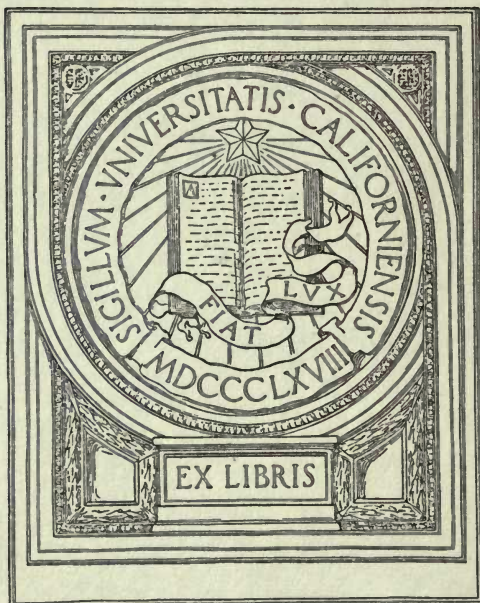


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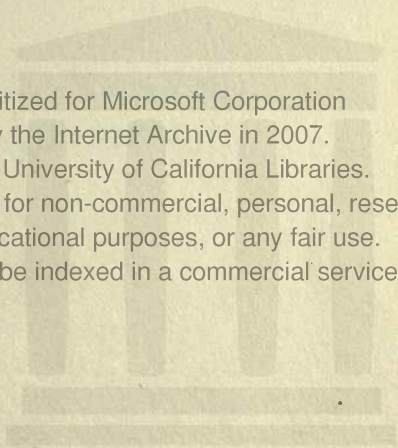
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86
87
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92
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94
95
96
97
98
99
100



THE CHILCOOT PASS.

Frontispiece.

SPORT, TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

EDITED BY
A. G. LEWIS

WITH 58 ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION

WHILE there is an enormous number of books by individual travellers, there does not appear to be any collection of such stories as are here related—stories of the hairbreadth escapes of the big-game hunter, the thrilling adventures of the explorer of unknown lands, or the great risks faced by the climber in his attempt to conquer some virgin peak.

Again, in many of the books written by early explorers are valuable descriptions of native life and of primitive customs, which have, through various causes, either undergone great change or died out altogether. Some of the volumes containing this important material are out of print, and a selection of the most interesting pages has been made.

Owing to the very large number of books quoted from, it is impossible to mention them separately here, but the editor wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the authors for their kind permission to make extracts from their books, and also to express his indebtedness to Mr. T. Fisher Unwin for so generously placing his fine library of travel-books at his disposal.

Thanks are also due to The Century Company (New York) for permission to quote from "Ranch Life and

the Hunting Trail" by Theodore Roosevelt, "A Vagabond Journey Round the World" by Harry A. Franck, "Hunting with the Eskimos" by Harry Whitney, "In Search of a Siberian Klondyke" by Washington B. Vanderlip and H. B. Hulbert ; to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons (New York) for permission to quote from "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada" by Clarence King, "The Congo and Coasts of Africa" by Richard Harding Davis, "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon" and "The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands" by Charles Sheldon ; to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. (New York) for permission to quote from "High Mountain Climbing in Peru and Bolivia" by Annie S. Peck ; to the American Tract Society (New York) for permission to quote from "Through the Wilderness of Brazil by Horse, Canoe, and Float" by W. A. Cook ; to the Methodist Book and Publishing House (Toronto) for permission to quote from "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada" by J. W. Tyrrel.

The work is offered to the public in the hope that it will encourage readers to turn to the books themselves. A full bibliography is given at the end of the volume.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	5
CHAPTER	
I. HUNTING THE LION	11
II. AMONG THE PYGMIES	29
III. THE ARCTIC AND THE ANTARCTIC	44
IV. ON THE OCEAN WAVE	66
V. ADVENTURE WITH BUFFALO	88
VI. AMONG THE CANNIBALS	104
VII. NATIVE HUNTING METHODS	122
VIII. MARRIAGE CUSTOMS	140
IX. HUNTING THE ELEPHANT	158
X. CLIMBING ADVENTURES	174
XI. THE EXPLORERS' CHRISTMAS	196
XII. ADVENTURE ON THE HIGHWAY	209
XIII. CARNIVALS IN MANY LANDS	228
XIV. HUNTING THE BEAR	246

CHAPTER		PAGE
XV.	AMONG THE COWBOYS	263
XVI.	ADVENTURES IN TIBET	275
XVII.	LOST	294
XVIII.	CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS	312
XIX.	CAMP FIRE YARNS	332

ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Frontispiece</i> FACING PAGE
THE CHILCOOT PASS	21
THE LIONESS	22
THE LION KILLER	22
TYPICAL TORO HUT	36
PYGMIES OF UGANDA WITH THEIR BISHOP	40
THE PYGMY HUNTSMAN, AKWEBADU, WITH HIS BOW AND POISONED ARROWS	44
AFTER NINE MONTHS WITHOUT A WASH OR CHANGE OF CLOTHES	48
THE "TORPEDO" HATCH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SHAFT	48
THE HIGHEST CAMP IN ANTARCTICA	52
SPANNING A LEAD WITH DOG-SLED	65
ON THE SAFE SIDE OF THE PASS AGAIN	78
HARRY A. FRANCK ON TRAMP	92
THERE WAS BARELY TIME TO PULL THE TRIGGER WITH THE STOCK UNDER MY ARMPIT	98
A BUFFALO	106
SOLOMON ISLAND WAR CANOE	118
PASSING THROUGH CANNIBAL LAND	118
BANGWA CHIEFS	124
INDIAN SHOOTING ARAPAIMA	127
NATIVE SPEARING FISH	136
ESKIMO SEAL HARPOONS	142
FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS	146
TYPES OF BEDOUIN WOMEN	148
A CHINESE WEDDING CHAIR	152
KALMUCKS, AKKEM VALLEY (SIBERIA)	160
A ROGUE ELEPHANT SCATTERS THE CARAVAN	165
JUMBO DOWN AFTER THE HUNT	168
AFTER THE ELEPHANT HUNT	

	FACING PAGE
A 90-LB. TUSKER	168
A DIFFICULT PIECE OF CLIMBING	174
"SWINGING IN THE AIR"	176
UP THE SHOULDER OF THE MATTERHORN IN A STORM	182
UNDER THE SHOULDER OF THE MATTERHORN	182
MR. SAMUEL TURNER CLIMBING AN AWKWARD PINNACLE WITH ROUND TOP	188
PORTER MISSES HIS FOOTING AND DANGLES OVER 5,000 FEET OF PRECIPICE	188
"DESOLATE CAMP," TENT ON MORAINE, AND BELUKHA WEST PEAK	194
A 70% SLOPE ON MOUNT HUASCARAN	194
MOUNTED ARAB SHEIKHS	197
A FANTEE BELLE	200
"AN ELEPHANT, WITH A MAHOUT DOZING ON HIS HEAD, WAS ADVANC- ING TOWARDS US."	210
MYSELF AFTER FOUR DAYS IN THE JUNGLE, AND THE SIAMESE SOLDIERS WITH WHOM WE FELL IN NOW AND THEN BETWEEN MYÁWADI AND REHANG. I HAD SOLD MY HELMET	210
THE DANCING PROCESSION	228
A MONGOLIAN BAND	236
DANCE MASKS	239
THE WAR IN HEAVEN	244
THE BEAR	253
HOISTING A POLAR BEAR ON BOARD	258
ONE OF THE "BOYS"	264
A "BRONCO-BUSTER" AT WORK	268
DRAGGING A LAZO'D CALF	272
PIALARING A LAZO'D CALF	272
COMMANDANT D'OLLONE OFFERING THE SCARF OF FELICITY TO THE DALAI LAMA	276
A TIBETAN VILLAGE	282
TIBETAN HORSEMEN	282
PIKE QUESTIONING TIBETANS	288
MAGICIAN WRITING A CHARM ON A SAUCER	322
A WITCH-DOCTOR	330
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS THAT DID NOT KNOW HE WAS DEAD	337
SIBERIAN DOGS	344

Sport, Travel, and Adventure

CHAPTER I

HUNTING THE LION

THE records of big-game hunting are rich in thrilling stories of adventure with lions, most of the famous hunters having at least one exciting experience to relate. That serious accidents are so few and far between is due to the remarkable coolness displayed by the sportsmen under the most trying conditions. An excellent example of this is Mr. Vaughan Kirby's hairbreadth escape while lion-hunting in the Kalahari Desert, the account of which is given in Lieut. Arnold W. Hodson's volume of sport and travel.¹ He says: "About 4 p.m. we set out for the baits, each taking a span of eight oxen, with driver, leader, and a spare boy. I had not intended accompanying them, thinking that if I sent the native hunter, Seba-ha, who was with me in the morning, he could fix everything up, and thus give me a chance to collect a few birds. Fortunately at the last moment I changed my mind and set out with the span on foot, carrying my old single .461 Metford.

