delicacies. This treatment causes the crow to be very bold and impertinent. Occasionally we came upon large flocks of these birds, and on silencing one of them with shot, they evinced a determination to assail us, and we were glad to get out of the way as soon as possible. One day, the Parsees had left a half-plucked chicken, preparing for supper, within sight of a sentinel crow. In a moment, the fowl was pounced upon, and carried off. On one side, all the comrades of the daring robber flocked together to share the spoil. On the other side, out rushed the Parsees, followed

by the Hindoo patriarch and a number of servants, who seemed determined to recover the chicken by the force of sticks and stones. But the charge was unavailing, and the patriarch then entered the house, saying, in effect, that his falcon, Hyder, could master the robber. In a few minutes he came forth, with a hooded falcon upon his wrist. At the sight of this dreaded bird, the marauding crows flew away in every direction. The veteran falconer then requested that the whole party should retire into the house, and he would conceal the falcon, until the crows returned. We complied, but took our stations at the windows, where we observed what passed. Presently, an old crow sneaked back to the tree beneath which the chicken had been dropped, and then about a dozen had the courage to follow.

Now was the time for the commencement of the sport. The patriarch quickly unhooded Hyder. The leash slipped, and as a crow alighted furtively upon the ground where the chicken lay, the falcon dashed at the enemy. We then rushed out to obtain a fair view of the sport. At the sight of the falcon the crow dropped his prize, and shrieking as usual, skimmed away through the trees, pursued by his stubborn foe. All was excitement. The Coolies rushed about, whooping, as if to frighten the crow as much as possible. Vainly the crow strives to gain a shelter; the falcon hangs close upon him, gaining every moment.

The crow must shift his tactics. Now he attempts to take the air, wheeling in huge circles, gradually contracted. But Hyder has already reached his level. The crow falls, with rare cunning and skill, presenting his bill and claws, saves himself from the falcon's terrible swoop, and having won distance, as he supposes, turns over and hurries through the air towards his asylum. He nears the clump of thorny mimosa, from the ragged boughs of which resound the voices of a startled colony. Hyder perceives the critical moment, plies his pinions with redoubled velocity, grapples with his quarry from behind, weighs him down rapidly through the air, and nearing the earth, strives to give the crow a death-fall. But in spite of his fall, a rent in the back, and several pecks, the crow fights gallantly, and—tremble Hyder!—there come a whole army of crows to his aid. They wheel about over the brave falcon's head, and occasionally pounce upon him with ferocious force. At this crisis, we rushed forward to Hyder's assistance, but arrived, hardly in season. As we plunged through the last clump of bushes between us and the combatants, at least a dozen crows rose hurriedly from the ground. The quarry was stone dead upon the grass. Hyder had lost his eyes, and was so pecked and torn that the patriarch prepared to sustain the affliction of the speedy death of his favorite bird. To us the scene had been full of excitement, and Mr. Barrill promptly offered the patriarch

compensation for the loss of his bird, but the veteran falconer refused to accept it. We remained a week at the delightful village—and then bidding our hospitable friends a sorrowful farewell, started for Cambay. The route was pleasantly diversified with hill and dale, forest and grassy plain; but the heat was intense, and travelling was therefore extremely irksome. Towards night we entered upon a well-cultivated country, and before dark, we were within the limits of Cambay.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAMBAY. THE JOURNEY THROUGH NORTH GUZERAT. THE ICHNEUMON. ADVENTURE WITH A COBRA DI CAPELLO. ELEPHANT CATCHING. HUNTING THE TIGER WITH ELEPHANTS. AHMEDABAD. START TO RETURN BY WATER TO BOMBAY.

CAMBAY is but a shadow of its former self. Its decay has been chiefly owing to the filling up of the bay, at the head of which it stands, by the deposits brought down by the rivers. The general appearance of the town is dingy and ancient. Most of the houses are built of clay, and the streets are dirty and narrow. Various Hindoo and Mohammedan edifices remain to tell the stranger of the splendor which once characterised Cambay. Among these is a very beautiful mosque, close to the nawaub's residence. Its main court contains three hundred and sixty pillars of a handsome red sandstone. There are also the remains of a subterranean temple, believed to be of Buddhic origin.

The inhabitants, numbering about ten thousand, are Hindoos, Mohammedans and Parsees. We found that the manufactures of the town were various and valuable, but the trade was unimportant. The surrounding country was fertile and well-cultivated.

At Cambay we remained two days, when the oppressive character of the climate determined us to proceed northward. On the morning of the third day after our arrival, we started, and were glad to find ourselves once more among the fresh fields and woods. Our route led us along the shallow Sabermatty. The adjacent country was generally fertile and thickly settled for several miles up the river above Cambay. Beyond this, however, we found ourselves in jungle land. Here we first had an opportunity to kill and examine the singular little animal called mangoust, or ichneumon. The one we shot was eighteen inches in length, without the tail. The snout was long, the limbs short, and the tail slender. Its motions were as quick as lightning, so that it was with great difficulty that I obtained a good shot. These animals are very useful in hot countries, where they destroy venomous snakes, lizards, and crocodile's eggs. They generally seek their prey by night, creeping along without noise, and darting upon the unsuspecting reptile with unerring aim. This curious animal was skinned to supply us with a new trophy.

After a fatiguing and monotonous journey, we reached a small village just before dark. The inhabitants appeared peaceable and industrious, and they certainly were hospitable, for they offered us their best houses for lodgings, and took good care of our horses. The weather was quite sultry, and we were exceedingly glad when we could retire to rest in the airy, bamboo-walled rooms set apart for our accommodation. The room, in which I and one of the Parsees were directed to sleep, opened at the rear of the house, upon a beautiful green, decked with flowers. We kept the door wide open, in order to let in as much air as possible, and stretched ourselves within a few paces of it, the Parsee being on one side of the room and I on the other. For a few moments after lying down on the mattress, I conversed with the Parsee in regard to the extent of our journey, and then, as he sank into the downy arms of Morpheus, I amused myself by gazing out on the green, till my senses, also, yielded to the drowsy god. I had slept several hours—when I began to have a visible perception of peril—an apprehension of imminent death. Most persons have heard that if the eyes of a watcher are constantly fixed on the countenance of a sleeper, for a certain length of time, the slumberer will start up, awakened by some mysterious magnetism. So it was, that with closed eyes and drowsy senses, I was conscious of a mysterious horror crouching beside me; and, as if the peril

that was my nightmate was of a nature to be quickened into deadly activity by any movement of mine, I felt the pressing necessity of lying quite still. So that, when I at last awoke, and felt that as I lay, with my face towards the roof, there was a thick, heavy, cold, creeping thing upon my breast, I neither moved or uttered a sound. In this case, at least, danger put an edge to all my faculties, and ere I could wink my eyes, I was broad awake and aware that, coiling itself into a circle of twists, an enormous serpent was on my breast. The whole of my chest, and even the pit of my stomach, were covered with the chilly folds of the reptile. Where are the words for the thoughts of such a moment? It was evident, the loathsome creature had at length settled itself to sleep. This was a state of affairs for which I should have felt thankful, but for the all-absorbing feeling of horror. The serpent had become quite still, and the pressure seemed to *burn* into my breast. The indescribable odor which exhaled from its body, and pervaded the whole air, so overwhelmed me, that it was only by a mighty effort of self-command, that I preserved myself from shrieking. As it was, a cold sweat burst from every pore, and a kind of palsy of terror began to agitate my limbs.

At this crisis, a wall-lizard, or a large beetle, fell from the ceiling upon my left arm, which lay at my side. The snake slowly raised its head, with a low hiss, and then,

for the first time, I saw the hood glistening in the moonlight. It was a Cobra di Capello, the most venomous serpent of the East. Shading my eyes to exclude the dreadful sight, I lay almost fainting, until all was again quiet. Had its fiery glance met mine, all would have been over, but, apparently, it was once more asleep; and presently I thought I heard the Parsee moving about, as if about to rise. With a desperate effort, I cried out, "Help, Parsee!" "Aye!" was the quiet response. I lay still again, for the serpent, evidently roused, made a movement, and its head fell on my naked arm. In the keen agony of that moment, when I seemed about to lose all control of myself, I debated whether I should again attempt to attract the attention of the Parsee, or remain entirely quiet, or whether it would not be better than either to start up and shake the reptile from me. But the latter suggestion was instantly abandoned, because of the assurance I felt that it would prove fatal. Impeded by the heavy folds of the serpent, and weak from excitement, I could not escape its fangs. Again I spoke with hollow but distinct tones,—“Parsee, a lantern! Quick, Parsee, a lantern!” Oh! that welcome sound! “I am bringing it, sir.” There was a sound of clanking metal—light flashed across the floor—and at the noise of the coming step, one after another the terrible coils unwinding, the grisly monster glided away from my body, and as the

words—" Oh! the Cobra!" sounded in my ears, I fainted away.

When my senses resumed their sway, I found myself in the open air, lying upon some straw. It was about sunrise. By my side were my anxious friend, Mr. Barrill, and the Parsees. When I opened my eyes, and raised myself, they were astonished; and when I assured them I had not been bitten by the terrible serpent, they expressed their joy in the most enthusiastic ways, among which embracing was the most notable.

After a rude but abundant meal, we resumed our route, keeping within sight of the Sabbematty's bright waters, and after a day of difficult jungle travelling, during which we saw the traces of large animals, but not the animals themselves, we reached a village, situated upon a small creek, about a mile from the river. Here we were somewhat excited by the sight of three elephants, tamed for hunting and travelling purposes. Two were cows, the other a magnificent bull. The owner of these animals was the proprietor of the village and a considerable quantity of the surrounding land. He was a middle-aged Parsee, of urbane manners and intelligent countenance. Our Parsee servants soon brought us into intimate acquaintance with him, and we were invited to remain at his handsome residence for several days. In regard to the hunting prospects in the adjacent country, he informed

us that both tigers and elephants had recently been seen in the jungles. Such intelligence was precisely the kind of rein to hold us at the village. That night we retired to repose, with heads swarming with jungles, elephants, tigers, and all the incidents of Indian sport.

The next morning, our host conducted us to view his elephants. During this visit, Mr. Barrill said that he should like to see an illustration of the manner in which elephants are caught in India. The intimation was sufficient, for the kindly Parsee told us that, if possible, we should be gratified that very day, and we immediately returned to the house to make preparations for the sport.

A howdah, such as is used in travelling on the elephant in the Indies, was placed on the bull, while the cows were left completely unshackled. A mahout, or driver, however, was seated upon the neck of each of these large animals, and they now carried heavy ropes to be used in the capture. These men were skilled in the management of elephants. Our host, Mr. Barrill, the two Parsees, and myself, all well-armed with guns and spears, took our seats in the howdah—the orders were given to the mahouts and then we started amid the shouts of the villagers, for the jungles.

Obedient to orders, the mahouts drove the female elephants far in advance and kept a keen watch for the monstrous game from the moment they entered the high grass

of the jungle. We followed them leisurely, and they were generally beyond our view. But as we rode about two hours in their wake, and became tired of the back of excitement, we hurried up, so that we could keep them in sight. We had scarcely done this when one of the mahouts called out to us to halt, as wild elephants were seen ahead. Our sturdy bull obeyed the voice of the mahout, and stopped, when we became all eyes to see what was being effected in front.

The mahouts had quickly dismounted upon catching sight of the game, and the tame elephants, understanding their business, ran forward to greet the wild members of their tribe. The cunning drivers then took a circuitous path to reach the group, and we lost them in the thicket. Our Parsee host now directed our mahout to drive up slowly, so that we might have an opportunity of seeing the mode of effecting the capture, but also insisted on the necessity of our concealing the elephant as much as possible beneath the foliage. Our driver was skilful, and he secured us a position in the jungle where the elephant was hidden from the view of distant eyes, yet from which we could see the whole party of elephants. Our host informed us that the wild animals consisted of a bull and two young cows. Our females went up to the bull, and began to fondle and caress him with a singular show of affection. He was completely deceived, and appeared

absolutely intoxicated with their behaviour. For a few moments he rested his huge cheeks against the cheeks of the females—and then I saw a daring mahout steal from a thicket, and with remarkable quickness fasten a rope around the fore legs of the enraptured bull. During this operation, the females seemed to do all in their power to direct their male companion's attention. The other mahout tied a long cable to the hind leg of the victimized animal, and secured the other end to a stout tree. The monster was thus a captive. The mahouts ran away through the thicket, and then the females turned away to come back to us; and as they trotted towards our position, they occasionally looked back, as if in derision. In the meantime, the bull discovering his ignominious condition, attempted to retreat. But the ropes checked him, and he then became furious, throwing himself down and plunging his tusks into the earth till the dirt and leaves were whirled in showers around. But though the tree bent till we were fearful that it would be torn down, the ropes stood the tug. The wild females ran away as if aware of what had happened to their lord. For about a half hour the struggles of the captive monster continued, and then he sank upon the ground completely exhausted; whereupon we rode up to examine his proportions. Our mahouts, having resumed their seats upon the necks of the faithful female elephants followed us, raising a shout of triumph as their huge

animals came trotting along, apparently enjoying the sport as much their masters.

The captive was a bull not quite as large as the one on which we were comfortably perched, but in good condition, and having a fine pair of tusks. How he panted after that tremendous struggle for the sweets of liberty! Ah! you have fallen beneath a power mightier than that of sinews and muscles! Your enormous size—your terrible strength have availed nothing against the attacks of the being who was destined to lord it over every thing in the shape of a beast! Leaving the huge animal to be further broken by the frightful pangs of hunger, we rode towards home, where we arrived about noon, without meeting with any incident worthy of notice. During the remainder of the day we walked about the village with the Parsee, viewing the sources of his wealth, and the condition of the inhabitants. Order, neatness, and prosperity appeared on every side. The landlord alone complained of the weight of taxation, which compelled him, in turn, to tax his tenants to an enormous extent.

After supper, we debated the project of a tiger-hunt, while we were waiting to see the wild elephant completely subdued. Our host was desirous of seeing how we would behave in an encounter with the tyrant of the jungle, and we were anxious to show him some instances of that courage and presence of mind which our hunting experience

had made our notable qualities. It was arranged that we should start the next morning—that all three elephants should be equipped for carrying parties of hunters; and that Mr. Barrill and I should be mounted on the same animal put forward for the attack. In the course of the evening, our spirits were considerably elevated by the intelligence that a servant communicated to our host—that a cow had been carried off by a lion or a tiger—most probably the latter. but a few nights before.

The next morning we were awake with the day. The breakfast was hurried through as a matter of little importance, and we went out in company with the Parsee proprietor, we found that all three elephants were caparisoned for service. Almost at the same moment, one of the proprietor's servants came to him with an extremely doleful countenance and announced that another cow was missing and the tracks of a tiger were unmistakeable. Such news as this caused the proprietor to be more eager than ever set out on the hunt. He was not a passionate man—although a fire worshipper; but I could see that there was a flush upon his countenance which spoke of the keenest desire for vengeance.