There was no sign of lions near the dead sassaby

¹ See Bibliography, 1.

when we reached it, so we cut the belly open and made the trek-chain fast to the neck.

Instructing the driver to follow me with the drag, I led off by a circuitous route, in order to cover as much ground as possible. The sun was just about to set when I headed back for camp, and came out upon the slightly wooded hollow where the sassaby had fallen, but several hundred yards higher up. Before dipping into this hollow I turned to satisfy myself that the drag was following, and saw that it was some hundred yards behind. I therefore halted till it should come up, but suddenly, as I glanced across the hollow, some objects moving through the long grass about three hundred yards distant arrested my attention. It required but a few seconds' observation to determine that these were four lions—a young male, a lioness, and two large cubs. They were making across the hollow towards the dense bush, alternately walking and trotting, and in the glare of the setting sun looked particularly red in colour.

But I did not stay long to inspect them at that distance, preferring a somewhat closer interview, though, be it said, not anticipating how unpleasantly close that interview was to be. Running at my best speed, I lost sight of them for a time in the long grass, then came on them about a hundred and eighty yards off. Even amid the pleasurable excitement of the situation I could admire their lithe, graceful contours, the glorious bronze-red sheen which the light in the western sky threw upon their sleek hides, and the unfettered freedom of their long strides. They saw me at once, and the lioness and cubs made off at top speed, but the lion pulled up and stood broadside with lowered

head, growling. I still ran on in the hope of lessening the distance between us by fifty yards or so, when the lion turned his head and looked in the direction in which the lioness had retreated. Thinking he also would make a bolt, I took a rather quick and unsteady aim and fired. With a loud grunt he stumbled forward, then recovered himself and made off, limping on one foreleg. I reloaded before he reached the bush, but was still unsteady after my long run, and for the life of me could not get the sight on him as he dodged in and out between the low bushes, finally disappearing in the thick cover.

A brief examination of the spot showed that he had entered a detached clump of very thick bush, which was separated from a much larger and equally dense one by an open glassy glade, some thirty yards across.

To enter such a place on the heels of a wounded lion was no part of my present programme, particularly as the shades of evening were already falling, the gloom being intensified under the large trees. So I walked up to the open glade, looking carefully for blood-spoor, in order to determine whether or not he had left his first retreat.

I had covered perhaps a hundred yards or so when a low growl to my right brought me up with a round turn. My eyes instantly fell upon the head, or rather the eyes and upper portion of the head, of a lion watching me from out of some long grass. Naturally I took it to be my wounded beast, though I admit the thought flashed through my mind that there was not much the matter with him.

Being nearly dark and having only an old-fashioned,

14 SPORT, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE

single, black-powder rifle in my hands, and a lion watching me within sixty yards, it didn't look quite like a walk-over!

I felt it would be cutting it too fine to aim between the brute's eyes, but as the growling increased and the tail jerked up over the grass I had to do something.

So I made a guess for the shoulder, and with the report of the weapon a violent agitation of the grass, above which I got a glimpse of clutching paws and a whisking tail, assured me that my shot had been a good one. But this was only the first round, as I realized when I saw an indistinct mass with a tail at one end disappear in the larger patch of bush. What next? It was incumbent on me to make the next move, and to make it quickly, if I would save the little light now left. Still believing this last lion was the young male first wounded, I repeated my former tactics, keeping to the open glade, skirting the bush, and looking for blood-spoor leaving it. Thus I actually crossed the blood-spoor of the lion where he had left his first cover and entered the larger bush. I was on the alert, as I thought the lioness might be somewhere near at hand, and thus I worked my way round a projecting tongue of bush only to find my way barred by a narrow but very dense strip of bush, which divided the large patch (into which both lion and lioness had gone) from another of equal size. The shape of the two bushes and the connecting strip was, in fact, roughly that of a dumb-bell. As I approached the narrow strip a large thorn-tree, denuded of bark and looming white in the poor light,

stood in front of me. I walked up to it and actually put one hand upon it as, stooping, I sought for an opening through which I could pass. A dense mass of grass and creepers grew around its base, and in this—shall I venture the apparently absurd exaggeration?—six feet from me lay the wounded lioness. I will not pretend to say why she did not instantly seize me, as she could so easily have done; she merely growled furiously, and I backed promptly, for of course I did not even get a glimpse of her among her tangled surroundings. Ten, fifteen yards, still too close to be pleasant. Another few feet, and I was up against the projecting tongue of bush, with a fallen tree across the middle of my back. Glancing over my shoulder to see the nature of the obstruction, I heard in the bush behind me the deep growl of a lion, and then for the first time I realized that I had two wounded beasts to deal with. The growl was followed by a heavy rush which turned me cold from head to heel. Luckily the rush was away from me; his heart had failed him, and I last heard him in the vicinity of the lioness.

'Woh-k, ah now!' How friendly and reassuring sounded the driver's call to his oxen and the tinkle of the ox-bell, as the span came to a halt by the point of the projecting tongue of bush! A growl from the lioness had caused them to pull up short and had sent Seba-ha, the hunter, flying away in terror. Not so the plucky driver, Pokane (a trooper in the Bechuanaland Protectorate Police), who walked boldly up to me, whip in hand, and a broad grin overspreading his ugly, good-natured face. A brief

16 SPORT, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE

consultation upon the situation was cut short by an exclamation from him, 'Look out, sir, she's coming!'

Grunting furiously, her tail waving over the grass-tops marking the line of her rush, she came out straight at us. There was no room for even a pace backwards, though I knew that the oncoming beast would be less than twenty feet from my rifle when she burst out of the long grass. 'Now, then, old single Metford, you've accounted for twenty-eight lions since I bought you, but you've never been in a tighter corner.' I could not see the sights, but, levelling for her head as the lioness broke cover nineteen feet distant, I fired. She fell on her nose, turned a complete somersault, regained her legs, rearing up and clawing wildly at me, while blood and saliva dropped from her jaws. Once again the old single spoke up, and a moment later the lioness was struggling on the ground at the point of death, while Pokane was plying his long whip across her flanks. We did not seek farther for the lion that night, but, while the boys attended to the skinning, I struck a match and cautiously examined the spot from which the charge had been made. No wonder that in the gloom of evening she had been invisible, even at six feet, for the matted vegetation had formed a roof, under which she had crept, and I think it was fortunate for me that the thorn-tree was immediately between us. My first shot had broken her near fore-shoulder; while the second, fired as she charged, had entered at the back of the ear, passed over the back of the skull, and into the neck. She was a very old lioness and small, but I had no tape with me to

measure her. I judged her to be about 8 feet 2 inches; her fangs were yellow and broken."

Some three days after the foregoing incident Lieut. Hodson himself had an even closer interview with a lioness. In his account of the adventure he says: "I called to Mosueu, my servant, to bring up my horse as soon as possible, and when he arrived I cantered on ahead in the hopes of catching the lions up, but without success. It was now about 1 p.m., and very hot, but I decided we would take their spoor again and have one more try at them, as I did not think they would go very far in the great heat. There was one full-grown lioness and her two cubs, one of the latter being nearly full-grown. This time I rode my horse. No. 2 again went on the spoor, which now began to turn and twist a good deal, showing that the lioness wished to lie up. We presently left the mopane forest and came to a piece of turf with very long grass growing on it. We had gone only a few hundred yards into it when we heard the old lioness growling. This piece of ground was fearfully holey, but I put spurs into my pony and cantered towards the place where the lioness was growling. I must admit that I thought she was making away towards the forest, but to my surprise I suddenly came on her in the long grass. She did not run away, but waited for me, and the merest neophyte could have seen that she meant business. She really looked very unpleasant, and what was worse was the noise she made. I tried to pull up, but only managed to do so when I was about ten yards off her. I could see that it was only a question of moments before she charged, and I tried

18 SPORT, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE

to get my good little pony to keep steady. He behaved wonderfully, but when I put my rifle up to fire I could not get a steady aim as he was blowing too much. All this happened in a few seconds, and I can't really say whether the lioness charged first or whether I fired first. I only know that I fired, and that she was then on top of me. She did not spring at first, but came flat along the ground and then rose up as quick as lightning. She put her left claw under the pony's neck and seized his right shoulder with it. With her right claw she tore a piece out of my legging and then caught the pony by the right shoulder while she mauled him on the same shoulder with her teeth.

My rifle was a magazine, and as quickly as possible I loaded again and shoved the barrel into her right shoulder with one hand and fired. She then fell off and rolled about six yards and lay quietly growling. I then dismounted and gave her her quietus. Poor little No. 2, very frightened and subdued, and Mosueu, who had watched the whole performance not very far behind, then came up, and it warmed my heart to see how genuinely pleased they were at my lucky escape.

I think this was rather an interesting experience as showing that sometimes lions do charge without being wounded. In this case, of course, the lioness was very angry at being constantly disturbed during the heat of the day when she wanted to sleep, and having cubs made her doubly savage.

My pony was badly mauled, and the brute's big front teeth and claws had gone very deep into his

shoulder. We set to, then and there, to skin the lioness. We took her skull and some of her fat, which Mosueu wanted for medicine, and, leaving the rest of the carcass, returned to camp, which we reached late in the afternoon.