The mahouts took their places. They were provided with long spears which they could use both for beating up the jungle and for defending themselves against the assault of the tiger. In the howdah on the bull elephant,

Mr. Barrill, the two Parsees, and I took our seats—while upon the cows, two bands of Hindoos armed with guns and spears. The proprietor, had command of one of these parties. A servant was now directed to show us the traces of the tiger which had committed the depredation during the night. He complied but could scarcely refrain from shuddering as he stepped where the shap claws had left their marks deep in the ground.

Our elephant now took the lead, and our mahout followed the traces with an eye as keen as that of an Indian hunter of America, beating the bushes as we proceeded. The tracks led us about a mile across a plain covered with long grass, from which numerous flocks of wild fowl arose. Then we reached thick clumps of trees among which progress was more difficult. We had advanced about a mile through this description of country, when suddenly, all the elephants drew their tusks up into the air, and began to trumpet and stamp violently with their fore feet. They then obeyed the spears of their drivers and moved boldly forward, with their trunks raised, their ears expanded, and their sparkling little eyes gazing intently ahead. "We are very near him now," said one of the Parsees; "fire where you see the long grass shake." My rifle was ready, and I was anxious of distinguishing myself by a telling shot. But Mr. Barrill threatened to be a formidable rival. Our elephant checked his pace

and stamped violently. A short, ferocious growl followed, and I saw the grass shake as if some large animal was stealing away. Guessing an aim, Mr. Barrill and I fired almost at the same moment, and then, with a roar of rage and pain, the tiger upreared his head. He had now abandoned all intention of concealment, and was determined to give battle.

As soon as the head of the tiger appeared, one of the Parsee servants fired, but being a bad shot, he merely threw away the ammunition. The animal then sprang towards the elephant's head, but received the mahout's spear in the mouth, and tumbled backward to the ground. Still, victory was not ours; for the ferocious beast, avoiding the elephant's tusks and feet, sprang upon his side, and his tearing claws were actually within a few feet of the mahout, who quickly jumped up into the howdah. Now came the most terrible part of the encounter. In trying to shake off the tiger, the elephant snapped the girths that held the howdah, and we fell over the side, opposite that on which the tiger had sprang. The scene of fright and confusion that ensued, baffles description. The Parsees were tumbled some distance into the jungle, while Mr. Barrill and I alighted on our feet. The tiger slipped to the ground and ran under the elephant's huge legs to get at us. We met him coolly, and at the same moment he received the contents of a barrel from each of us, and

when his horrible claws were within a short distance of my body, tumbled dead, almost under the feet of the elephant.

A tremendous shout announced our triumph. It was with much difficulty the mahout could restrain the enraged elephant from trampling the dead tiger to pieces. But he succeeded in keeping him back; and then our rejoicing friends descended to take a survey of the animal that had given such ferocious battle. He was the largest of his kind that I had ever seen. His body was much heavier than that of the common lion, and of astonishing length. The skin was very beautiful, although streaked with blood. The eyes glared fiercely even in death; and the superstitious Hindoos hurried to singe off the blood-stained whiskers, as if fearful that his spirit might continue "the deeds done in the body."

Our howdah was now replaced, and fastened more securely than before. The body of the tiger was wrapped in a large cloth, to conceal it from the gaze of the elephants, and placed upon the back of one of the females. We then returned in triumph to the village—our Hindoos singing a rejoicing chorus, and making all manner of noises, imitative of the beasts of the forest. A crowd welcomed us, and when the body of the tiger was, displayed there was much exultation. We yielded entire possession of the vanquished monster to our host, as a compensation

for his trouble in gratifying our wishes. The bull elephant presented a bleeding side, but the mahout said that he could dress the gashes, so that they would heal within a week. The remainder of this day was spent in festivity.

The next morning, we proceeded on the female elephants to see the effects of hunger in subduing the spirit of the wild elephant. Two of the servants who followed the proprietor, carried a small quantity of hay, which was to be given to the captive beast, if he should exhibit a sufficiently docile disposition. Arriving at the spot where the animal was tied, we started him to his feet; but he made no demonstration of hostility. On the contrary, he looked imploringly at us. A mahout then took some hay in his hand, and boldly advanced towards the suffering bull, proffering the food. The elephant drew back at first; but, seeing the mahout's kind intention, put out his trunk, and took some of the hay. Then the man retired. As soon as the morsel of hay was dispatched, the captive commenced calling piteously for more, and after a few minutes the mahout gave him another handful. This was all that could be safely allowed. The mahout then slipped stout ropes over the tusks of the captive, and tied them to those of the females, drawing them up, so that the bull had a female friend on each side of him. The feet were then released, and we set out for the village. The mahouts were armed with spears, and as they rode by the side of

the bull, they occasionally pricked him when he did not walk at an even pace with the cows. In this way to our astonishment, the captive was quietly led to the village, and secured for training. Such is the power of man over the mightiest lords of the forest!

Mr. Barrill now expressed his determination to start for Ahmedabad on the next morning, and also his design of making that city the limit of his journey northward. He had seen and enjoyed the most splendid sports of the East and he now began to be anxious to return to England. Accordingly, the next morning, we ate a farewell meal with our kind host, and wishing that heaven would shower blessing upon him and all under his care, bade him adieu and rode away. Our horses had been finely kept, and were now in excellent travelling order. The route was pleasant and so diversified in scenery, that we were continually interested by novel views. We were soon amidst the cultivated country which usually surrounds a large city of India.

About the middle of the afternoon we reached Ahmedabad, the large and populous capital of Guzerat, where we determined to end our journey northward. This ancient city has declin'd but it is still a busy, flourishing place, containing some buildings which serve to remind the traveller of its former splendor. The trade is extensive, though but a rivulet in comparison with the original trade

which brought so much wealth and prosperity within its walls. The population numbers about one hundred thousand souls, equally divided between the Hindoos and the Mohammedans.

My friend had been suffering in health for several days. He had not complained much; but I could see sickness in his growing weakness, and in the hectic of his countenance. Repeatedly did I express my anxiety on his account, but he always silenced me, by remarking that the trifling illness would soon pass away. But I knew his real situation. As soon as we were comfortably fixed in lodgings, in Ahmedabad, I sought out an English physician, the only one in the city, and brought him to my friend, who had now become so ill that he could not walk about. Dr. O'Toole, as the physician was named, quickly decided upon the nature of Mr. Barrill's sickness. He said that he was about to suffer from a severe attack of the malignant fever, which strangers usually take by long exposure in hot countries; and from that day until the expiration of six weeks, my friend's body was a ball of play between life and death. I never left his bedside except to satisfy the demands of nature. If he had been my brother, he could not have received more entire sympathy from me. He mentioned no want, however trifling, that I did not make an effort to supply. Oh! how joyfully my heart beat, when the doctor confirmed me in the belief

that he was convalescent. At length, he was able to ride out, and a couple of weeks of such exercise restored him to such a degree of vigor that he determined to prepare at once, for our return to Bombay. Our expenses during this alarming period of affliction, were very heavy, as may be supposed, and doubtless, my friend, although the least sordid of men, began to think that his expedition was costing beyond what he could afford to spend. However that might have been, we made hasty preparation for our return by water. A coasting vessel, of the kind called an Indian ketch, was chartered and stored with every thing supposed to be needed for such a voyage. Our horses were sold. They had seen hard service, but were, nevertheless, in excellent condition, owing to their good treatment during the long period of my friend's illness. Our other sporting apparatus and the trophies of the chase were preserved.

The voyage down the Sabematty, and thence, by the Gulf of Cambay, to Bombay, occupied two weeks. During the greater part of the trip we had pleasant weather. But when exposed to the gales of the Indian Ocean, not far above Bombay, we experienced a rough sea. However, we reached the city in safety.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LEAVE BOMBAY FOR SUEZ. JOURNEY THROUGH EGYPT. SAIL FROM ALEXANDRIA FOR GIBRALTAR. JOURNEY THROUGH SPAIN. CROSSING THE PYRENEES. ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR. FRANCE. ENGLAND.

AT Bombay, we found a noble steamer about to sail for Suez. Our arrangements were speedily made for the voyage—and on the third day after we left the coasting ketch, we bade adieu to Bombay and India, as regards myself—forever. My emotions on leaving India, were of a somewhat sorrowful nature. I remembered many a monotonous, depressing journey through its wild scenery, but I also called to mind the amiable hospitality with which the natives had received us total strangers—some magnificent scenery revelling in luxuriant beauty—edifices that told of the arts hundreds of years before—sport in hunting the monarchs of the forests—and glorious strife with wild animals peerless in strength agility and ferocity.

We now resumed the writing of our journal. Upon paper, the scenes and incidents of our expedition in India were found more interesting than they had been while merely holding them in the slippery hand of memory—such is the power of written language, which can invest, what at the first glance seems dull and insipid, with all the rainbow enchantment of fancy. The even tenor of the voyage through the Indian ocean was not marred by either rough weather or unpleasant occurrence. We passed within sight of many isles, which appeared like shining emeralds upon the bosom of the deep. In this tropical sea, all the childish recollections of islands far upon the ocean where good and evil genii have their abode, and where true lovers receive rapturous compensation for all the trials to which they have been subjected come back to the mind during such a voyage as that in which we were now engaged. In the evening we occasionally sat upon deck to view the gorgeous sunset! and if at such a time we happened to be passing one of these verdant, I fancied that instead of riding the waves in a steam-ship, the magical wonder of those days—I was seated upon the back of one of those splendid and intelligent dolphins which are said to have obeyed the commands of genii, in the Arabian tales.

At length we entered the Red Sea, and I found myself voyaging between shores, hallowed by sacred and histo-

rical associations. The Red Sea! The children of Israel—Pharoah and his fated host—and the grand, inspired deeds of Moses—when will your interest fade? The waters of the sea had a yellowish red hue, which gives it the famous name of the Red Sea. The shore was low and sandy, for on each side stretched away the lands of the desert.

On reaching Suez, a busy scene presented itself. This city is rapidly rising under the influence of British commerce, to an importance which it never before possessed. It is now one of the grand depots of the shortest route to India, and a flourishing place in every respect. Suez is well fortified. The mass of the houses resembled in style those which I afterwards saw at Cairo, being small and gloomy, while the streets were narrow and dirty. The buildings erected for the use of the Company are decidedly the best in the town. Here we saw numerous Englishmen, and Mr. Barrill informed me that British influence is now even more dominant in Egypt, than it has been for many years in Portugal. John Bull has an eye for commercial advantages about as keen as the restless Brother Jonathan, and in the land of Pharoah, the results of his shrewd enterprise are extensively manifest. The Gulf of Suez, which is now shallow as to be fordable at low water, is said to be the scene of the submersion of Pharoah and his host.

Learning that Grand Cairo was full eighty-six miles from Suez, we determined to begin our journey as quickly as possible; as the accommodations for travellers are miserable at Suez. The Company's overland route to Alexandria has some features which may render a brief description interesting. We entered a strong stage, or omnibus, drawn by four horses, and proceeded across the desert. Other stages followed, making a considerable train. At every ten miles there was a station where the horses were changed, and the passengers obtained refreshment. The scenery was monotonous, for on all sides stretched away a vast plain of sand. But the novelty of riding across a desert in a stage, kept us in a pleasing state of excitement. We arrived at the central station about dusk, and there were allowed a few hours repose. Proceeding on through the same description of country as before, we arrived in sight of Grand Cairo, late in the afternoon. What an enlivening contrast of its towers and domes with the dull, monotonous level over which the stages had carried us.

We had comfortable lodgings at Cairo for one night. The general aspect of this city is dingy and prison-like. The streets are narrow and gloomy, being over-shadowed by the Moslem dwellings, which almost embrace each other above the first story. Arabs, Armenians, Copts, Egyptians, Greeks, Jews, Syrians, and Turks, each in their

peculiar costume, were walking the streets as we entered. Women, shrouded in long loose robes, and masked, were dodging their way through the dusky throng, casting voluptuous glances as they passed. We found that many of the edifices were well-built, and some of the mosques were really grand; that of Sultan Hassan being above all others in Cairo. The next morning after our arrival, we entered an omnibus, drawn by donkeys, and were driven from Cairo to the port of Borlac, on the Nile, just two miles distant. There we got aboard of a large, but uncouth-looking steamboat, and started for Atfee. This voyage occupied about thirty hours. During the day, we had splendid views of the classic scenery on both sides of the Nile. Here and there upon the sand, or in the midst of the verdure, were ruins of temples which must have been magnificent when originally erected. Upon small islands in the Nile, we saw portions of temples, in that style of gloomy grandeur which was characteristic of the genius of the ancient Egyptians. We reached Atfee, in the middle of the night, and secured miserable lodgings until morning.

When day broke, we found ourselves at a dingy little depot, at the mouth of the Mahmoudie canal. After breakfast, we got aboard of the narrow, covered boats provided for our accommodation, a steamboat was attached and we were towed away towards Alexandria. This was

a tedious portion of the trip overland, but we contrived to keep up our spirits until we reached the famous city of Alexandria, about noon, on the second day after leaving Atfee. The view of the city, the adjacent ruins—among which Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle were conspicuous—and the broad Mediterranean, lying like a plain of burnished gold beneath the blazing sun, was glorious.

We were allowed to stop one day at Alexandria, and as we employed our time well, we had an opportunity of visiting every place of note in the city and the vicinity. We rode among the splendid ruins of ancient Alexandria, and endeavored to form an idea from them of the extent and magnificence of the city, in the age of the Ptolemies. But imagination was either too weak, or the materials for the work were too scanty. In the fine harbor of Alexandria, rode the extensive navy of Egypt. It consisted of numerous large vessels, well-manned, and gaudily decorated, so that they presented a splendid appearance; but experience has shown that these war-ships cannot contend with those of Europe.

Early the next morning, we hurried aboard the steamer, which was bound for England, by the Gibraltar route. Mr. Barrill engaged passage as far as Gibraltar, whence he designed to travel by way of Spain and France to England. By this route he thought I would gain some knowledge of European countries. We were soon far out in

the Mediterranean—the great tideless sea—around the shores of which civilization had clung so long before reaching to the New World—where so much of glory had appeared—and where the shores were paved with the ruins of ancient magnificence.

We stopped at Malta, and also at Algiers; but made no stay at either of those places. After a remarkably quick passage, we came in sight of the great rock of Gibraltar, and the strongest fortress in the world. The fortress lies on the west side of a huge promontory, projecting southward into the sea about three miles. The north side fronting the low and narrow isthmus, which connects it with the main land, is perpendicular, and wholly inaccessible; the east and south sides, steep and rugged, and extremely difficult of access. It is only on the west side, where the rock declines to the sea, and where the town is built, that Gibraltar can be attacked with the faintest hope of success. Here, however, the fortifications are so strong that they seem impregnable even to an enemy commanding the sea.

Entering the town of Gibraltar, we found it a handsome, well-built place. The principal street is broad, paved in a substantial style, and lighted by numerous lamps. The chief fault observable, is that the houses are generally built in a style better suited for the climate of England than that of Spain. This circumstance accounts for the

contagious fevers with which the town is sometimes scourged. Mr. Barrill here purchased two horses and a pack-mule, which were equipped for a journey through Spain, and on the second day after we had left the steamer we started.

My friend had previously travelled through both Spain and France. He was well acquainted with the character of the route we were to pursue, and could speak the language of the people fluently. As we journeyed at our leisure, he noted every incident from which we could extract the slightest pleasure, pointed out many interesting spots that escaped my observation, elicited the national characteristics by communicating with almost every person we met, and proved himself altogether as lively a travelling companion as one could desire. To me, who had enjoyed but trifling educational advantages, his rambling, patch-work conversation, afforded much useful information. Spain teems with localities, made interesting by historical association; and as my friend was particularly well read in the historical part of literature, he narrated many stories of fact, which were nutritious food to my naturally hungry mind.

We travelled but twenty miles on the first day of our journey. Yet those twenty miles had more variety and interest than a hundred of our expedition along the sultry coast of Guzerat. I was greatly alarmed at the appearance

of the country. Although not abounding in evidences of prosperity, it was filled with beautiful and romantic scenery. Hill and dale succeeded each other along the route. Here, fresh vineyards smiled among a fortification of crags—there, a cluster of ancient vine covered cottages were nestled in a dell. I had heard that the Spaniards were a serious, melancholy, and treacherous nation; and accordingly looked with pity and distrust upon almost every person I met. Yet I found that every village resounded with the music of voices and guitars. The people talked loudly and with much vehemence. Like most of the natives of warm climates, they are filthy in their persons.

We found four classes of people in Southern Spain, viz: the nobility, wealthy, and arrogant; the priests—unbounded in their influence over the lower classes; the laboring peasantry, wretched and ignorant, and the beggars, degraded below the meanest wretches of other European countries. Cloaks and broad-brimmed hats were generally worn by the men, and mantillas and furs are in universal use among the females.

We travelled continually in dread of the banditti, who, we were informed, were very numerous throughout the rural districts of Southern Spain. It is said that the poorer class of Spaniards have a natural fondness for the life of a bandit—they are attracted by its freedom, its romance, and its exciting adventure. But perhaps the real

cause of the existence of the numerous banditti, is the slavery and extreme poverty of the lower classes, which either drive those people to a desperate life of crime, or causes them to prefer seeking an uncertain subsistence on the highway to spending all their days drudging to no purpose. Be this as it may, it is certain that the bandits have numerous friends in every village to apprise them of chances for robbery.

But books of travel are too numerous to permit any detail of a simple journey through Spain. We passed through that splendid variety of scenery for which the peninsula is remarkable, visited some of the most ancient and celebrated cities—witnessed a bull-fight at Madrid—made two narrow escapes from pursuing banditti—and at length reached Burgos, at the foot of the Pyrenees—the lofty mountain barrier of Spain. This town has a picturesque situation, and contains a splendid cathedral and many handsome residences. At the hotel on the mountain side, where we stopped for the night, we were greatly entertained by the stories of a hunter of the Pyrenees, who seemed to have a firm belief that he was of legitimate descent from Nimrod, because he had been very successful as a slayer of common black bears. However, some of his stories were of thrilling interest, even to us universal sportsmen. One of them I will narrate in his own words.

“Last fall,” said the Spaniard, “bears were very nu-

merous upon the mountains, about ten miles southeast of Burgos; and I killed several which were uncommonly large and ferocious. One day, my brother Pedro—a great hunter he is, seniors, though not quite as sure a shot as myself—started in pursuit of a bear, which had carried off a poor shepherd's largest ewe. We were armed with short guns, like the one you see standing in the corner, yonder, leaning against the wall," (we saw it, and a miserable piece of ordnance it was; and accompanied by a bold dog, whom we called Wolf, on account of his striking resemblance to that ravenous animal) "a wonderful dog, that, seniors, heart like a lion. We started upon the track of the bear, about dawn, and followed it up the mountain, in an oblique direction, over crags and precipices, and through some of the thickest underwood I have seen, until late in the afternoon—when we suddenly came upon the animal, sitting erect upon a lofty crag, overlooking a torrent. Across this torrent, a large oak had fallen, making a natural bridge. The bear was sitting at the root of the tree. The barking of Wolf gave us the first warning of his presence, and he saw us at the same moment. As quick as lightning, I leaped over the fallen tree, and fired at the breast of the bear. The monster received the bullet as he sprang towards me and reared on his hind legs. It did not check him for a moment. My brother then fired, but the bullet glanced over the head of the bear and the

animal pressed me backward almost to the edge of the crag, beneath which the torrent was dashing with fury. In vain did I club my gun; as I struck, the bear caught it in his paw, and wrenched it from my grasp. Then, almost on the very edge of the rock, the monster grappled me to his breast in spite of my struggles, and tumbled me to the ground. Ugh! what a hug! and what rips the claws made in my arms and back! I struggled hard to roll the monster under me, and to keep back from the precipice. But my efforts were unavailing, and before either Wolf or my brother could come to my assistance, I was hanging over the crag, almost breathless, while the sound of the torrent dashing among the rocks below rang in my ears like a knell. I muttered a prayer, for to the best of my belief, my hour had come. My brother reloaded but he dared not fire for fear of hitting me. But Wolf—brave Wolf—sprang forward, and seized the bear by the ear, thus compelling him to quit his hold. Such was the nature of the spot where I was lying, that I dared not attempt to rise, being fearful that I might slip backwards into the awful abyss below. Then came a sickening sensation. I forgot all the horrors around me—I had fainted. When my senses returned, I found myself lying under a ledge of a rock. My brother, terribly gashed about the countenance, kneeling beside me, bathing my temples, with his wet scarf. Near him, the bleeding and panting Wolf was licking the

blood from his wounds ; and the monster with whom we had been contending, was lying, a lifeless heap, almost upon the edge of the crag. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered to listen, my brother informed me that he had a severe conflict with the bear, after rescuing me from the monster's clutches, and that the struggle had been terminated by a thrust of his knife, as the bear was holding him down upon the rock. Wolf had endeavored to perform his duty, but had been nearly disabled by a stroke in the side given by the bear's hind foot. We rested at that bloody spot that night ; and the next morning, although we both felt very sore and stiff, we made a litter for the bear, and succeeded in conveying the prize to a house near the foot of the mountain. I was then put to bed, and two weeks elapsed before I was able to get up again. I tell you, senors, the hug of that bear causes me to shudder even now."

The Spaniard doubtless, expected us to be very much astonished ; but he was disappointed. Mr. Barrill with a quiet, unpretending manner, then launched forth in a narrative of some of our adventures, designed to enlighten the Hunter of the Pyrenees in regard to the experience of his audience. As each phase of our sporting life was unfolded, the eyes of the Spaniard kept pace in their expansion, and before we retired for the night, we put him in a state of dumb amazement. It was doubtful,

however, whether he believed us to be mighty Nimrods or descendants of Munchausen.

The next morning we started to cross the Pyrenees. The road was broad, unobstructed, and of easy ascent. It is considered by far the best road across this range. We found it lined with a picturesque succession of wood and crag, and the large oaks that appeared among the forests, gave an aspect of freshness and beauty to the side of the mountain which is not to be found in any other range of equal elevation. The scenery of the Pyrenees is not so sublime in its character. An exalted kind of beauty, it certainly possesses; but it lacks those enormous piles of rock, and those tremendous precipices, which are necessary to convey an idea of sublimity. We obtained a glorious view of the country stretching away from the foot of the range. The varied succession of towns, villages, and vineyards, with here and there, the spires of a monastery, or convent arising like "visible prayers," from among groves of trees, and over all, a sky of living blue, made up a scene as romantic and beautiful as the traveller may wish to behold. Late in the afternoon, we arrived at the foot of the range on the opposite side, and stood upon the soil of France.

I will not detain my reader with an account of what I saw in *la belle France*—it has nothing to do with my hunter life: At Bayonne, we disposed of our animals,

and thence travelled to Paris, in the public conveyance. We remained in that splendid capital three days, during which I visited every edifice of renown, and had the best opportunity of seeing how the Parisians contrive to laugh and dance away the hours allotted them on earth. We then proceeded to Calais, and thence by steamer to Dover, and I found myself in that renowned old England, which so many Americans delight to call our mother country.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ENGLAND. MR. BARRILL'S COUNTRY SEAT. A HUNTING EXPEDITION TO TYROL. OUR FIRST CHAMOIS HUNT AND ITS THRILLING INCIDENTS. ADVENTURES OF CHAMOIS HUNTERS. RETURN TO ENGLAND. PREPARE TO START FOR AMERICA.

MY observations of English life as I saw it in my trip from Dover to London, and from the great "province of houses," to Mr. Barrill's country seat, in Kent, were not very favorable. So many beggars—and so many people, who looked worn-out with toil, and yet were wretchedly provided, I had never before beheld. There seemed to be but two classes—the very rich and the very poor—and between the two was an impassable gulf. The upper class treated the laborers with a contempt such as in most countries is only bestowed upon the criminal. The taint of aristocracy seemed to have reached every thing in town and country. London astonished me.



SCENE AT BROWN'S HOLE.

And I pitied the miserable beings who were compelled to drag out an existence in such a gloomy prison of houses. My impressions were not concealed from Mr. Barrill, nor were they offensive. He said that England had some beautiful scenes, and that it was endeared to him as the home of his fathers, but as a place of residence, he acknowledged that it was greatly inferior to most countries we had visited.

I was heartily glad when we arrived at the country seat in the county of Kent. It was a beautiful estate of about two hundred acres, well-arranged and watered, and having some nicely arranged scenes in imitation of nature. The mansion was a structure of a venerable aspect, but spacious and commodious. A small stable and a kennel adjoined a great stone barn, but they were now scantily filled. An old couple and their stalwart son, named John, of course—had resided in the mansion during Mr. Barrill's absence. They seemed extremely glad to see him, and from the kindly way in which he spoke to them, I have no doubt of their sincerity. We found that the trophies of our hunting expeditions had arrived, and the boxes, unopened, were ranged in the great hall.

I remained two weeks at this hospitable mansion, assisting Mr. Barrill to unpack and arrange his stock of trophies—hearing stories of his ancestry, whose portraits looked stily from the walls of the library—examining the

grounds of the estate, and visiting neighboring gentlemen. I found Mr. Barrill was greatly esteemed in that part of the country. Our adventures made us the "lions" of the time. We were feasted in all directions, and our tongues were wearied of recounting what we had seen and done in distant lands. One morning, Mr. Barrill came to me as I was walking in the noble park, and asked me how I would like to accompany him in some more hunting expeditions; of course, I replied I was ready to go with him in any direction he chose, and he then mentioned that he had suddenly determined to take a trip to the Tyrol, and try his hand at the splendid and exciting sport of hunting the chamois among the Alps. He gave me a slight idea of the nature of the scenery and the perilous character of the hunt, and this caused me to be extremely anxious to match myself against the Tyrolese in their own land of cliff and crag.

Two days were occupied in preparation. We designed to take with us, however, as small a quantity of baggage as we thought would suffice for stern necessities. On a bright morning, we took our equipment of rifles, ammunition and clothes, and, bidding the old servants of the mansion adieu, started in the mail coach for London. The incidents of this rapid journey to the Tyrol are not worth a record. We passed through grand and beautiful scenery in France and Switzerland, but had no time to make any special ob-

ervations. After several days of travelling by steamboat, railroad, and stage, we reached a village called Dumpfen, in the Tyrol. Here, in the midst of mountain scenery of the most stupendous description, we resolved to halt.

The village was nestled cosily under the grand belt of pines which feathered the flanks of the mountains which rose high and clear behind. In front, roared, rattled, and groaned a wide glacier torrent, the color of ill-made gruel; and on the opposite of the river stretched, about a quarter of a mile, a flat plain of gravel and worn boulders, here and there gemmed with patches of short, sweet turf, till it reached the base of a noble range of cliffs, which rose gray and steep into the clear blue sky, so lofty, that the fringe of old pines along their summits could scarcely be distinguished. I was greatly pleased with the appearance and manners of the villagers. The men were generally tall, finely proportioned, and evidently almost as strong as lions, and as agile as cats. Their costume was very picturesque,—but it is too well known to need any description here. They were firm and proud in their bearing, the very personifications of independence; but courteous and hospitable. The women were the perfection of mountain belles, having generally dark brown glossy hair, clear, blooming complexion, and speaking hazel eyes. In manners they were even more courteous and sociable than the men. Mr. Barrill informed the villagers who we

were, and what our purpose was they appeared even gratified to have us among them, and there was quite a squabble as to our accommodation during our stay. At length, however, Karl Spiegle, the king-hunter of the village, who had the largest house, secured our company. That evening, we ate a Tyrolese supper of hard-boiled eggs and harder baked rye bread.

The next day was the Sabbath. We found that the Tyrolese celebrate that day by eating, drinking and laughing as much as possible. In the afternoon, the men had a trial of skill in shooting at a target. Such rifles! I thought my own was about as heavy a shooting-iron as an active hunter would wish to carry during a day's hunt; but the short, thick rifles of the Tyrolese were of nearly double the weight. As they were about to crown the victor, Karl Spiegle, with flowers, I requested to try my skill against him; and in three shots, at a greater distance than his rifle would carry, I established my superiority. My shooting-iron was then considered a remarkable piece of ordnance; for it was deemed by the villagers impossible that their most skilful hunter should be a worse shot than a stranger among the Alps. Karl himself laughed at the idea of my being the real victor; but cheerfully gave me the crown of flowers.

As we were sitting in Spiegle's door; looking at a merry group in front of the house, two herd-boys came in from

higher mountain pastures. They immediately came up to Spiegle, and informed him that they had seen three chamois that morning. Mr. Barrill then bribed the boys to keep the secret until noon the next day, and made arrangements with our host to start up the mountain on a hunt, at daylight, the next morning. Spiegle hummed and hawed a great deal at the idea of three hunters going in company, inasmuch as chamois hunting required the utmost quiet and caution. However, when we promised to comply precisely with his directions and to compensate him for any loss he might sustain, he agreed to our arrangements.

The next morning, I was up while it was yet dark. After dressing myself, I gave Mr. Barrill a waking nudge, and hurried out to perform my ablutions in the cold and sparkling stream. The dawn was very beautiful. The pine woods were wrapt in the richest purple. Here and there, a feint illumined mist marked the course of a mountain brook through the forest. The gray cliffs stood dark and silent on the opposite side of the stream, and one distant snow-peak, just tinted with the purple of dawn, gleamed sublimely, as a pinnacle of the clouds. Within a half an hour, we were equipped. Spiegle carried his short, heavy rifle, but we were determined to try our skill with our own guns. Our shoes were shod with iron in such a manner that each step upon snow or ice was well secured and besides, each of us carried a staff, armed with a short

spike. Spiegle had a wallet, containing some provisions, strapped on his back. Starting up the mountain, we followed Spiegle through the gloomy pine forest, until we were far above the valley, when, from a projecting cliff, we obtained a magnificent view of the varied and romantic country at our feet. While we were resting at this point, the dazzling sun arose, and, as we resumed our journey, we found the pine forest flickered with gleams of yellow morning light, and glittering with gems of dew. We crossed the sparkling brooks and masses of rock, ankle deep, in rich brown moss, and bejewelled with red and purple berries; then passed through tangled heaps of fallen pine, that had been leveled by the terrible avalanche, and climbed over a fir fence into a little mountain meadow, where an old herdsman was milking the cows. There we breakfasted upon the contents of Spiegle's wallet, and then, considerably refreshed, resumed our journey.