My pony reached Dekka, where he died. We buried him there and put plenty of stones over his grave. No man ever rode or shot from a better or kinder animal, and when I think of the many gallops after game we have had together my heart, as a native would say, feels very sad."

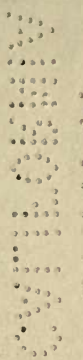
Not many big-game hunters have been knocked over by a lion and escaped injury, yet this is the thrilling experience Lord Hindlip had while hunting in British Africa.¹ In his account of the adventure he says: "While waiting for the shikaris to return, I went up a small hill near camp, and, looking round through my glasses, I spotted three lions slinking away from the lake (where they evidently had been drinking), no doubt on their return to some lair to sleep during the heat of the day. I attracted the attention of Darod Nur, Lady Hindlip's shikari, and told him to saddle the remaining ponies. Luckily at that moment Owad and Aidid were seen returning, and in a very short time I had Aidid and Bodley mounted and ready to round up the lions while I with Owad and Darod started to try and find them. For some time we hunted about in a nullah, up which we thought they must have gone, but could find no trace, and I began to fear that we should not find them.

Aidid and the skin-man, Bodley Warsama (who had

¹ See Bibliography, 2.

20 SPORT, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE

been with me in Abyssinia), were then told off with the ponies to scour the plain in front of us, and with the usual Somali yells and whoops they galloped off in a state of high excitement. For some time they were lost to sight, and we tramped in the direction they had taken, till presently Bodley galloped furiously back and said that they had cornered one lion, but that the other two had got clear away. Hurrying to the spot indicated, we came in sight of the Somalis on their ponies, shouting and irritating the lion, which we could hear growling savagely in the long grass. Having made out more or less where the animal was, we carefully went forward and got on a low ant-heap, from the top of which I had a fair view of the beast, which turned out to be a lioness. I was carrying a Ross straight-pull .370 magazine, while Owad had a .400 Jeffery cordite, and Darod a Paradox by Purdey. We were only about sixty yards or less distant from our quarry, but, probably owing to the excitement, and to the fact that I was blown from my walk, my first shot missed clean. My second, better aimed, caught the lioness in the lungs, whereupon she began running round and round in a circle, biting at her flanks and growling and snarling furiously. At this critical moment Owad and Darod foolishly let drive, and, as was to be expected, missed. Then she saw us and promptly charged. It was a fine sight to see her lithe body, with head and tail out and lips drawn back from the teeth, charging through the long grass, while we three fools solemnly missed her. Matters had now become decidedly serious, for the Somalis' rifles were empty and mine was not a very





THE LIONESS.

To face p. 21.

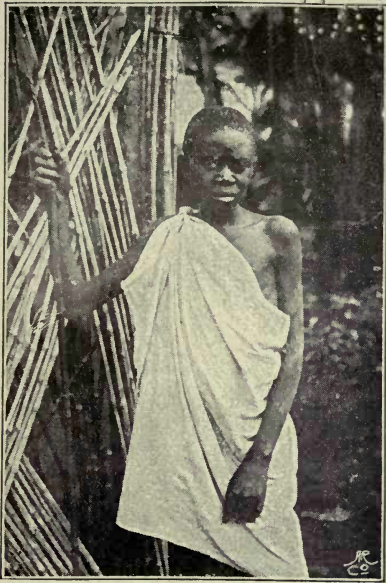
heavy one for the work in hand. Waiting till I felt I could not miss the mark, I let drive at the shoulder of the advancing animal. As I pulled the trigger I jumped to my left, and at that moment the lioness passed between Owad and myself, sending us spinning in different directions. I found myself sitting up facing the animal in her death throes, a dozen yards away, while an inch of dirt had plugged up the muzzle of my rifle. Owad had already picked himself up, while Darod the imperturbable apparently had not moved a step, but was no doubt, with Owad, as glad as I was that the incident was over and that we were all unhurt. Aidid and Bodley, who had galloped up to the animal as she charged, were now examining the skin. It was a narrow shave, for the lioness had come between Owad and myself, knocking us both down, though I think that, as my bullet smashed her off shoulder and penetrated the heart, she must have been powerless from the moment I pulled the trigger."

Mr. A. B. Lloyd tells the following thrilling story in his book of a boy's successful fight with lions :¹ "While staying in one of the suburbs of the capital I was one morning called up by the chief to come at once and shoot a lion that was doing great damage in the district and had just killed a poor woman while cultivating her garden. She was stooping down pulling up some weeds, when in front of her she heard the awful roar of a lion. Looking up in speechless horror, she saw in the grass a few yards away a huge male lion, apparently about

¹ See Bibliography, 3.

22 SPORT TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE

to spring upon her; but just at that moment the lioness, which had crept up behind her, sprang out, and with one terrible stroke of the forepaw killed her where she stood, and then carried her off into the thicket. As soon as I heard this story I started off with a couple of my boys to hunt the lion; but although I spent the whole day searching never a lion did I see. The mangled remains of the poor woman we discovered, but the lions avoided us. However, a few days later a party of native hunters, returning from their day's hunt after small antelope, were attacked by the same lions. Walking in single file through the long grass on the narrow path, the man at the end of the line was suddenly seized from behind by the lioness and instantly killed and carried off. The rest of the party made off with all haste, excepting one little boy, the son of the man killed, and he, amazingly plucky little fellow that he is, actually turned back, and, armed with nothing but a small spear, followed the blood-stained track through the thicket. After a little while he came upon the lioness in the act of devouring his father. Without a moment's hesitation this brave little chap rushed at the huge beast, and the lioness, becoming aware of his approach, left the prey and sprang upon the boy. By a merciful Providence the spear which the boy carried entered its breast, and by the animal's own weight was forced right into its body, piercing the heart, and the great creature rolled over stone dead. The boy was utterly unharmed. Rapidly withdrawing his little weapon, he went and knelt by the mangled remains of his father, and while bending over him in his sorrow the male lion came roaring



THE LION KILLER.



TYPICAL TORO HUT.

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through the thicket. The grief-stricken lad sprang up and with almost superhuman courage rushed towards the second lion, waving aloft his blood-stained spear and shouting, 'Come on, come on; I'll kill you also!' But the lion was so discomfited by the unexpected approach of the lad that he turned tail and fled, leaving his partner dead by the side of her mangled prey. The boy then went home to his village and called his friends to come and bring the dead lioness to the king, and this was done. The brave little fellow was suitably rewarded by Kasagama for his wonderful pluck, and he made him his own page."

The following passage from Mr. F. R. N. Findlay's volume on big-game shooting in South-East Africa is interesting as showing the occasional boldness of lions :¹ "I was shooting at the time in the Gorongosa district, and had left my assistant, Prinsloo, with three boys in charge of the head camp. It must have been about twelve o'clock one night when he was awakened by the loud and continuous roaring of several lions close to camp. On looking out of the door of the small patrol-tent he saw the boys were already up and busy kindling several large fires to scare them away. Telling a boy to place a kettle of water on the small fire in front of the tent, he sat down with my old Gibbs .450 rifle across his knees and enjoyed a quiet pipe of Transvaal tobacco. After a time the lions ceased roaring, the boys crept once more into their *majumbas*, and the little kettle commenced to sing gaily. Prinsloo had just removed it from the fire, and was about to prepare some coffee, when he was startled by several loud growls and roars in the

¹ See Bibliography, 4.

direction of the river, followed by the bellowing of a buffalo and confused noises.

The desert rang
With clanging sound of desperate strife,

as if several lions were attacking a buffalo. After a time all was quiet and he turned in, having seen that the fires were replenished.

He had slept for perhaps an hour or two, when he was rudely awakened by the cries of the boys, who, the next moment, together with two local natives, rushed into the small tent shouting out that several lions were in the camp. Prinsloo, although by no means averse to company when lions were about, objected to five natives crowding into the tiny tent, in which two men could hardly move about, and so, by dint of well-directed kicks, he cleared them out. The boys promptly swarmed up the nearest tree, which happened to be a very slender one, so that when the valiant five perched themselves aloft to watch developments they began to realize with fear that it was quite on the cards that the branches would break, for the one would beseech the other to get down and climb up another tree. In the meantime the three lions which the boys had seen approached until they stood on a slightly elevated spot on which we used to peg out skins to dry, about ten yards from the tent, and were at times plainly visible by the flickering light of the dying fires. Two other lions were heard growling on the other side of the camp, and presently one of them came forward, and the boys in the tree informed Prinsloo that they could make it out lying in the grass behind one of their huts.

No sound could be heard except the whispers of the boys in the tree. The excitement was intense. Stepping from the tent door, Prinsloo was preparing to fire at one of the three lions, when, with a deep growl, they disappeared in the grass to the right, and seemed to be making for the back of the tent and the tree in which the boys were perched. Hastily lighting a blue light, he saw the lion which the boys had seen in the grass spring to its feet. The next moment he fired. The bullet 'klapped' loudly, and when the smoke lifted, to his surprise he saw the lion standing almost on the same spot, growling and snarling savagely; and before the light went out he caught a glimpse of a lioness a few paces to the right watching her lord and master. The light flickered and died away, leaving an intense darkness. Prinsloo had used the only blue light he had, and now there was nothing left for him but to retreat into the tent, which he did with considerable expedition. As he sat there in the dark he heard the wounded lion continue for some time to moan and growl in a terrifying manner, evidently on the same spot where it had stood when it received the bullet. Prinsloo's position would have tried the strongest nerves. Finally the lion drew off, evidently accompanied by the lioness. The other three lions did not threaten an attack again, but roared occasionally in the neighbourhood until dawn. I happened to arrive at the head camp that morning, and received from Prinsloo and the natives a most graphic account of the night's excitements.

At sunrise Prinsloo discovered much blood where the wounded lion had stood, and on making a search

in the direction of the river found the remains of a full-grown buffalo bull, which the five lions had killed and eaten. The buffalo had evidently given a good account of itself, judging by the trampled state of the reeds and long grass. It had been one of a small herd of about eight, and its companions had evidently made off at the first onset, instead of assisting their stricken companion by a combined attack upon the lions, as they occasionally do. The neck of the buffalo, which had not been entirely eaten, showed a terrible bite about three inches behind the ears and several under the neck, but the face and nose showed but few claw marks, which seemed to prove that death was caused by strangulation, and not by dislocation of the neck.

On my arrival at camp Prinsloo had just returned from tracking the wounded lion. He had taken the blood-spoor to the edge of a dense patch of swamp-grass, and there abandoned it. We spent the rest of the morning in tracking it for a couple of miles beyond that spot, through scrub, grass, and swamp, towards the western edge of the Cheringoma forest. The work was slow and dangerous, but not without excitement. The quantity of blood the lion had lost was astounding. At first we found pools of blood every ten or twenty yards, where he had lain down at short intervals; but afterwards he had evidently partially recovered his strength, the profuse bleeding having almost ceased. We eventually had to give up the pursuit, having lost the spoor in some short grass within two hundred yards of the forest, and being unable to cut it again."

Mr. A. B. Lloyd is probably the only cyclist who

has had a narrow escape from a collision with a lion. "A bicycle,"¹ he says, "had been sent to me during my stay in Uganda and was constantly used by me in taking my journeys abroad, and often I have had most exciting times when on the wheel. One morning I started off to visit a village some few miles away from the Mission station. The road was well cultivated and about five feet wide. It was, in fact, the main road leading to Uganda. I had reached the top of a long hill, and on the other side was a gentle slope into the valley beyond; I knew the road well, having often passed that way, and I therefore prepared myself for a 'coast.' Near the foot of the hill was a slight turn in the road, and as I approached it I put my feet again on to the pedals. I was going at a great speed, and as I rounded the corner an awful sight met my gaze. Not twenty yards in front there lay in the centre of the path a huge lion, with head down upon his paws, facing the direction from which I was coming. It was impossible for me to stop the machine, the speed was too great. To the left of the path was a high wall of rock towering some twenty feet above my head; on the right was a steep incline down, down, down for a hundred feet to the river. I had scarcely a second to take in the situation and to make up my mind as to what course of action to pursue. It was a critical moment. What *could* I do? To turn to the right down the steep incline would have meant almost certain destruction; to attempt to stop, even if successful, would have meant pulling up at the entrance to the jaws of the king of the forest. I therefore

¹ See Bibliography, 3.

did the only thing that was possible—I rang my bell, and, shouting at the top of my voice, then let the 'bike' go at its topmost speed. As I shot into view the lion raised his huge, shaggy head, and seeing this unearthly creature come racing towards him, making so strange a cry, he lifted up his voice and gave forth a most blood-curdling yelp. The apparition was too much even for him, and when I was about five yards from him he leaped on to the right of the path, and I just had room to scramble past him. Once beyond, I pedalled away as I never had before, not even looking round to see what next happened to the startled lion."

CHAPTER II

AMONG THE PYGMIES

ALTHOUGH H. M. Stanley, the great explorer, actually met with the Pygmies in 1888, very little was really known of the dwarf race of Africa until many years later. One of the earliest and best accounts of their habits and customs is given by Mr. A. B. Lloyd, the famous missionary traveller, in his volume of African exploration.¹ He says: "We had been in the forest for six long days, and had never once seen the slightest sign of Pygmies, and I began to half believe that after all the Pygmy stories were not true.; but on this particular day I was converted to believe most thoroughly in Pygmies. I was still at the head of the caravan, rifle in hand, looking out for a shot at some wild pigs that had been seen a little while before. The forest was not so dense as it had been in the earlier part of the day, and we were making our way along a small antelope track which was in the direction we were going. My boy, who was just behind me, suddenly stopped and pointed out to me what he described as a 'man-monkey.' I looked up the tree at which he was pointing, and there, near the top of a high cotton-tree, I saw what I thought must be, from the

¹ See Bibliography, 3.

boy's description, a gorilla. In the thick foliage it was impossible to get a clear view, and I could only see that it was some creature of large dimensions, to be so near the top of a tree like that. I therefore raised my rifle to my shoulder, took steady aim, and prepared to fire. I had been unsuccessful in killing the wild pig, and I thought at any rate monkey would be better than nothing, and it would not have been the first time that we had been reduced to that. I had very nearly pulled the trigger—indeed, my finger was actually upon it—when my boy, who was still carefully studying the creature up the tree, suddenly pulled my arm and said, 'Don't fire—it's a man!' I almost dropped my gun, so great was my astonishment. Could it possibly be so? Yes, there he was; I could now clearly distinguish him. He had discovered us, had heard my boy speak to me, and while with breathless horror we stood there gazing, the little man ran along the branch on which we stood, and jumping from tree to tree, soon disappeared. It was a Pygmy, and how nearly had he paid the penalty of climbing trees! What the result would have been if I had killed him I cannot say, for, as I found out afterwards, he was not alone, and had he been shot the whole tribe would have been down upon us, and with their deadly little weapons would soon have put an end to us. But now my boy was literally shaking with fear. 'We have seen a Pygmy, we have seen a Pygmy; we shall now see sorrow.' It was an old idea of the Watoro that the Pygmies were *Bachwezi* (devils), and they always spoke of them with bated breath, and declared that no one ever saw one and lived to tell the story; that to see one was to die. I laughed at him and told

him it was all right ; God would protect us, and we should get through the forest in safety ; had He not preserved us thus far from dangers on every hand? and we must trust Him to keep us all the way.

Five o'clock came and it was time to pitch camp. We found a nice spot which was tolerably clear from undergrowth, although it was quite thick overhead ; and here we put the tent, and the porters built their little huts. I then sat down at my tent door and tried to read. Presently, upon looking up from my book, I became aware of a number of little faces peering at me through the thicket. Just in front of me was the trunk of a huge tree, and around one side of it peeped a tiny figure. For a moment I was completely taken aback ; it was like being in fairyland and having visits paid to one by the fairies themselves. My boys, who were sitting near at hand cooking some food for our evening meal, also caught sight of these strange little beings and came at once to my side. I told one of them to go and fetch the little people, that I might talk with them, but he was too much afraid and refused to leave my side. Indeed, I did not wonder at his fear, for I, too, began to have strange apprehensions as to the character of my visitors. I did not know whether they had not come to attack me, and how soon I might find myself pierced with a deadly arrow. At last I called out in the language of the people of Toro just the ordinary salutation of the country, and to my great astonishment and pleasure one little man returned my greeting. I then said to him, 'Come here and let us talk together.' This I shouted out several times, and then, very slowly and very shyly, he came creeping towards me, fol-

lowed by the others. When he got into the open space before my tent he seemed very unhappy, and stared at me in blank amazement and hid his face behind his hands. Some of his companions dodged behind each other, while the majority remained partly hidden in the jungle.

I now had a complete view of my visitors, and what struck me first of all was naturally the shortness of their stature. But although they were so very short (about four feet, by subsequent measurement), yet there was a powerfulness about their build that is not often seen in African races. Broad-chested, with muscles finely developed, short, thick neck, and small bullet head, the lower limbs were massive and strong to a degree. The chest was covered with black, curly hair, and most of the men wore thick black beards. Each carried either bow and quiver and arrows, or short throwing-spears. Round their arms they wore iron rings, and some of them had these around their necks also. I chatted away to the little man who knew the Toro language, and I was very much amazed at the smart way in which he answered my questions. His knowledge of the language was not perfect by any means, and he often used words that were strange to me, and savoured of Pygmy Land, yet he spoke sufficiently well for me to be able to follow him.