The pine forest now gradually became more open and the trees stunted and fantastic. Then we left the trees behind us altogether. Nothing but wild, chaotic masses of gravel and stones, tossed and heaped, one on the other, by the merciless avalanche, and patches of emerald moss appeared. Then the traces of vegetation ceased. Our path ran, steep and rugged, along the edge of a ravine, at the bottom of which a torrent chafed and roared. Just

as we were turning an abrupt angle very carefully, we suddenly heard a rushing sound, and a shadow passed before the sun. Glancing upwards, I saw not a hundred paces from me an enormous vulture, with the fiercest of eyes and the most terrible of talons. With a few flaps of its broad wings it soared away, and a neighboring peak soon hid it from our sight. These great birds are much dreaded by the herdsmen, and strange tales are told of their daring attacks.

Reaching the end of the slippery pass, we found ourselves in a wild valley, entirely shut in by ranges of lofty cliffs, with here and there patches of snow. Far above us, in front, towered the summit of the Wildgrad Kogle, ending in a sharp peak. The floor of the valley was strewn with masses of rock, which seemed to have been hurled from the surrounding cliffs. We advanced stealthy, concealing ourselves behind the boulders, and searched valley and cliff for our prey. Spiegle had a rude telescope which he used a great deal, but to no purpose. Our only chance now was that the chamois ~~might~~ be feeding in some of the smaller valleys, between the cliffs and the Kogle itself. I could not see what these animals found for food in this sterile region. But at the head of the valley, Spiegle showed us the plant on which these extraordinary animals live. It had a thick green tribolate leaf, and a flower so delicate and gauze-like, that I won-

dered how it could bear the storms of the mountain height. Its petals had a curious crumpled appearance, and their soft, pink hue was almost transparent. Spiegle called the plant the "Gemsenkraut," or chamois herb.

Pushing on to the upper end of the valley, we found that the cliffs and screes—sharp, slaty, angular piles of stone — looked uglier and steeper the nearer we approached. After crossing—still ascending—several beds of screes, we came to the edge of the first snowfield one steep sheet of white ice, with a fall of some hundred feet at its lower edge. Here Spiegle, to our joy, "not loud but deep," discovered the fresh hoof-prints of the chamois, and in the excitement, of the moment, we forgot the danger of the snow-field. We got along steadily, with many slips, but no slides, always sticking our staves in the frozen snow, the moment we felt our heels slipping down. At length we grasped the rough rock which bounded the further side of the field, and, for the moment, our anxiety was relieved.

On the summit of the ridge, we were able to crouch and look through a crack in the rock, into the next valley. But alas! for hunter hopes, no sign of a living thing appeared among the barrenness and desolation. Our chance of chamois was completely annihilated for the day. The descent into the valley was attended with innumerable perils, and may be characterized as a succession of slides

and jumps. On reaching the bottom, we found that, as usual, the snow had melted some distance from the rock, leaving a deep crevasse. But a tremendous jump, and a succession of tumbles and slides brought us up standing, about fifty yards beyond the awful abyss.

We toiled up the steep snow-paths merrily enough, and then reached the base of the rock forming the summit of the mountain. Spiegle gave us no time to halt. He pressed forward, and we were too ambitious not to follow as rapidly as we could. We climbed up the last sixty or seventy feet of cliff, and then stood upon the small platform, upon the summit of the Wildgrad Kogle. No description can convey an idea of the grand view from this lofty peak. On all sides we saw peak on peak, ridge on ridge, but no valley, however near, could be discerned. We stood in a world of rock and ice, far above even the haunts of the chamois and vulture—farther from the cares and vexations of human life, and nearer to the eternal sky than I had ever been before. A feeling of awe crept over me, such as only a scene of terrible sublimity could excite—and, for many moments, I could do nothing but gaze.

In the meantime, however, Karl Spiegle had produced some eatables from his wallet, and he now called our attention to honoring his provision. Cold mutton and extremely hard bread; and yet how delicious they tasted

after our tremendous exercise. As we sat upon the snow, eating and gazing, a dark, grey veil was gradually drawn over the whole of the sublime picture, and snow flakes, began to fall. Karl immediately declared that we would have to descend as quickly as possible, and seek shelter for the night. Scrambling hastily down the way we came, and leaning well back on our staves, with our feet stretched out before us, we shot down the long sheet of snow, at a considerably quicker rate than we had ascended, and reached the stony ravine at the foot of the summit.

Mr. Barrill said he was determined to draw blood before the day was at an end. We soon heard the shrill signal whistle of the little marmot, and, for want of better game, he resolved to bag one of those sprightly little animals. Creeping to the top of a neighboring ridge, we peeped cautiously over into a little valley floored with a confused mass of mossy stones and straggling Alpine roses. Here several of the, quaint little animals were frisking about. Each of us tumbled one over by a quick shot, the echoes of which sounded among the mountains, like voices of unearthly beings, disturbed by the reports. Having bagged these animals, we hurried on. It was growing very dark, and the driving snow almost took away our sight. Following the course of a torrent, Karl, after a great deal of trouble, found a well-known sennhutt, where we were to rest for the night.

The hut was partitioned; one portion being nearly filled with hay, and the other left vacant. It was a miserable shelter; but we had no choice, and Karl proceeded to make every arrangement he could for our comfort. A blazing fire was kindled on the floor of earth; and searching round, Karl found a shallow wooden pail, holding about two gallons of sour milk, left by the kind hayman, a fortnight before, for the use of any benighted hunter. We made a hearty meal; and then, as the storm whistled and howled around our frail tenement, Mr. Barrill and I sought the couch of hay, and endeavored to render ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Karl remained awake about half an hour longer, fixing the fire and taking an additional bit of marmot. I did not hear him take his place among the hay, for sleep had shut my senses against all the world.

When I awoke about dawn, I felt somewhat stiff and chilly. Karl was already up, and he had kindled a fire. I aroused Mr. Barrill, and we then made as good a breakfast as we could from our scanty stock of provisions, warmed ourselves thoroughly, and, as day began to dawn, left the cabin. Our route now ran to the left of the Wildgrad Kogle. The scene was for sometime a repetition of that of the day before, but the cliffs were more precipitous and the ravines narrower and more difficult to traverse. During the first hour's progress, among the huge boulders,

we got many a tumble; but before sunrise, we had left all vegetation far behind us again, and were far away among the crags and snow. As we ascended, we saw a valley on the left, filled with a dense mist, which, as soon as the sun began to tinge the highest peaks, rose in wreathing columns, and shut from our view every thing in our immediate vicinity. This was advantageous; for although it prevented our seeing, it at the same time prevented our being seen from the cliffs before we reached our best ground. We advanced steadily, crossing vast beds of snow, and occasionally the roots of a glacier, till we arrived at a point, where Karl expected to fall in with a chamois, when we came to a halt, and, sheltered behind a mass of rock, awaited the disappearance of the mist.

At length, the sun smiled away the rising grey clouds, as a great man would awe his enemies into submission by his steady glance. We then saw that we were in a region of snow-fields, filling up broad valleys lying shadowless in the bright sunshine. Here and there blue lines marked the crevices in the ice, and dark ridges, standing sharply up from the plain of snow, marked the course of buried mountains. We were advancing along the base of the lowest tier of cliffs, when Spiegle suddenly threw himself prostrate behind a stone, and, guessing the cause, we followed his example. The Tyrolese appeared under the influence of the keenest excitement. Following his

line of sight, I glanced upward, and far away, on a cliff, saw a feeding chamois. After gazing at the fearless animal, with the keenest interest, for some moments, we drew back and held a council of war to deliberate upon the plan of attack. It was evidently impossible to approach him from where we were. We could not have moved five steps towards him without being discovered. Our success depended upon getting above him, and cutting him off from the higher ranges. Crawling backwards, we managed to place a low range of rocks between ourselves and the cliffs, and then, making a wide sweep, we reached their base at some distance from where the chamois was feeding, in fancied security. After examining the precipice for some time, Spiegle concluded that the only mode of access to its summit, which was at least four hundred feet above us, was by a sort of ravine, the broken edges of which would give us some foot and hand hold. At its upper end, we could see part of a glacier, from which a small stream leaped from ledge to ledge. Up we went, dragging ourselves, and each other, up the wet and slippery rocks, getting a dash of icy water in our faces now and then, and at length reached the top of the precipice.

But the top was scarcely a more desirable promenade than the ascent. If we slipped off a rock, we fell waist deep into soft snow-drifts, and when we tumbled on the

snow, there was always an inexorable rock to give us a thump. However, we were now fairly above the chamois, and excitement sustained us in the toil and difficulty of our progress. At length, we reached the cliff which Spiegle had fixed upon, as above our prey. Here we found it impossible to get near enough to the edge to look over, as the fresh-fallen snow threatened to part company with the rock. Crouching down in the snow, we listened for some hint of the chamois' whereabouts, and had not waited more than a minute, when the faint clatter of a stone, far below, convinced us he was on the move. Creeping along to where the crest of the cliff afforded us a little shelter, we peeped over, and saw that the chamois was standing on the snow-bed, half-way up the cliff. Suddenly, the acute senses of the graceful animal seemed to have caught the taint of a human being. He stood with his head high in the air, and his ears pointed forward. I was about to fire, when, bang! close to my ear, went Spiegle's heavy rifle, and the chamois bounded away over the bed of snow, and disappeared around the corner, to the right, before either Mr. Barrill or myself could get a snap.

Almost mad with excitement, we clambered over the edge of the cliff, and, by jumping and sliding, reached the snow-bed where the chamois had stood. Not a drop of blood tinged the snow, to give us hope, at the place where

the animal had made his first tremendous bound. But farther on, one red spot showed where the hot liquid of life had sunk through the snow. Without thinking of either of my companions, I hastened on in the indented track of the animal, till I came to a place where the cliff receded into a sort of small bay, with a patch of snow, separated from the one I was on by a broken ridge. Spurred on by the sound of following footsteps, I scrambled round the ridge, and there beheld the wounded chamois standing about sixty yards from me, ready for a bound at the moment he could ascertain the whereabouts of his foes. I raised my rifle, and with a hand tremulous with excitement, took aim, first at the neck, just behind the ear, and then at the rear of the shoulder. Bang! And as the wreathing smoke ascended, I saw the chamois shrink convulsively, and then fall heavily on the snow, shot right through the heart. My friends were now at my side; but I dashed away from them, reached the animal, gave one sweep of my knife across its throat, and the work was complete.

I must confess that we rejoiced over the body of that poor chamois with a little extravagance. We cheered, till the rocks fairly trembled with the pelting of the echoes. We shook hands, like brothers in triumph. But let me cool down into a description of this beautiful animal. Its height was about two feet three or four

inches. Its hair was short, like that of the doe, and of an ashy color, varying to a blackish brown. The horns arose between the eyes, bent backwards, terminating in hooks, and were of a glossy black hue. The eyes were black, and full of expression. Unlike the tame goat, it had no beard, nor even a short tail. Compared with the cimaron of the Rocky Mountains, I would say that it is a more beautiful and spirited animal. I no longer wondered at the enthusiastic love of the Tyrolese for hunting the chamois. Its rarity—the amazing acuteness of its senses—its fleetness—and the stupendous scenery among which it finds a home, are all circumstances that increase the excitement and render it thrilling sport. A hunter by nature cares but little for slaughtering even the largest game. His luxury is in triumphing over animals difficult to approach.

We now thought of returning. But the thought was many times easier than the achievement. On all sides of us tremendous cliffs appeared, and not a crack or crevice could we see. Where had we descended? Following our tracks in the snow, they led us to the foot of a cliff, the ascent of which seemed an utter impossibility. But we had descended by that path—there could be no doubt of it. It was no easy thing to get at the cliff at all. As usual, there was a gap between the snow and the rock. This was bad enough to cross from above; but to jump

from the sloping snow against the face of the rock was ten times more perilous. However, we found that the task was to be accomplished. Karl took the labor of carrying the chamois upon himself, although he frankly acknowledged that it was the prize of my rifle. But he dropped it for the time. He then uncoiled a rope from his belt, and giving us hold of the end, sprang across the chasm, alighting on a narrow ledge, with his nose almost touching the rock; then, having steadied himself, he turned around, and seated himself, with his legs dangling over the chasm. Now came Mr. Barrill's turn. He said that he could see no ledge, but was determined to jump; so he adjusted the rope to his belt, and sprang across, almost into Karl's arms. I watched his progress with intense interest. He swayed for a moment or two over the chasm, and then, climbing on Spiegle's shoulders, managed to draw himself up to a ledge, a few feet higher. Turning round was a critical performance, but it was at length effected, and my friend set his back firmly against the rock. Now came my turn. By Karl's direction, I tied the chamois to the end of the line, which he threw me, and then sprang into his arms, leaving the animal to be hauled up afterwards. For a moment, I doubted my ability to hold on without pulling the Tyrolese into the gap. But he had muscles of iron, and I soon stood safely beside him on the ledge. The whole line was now un-

coiled, and the end was thrown up to Mr. Barrill. Karl now stood up, turned his face to the rock, climbed up to Mr. Barrill's position, then placed one foot upon my friend's thigh and the other on his shoulder, and thus climbed over him to a still higher ledge. My turn came next. Mr. Barrill threw the line up to Karl, and he immediately hauled up the chamois. In this way we climbed up a steep cliff, at least one hundred feet in height. It was, emphatically, awful work. Mr. Barrill suffered from an attack of giddiness, as he dared to glance into the tremendous chasm below; but he recovered; and by a straining effort, Karl drew him up to the top of the cliff. I was the last to reach that point, and when I did so, I sank, exhausted, upon the snow. But we were all safe—the chamois included.

As soon as we had recovered a little, we stumbled back among the sloppy snow, and the half-concealed rocks, till we reached the ravine up which we had scrambled in the morning. But we decided to return by the way of the glacier and the ice stream which we had also passed in the morning, and on reaching the crystal stream we revelled in long draughts of cold clean water. Our labor was now nearly finished. We quickly traversed two or three small snow-fields, and after a little trouble in hauling ourselves, and the chamois, up and down the ridge that separated them, we reached a smooth declivity

of snow, down which we shot merrily, getting many a roll, it is true, but merely laughing thereat, as every tumble carried us the faster towards home, and at last, safe and sound, reached the region of rocks and gravel. As night closed in, we found ourselves once more in the little cabin, where we had passed the night before. A scanty supper was dispatched with hungry quickness, and then we stretched ourselves in the hay for a refreshing sleep.