None of his followers—for he was their chief—seemed to know the Toro language at all, and merely stood looking on, lost in wonder at the white man's appearance. He, the chief, had at some time or other come in contact with the people of Toro, possibly at Mboga, and had there learned their language. I asked him all sorts of questions relating to the forest and to

themselves, most of which he answered with marvellous intelligence, speaking in a rapid, sing-song way. I asked him the extent of the forest, as occupied by the Pygmies, and he described the distance by telling me the number of days it would take to pass through: from east to west seven days, and from north to south about six days, and, roughly speaking, about one hundred and forty by one hundred and twenty miles broad—that is, counting twenty miles as an average day's march, which would be fairly good walking even for a native of the forest. I next asked him the number of his people, and he took a piece of stick and broke it up into little pieces, about forty in all, and said that each piece represented a chief; and he then went on to tell me the number of followers of each—some had two hundred, others only fifty, and a few as many as five hundred. It was very simple then to calculate that the total number would be somewhere about ten thousand.

Then the Pygmy chief told me that he knew long ago of my coming, and I asked him 'How?' He said that several days ago he saw me. 'Saw me?' I said; 'when did you see me?' 'I have seen you in the forest for six days.' 'But I did not see you,' I said; and then he laughed most heartily and said, 'No, I could not see him, but he saw me.' Upon further inquiry I found that a large party of these little creatures had been watching our every movement through the forest, while we were in the most blissful ignorance of the fact. At every camp they had hovered about us, peering at us through the thicket as we passed. Why did they not attack us? is the question that kept coming into my mind. If they

are the thievish, wicked little people that they have been represented, why did they not molest us? We were entirely in their power, and had been for the past six days. Perhaps it was our very helplessness that protected us—they saw that we were not as the other white men who had passed through their forest, armed with guns, and having a big following of soldiers; or perhaps I had been overheard speaking in the language of Toro to my boys, and this had given them confidence. I firmly believe, however, that they are not untrustworthy folk, as is usually supposed, but, like most Africans, when not interfered with they are perfectly harmless. I cannot say which of these answers meets the case; I leave the reader to judge for himself. At any rate, upon this and subsequent occasions when I had intercourse with them in the great forest, I was most kindly treated. The little chief brought me a forest antelope for food, also a large pot of honey, that I requested him to taste first. Before they retired for the night I asked them to come again in the morning to see me, and the chief said he would do so, and the next day I therefore had further conversation with these strange little folk.

Their mode of living is extraordinary; they never cultivate the ground, but wander from place to place, gathering fruit, nuts, etc., from the trees, and the wild honey. The animals they shoot with their bows and arrows, and the hunt was most graphically described to me. Often they follow a wounded elephant for days, shooting into it hundreds of their little iron-tipped arrows, until the poor creature dies from sheer exhaustion. They then make their little camp all round the carcass, and live upon the flesh

as long as it will last, and then away they go again to seek other food. Their method of catching wild pigs and forest antelope is very interesting. Two or three of the more agile of the men are sent off into the thicket to search for the animal. These little fellows sometimes climb the trees, and move along the branches from tree to tree, peering down into the dense undergrowth. In the meantime a large net made out of creepers is held in readiness, and men, women, and children alike arm themselves ready for the fray, some with sticks, but most of the men with bows and arrows. After a little time a shrill, bird-like whistle is heard from the forest; it is the signal from the searchers that game has been found. Away the little army goes, all noiselessly picking their way through the jungle and tangled undergrowth, in the direction of the whistle. As they get near to the spot they quietly surround it, each man or woman keeping within sight of the next; the net is fixed up on to the bushes, on one part of the circle, and then when all is ready the whole party commences a great shouting, beating the thicket, and very slowly driving all before them into the net, where stand the men with bows and arrows. Into the net rushes the pig or antelope, which is immediately shot through and through by the expert marksmen, and the hunt is finished. The meat is carried back to the camp, the blood being specially preserved for the chief.

In the morning I tried to photograph my little friends, but it was quite hopeless. It was too dark in the forest itself, and I could not persuade them to come out into a clearing where I might get light enough. I tried time after time, but always failed. I exposed

nearly a dozen plates, but with no good results ; snapshots were useless, and I could not get them still enough for a time exposure.

One day after leaving Mawambi we met another little troop of Pygmies. They were not at all surprised to see us ; they said that they knew of our coming, and had been told about us by their own people. I was greatly surprised at this, and asked to see the man who had spoken about us, and he was brought—the very same little chief who had treated me so kindly before. He was so amused when I told him of my astonishment at finding him here, and he laughed most heartily and seemed to thoroughly enjoy the joke. I believe it was Dr. Moffat who once said that whenever he found a native in Africa who could *laugh*, he had hope for that man. A native who can see a joke and enjoy a laugh is usually a man who has not lost heart and become entirely absorbed in the problem of life, as to how to procure for himself a sustenance. And so this little Pygmy greatly enjoyed the simple joke of having passed us in the forest without our having seen him, and of being able to tell us of all our experiences since he left us ; even the places where we camped he knew, and the animals we shot *en route* for food. Again the little man showed his good feeling towards me by presenting me with two bows and a quiver full of arrows, to some of which the deadly poison was still adhering. The arrows were of great variety, the simplest being merely sharpened sticks of hard wood, and these I found were the poisoned ones. Others were made with iron heads of different shapes, from the simple leaf shape to the six-barbed arrow ; one or two I saw had double



PYGMIES OF UGANDA WITH THEIR BISHOP.

To face p. 36.

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heads, and some had, instead of sharp, *rounded* tips ; others had two long barbs, one on either side, both at least half an inch in length. The poisoned arrows are no doubt used when at war, while the others are reserved for the hunt. All had, instead of a feather, a leaf fixed at the end of the shaft. The quivers in which they were kept were made some of antelope hide and others of monkey skin.

In addition to the arrows, I procured from the Pygmies a horn of ivory used in the chase, a whistle made of wood for the same purpose, and two throwing-spears. All these articles, made by the Pygmies themselves, show a certain amount of skill and intelligence. The horn, for instance, is nicely carved out of the solid tusk of an elephant, and the spears are slightly ornamented on the blades.

I asked these little people to take me to one of their encampments, but they said they could not do so, that they never liked strangers to see where they lived. However, quite by chance one day while out hunting in the forest with one of my boys, I came upon one of their settlements. It was in a very dense part of the jungle, and I could see at once that it could belong to no other tribe of people under the sun than the Pygmies. There were very tiny little huts or shelters, varying from three to four feet in height, thatched with giant leaves from trees of the forest ; a few broken clay pots, evidently used for cooking purposes ; and scattered about the place in all directions were the husks of a tree-bean and the stones from the forest fruits. Apart from these few signs of human habitation, there was nothing to denote that here the Pygmies lived. I moved away from this

strange deserted camp, feeling as if I had reached a corner of fairyland.

I now had the opportunity of seeing some Pygmy women ; hitherto I had seen only the men, but now, so very friendly were they, that they brought even their women to see me. They were very comely little creatures and most attractive, with very light skins, lighter even than the men, being a light tan colour ; the usual flat nose and thick lips of the negro, and black curly hair ; but their eyes were of singular beauty ; so bright and quick and restless were they that not for a second did they seem to fix their gaze upon anything. They were smaller than the men, and would average about 3 feet 10 inches in height. One of the women had a little child fastened to her back with a bit of bark cloth—a pretty little boy. I wanted to nurse him, but she very quickly turned away, and took the child from out of my reach. She was only a Pygmy, but she had a mother's heart ; she loved her babe, and feared lest I might injure it.

One of the Pygmy women was found at Mboga by Bishop Tucker when he visited the place in 1898, and she was photographed by his side. Her height was just under four feet ; she had well-developed limbs and a bright, intelligent mind. She had lived for some years amongst the people of Mboga as a slave, but seemed to be quite contented with her lot.

Strange as it may seem, these Pygmies have their religion ; it has been said that they have *none*, but in passing through the forest I often found signs of Pygmy worship. At the foot of some of the huge trees I picked up several times little bundles of food neatly tied up in rough bark cloth, sometimes a few

forest beans or a little handful of rice. I also saw little pots of honey placed at the foot of these forest giants. It seemed as if the Pygmies venerated the spirit of the great trees amongst which they made their home. I also found some little temples, very neatly made, that could not have belonged to any but the Pygmies. Upon their arms and round their necks some of them, especially the women, wore charms—little pieces of carved wood from some sacred tree, or else a leopard's claw or tooth. The latter, I learned, were to ward off the leopards which are roaming in the forest, and with which the Pygmies constantly wage war, the former to keep disease away, especially smallpox."

Further information about the Pygmies is supplied by Mr. T. Broadwood Johnson in his record of African travel. It is interesting to note the difference of opinion in regard to their religious beliefs.¹ "An object of great interest for us was a little fellow coming along the road laden with a basket of rubber on his back. The bearer, apart from a little madman at Mbeni, was the first Pygmy we had so far encountered. Watitaru, as he called himself, was of the Batwa tribe, like the baptized boy we had at Kabarole, of fair, smooth, chestnut-coloured skin, and though a fully grown young man, came only up to the second button from the top of my jacket. The rubber that he was carrying looked, to use a homely comparison, like long strips of potato chips. It is sometimes used by them, he informed us, for burning in strips as torches, but this was more likely needed to make up the quota of tribute required from his village at the Government^o fort.