When we awoke in the morning, the sun was up. Oh! what complaints of aching from head to foot. Karl suffered as much as either of us. The skin of our faces was peeling off, as if we had been washing them in oil of vitriol. However, a complete warming, and long-continued rubbing put us in walking trim, and we descended the mountain, gradually leaving the region of winter for that of spring. It was still early when we reached the bright meadows, the green of which was exceedingly refreshing to the eye. Early in the afternoon we reached Dumpfen.

The villagers had been greatly troubled about our sudden disappearance until noon on the day we had started, and then one of the herd-boys informed them where we had gone. We were cheered, and complimented, and crowned with flowers, for even among these people, ever so accustomed to hunting among the mountains, killing a chamois is at all times esteemed a great exploit.

That evening we were feasted as far as Tyrolese hospitality could go. Several hunters came to spend a short time with us, and chat about their adventures. In return for what Mr. Barrill communicated of our hunting experience, they told us of a number of "hair breadth 'scapes." A young and handsome hunter, who was called Joseph, told a singular story of the cunning of the chamois.

The previous year, Joseph had found a geis, or female chamois, ready to bring forth. For eight days, he followed her to see where she would deposit her young. Sometimes he took off his shoes, and climbed with his bare feet, like a cat; and once, when he had to climb up the steep face of a rock, he cut off all the buttons from his clothes, that they might not make a jingle. At length, he discovered two young chamois in what the hunters call a *kath*, or niche, in the high rock. The little ones were sporting round the mother, who glanced from time to time down into the valley, to watch for any hostile approach. To avoid being seen, Joseph made an extensive circuit, and thus reached the path that led to the *kath*. Exactly in front of the niche, the rock descended perpendicularly to an immense depth. In the rear was another deep descent. Some fragments of rock formed a kind of bridge between the large masses. But these were placed too high to be accessible to the little ones, and could only be available to their mother.

Joseph gazed upon the position with a feeling of joy, and pressed upon the animals whose escape seemed impossible. As soon as the mother caught sight of him, she saw at a glance the unfavorable disposition of the rock, and sprung upon the hunter with fearful fury. In such attacks, the thrust is not very violent, but there is great danger of the animal hooking the legs of the hunter, and tumbling him down the precipice. Joseph was in no condition to fire at the approaching chamois, as both hands were necessary to sustain him on the narrow path. He therefore warded off the blows as well as he could with his feet, and still advanced. The anguish and fury of the mother increased. She dashed back to her young, coursed round them with low cries, as if to warn them of their danger, and then leaped up the fragment of rock, the second mode of egress from the niche. She then leaped down to her little ones, and seemed to encourage them to attempt the leap. The little creatures sprang and wounded their forehead against the rocks that were too high for them, and vain were the bold leaps of the mother to show them the way. All this was the work of a few minutes, while the hunter had advanced a few steps nearer to his prey. He smiled in his fancied triumph. But he had not yet won. The chamois mother, fixing her hind

thus forming a bridge of her back. The young ones, instantly seeing the design of their affectionate parent, sprang upon her back, and thus reached the point of safety. Joseph made a last step and leaped into the niche; but all three animals were off with the speed of the wind, and the shots he fired, merely struck the rocks, and died away in harmless echoes. The devotion and cunning of the brute mother had triumphed over the hunter's skill.

This narrative excited our wonder; and our interest in the beautiful and intelligent chamois increased ten-fold. But the Tyroleans never assemble for story-telling without in some way introducing their celebrated hero—the Tell of the Tyrol—Andrew Hofer. Mr. Barrill had read much about this great patriot, and was deeply interested in every thing relating to his life; and the hunters displayed a singular eagerness to communicate whatever they knew of him. From them we learned, that Hofer was a man gifted with a commanding presence, a brave and indomitable heart—stirring eloquence, and winning manners. His attachment to the superstitions of the Catholic Church, and, occasionally, to the bottle, only rendered him the dearer to a people who were all superstitious, and generally fond of wine. Karl Spiegle, whose father had served under the famous patriot, related that Hofer at times led the peasants to victory, with a rosary and crucifix on his breast, a sabre in one hand, and a bottle of wine in the

other. When the rising against the French and Bavarians was first commenced, remarkable signals were adopted. Sawdust was thrown on the rivers Inn and Eisach, fires were kindled on the tops of mountains, and women and children ran from rock to rock, and from cottage to cottage, shouting "It is time." Victory after victory was achieved by the peasant army, under the gallant inn-keeper, Hofer. But the Austrians withheld their support, and, ultimately, numbers triumphed. Hofer, after wandering, like a hunted wild beast, among the rocks of his native land, was betrayed into the hands of the French, and, ignominiously, executed. The hunters were delighted to find that we sympathised with Hofer and his cause, and we ascertained that we had risen greatly in their esteem in consequence. Of the whole party, Karl Spiegle was the only hunter who had travelled beyond the boundaries of the Tyrol. He had passed some months in Lithuania, formerly a part of Poland, now a province on the western borders of the Russian empire. He informed us that he had witnessed some great sport in that country, and we listened to his narrative with a great deal of interest.

"Lithuania," said Spiegle, "is still partially covered with forests. One of these which is called the Grand Forest, is no less than twenty-five miles in extent each way. It abounds in wild animals, particularly wolves and

bears. The cattle belonging to the peasantry suffers much from these animals, and, consequently, it becomes necessary, at certain seasons to hunt, them, with a view of keeping down their numbers. A wolf-hunt usually takes place on Sunday, as, on no other day, could the regular hunters get together a sufficient body of the peasantry. One Saturday evening, during my visit, a pack of wolves, which had been extremely destructive among the cattle a few weeks before, was reported to have taken up a position in the centre of the Grand Forest. A party of hunters was immediately ordered, to proceed to the forest for the purpose of *calling* the wolves—a duty which consists in keeping up a howling, the men thus ascertaining the exact place where the animals are prowling, and also the covert, in which they station themselves at the approach of morn. When the wolves on this occasion had taken to their covert, the hunters returned and made their report. Notice was immediately give to the peasants of the neighborhood, to equip themselves and assemble at the church.

As soon as mass was ended, eighty men, with guns, and one hundred and fifty beaters, announced themselves as ready to attend the hunt. I was one of the armed men. After travelling six or seven miles, the party arrived at the centre of the Grand Forest, where a number of the under chasseurs were in waiting. No extraordinary adventure

marked this hunt, but the manner of it was remarkable. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile around the covert of the wolves, a circle was formed by the party, the hunters and other armed persons filling about one half of this circle, each man being about thirty yards distant from another. The other half of the circle was formed by the numerous party of *beaters*, whose duty it is in the first place to advance slowly, beating the bushes, as they move, for the purpose of driving any straggling wolves into the centre. In the middle of the beaters, the head-hunter took his station. All the persons engaged were on foot. When the army of hunters was formed, the head-hunter blew his horn as a signal. The beaters then advanced in a close phalanx, which grew still closer, as they approached the den of the wolves. Notwithstanding all their care, however, three of the ferocious animals broke through their ranks and escaped; the other four of the pack, were driven within reach of the armed men, and shot; I, myself, slaying a large one, as it dashed towards me. A chasseur now blew a horn, and the whole party assembled at the original rendezvous. As each wolf was brought in, shouts rent the air, and the successful hunters were received with demonstrations of triumph."

"While in Lithuania, I heard many stories of the large black bear, which inhabits the Grand Forest. This animal is fierce, daring and powerful—not equal, perhaps, to

the great grizzly bear of which you have told us, but still a terrible creature. A peasant near where I resided having lost a cow, and finding the marks which had been made by the animal, as it was drawn into the forest, followed immediately upon the traces. After walking a long distance, he saw the cow lying upon the ground, half-devoured. The man was armed with a gun, and accompanied by his son—a little boy. Feeling assured that the depredator was not far off, and that he would return to renew his feast, he erected a kind of stage between two trees, for the purpose of fully commanding the spot. Here he took his station, and arranged his weapon for service. In the course of a few hours, Bruin made his appearance, and began to feed from the cow. The peasant fired, and as the smoke cleared away, he saw that the bear had rolled over, as if killed. He then descended from the stage to complete his victory, if that should be necessary; but was immediately attacked by the monster in the most furious manner. The boy screamed, ran away, and soon brought a number of peasants, armed with clubs, to the rescue. But before they could force the bear to let the man go, he was quite dead. They bore away the body through the wood. As they went, the wounded bear hung upon their flanks, and made repeated and furious efforts to get his victim once more into his power. When they reached the peasant's cottage and deposited the body on a couch,

the revengeful animal came up to the door, and uttering two or three awful growls, stretched himself out and died."

A piece of the chamois had been served up as a luxury for us at supper. I cannot say much for the flesh as an edible; it is very black, and possesses nothing of the flavor of venison. The hunters increase its disagreeable qualities by cooking it in oil, or stewing it in some barbarous manner, with which I do not wish to be acquainted.

We remained at Dumpfen and in its vicinity, three weeks. During that period, we engaged in three chamois hunts, each occupying two days. We met with no extraordinary adventures, and were not very successful in the chase—two chamois being the entire result of our hunting experience, among the wild solitudes of the Wildgrad Kogle. But we were delighted with the grand scenery, the thrilling sport, and the bracing mountain air. Besides, the brave, whole-souled mountaineers, did all in their power to render our visit pleasant, and their cordial manners charmed us both. Their mode of life had all the freedom and independence of that of our American mountaineers; but, in the genuine happiness of their social gatherings, they were far above the rough, reckless, spreeing spirits of the Rocky Mountains. Yet in daring courage and fortitude, as in skill in handling the rifle, the Tyrolese were inferior to the hunters and trappers of the

far, far west—the men who are to conquer the wilderness and lay the foundations of the “last empire of the world.” We found the Tyrolese strict observers of the forms and ceremonies of the Catholic Church; yet, unlike many such, they had, in their hearts, a fervent feeling of real religion, nurtured by communion with the sublime works of the Deity. They were, also, the most loyal subjects of the House of Austria; and, it may be added, that the many privileges granted them by the imperial government, justify the attachment. They are the favorite subjects of the emperor, and in his time of sorest need, he can depend upon their fidelity.

At the expiration of three weeks, we bade adieu to the hospitable Tyrolese, and started upon the return journey to England. Crossing the Alps, we proceeded in rude stages, to Venice, the city of the sea, “throned on a hundred isles;” the beauty of that famous city, surpassed all that the stories of others had caused me to fancy. At a distance, it seemed like a piece of enchanted work, which, at the potent command of a magician, could sink beneath the waves; and a moon-light ride through its “watery streets,” was a delightful realization of olden dreams. At Venice, we embarked for Marseilles. The voyage was prosperous and tolerably rapid. From Marseilles we proceeded by railway to Paris, and thence to Calais, where we embarked for England. Within two days

after landing at Dover, we were safely bestowed at Mr. Barrill's country seat.

The time had now come when it was necessary for me to leave the companion of my many hunting expeditions—the kind friend, who had taken the hunter of the Far West under his patronage, and shown him the wondrous scenes of the world, and the vast wealth of animal life inhabiting the regions of the old continents and the new. Why did I not remain and spend my days with him in affluence. The offer was made, but my spirit was proud; and, besides, I preferred to lay my bones in my native land. With many thanks for the offer, and for kindness never to be forgotten, I announced to him my determination not to test his bounty any farther. But he compelled me to accept a considerable amount of money—as he said, to purchase a house in Texas—whither, when my sight failed and my sinews stiffened, I might retire to live in ease and quiet. He accompanied me to Liverpool—stocked my trunks with excellent clothing and made every preparation, which anxious friendship could suggest, for my comfort. Truly, a faithful friend is one of the real angels of this earth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AMERICA. THE NATIVE LAND. PURCHASE A HOUSE
IN TEXAS. JOURNEY TO BROWN'S HOLE. THE
FARMER AND THE HUNTER. CONCLUDING
PICTURE.

BIDDING Mr. Barrill an affectionate farewell, I stepped aboard the steamer, and the same day, she put out from the harbor of Liverpool. During the first day of the voyage, I felt extremely lively. I had been constantly in company with my amiable friend for so many months, that when I remembered that I had parted from him, perhaps forever, I felt somewhat desolate. But the various incidents of the voyage, and the necessity of considering the course to be pursued after arriving in America, diverted my mind, although I could not believe that the memory of my friend could ever relinquish its hold upon my heart.

The first land that greeted my eyes was hailed with a feeling of joy which I cannot describe. It was my native land—the land where could be seen the graves of my parents—the soil on which the light of heaven first blessed my eyes—the scene of the crowding memories of childhood—the place where I desired to lay my bones—that they might fatten the soil that fed me. My mother earth, God bless thee!

We entered the beautiful bay of New York, and shortly afterwards, I stepped upon the shore of America. I did not wish to remain in that great Babel of a city—my nature sighed for another element—less intense in its subduing influence, and more bracing to the body and the spirit. The next day after my arrival, I engaged passage in a steamer for Galvezton, Texas, and the next, I was on the way. This voyage was short, but tedious, and when I came in sight of the town of Galvezton, my heart fairly leapt in my bosom at the prospect of soon being upon the prairies, where I had passed so many adventurous days. The town could not detain me long. Purchasing a good horse and a quantity of ammunition, I prepared myself for the sport of the prairies and mountains.

But a sober second thought advised me to invest the greater portion of the money I had remaining, in the purchase of land enough for a farm. From a wealthy gentleman in Galvezton, I obtained the possession of about

two hundred acres of what was generally said to be good ground, twenty miles north of Austin, the capital of the state. I then rode, by easy journeys, to the region in which my purchase was located, and to my "exceeding great joy," I found that it was situated on the edge of a prairie, boundless to the eye. The soil was good. There was abundance of pure water in the vicinity; but the lack of timber was conspicuous. However, I was delighted with a "morsel of earth," I could call my own.

Having had my deed recorded at Austin, I journeyed northward, armed in the old trapper style, to visit Brown's Hole. The first night after leaving the town I encamped on the open prairie—where the howls of the coyotes sounded like old familiar voices in my ears—and my wreathing pipe was a comforting companion. I sat by the fire long that night, recalling the faces of the hunting region and the scenery and incidents of my early life. And as the panorama of recent events passed through my mind, like a wondrous vision, I could scarcely realize that I, a poor mountaineer dependent upon my rifle for a subsistence had but the other day, travelled in company with an English gentleman to strange and distant countries—had encountered the lion, the tiger, the elephant and the giraffe, upon their native plains, and brought them to my feet. But here I was, back in the land of the buffalo, the bear, and the wolf, where my first hunting experience was

acquired, safe and sound, in body and mind. What hunter of the mountains could boast of such a life?

I journeyed leisurely over the prairies. It was late in the autumn. The few trees along the small streams were decked with a foliage of purple and gold. For several days I saw no game of any size; but as I had provisions in my pack sufficient to keep me during my journey as far as the settlements of New Mexico, I had no feelings more serious than the anxiety of a mere sportsman. When within a few days' ride of the first settlement of New Mexico, as I calculated, a few buffalo appeared.