¹ See Bibliography, 5.

Farther on we came suddenly upon another of these little folk, who, immediately on perceiving us, flung away his tiny bow and arrows into the bushes and bolted. But a little later we were gratified at the appearance of another and more sociable specimen. He was somewhat bigger than the other, and of the tribe of larger Wamputti, who people the recesses of the forest all the way down the Congo, a month's journey and more, to Stanleyville. This one, Akwehadu, was a hunter, with his little bow and two iron-shafted arrows ready in his hand, and a wicker basket of food hanging on his shoulder. He also carried a little bundle of more deadly weapons, with the ends carefully bound round with a leaf, and this was his stock of still wet freshly poisoned arrows. Strangely enough, the poison doesn't seem to affect the wholesomeness for food of the game which falls to them. The bearded little man followed us to the camping-place, where we arrived just at midday; and here the captain, though not raising our hopes very highly as to the prospect of success, kindly sent to search for the chief of these Pygmies in his village several hours away in the depth of the forest.

Towards evening the chief of these Wamputti Pygmies arrived, his high-sounding title of 'Sultan' being evidence of the influence in former days of the Arab in the district. In height he stood about 4 ft., looking quite big beside his fellow. The conversation we had with him—passing backwards and forwards between five intermediaries—was inevitably limited. Mr. Geil would put to me a question which I passed on in French to Captain S., and he turned it into Kiswahili for his interpreter, who understood a little



THE PYGMY HUNTSMAN, AKWEBADU, WITH HIS BOW AND POISONED ARROWS.

To face p. 40.

TO THE
ABBOTTS

of the Pygmy language. But though of necessity limited, the conversation elicited some interesting facts.

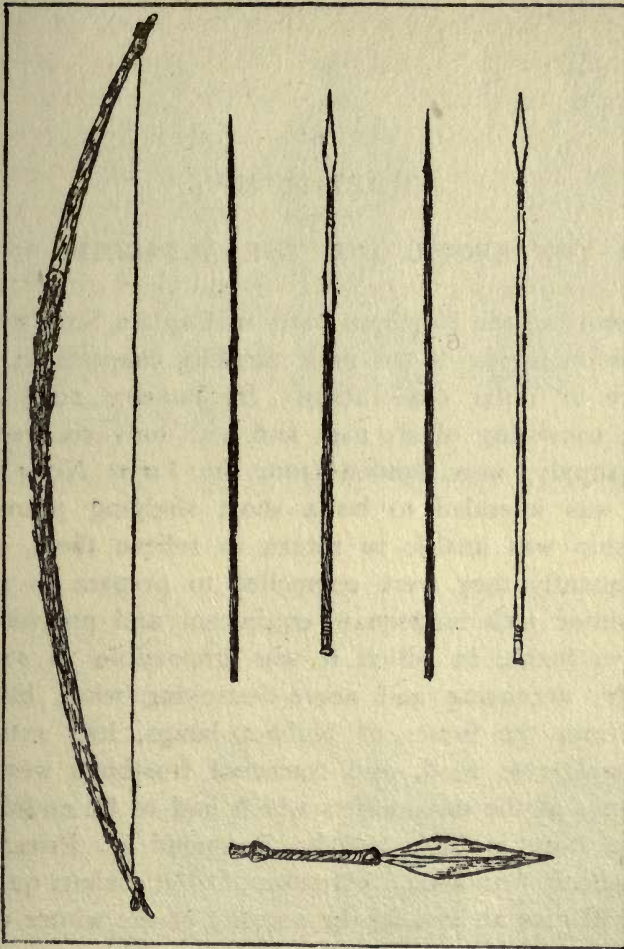
When asked questions, the little man laughed a timid, simple sort of laugh, and with his hand over his mouth answered in a gentle, sing-song voice. In answer to the question how old he was, he replied, 'Many moons.' He has only one wife (according to their usual practice) and two children (three being considered an unusually large family); it is little wonder, therefore, that they are not multiplying and overrunning the forest.

His encampment was about six hours away, so he explained by the sun; but they only encamp in one place a short while—a few days it may be, or up to three months—when they pass off to seek other hunting-grounds. They never build in trees, but occasionally climb into them and remain for a few hours aloft when watching for their prey.

Their religious belief is practically nil, though they have at least one idea of a charm; pounding up the bark of a tree, they make a red or black liquid, and, smearing it in certain lines over the face, suppose it will ensure strength for the journey or the hunt. After the death of a member of the tribe, and his burial at a considerable distance from his temporary home, a start is made on a long journey to seek some new place for sojourning in. After death they believe that the person is absolutely gone, never to return, or, in other words, worn out.

The captain added that they engage in no agriculture, never staying long enough to gather in a crop, but, like some wandering people in Europe, are not above relieving their neighbours of a fowl or two at night. When asked as to the game he shoots, he began to

reckon on his fingers (in place of the more familiar way with little bits of stick), buffalo (showing the crushing his shoulder had received from one), antelope, monkeys (but these not very often, because of the loftiness of their leafy haunts), wild pig, and occasionally elephant. When a herd passes through their district they hover on its flanks, and as one of the great beasts lifts his hind leg they discharge their poisoned arrows into his foot, and after a few hours the poor thing topples down, overpowered by the deadly poison."



THE PYGMY AKWEBADU'S BOW AND ARROWS.

Two of the arrows are iron pointed, and the other two simply hardened wood and poisoned, but so deadly as to bring down an elephant. The bow measures only 26 inches in length. The knife is for cutting up the meat or peeling plantains.

CHAPTER III

THE ARCTIC AND THE ANTARCTIC

THE story of the Northern party of Captain Scott's last expedition is one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of Polar exploration. In January 1912 the party, consisting of six men and with only six weeks' food supply, were landed from the *Terra Nova* for what was intended to be a short sledging journey. The ship was unable to return to relieve them, and consequently they were compelled to prepare to face the winter with inadequate equipment and provisions. A cave home, in which it was impossible to stand upright, unceasing and nerve-destroying wind, blindness from the fumes of blubber lamps, half rations of unpalatable food, and continual frostbites were a few only of the discomforts which had to be endured.

The story is fully told by Raymond E. Priestley, in his book "Antarctic Adventure,"¹ but a short quotation will give an idea of the severity of the winter they lived through: "By March 17th our cave was sufficiently advanced for Campbell, Dickason, and myself to move in, and we therefore decided to cart over our stuff to the drift and settle down there. We should then be able to camp in the cave for the night and

¹ See Bibliography, 6.

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Priestley.

Levick.

Browning.



Abbott.

Campbell.

Dickason.

AFTER NINE MONTHS WITHOUT A WASH OR CHANGE OF CLOTHES.

have our meals there, and if the weather was very bad we should still be able to work under shelter. We therefore struck camp in the morning and spent the whole day bringing our gear over, and I don't think any of us would care to repeat the day, which I will describe as it is recorded in my diary.

7 p.m.—Strong south-west breeze all day, freshening to a full gale at night. We have had an awful day, but have managed to shift enough gear into the cave to live temporarily. Our tempers have never been so tried during the whole of our life together, but they have stood the strain pretty successfully. After breakfast Abbott and Browning came over and started to carry the sugar and chocolate boxes to the cave. Then I went over to their tent and took them three or four days' biscuit ration and their chocolate and brought back a tin of oil and my carrier. By the time I got back the others had struck camp and piled everything on the sledge, and we sledged everything along the edge of the glacier until we were as near the drift as possible. The wind, which had lulled a little, was again beginning to freshen when I started, a few minutes before the others, with my pack for the cave, and then rose rapidly to gale strength, with heavy drift in the gusts. My pack, a sleeping-bag, rucksack, and bag of notebooks, etc., was very unwieldy, and was rendered more so within the first hundred yards, when the sleeping-bag unshipped its moorings and came loose. I then slung the latter round me to windward, and it was handicapped in this manner that I finished the trip.

May I never have such another three trips as were those to-day. Every time the wind lulled a little I fell

over to windward, and at every gust I was pitched to leeward, while a dozen times or more I was taken off my feet and dashed against the ground or against unfriendly boulders. The other two had equally bad times. Dickason hurt his knee and ankle and lost his sheath-knife, and Campbell lost a compass and some revolver cartridges in the two trips they made. Altogether it was lucky we got across at all. Abbott and Browning were compelled to depôt the boxes, but they returned for our primus and cooker, and by the time they had completed this first trip it was so late that we had only time to send them for some sea water and blubber before they had to return to their own tent. We got most of our necessary articles over, however, and have enjoyed a thoroughly good though insufficient hoosh in our new home, the first of many equally good, I hope and expect, for I don't think there is the slightest chance of the ship coming. We then spread a seal-skin on the floor, sat on it until we had thawed out the humps, spread two floor-cloths over it, and turned in, first converting the tent into a door to keep out most of the drift.

It is good to lie in one's bag and not to hear the flapping of the tent, but until we get the insulation finished the cave is going to be very cold. I have eaten a pint of blubber to-night in great thick slices, and feel much the better for it, but I have also anticipated to-morrow's biscuit allowance, for we had to bring it over loose, and this was too much for my fortitude. We sang some hymns to-night, but could not remember many.