It was early in the morning when I first saw them, like black spots, far away upon the plain. My heart beat quick and fast, and, with an enthusiasm which sprang from my old remembrances of sport, I rode towards them, got to the windward, and with a quick shot, tumbled a large cow into a lifeless heap. The other buffaloes scampered away before I got an opportunity to let them taste my lead. That evening I enjoyed, for the first time since my return, a delicious meal of tongue. Yet when I remembered the eland and the gemsbok of Africa, the luxury was somewhat diminished—such is the vanity of the traveller. Another buffalo was killed before I reached New Mexico. The game was apparently very scarce in this region.

The journey through New Mexico was rapidly performed

as far as the beautiful vale of Taos. Here I found a couple of mountain friends, who insisted on my remaining a few days with them, to give them a leaf of my life since I had quit the Rocky Mountains. One of them—old Rube Herring, said he could not swallow all the stories I told him about fighting with elephants and tigers—and both of the listeners hinted that I was trying to “gull,” them. I bore their sneers patiently, not caring, whether they believed or doubted me, and they then began to think that the wonder, of which I spoke were “jest so, and no mistake.” “Perhaps, Perey, my boy,” said one of them, “you know as much as my mule Kit, and she knew fresh grass so darn’d well, that we couldn’t get her to eat hay, and so she starved to death.” I made many inquiries concerning my old friends. Some had been “rubbed out by the Injuns,” as the hunters expressed it, but most of them were still pursuing their adventurous business. Among them was my chum Joe, whom, the hunters said, I would be sure to find at “Brown’s Hole.”

I set out alone to cross the wild country between the vale and that famous station. I was well provided in every respect; but it was well-known that parties of treacherous Indians were numerous in this region, and a single hunter had a small chance for life, in daring to encounter them. But I was fully acquainted with the route, and trusted to my powers of flight and concealment to

pass over it in safety. During the journey of the first day I saw no Indians; and the only game I killed was a black tailed-deer. On the third day after leaving Taos, I came upon the trail of a party of Arapahoes, and was compelled to strike off from the direct route to avoid them. I reached Orphan's Creek without meeting with any other traces to alarm me. Having encamped upon the banks of this creek, I passed a pleasant night; but the next morning I was startled by the appearance of a large party of Indians upon a ridge about a quarter of a mile back upon my trail. To mount my horse and spur away was the work of a moment. The Indians discovered me about the same instant, and, as I started, the clattering of their horses's hoofs, in pursuit, rang in my ears. Happily my steed was a gallant one, of great endurance, although not remarkably swift. I led them a long chase, during which they gained somewhat upon me, but their horses were at length completely exhausted, and as one of them tumbled upon the plain, they gave up the pursuit. I instantly checked the speed of my horse, and gave a shout of triumph. But I knew I was not safe as long as the Indians were in my vicinity, and, therefore, continued my ride at a trot all the morning. I then beleived myself tolerably secure, and during the afternoon, my horse travelled at his ease. That night was a restless one, as it had been long since I had attempted to woo Morpheus,

while knowing that keen-eyed and merciless savages were lurking near. However, I arose in the morning, tolerably refreshed, and pursued my journey. No further incidents, worthy of mention, occurred, until my arrival at Brown's Hole.

The sight of this famous station was to me like a view of home. It is the only home, which the hunter of the Rocky Mountains ever knows, and it is natural that he should feel a kind of attachment to it. The traders welcomed me with a show of cordiality. Parties were coming in from all directions. I had not been at the station more than fifteen minutes when a bloated face was placed directly before mine, and I recognised Joe Blaney. He had already commenced the dissipation that was to continue during the winter. But he recognised me, in spite of his blurred vision, and after we had enjoyed a cordial shake of the hand, we sat down to smoke and chat. I determined to remain a few weeks at the station. During that period, the hunters, of whom I have spoken in a previous portion of this narrative, as making a rendezvous of Brown's Hole, came in, and my tongue was driven to a rapid gallop in answering their inquiries. Some of my stories were believed, but the greater portion of what I related was set down as fudge.

As soon as the mountaineers began to give themselves up to the dissipation of the station, I bade Joe adieu,

and returned to Austin, near which I purchased a farm, and "settled down."

This lengthy narrative of an adventurous career shall conclude with a picture of Peregrine Herne, farmer and sportsman, at home. He has inclosed his fields, and heaven has blessed his cultivating toil. Prosperity shines around him. He has taken a wife unto himself, and, although his house is a rude log-cabin, blithe Mary's presence makes it a home indeed. A little Peregrine gets into mischief with his father's rifle, and will extract the bullets from the pouch, in his absence. But he is the image of his illustrious progenitor, and he must have toys of that sporting kind.

But Peregrine Herne, the elder, is not merely a farmer. In the fall, he occasionally goes on a hunting expedition over the prairies, and, to the great alarm of his anxious wife, Mary, spends the night upon the wild plains, surrounded by the hungry wolves. Here, smoking his pipe by the red light of the fire, he recalls the past, in dreamy pictures, which pass before him in the wreathing smoke. He has drunk deeply of the perils and pleasures of a hunter's life—he has faced death, in a hundred shapes, while engaged in the chase; but he has also felt the bracing power of a free life, with but one hope—that of killing food enough for the morrow.

A PIGEON HUNT ON THE OHIO.

I HAVE spent some years in the backwoods. I have ridden wildly with the hunter, and strolled quietly with the naturalist. I excel not in the chase—I excel not in the knowledge of natural history—but both I love. In my memory of backwoods life, these two things are intimately connected with each other; for the reason, perhaps, that both were followed at the same time. In the same excursion I was hunter, zoologist, botanist, and geologist. When I failed to fill my bag with game, it became the receptacle of rare plants. When my rifle failed to bring down a beast or a winged bird, my surer hatchet, indented the rock *in situ* or the stray boulder. Often when riding madly in the deer “drive” I have dragged my horse on his haunches at the sight of some tiny flower with a new face; and often upon the “stand” I have forgotten my purpose, and let the red roc bound

* The two sketches inserted here are copied from the *New York Monthly*, where they appear without the author's name.

harmlessly by, while watching the gambols of the little green lizard or the leaping tarantula. After all, the naturalist was stronger within me than the hunter; though fond of both, I loved the *study* better than the *chase*.

And now, from the world's metropolis, as I look back upon the scenes of my backwoods life, my mind yields itself up to sweet remembrances—sweeter than the retrospect of war—a fresher memory—sweeter than the retrospect of school and college days, or even the days of childhood. I love to paint those scenes with words, for while so occupied I feel as if they were again passing before me.

* * * * *

Colonel P—— is a splendid specimen of the backwoods gentleman—there *are* gentlemen in the backwoods. His house is the type of a backwoods mansion; it is a wooden structure, both walls and roof: no matter. It has distributed as much hospitality in its time as many a marble palace: this is one of its backwoods characteristics. It stands upon the north bank of the Ohio—that beautiful stream—“*La belle riviere*,” as the French colonists, and before their time the Indians used to call it. It is far from great cities. It is in the midst of the woods—though around it are a thousand acres of “clearing,” where you may distinguish fields of golden wheat, and groves of shining maize-plants waving aloft their

yellow-flower tassels. You may note, too, the broad green leaf of the Nicotian "weed," or the bursting pod of the snow-white cotton. In the garden you will observe the sweet potato (*convolvulus batatas*), the common one (*solanum tuberosum*), the refreshing tomato, the huge water-melon, cantelopes, and musk-melons, with many others of the *cucurbitaceæ*. You will see pods of the red and green pepper (*capsicum*) growing upon trailing plants like convolvuli or vines; and beside them species of *leguminosæ*—all valuable for the colonel's *cuisine*. There is an orchard, too; it is several acres in extent. It is filled with fruit trees; you behold the finest peaches in the world—the finest apples—the Newton pippins. Besides, there are luscious pears and plums, and upon the espaliers are vines bearing bushels of sweet grapes. If Colonel P—— lives in the woods, it cannot be said that he is surrounded by a desert.

There are several substantial log-houses near the main building or mansion. They are, the stable—and good horses there are in that stable—the cow-house, for milk cattle; the barn, to hold the wheat and maize-corn; the smoke-house, for curing bacon; a large building for the dry tobacco; a cotton-gin, with its shed of clap-boards; bins for the husk fodder, and several smaller structures. In one corner you see a low-walled erection that reminds you of a kennel, and the rich music that from time to

time issues from its apertures convince you that it is a kennel. If you peep into it, you will see a dozen of as fine stag-hounds as ever lifted a trail. The colonel is somewhat partial to these pets, for he is a "mighty hunter." You may see a number of young colts in an adjoining lot; a pet deer, a buffalo-calf, that has been brought from the far prairies, pea-fowl, guinea-hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, and the usual proportion of common fowls. Rail fences zigzag off in all directions towards the edge of the woods. Huge trees, dead and divested of their leaves, stand up in the cleared fields. Turkey buzzards and carrion crows (*cathartes aura* and *atratus*) are perched upon their grey naked limbs; upon their summit sits the great rough-legged falcon (*falco lagopus*;) and above all, cutting sharply against the blue sky, sails the fork-tailed kite of the south (*falco Mississipiensis*.)

Just such a picture opened before my eyes as I rode into the clearing of Colonel P——, in the fall of 1849. I had travelled several hundred miles—a mere bagatelle in America—to be present at a great "pigeon-hunt," arranged by the colonel for the gratification of his friends.

On my arrival I found the party assembled. It consisted of a score and a half of ladies and gentlemen, nearly all young people. The pigeons had not yet made

their appearance, but were looked for every hour. The woods had assumed the gorgeous tints of autumn, that liveliest of seasons in the "far west." Already the ripe nuts and berries were scattered profusely over the earth, offering their annual banquet to God's wild creatures. The mast of the beach tree (*fagus Sylvatica*)—of which the wild pigeon is so fond—was showering down among the dead leaves. It was the very season at which the birds were accustomed to visit the Beechen woods that girdled the colonel's plantation. They would no doubt soon appear. With this expectation every thing was made ready; each of the gentlemen was provided with a fowling-piece, or rifle, if he preferred it; and *even some of the ladies* insisted upon being armed.

To render the sport more exciting, our host had established certain regulations. They were as follows:—The gentlemen were divided into two parties, of equal numbers. These were to go in opposite directions, the ladies *upon the first day of the hunt* accompanying whichever they chose. Upon all succeeding days however, the case would be different. The ladies were to accompany that party which *upon the day previous had bagged the greatest number of birds*. The victorious gentlemen, moreover, were endowed with other privileges which lasted throughout the evening—such as the choice of partners for the dinner table and the dance.

I need not point out to the reader that in these conditions existed powerful motives for exertion. The colonel's guests were the *elite* of western society. Most of the gentlemen were young men or bachelors; and among the ladies there were *belles*—three or four of them rich and beautiful. On my arrival I could perceive signs of incipient flirtations. Attachments had already arisen; and by many it would have been esteemed any thing but pleasant to be separated in the manner prescribed. A strong *esprit du corps* was thus established; and by the time the pigeons arrived, both parties had determined to do their utmost. In fact, I have never known so strong a feeling of rivalry to exist between two parties of amateur sportsmen.

* * * * *

Wilson, and, later still, the world-renowned naturalist, Audubon, have left but little to be told of the American "passenger pigeon" (*Columba migratoria*.) A few facts, however, from the observations of an amateur ornithologist, may not be without interest. They will, perhaps, brighten up the reader's recollections of this singular bird.

The "passenger" is less in size than the house-pigeon. In the air it looks not unlike the kite, wanting the forked or "swallow" tail. That of the pigeon is cuneiform. Its color is best described by calling it a nearly uniform slate.

In the male the colors are deeper, and the neck feathers present the same changeable hues of green, gold, and purple-crimson, generally observed in birds of this species. It is only in the woods, and when freshly caught or killed, that these brilliant tints can be seen to perfection. They fade in captivity, and immediately after the bird has been shot. They seem to form part of its life and liberty, and disappear when it is robbed of either. I have often thrust the wild pigeon, freshly killed, into my game-bag, glittering like an opal. I have drawn it forth a few hours after, of a dull leaden hue, and altogether unlike the same bird. As with all birds of this tribe, the female is inferior to the male, both in size and plumage. The eye is less vivid. In the male it is of the most brilliant fiery orange, inclosed in a well-defined circle of red skin. The eye is in truth its finest feature, and never fails to strike the beholder with admiration.

The most singular fact in the natural history of the "passenger," is their countless numbers. Audubon saw a flock that contained "one billion one hundred and sixteen millions of birds." Wilson counted, or rather computed, another flock of "two thousand two hundred and thirty millions!" These numbers seem incredible. I have doubt of their truth. I have no doubt they are *under* rather than *over* the numbers actually seen by both these naturalists, for both made most liberal allowances

in their calculations. Where do these immense flocks come from? They breed in all parts of America. Their breeding-places are found as far north as the Hudson's Bay, and they have been seen in the southern forests of Louisiana and Texas. The nests are built upon high trees, and resemble immense rookeries. In Kentucky, one of their breeding-places was forty miles in length by several in breadth! One hundred nests will often be found upon a single tree, and in each nest there is but one "squab." Their eggs are pure white, like those of the common kind, and like them they breed several times during the year, but principally when food is plenty. They establish themselves in great "roosts," sometimes for years together, to which each night they return from their distant excursions—hundreds of miles, perhaps; for this is but a short fly for travellers who can pass over a mile in a single minute, and some of whom have even strayed across the Atlantic to England! They, however, as I myself have observed, remain in the same woods where they have been feeding for several days together. I have also noticed that they prefer roosting in the low underwood, even when tall trees are close at hand. If near water, or hanging over a stream, the place is still more to their liking; and in the morning they may be seen alighting on the bank to drink, before taking to their daily occupation.

Their great "roosts" and breeding-places are favorite resorts for numerous birds of prey. The small vultures (*cathartes aura* and *atratus*), or as they are called in the west, "turkey buzzard," and "carrion crow," do not confine themselves to carrion alone. They are fond of live "squabs," which they drag out of their nests at pleasure. Numerous hawks and kites prey upon them; and even the great white-headed eagle (*falco leucocephalus*) may be seen soaring and occasionally sweeping down for a dainty morsel. On the ground beneath move enemies of a different kind, both biped and quadruped. Fowlers with their guns and long poles; farmers with wagons to carry off the dead birds; and even droves of hogs to devour them. Trees fall under the axe, and huge branches break down by the weight of the birds themselves, killing numbers in their descent. Torches are used—for it is usually a night scene, after the return of the birds from feeding—pots of burning sulphur, and other engines of destruction. A noisy scene it is. The clapping of a million pair of wings, like the roaring of thunder; the shouts; men hoarsely calling to each other; women and children screaming their delight; the barking of dogs; the neighing of horses; the "crash" of breaking branches; and the "chuck" of the woodman's axe, all mingled together.

When the men—saturated with slaughter, and white

with ordure—have retired beyond the borders of the roost to rest themselves for the night, their ground is occupied by the prowling wolf and fox; the racoon and cougar, the lynx, and the great black bear.