The gale raged without cessation during the 18th, but we were able to work steadily at the cave, which

by this time had reached its final dimensions, twelve feet by nine feet, but still wanted a foot or two in height.

It was fortunate that we were able to devote our whole attention to this work on this and the following day, for on the evening of the 19th Levick, Abbott, and Browning arrived at the cave thoroughly exhausted and without any of their equipment. Early in the morning the gale had reached its climax, and in one of the gusts the three bamboos on the weather side of the tent had been snapped as if they had been reeds. The tent then collapsed over the heads of the party, and the jagged ends of the poles made short work of the canvas."

Levick's account of the accident and of their subsequent adventures is of sufficient interest to be reproduced verbatim: "The wind had been blowing very hard all night, and at 8 a.m. it had increased to hurricane force. The tent door, which had been flapping violently, had a large rent in it, and Abbott was mending this when suddenly, with a startling crash, the bamboo tent-poles gave way, and in a minute the whole tent was down on us, the tremendous weight of wind upon it pinning us down so that we could hardly move.

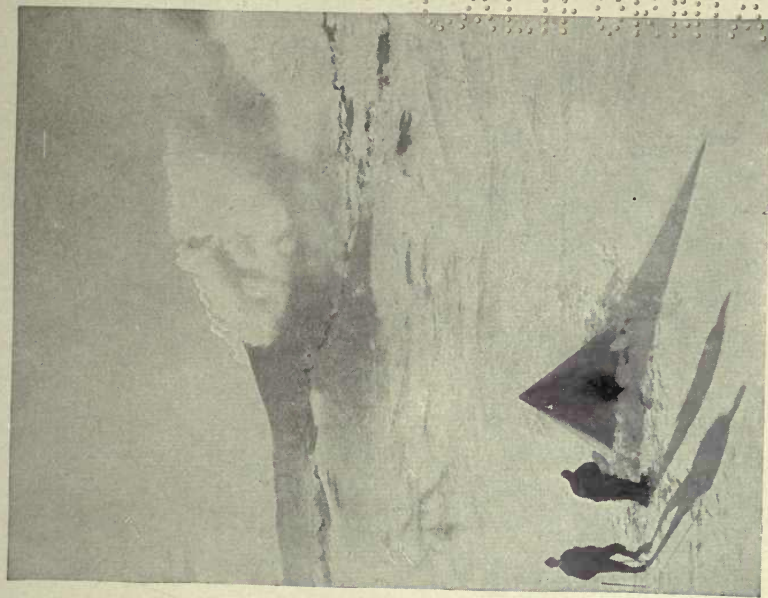
The situation was a most uncomfortable one. With great difficulty Abbott wormed his way back to his bag and managed to get into it; and for a time I thought the only thing for us to do was to lie quietly, as we were, in the hope that the wind would moderate.

The snow and ice blocks which we had piled round the skirting outside were by this time frozen into a solid mass, so that there was little fear of the wind getting under the tent and lifting it away. We had

had nothing to eat for twelve hours, and were becoming very hungry. As there was a large lump of raw seal-meat handy, we gnawed at this, but it was so cold that it froze to our lips, and so hard that after we had eaten off the angles we could no longer make any impression upon it. We had all put on our windproof clothing in case of accident.

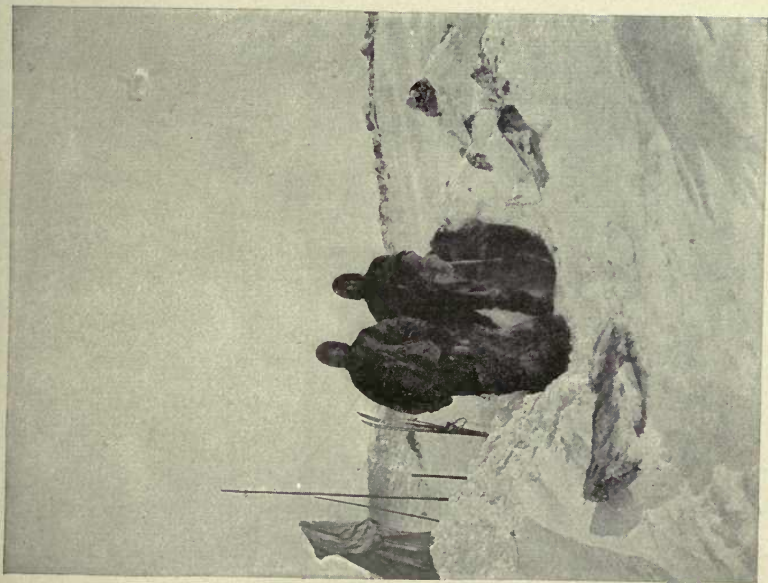
About midday, as the wind showed no signs of moderating, I thought that something really must be done, so Abbott and I managed to find where the door was, and crawled through it, leaving Browning inside to sit on the bags. On getting outside, we found the force of the wind so great that it was impossible to stand up for a moment. I wanted to find some place sheltered enough to allow of our putting up the spare tent, so we crawled some distance, on all fours, to the lee of one of the moraine heaps. Here, however, things were just as bad ; the wind swept over and round the mound, and wherever we tried there was no sort of shelter. After this we crawled back and underneath the tent again, having had just about enough of the wind. We all three got into our bags again and lay there until about 4 p.m. Fortunately, I had saved two sticks of chocolate and a biscuit, which we divided amongst us, and this was all we had to eat all day.

The sun was now going down, and as the wind showed no signs of abatement, it became evident that we could not see the night through where we were, and that we must make an effort to reach the other party over at the igloo. We all three crawled out and piled ice and moraine blocks all over the tent and its contents, being most careful that there was no chance of our precious sleeping-bags being lost. To



THE HIGHEST CAMP IN ANTARCTICA.

To face page 48.



THE "TORPEDO" HATCH AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE SHAFT.

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take them with us against that wind would have been impossible.

Having done this, we started on our journey. This lay, first of all, across half a mile of clear blue ice, swept by the unbroken wind, which met us almost straight in the face. We could never stand up, so had to scramble the whole distance on 'all fours,' lying flat on our bellies in the gusts. By the time we had reached the other side we had had enough. Our faces had been rather badly bitten, and I have a very strong recollection of the men's countenances, which were a leaden blue streaked with white patches of frostbite. Once across, however, we reached the shelter of some large boulders on the shore of the island, and waited here long enough to thaw out our noses, ears, and cheeks. A scramble of another six hundred yards brought us to the half-finished igloo, into which we found that the rest of the party had barricaded themselves, and, after a little shouting, they came and let us in, giving us a warm welcome and about the most welcome hot meal that I think any of us had ever eaten."

Mr. Harry Whitney, the American sportsman who travelled as far as Etah, in Greenland, with Commander Peary's Polar expedition in 1908, spent the succeeding fourteen months among the Eskimos. He adopted their mode of life, shared with them their privations and their dangers, and lent his aid in their incessant fight for existence. A short extract from the record of his experiences will give an idea of his life in the Arctic regions¹: "Teddylinguah and I had everything ready for the start northward when suddenly Inute, a young

¹ See Bibliography, 7.

man of about Teddylinguah's age, Eiseeyou and his kooner, Anahway, Oxpuddinguah and his kooner, Ishyatah, with their two children, decided that they would join us. Very hurriedly their komatiks were loaded and their dogs harnessed while we waited. Oxpuddinguah's and Ishyatah's younger child, a baby, was carried in a hood on the mother's back, while the other youngster, a little girl three years of age, was lashed securely upon the sledge like a piece of baggage.

When our komatiks were finally broken loose the moonlight was very dim, but an exceedingly bright aurora illumined sky and ice-bound sea and land, and in the south-east was a mere suggestion of *karman*.¹

The dogs were well fed and in fine shape. Teddylinguah had eleven big black fellows, fast and keen for work, Eiseeyou and Oxpuddinguah each had ten, and Inute seven. The ice was fine, and we sped northward at a rapid pace until the foot of Clements Markham Glacier was reached, the south side of the steep incline of which was to be descended. It was as smooth and slippery as glass, and at several points the dogs could get no footing, and had to be taken out, while the loaded komatiks, with harpoon-lines attached, were hauled up the grades by hand. One of these places was so slippery and steep that neither Ishyatah nor myself could make the ascent until steps were cut in the ice.

This is the highest glacier between Etah and North Star Bay, and the most difficult climb I had yet experienced. When the top of the abrupt rises had been attained I was all but exhausted, and so thirsty that

¹ Eskimo word for light. This was the coming dawn of the long day.

I could scarcely speak. Upon making this known to my companions a brief halt was made, the sledges were turned upon edge to form a windbreak, oil-stoves lighted, and kettles of snow melted for drinking water. I do not remember that I have ever tasted anything quite so good and refreshing as that water. It quenched my thirst, rested me, and imbued me with fresh ambition. Unmelted snow rather increases than diminishes thirst, and it is not safe to eat it. Travel for long periods without a halt through the frozen Arctic wilds is not unlike travel over the desert. When one is subjected to hard physical exercise, which is generally the case, suffering from thirst is unavoidable, with very frequently no opportunity to melt snow or ice, the only means of quenching it.