With so many enemies, one would think that the “passengers” would soon be exterminated. Not so. They are too prolific for that. Indeed, were it not for these enemies, they themselves would perish for want of food. Fancy what it takes to feed them! The flock seen by Wilson would require *eighteen million bushels every day*: and it most likely, was only one of many such that at the time were traversing the vast continent of America. Upon what do they feed, it will be asked? Upon the fruits of the great forest—upon the acorns, the nuts of the beech, upon buck-wheat, and Indian corn; upon many species of berries, such as the huckleberry (*whortleberry*), the hackberry (*celtis crassifolia*), and the fruit of the holly. In the northern regions, where these are scarce, the berries of the juniper tree (*Juniperus communis*) form the principal food. On the other hand, among the southern plantations, they devour greedily the rice, as well as the nuts of the chesnut tree and several species of oaks. But their staple food is the beechnut, or “mast,” as it is called. Of this the pigeons are fond, and fortunately it exists in great plenty. In the forests of Western America there are vast tracts covered almost entirely with the

beechness. It is one of the most beautiful of forest trees. Unlike most of the others, its bark is smooth, without cracks, and often of a silvery hue. Large beech trees standing by the path, or near a cross-road, are often seen covered with names, initials, and dates. Indeed, the beautiful column-like trunk seems to invite the ever ready knife; and many a souvenir is carved upon it by the loitering wayfarer. It does not, however, invite the axe of the settler. On the contrary, the beech woods often remain untouched, while others fall around them—partly because these trees are not usually the indices of the richest soil, but more from the fact that clearing a piece of beech forest is no easy matter. The green logs do not burn so readily as those of the oak, the maple, the elm, or poplar, and hence the labor of rolling them off the ground—a serious thing where labor is scarce and dear. For these reasons, the beechen forests of America remain almost intact, and so long as they shower down their millions of bushels of “masts,” so long will the passenger pigeons flutter in countless numbers amidst their branches.

Large tracts of beech-woods adjoined the plantation of Colonel P——; and of course the pigeons might be expected about the falling of the mast. Their migration is semi-annual; but unlike most other migratory birds, it is far from being regular. Their flight is in fact not a periodical migration, but a sort of nomadic existence—

food being the object which keeps them in motion and directs their course. The scarcity in one part determines their movement to another. When there is more than the usual fall of snow in the northern regions, vast flocks make their appearance in the middle states, as in Ohio and Kentucky. This may in some measure account for the overcrowded "roosts" which have been occasionally seen, but which are by no means common. You may live in the west for many years without witnessing a scene such as those described by Wilson and Audubon, though once or twice every year you may see pigeons enough to astonish you.

The pigeons at length arrived. It was a bright sunny morning, and yet at intervals the atmosphere was darkened, as the vast flock, a mile in breadth by several in length, passed across the canopy. The sound of their wings resembled a strong wind whistling among tree-tops or through the rigging of a ship. We saw that they hovered over the woods, and settled among the tall beeches.

The hunt was announced, and we set forth, each party taking the direction allotted to it. With each went a number of ladies, and even some of these were armed with light fowling-pieces, determined that the party of their choice should be the victorious one.

After a short ride, we found ourselves fairly "in the

woods," and in the presence of the birds, and the sharp crack of the rifle was heard, mingled with the loud report of the double-barrelled shot guns.

Now it must not be imagined that the wild pigeons of America are so "tame" as they have been sometimes represented. That is their character only while young at the breeding-places, or at the great roost's when confused by crowding upon each other, and mystified by torchlight. Far different are they when wandering through the open woods in search of food. It is then both difficult to approach and hard to kill them. Odd birds you may easily reach; you may see them perched upon the branches on all sides of you, and within shot-range; but the thick of the flock, somehow or other, always keeps from one to two hundred yards off. The sportsman cannot bring himself to fire at single birds. No. There is a tree near at hand literally black with pigeons. Its branches creak under the weight. What a fine havoc he will make if he can but get near enough! But that is the difficulty; there is no cover, and he must approach as he best can without it. He continues to advance; the birds sit silent, watching his movements. He treads lightly and with caution; he inwardly anathematizes the dead leaves and twigs that make a loud rustling under his feet. The birds appear restless; several stretch out their necks as if to spring off. At length he deems himself

fairly within range, and raises his gun to take aim; but this is a signal for the shy game, and before he can draw trigger they are off to another tree! Some stragglers still remain; and at them he levels his piece and fires. The shot is a random one; for our sportsman having failed to "cover the flock," has become irritated and careless, and in all such cases the pigeons fly off with the loss of a few feathers. The gun is reloaded, and our amateur hunter, seeing the thick flock upon another tree, again endeavors to approach them, but with like success. In our party we had eight guns, exclusive of the small fowling-pieces (two of these,) with which a brace of our heroines were armed, and which truth compels me to confess, were less dangerous to the pigeons than to ourselves. Some of our guns were double-barrelled shot-guns, others were rifles. You will wonder at rifles being used in such a sport, and yet it is a fact that the gentlemen who carried rifles managed to do more execution than those who were armed with the other species. This arose from the circumstance that they were contented to aim at single birds, and, being good shots, they were almost sure to bring these down. The woods were filled with straggling pigeons. Odd birds were always within rifle range; and thus, instead of wasting their time in approaching the great flocks, our riflemen did nothing but load and fire. In this way they soon counted their game by the dozens.

Early in the evening, the pigeons having filled their crops with the mast, disappeared. They flew off to some distant "roost." This of course concluded our sport for the day. We got together and counted our numbers. We had six hundred and forty birds. We returned home full of hope; we felt certain that we had won for that day. Our antagonist had arrived before us. They showed us seven hundred and seventy-six dead pigeons. We were beaten.

I really cannot explain the chagrin which this defeat occasioned to most of our party. They felt humiliated in the eyes of the ladies, whose company they were to lose on the morrow. To some there was extreme bitterness in the idea; for, as I have already stated, attachments had sprung up, and jealous thoughts were naturally their concomitants. It was quite tantalizing as we parted next morning, to see the galaxy of lovely women ride off with our antagonists, while we sought the woods in an opposite direction, dispirited and in silence.

We went, however, determined to do our best, and win the ladies for the morrow. A council was held, and each imparted his advice and encouragement; and then we all set to work with shot-gun and rifle.

On this day an incident occurred that aided our "count" materially. The wilder pigeons while feeding, sometimes cover the ground so thickly that they crowd upon each

other. They all advance in the same direction, those behind are continually rising up and fluttering to the front, so that the surface presents a series of undulations like sea waves. Frequently the birds alight on each other's back, for want of room upon the ground, and a confused mass of winged creatures is seen rolling through the woods. At such times if the sportsmen can only "head" the flock, he is sure of a good shot. Almost every bullet tells, and dozens may be brought down at a single discharge.

In my progress through the woods, I had got separated from my companions, when I observed an immense flock approaching me, after the manner described. I saw from their plumage that they were young birds, and not likely to be easily alarmed. I drew my horse, (I was mounted) behind a tree, and awaited their approach. This I did more from curiosity than any other motive, as, unfortunately, I carried a rifle, and could only have killed one or two at the best. The crowd came "swirling" forward, and when they were within ten or fifteen paces distant, I fired into their midst. To my surprise, the flock did not take flight, but continued to advance as before, until they were almost among the horse's feet. I could stand it no longer. I drove the spurs deeply, and galloped into their midst, striking right and left as they fluttered up around me. Of course they were soon off;

but of those that had been trodden upon by my horse, and others I had knocked down, I counted no less than twenty-seven! Proud of my exploit, I gathered the birds into my bag, and rode in search of my companions.

Our party on this day numbered over eight hundred head killed; but, to our surprise and chagrin, our antagonists had beaten us by more than a hundred.

The gentlemen of "ours" were wretched.

The belles were monopolized by our antagonists; we were scouted, and debarred every privilege. It was not to be endured; something must be done. What was to be done? Ecuncilled we. If fair means will not answer, we must try the opposite. It was evident that our antagonists were better shots than we.

The colonel, too, was one of them, and he was sure to kill every time he pulled trigger. The odds were against us; some plan must be devised; some *ruse* must be adopted, and the idea of one had been passing through my mind the whole of that day. It was this:—I had noticed, that, although the pigeons would not allow the sportsmen to come within range of a fowling piece, yet at a distance of little over a hundred yards, they neither fear man nor beast. At that distance they sit unconcerned, thousands of them upon a single tree. It struck me that a gun large enough to throw shot among them, would be certain of killing hundreds at each discharge; but where

was such a gun to be had? As I reflected thus, "mountain howitzers" came into my mind. I remembered the small mountain howitzers we had made use of in scaling the steeps of the Andes. One of these loaded with shot would be the very weapon. I knew there was a battery of them at Covington barracks. I knew that a friend of mine commanded the battery. By rail it was but a few hours to Covington. I proposed sending for a "mountain howitzer."

I need hardly say that my proposal was hailed with a universal welcome on the part of my companions; and without dropping a hint to the other party, it was at once resolved that the design should be carried into execution. A messenger was forthwith dispatched to Covington, and before twelve o'clock the following day we found the little howitzer at a place in the woods previously agreed upon. My friend, Captain C——, had sent a "live corporal" along with it, and we had no difficulty in its management.

As I had anticipated, it answered our purpose as though it had been made for it. Every shot brought down a shower of dead birds, and after one discharge alone the number obtained was one hundred and twenty-three! At night our "game bag" counted over three thousand birds! We were sure of the ladies for the morrow.

Before returning home to our certain triumph, however, there were some considerations. To-morrow we

should have the ladies in our company; some of the fair creatures would be as good as sure to "split" upon the howitzer. What was to be done to prevent this?

We eight had sworn to be staunch to each other. We had taken every precaution; we had only used our "great gun" when far off, so that its report might not reach the ears of our antagonists; but how about to-morrow? Could we trust our fair companions with a secret? Decidedly not. This was the unanimous conclusion. A new idea came to our aid. We saw that we might dispense with the howitzer, and still manage to out-count our opponents. We should make a depository of birds in a safe place. There was a squatter's house near by. That would do, so we took the squatter into council, and left some one thousand five hundred birds in his charge, the remainder being deemed sufficient for that day. From the one thousand five hundred thus left, we might each day take a few hundred to make up our game-bag just enough to out-number the other party. We did not send home the corporal and his howitzer. We might require him again: so we quartered him upon the squatter.

On returning home, we found that our opponents had also made a "big day's work of it;" but they were beaten by hundreds. The ladies were ours!

And we kept them until the end of the hunt, to the no little mortification of the gentlemen in the "minority."

To their surprise—for most of them being crack-shots, and several of us not at all so—they could not comprehend why they were every day beaten so outrageously. We had hundreds to spare, and barrels of them were cured for winter use. It was not until the colonel's *reunion* was about to break up, that our secret was let out, to the no small chagrin of our opponents, but to the infinite amusement of our host himself, who, although one of the defeated party, often narrates to his friends the story of the "Hunt with the **Howitzer.**"

A WILD-HOG HUNT IN TEXAS.

By the Americans, what we call the wild hog is called the Peccary (*dicotyles*.) Of this animal there are two distinct species known. The collared peccary" (*dicotyles torquatus*,) and the "white-lipped" (*dicotyles labyatus*.) In form and habits they are very similar to each other. In size and color they differ. The "white-lipped" is the larger. Its color is dark brown, nearly black, while that of the collared peccary is a uniform iron-grey, with the exception of the band or collar upon its shoulders. The distinctive markings are on the former species a greyish-white patch along the jaws, and on the other a yellowish-white belt embracing its neck and shoulders, as a collar does a horse. These markings have given to each its specific name. They are further distinguished by the forehead of the white-lipped peccary being more hollowed or concave than that of its congener. In most other respects these creatures are alike. Both feed upon roots, fruits, frogs, toads, lizards, and snakes. Both make their

lair in hollow logs, or in caves among the rocks, and both are gregarious in their habits. In this last habit, however, there is some difference. The white-lipped species associate in troops to the number of hundreds, and even as many as a thousand have been seen together; whereas the others do not live in such large droves, but are oftener met with in pairs. Yet this difference of habit may arise from the fact that in the places where both have been observed, the latter have not been so plenty as the white-lipped species. I myself have seen nearly a hundred of the collared peccary in one "gang," and no doubt had there been more of them in the neighborhood, the flock would have been still larger.

The white-lipped species does not extend to the northern half of the American continent. Its habitat is in the great tropical forest of Guyana and Brazil, and it is found much further south, being common in Paraguay. It is there known as the "vaquira," whence our word "peccary." The other species is also found in South America, and is distinguished as the "vaquira de collar" (collared peccary.) Of course they both have trivial Indian names, differing in different parts of the country. The former is called in Paraguay "Tagnicati," while the latter is the "Taytetou." Neither species is so numerous as they were in former times. They have been thinned off by hunting—not for the value either of their

flesh or their skins, not for the mere sport either, but on account of their destructive habits. In the neighborhood of settlements they make frequent forays into the maize and mamœ fields, and they will lay waste a plantation of sugar-cane in a single night. For this reason it is that war of extermination has long been waged against them by the planters and their dependants.

As I have stated, it is believed that the white-lipped species is not found in North America. I think it probable that it does exist in the forests of South Mexico. The natural history of these countries is as yet to be thoroughly investigated. The Mexicans have unfortunately employed all their time in making revolutions. But a new period has arrived. The Panama railroad, the Nicaragua canal, and the route of Tehuantepec, will soon be open, when among the foremost who traverse these hitherto unfrequented regions, will be found troops of naturalists, of the Audubon school, who will explore every nook and corner of Central America. Indeed already some progress has been made in this respect.

The two species of peccaries, although so much alike, never associate together, and do not seem to have any knowledge of a relationship existing between them. Indeed, what is very singular, they are never found in the same woods. A district frequented by the one, is always without the other.

The collared peccary is the only species found in North America; and of it I shall now particularly speak. It is met with when you approach the more southern latitudes westward of the Mississippi river. In that great wing of the continent, to the eastward of this river, and now occupied by the United States, no such animal exists, nor is there any proof that it was ever known to exist there in its wild state. In the new states formed out of Texas, it is a common animal, and its range extends westward to the Pacific, and south throughout the remainder of the continent.

As you proceed westward, the line of its range rises considerably; and in New Mexico, it is met with as high as the thirty-third parallel. This is just following the isothermal line, and proves that the peccary cannot endure the rigors of a severe winter climate. It is a production of the tropics and the countries adjacent.

Some naturalists assert that it is a forest-dwelling animal, and is never seen in open countries. Others, as Buffon, state that it makes its habitation in the mountains, near the low countries and plains; while still others have declared that it is never found in the mountains. I believe none of these "theories" to be correct. It is well known to frequent the forest-covered plains of Texas; and Ernoy (one of the most talented of modern observers) reports having met with a large drove of pec-

carries in the almost treeless mountains of New Mexico. The fact is, the peccary is a wide "ranger," and frequents either plains or mountains, wherever he can find the roots or fruits which constitute his natural food. The range he likes best appears to be the dry hilly woods, where he finds several species of nuts to his taste—such as the chinquapin (*castanea permila*), the pecan (*Juglans olivueformis*), and the acorns of several species of oak, with which the half prairie country of western Texas abounds. Further than to eat their fruit, the forest trees are of no use to the peccary. He is not a climber, as he is a hoofed animal. But in the absence of rocks, or crevices in the cliffs, he makes his lair in the bottom of hollow trees, or in the great cavities so common in half decayed logs. He prefers, however, a habitation among rocks, as experience has no doubt taught him that it is a safer retreat both from hunters and fire.

The peccary is easily distinguished from the other forest animals by his rounded, hog-like form and sharp snout. Although pig-shaped, he is extremely active and light in his movements. The absence of a tail—for that member is represented only by a very small protuberance or "knob"—imparts a character of lightness to his body. His jaws are those of a hog, and a single pair of tusks, protruding near the angles of the mouth, gives to him a fierce and dangerous aspect. These are more certain to

be seen in the old male or "boars." The ears are short and almost buried in the long, harsh hair or bristles that cover the whole body, but are much longer on the back. These, when erected or thrown forward—as is the case when the peccary is incensed—have the appearance of a stiff mane rising all along the neck, shoulders, and back. At such times, indeed, the rigid, bristling coat over the whole body, gives somewhat of a porcupine appearance to the animal.

The peccary, as already stated, is gregarious. They wander in droves of twenty, or sometimes more. This, however, is only in the winter. In the season of love, and during the period of gestation, they are met with only in pairs—a male and female. They are very true to each other, and keep close together. The female produces two young at a litter. These are of a reddish brown color, and at first not larger than young puppies; but they are soon able to follow the mother through the woods; and then the "family party" usually consists of four. Later in the season, several of these families unite, and keep together, partly perhaps from having met by accident, and partly for mutual protection; for whenever one of their number is attacked, all the drove takes part against the assailant, whether he be hunter, cougar, or lynx. As they use their teeth, tusks, and sharp fore hoofs with rapidity and effect, they become a very formi-

dable and dangerous enemy. The cougar is often killed and torn to pieces by a drove of peccaries, that he has been imprudent enough to attack. Indeed, this fierce creature will not often meddle with the peccaries when he sees them in large numbers. He attacks only single ones; but their "gruntings," which can be heard to the distance of nearly a mile, summon the rest, and he is surrounded before he is aware of it, and seized by as many as can get around him.

The Texian hunter, if *afoot*, will not dare to disturb a drove of peccaries. Even when mounted, unless the woods be open, he will pass them by without rousing their resentment. But, for all this, the animal is hunted by the settlers, and hundreds are killed annually. Its ravages committed upon the cornfields make them many enemies, who go after them with a desire for wholesale slaughter. Hounds are employed to track the peccary and bring it to bay, when the hunters rides up and finish the chase by their unerring rifles. A flock of peccaries when pursued, will sometimes take shelter in a cave or cleft of the rocks, one of their number standing ready at the mouth. When this one is shot by the hunter, another will immediately rush out and take its place. This too being destroyed, will be replaced by a third, and so on until the whole drove has fallen. Should the hounds attack the peccary while by themselves, and without the

aid and encouragement of the hunter, they are sure to be "routed," and some of their number destroyed. Indeed, this little creature, of not more than two feet in length, is a match for the stoutest bull-dog! I have myself seen a peccary (a caged one, too) that had killed no less than six dogs—bull and mastiff breed—all of them considered fighting dogs of first-rate reputation.

My first introduction to the peccary was of such a remarkable character, that I am not likely to forget the event. It gave me, among the frontier settlers of Texas, the reputation of a "mighty hunter," though how far I deserved that name the reader may judge for himself.

I was for some weeks the guest of a farmer or "planter," who had lived on Trinity Bottom. We had been out in the "timber" several times, and had killed bear, deer, and turkeys, but had not yet had the luck to fall in with the peccary, although we never went abroad without seeing their tracks or some other indications of what my friend termed "peccary sign." The truth is that these animals possess the sense of smell in the keenest degree; and they are usually hidden long before the hunter can see them or come near them. As we had gone without dogs, of course we were not likely to discover which of the nine hundred and ninety-nine hollow logs passed in a day, was the precise one in which the peccaries had taken shelter. I had grown very curious about these

creatures. Bear, I had often hunted—deer, I had driven; and turkeys, I had often both trapped and shot. But I had never yet killed a peccary; in fact, had never seen one. I was therefore desirous of adding the tusk of these wild boars to my trophies of the chase.

My desire was gratified as soon as I expected, and to an extent I had never dreamed of; for in the morning, before tasting my breakfast—I caused no less than nineteen of these animals to utter their last squeak! But I shall give the details of this “feat” as they happened.

It was in the autumn season—the most beautiful season of the forest—when the foliage obtains its tints of gold, orange, and purple. I was a-bed in the house of my friend, but was awakened out of my sleep by the gobbling of wild turkeys that sounded close to the house. Although there was not a window in my room, the yellow beams streaming in through the chinks of the low wall, told me that it was after “sun-up,” as they phrase it in Texas. I arose, drew on my garments and hunting habiliments, took my rifle and stole out. I said nothing to any one, as there was no one—white or negro—to be seen stirring about the place. I wanted to steal a march upon my friend, and show him how smart I was, by bagging a fat young gobbler for breakfast.

As soon as I had got round the house, I saw the turkeys—a large gang of them. They were out in an old

cornfield, feeding upon such of the seeds as had been dropped in the corn gathering. They were too far off for my gun to reach them, and I entered among the corn-stalks to get near them. I soon perceived that they were feeding towards the woods, and that they were likely to enter them at a certain point. Could I only reach that point before them, reflected I, I should be sure of a fair shot. I had only to go back to the house and keep around the edge of the field, where there happened to be some "cover." In this way I would be sure to head them—that is, could I but reach the woods in time.

I lost not a moment in setting out; and, running most of the way, I reached the desired point. I was now about a half a mile from my friend's house—for the cornfield was a very large one—such as you may only see in the great plantations of the far western world. I saw that I had headed the turkeys, with some time to spare; and choosing a convenient log, I sat down to await their coming. I placed myself in such a situation that I was completely hidden by the broad green leaves of some paw-paw trees that grew over the log.

I had not been in the position over a minute, I should think, when a slight rustling among the leaves attracted my attention. I looked and saw, issuing from under the rubbish, the long body of a snake. As yet, I could not see its tail, which was hidden by the grass; but the form

of the head and the peculiar chevron-like markings of the body, convinced me it was the "Banded Rattle-snake" (*Crotalus Duressus*.) It was slowly gliding out into some open ground, with the intention of crossing to a thicket upon the other side. I had disturbed it from the log, where it had no doubt been sunning itself; and it was now making away from me.

My first thought was to follow the hideous reptile, and kill it; but reflecting that if I did so I should expose myself to the view of the turkeys, I concluded to remain where I was, and let it escape. I watched it slowly drawing itself along—for this species makes but slow progress—until it was near the middle of the glade, when I again turned my attention to the birds, that had now advanced almost within range of my gun. I was just getting ready to fire, when a strange noise, like the grunt of a small pig, sounded in my ears from the glade, and again caused me to look in that direction. As I did so, my eyes fell upon a curious little animal just emerging from the bushes. Its long, sharp snout—its pig-like form—the absence of a tail—the high rump, and whitish band along the shoulders, were all marks of description which I remembered. The animal could be no other than a peccary. As I gazed upon it with curious eyes, another emerged from the bushes, and then another, and another, until a good-sized drove of them were in sight.

The rattle-snake, on seeing the first one, had laid his head flat upon the ground; and evidently terrified, was endeavoring to conceal himself in the grass. But it was a smooth piece of turf, and he did not succeed. The peccary had already espied him; and upon the instant his hinder parts were raised to their full height, his mane became rigid, and the hair over his whole body stood erect, radiating on all sides outwards. The appearance of the creature was changed in an instant, and I could perceive that the air was becoming impregnated with a disagreeable odour, which the incensed animal emitted from its dorsal gland. Without stopping longer than a moment, he rushed forward, until he stood within three feet of the body of the snake.

The latter, seeing he could no longer conceal himself, threw himself into a coil and stood upon his defence. His eyes glared with a fiery lustre; the skir-r-r of his rattles could be heard almost incessantly; while with his upraised head he struck repeatedly in the direction of his enemy. These demonstrations brought the whole drove of peccaries to the spot, and in a moment a circle of them had formed around the reptile, that did not know which to strike at, but kept launching with his head recklessly in all directions. The peccaries stood with their backs highly arched and their feet drawn up together, like so many angry cats, threatening and uttering shrill grunts. Then

one of them, I think the first that had appeared, rose suddenly into the air, and with his four hoofs held close together, came pounce down upon the coiled body of the snake. Another followed in a similar manner, and another, until I could see the long carcass of the reptile unfolded, and twisting over the ground. After a short while it lay still, crushed beneath their feet. The whole squad then seized it in their teeth, and tearing it to pieces, devoured it almost instantaneously.

From the moment these peccaries had appeared in sight I had given up all thoughts about the turkeys. I had resolved to send my leaden messenger in quite a different direction. Turkeys I could have had at almost any time; but it was not every day that the peccaries appeared. So I "slew" myself round upon the log, raised my rifle cautiously, "marked" the biggest "boar" I could see in the drove, and fired.

I heard the boar squeak (as so did all of them,) and saw him fall over, either killed or badly wounded. But had little time to tell which, for the smoke had hardly cleared out of my eyes, when I perceived the whole gang of peccaries, instead of running away, as I had expected, coming full towards me!

In a moment I was surrounded by a dark mass of ugly creatures, leaping wildly at my legs, uttering shrill grunts and making their teeth crack like castanets.

I ran for the highest part of the log, but this proved no security. The peccaries leaped up on it and followed. I struck with the butt of my clubbed gun, and knocked them off; but again they surrounded me, leaping upward and snapping at my legs until hardly a shred remained of my trousers. I saw that I was in extreme peril, and put forth all my energies. I swept my gun wildly around me; but where one of the fierce brutes was knocked off another leaped into its place, as determined as he. Still, I had no help, for it I shouted at the top of my voice, all the while battling with desperation.

I still kept on the highest point of the log, as there they could not all come around me at once; and I saw that I could there better defend myself. But even with this advantage, the assaults of the animal were so incessant, and my exertions in keeping them off so continuous, that I was in danger of falling into their very jaws from exhaustion. I was growing weak and wearied. I was beginning to despair for my life, when on winding my gun over my head, in order to give force to my blows, I felt it strike something behind me. It was the branch of a tree, that stretched over the spot where I was standing. A new thought came into my mind. Could I climb the tree—I knew that they could not—and then I would be safe. I looked upward; the branch was within reach. I seized upon it and brought it nearer. I drew a long

breath, and with all the strength that remained in my body sprang upward. I succeeded in getting upon the limb, and the next moment I had crawled along it, and sat in close by the trunk. I breathed freely—I was safe. It was long before I thought of any thing else than resting myself. I remained a full half hour before I moved in my perch. Occasionally I looked down on my late tormentors. I saw that instead of going off, they still remained upon the scene. They ran around the root of the tree, leaping up against its trunk, and tearing the bark with their teeth. They kept constantly uttering their shrill, disagreeable grunts; an odour, resembling the smell of garlick, which they emitted from their dorsal glands, almost stifled me. I saw that they showed no disposition to retire, but, on the contrary, were determined to make me stand a siege.

Now and then they passed out to where their dead comrade lay upon the grass, but this seemed only to bind their resolution, for they always returned again, grunting as fiercely as ever.

I had hopes that my friend would be up by this time, and would come to my rescue; but it was not likely neither, as he would not “miss” me until I had remained long enough to make my absence seem strange. As it was, that would not be until after night, or perhaps far in the next day. It was no unusual thing for me to wander

off with my gun, and be gone for a period of at least twenty hours.

I sat for hours on my painful perch—now looking down at the spiteful creatures beneath—now bending my eyes across the great cornfield, in hopes of seeing some one. At times the idea crossed my mind that even *upon the morrow I might not be missed!*

I might perish with hunger—with thirst: I was suffering from both at the moment—or even if kept alive, I might become so weak as not to be able to hold on to the tree. My seat was far from being an easy one. The tree was small—the branch was slender. It was already cutting into my thighs. I might, in my feebleness, be compelled to let it go, and then ——. These reflections were terrible; and as they came across my mind I shouted to the highest pitch of my voice, hoping it would be heard.

Up to this time I had not thought of using my gun, although, clinging to it instinctively I had brought it with me into the tree. It now occurred to me to fire it, in hopes that my friend or some one would hear the report.

I balanced myself on the branch as well as I could, and loaded it with powder. I was about to fire it off in the air, when it occurred to me that I might as well reduce the number of my enemies. I therefore rammed down a ball, took aim at the forehead of one, and knocked him kicking over.

Another idea rose in my mind, and that was, that I might serve the whole gang as I had done this one. His fall had not frightened them in the least; they only came nearer, throwing up their snouts and uttering their shrill notes; thus giving me a better chance of hitting them.

I repeated the loading and firing. Another enemy the less. Hope began to return. I counted my bullets, and held my horn up to the sun. There were over twenty bullets, and powder sufficient. I counted the peccaries. Sixteen still lived, with three that I had done for. I again loaded and fired—loaded and fired—loaded and fired. I aimed so carefully each time, that out of all I missed only one shot. When the firing had ceased, I dropped down from my perch in the midst of a scene that resembled a great slaughter-yard. Nineteen of the creatures lay dead around the tree, and the ground was saturated with their blood.

The voice of my friend at this moment sounded in my ears, and turning, I beheld him standing, with hands uplifted and eyes like a pair of saucers. He was perfectly astounded.

HUNTING THE BLACK-TAILED DEER.

THE following is Mr. Palliser's account of the pursuit of a black-tailed deer, with a description of that interesting animal.

At a distance my companion perceived three black-tailed deer on the higher hills overhanging the river. He started in pursuit, while I remained to take care of the dogs, that they should not interfere with him and spoil his stalk. I had an excellent view then of both the hunter and his game, which he approached with great skill; and at last he got a shot, on which the animals rushed off, but one hobbled in the rear; the bullet had broken his leg. A most exciting race then commenced between the Indian and his broken-legged deer, up and down hill over the frozen snow, my companion evincing the most astonishing powers of endurance in his persevering pursuit, gradually regaining the ground he had lost in loading as he ran; till, far in the distance I saw a puff of smoke, and before the faint report of his long gun

reached my ear, I had the satisfaction of descriing the deer stretched in the snow.

I fastened one dog behind the sledge of the other, which I led by a string tied round his neck, and in this way ran along the river, keeping in sight of my companion, and joined him shortly after the fall of the black-tailed deer.

These are a peculiar species found only in these regions, differing from the Virginian breed in the horns, which are longer and curve more upwards; their meat, however, is not nearly so good, nor are they so difficult to approach. A black ring round the tail forms a striking characteristic, as also their very large ears; the hair of the animal's coat is long and very handsomely colored; in size they exceed the Virginian, and equal the Scotch.

This deer I do not think has ever graced any of the private or public zoological collections in the country. It is, however, a beautiful animal, and its skin makes the best and most serviceable light leather.

THE END.

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