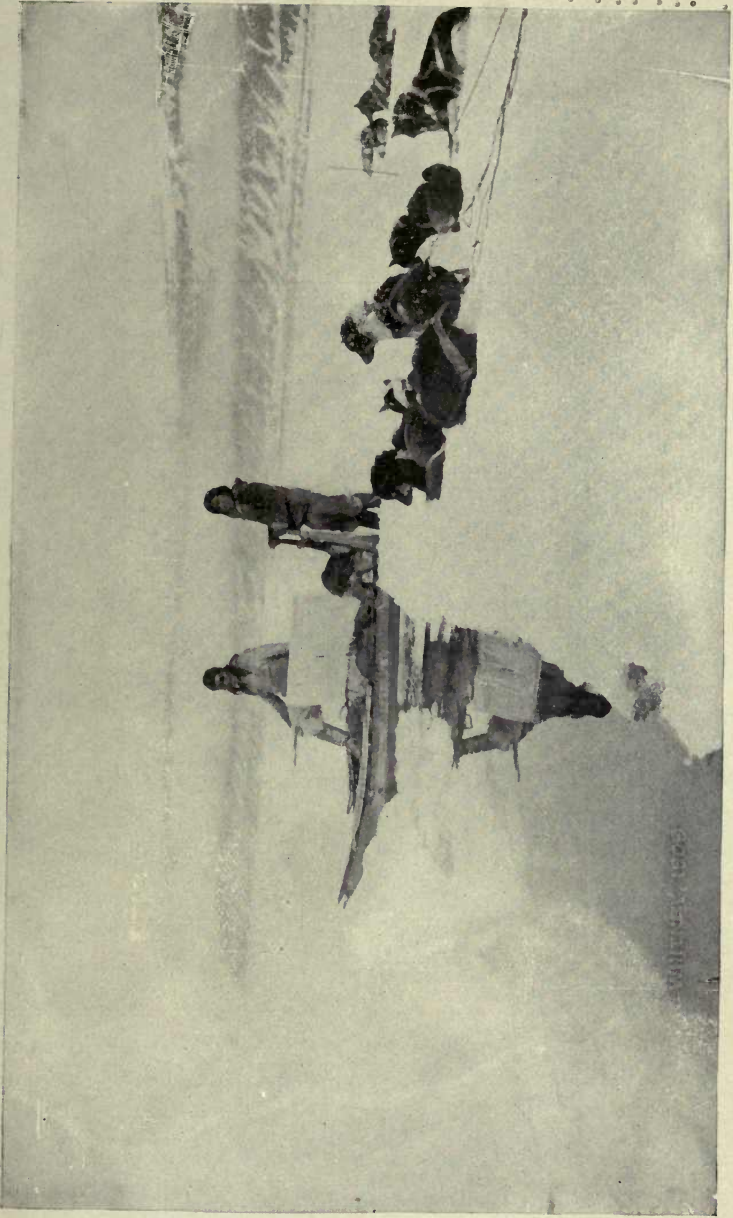
Here we came upon some fresh komatik tracks running to the southward, and Eiseeyou and his kooner, after a consultation, left us, to follow them, as they believed them to be the sledges of Murphy, the boatswain, and his Eskimos on a trading expedition to Inglefield Gulf, and Eiseeyou had fox-skins to barter.

Now our trail was up a gradual incline for several miles. Travelling was exceedingly dangerous here, with innumerable cracks and crevasses, most of them so deep that one could not see the bottom of them, and to fall into one would result in certain death. On crawling upon hands and knees to the edge of several of them to peer into the dark depths I was seized with momentary panic. Many of the crevasses were undermined, with an upper shell that would doubtless have broken had we ventured upon it. The danger of this to inexperienced men is an ever-present one. Eskimos,

however, appear to know at a glance which are the solid and which the undermined walls, and my companions endeavoured to point out to me the difference ; but I was never able to judge between them with certainty, for usually they have on the surface no apparent distinguishing mark of which the novice can positively be certain. One of the largest of these crevasses was so wide that we were forced to follow it for upwards of a mile before a safe crossing could be made.

At length the summit of the glacier was reached, and from this point it branched off into three wide valleys, each reaching northward to the sea as a separate glacier, and each with a steep downgrade. Here I was to experience one of the most thrilling incidents of my sledge travelling in the Arctic, and an adventure that escaped ending in a tragedy only by the barest margin.

The side of the glacier sloping down was as smooth as polished metal, naturally very slippery, and with a steep descent toward the sea. At the top of this the Eskimos lined up their teams and komatiks for a race, and at nearly the same moment started forward with dogs at a mad run. I never knew until then how fast dogs could travel. Down the steep grade, with constantly increasing momentum, our komatiks shot, until we were travelling so fast that it was all I could do to hold my place when small humps or irregularities were struck and the sledge swerved. It was the fastest ride I ever had in my life, except, possibly, in an automobile. Thus we were dropping down the steep decline, the dogs barely able to keep clear of the coasting komatiks, Teddylinguah and myself ahead, Oxpuddinguah directly behind, and Inute on one side, when our sledge struck



SPANNING A LEAD WITH DOG-SLED.

To face p. 52.

TO THE
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some obstruction, turned over, and I was knocked senseless.

It will always be a mystery to me how Oxpuddingwah swerved his sledge out of the track and avoided running me down. But he did turn it aside, and in doing so, at the risk of killing himself and family, turned it over to save me. It was certainly an exhibition of quick thinking, quick acting, wonderful nerve, and high heroism. On looking the ground over later I found that his komatik runner had shaved my head by less than an inch. Had it hit me it would certainly have smashed my head or cut me in two.

When I regained my senses my head was aching severely, and on the back of it was a big, bleeding lump. The little piccaninny, lashed to Oxpuddingwah's komatik, was crying with a bruised left arm. His kooner had a cut cheek.

Elsewhere it was said that Eskimos laugh at a misfortune as a joke circumstance has played upon them. This trait continually impressed itself upon me as one of their most remarkable characteristics, and I never ceased to wonder at it. So it was on this occasion. They laughed heartily over the accident, and the narrow escape from death impressed them not at all. In a little while the youngster was cared for and soothed, the komatiks righted and loads adjusted, and, as though nothing unusual had happened, we were off again at the same mad, reckless pace, with the grade growing constantly steeper and more dangerous. There is but one way to reduce the speed on these grades—put drags upon the komatik runners, and walk ahead of the dogs, snapping the long whip constantly in their faces to cower them and keep them back. This the

Eskimos had no mind to do. They were as speed-mad as the most reckless automobile driver ever was, and that six-mile run from the top of the grade to the frozen ocean was the most exciting I have ever experienced or ever again expect to experience. The last half-mile down the south slope of the Crystal Palace Glacier was particularly steep, and the ice like plate glass, with here and there small lumps raised upon it. Sometimes the sledge would be sliding sideways, strike a lump and turn almost entirely around, jerking the dogs nearly off their feet as the traces tightened, but never slackening its pace. I wore the bottoms nearly off my kamiks by holding my feet on the ice as we sped forward in an endeavour to retard the sledge and prevent it running the dogs down, which constantly seemed unavoidable and imminent.

Teddylinguah and I reached the frozen ocean at the foot of the incline considerably in advance of the others, and here halted to rest the dogs, which were panting and heated with the hard run, and to straighten and unravel tangled traces. This gave me an opportunity to watch the others descend. It was a wonderful exhibition of skill on the part of the drivers. I could not understand how they prevented the sledges from turning over. It made my hair fairly stand on end and my heart come into my throat. Down the steep incline they dashed, komatiks swinging from side to side, dogs galloping at utmost speed, until all finally joined us in safety and without further mishap."

Many tragedies were enacted in Dawson City during the winter following the great rush to the Klondike goldfield. In their haste to get rich the miners made no preparation against the coming winter ; consequently

when it arrived hundreds soon died of cold and starvation. A meeting of the inhabitants was called, and finally it was decided to attempt to reach Dyea, a city some seven hundred miles away. The leadership fell to Mr. Alexander Macdonald, and the account of the crossing of the Chilcoot Pass, taken from his volume of reminiscences, will give an idea of the terrible character of the journey¹: "The snow was falling in thick and blinding sheets when we reached Lake Linderman, and struggled up the first precipitous climb leading to the dreaded Chilcoot.

A deathlike stillness lingered in the valley; the towering mountain peaks enclosing the chain of lakes had formed ample protection from the elements; but soon we ascended into a different atmosphere, where the wind burst upon us with dire force and dashed the snow in clouds against our faces. In vain we laboured on; my comrades sank at times to their necks in the snow; even the sleigh was half buried in the seething masses and rolled over continuously. I alone had snow-shoes, and for the first time in the seven hundred miles' trail we had traversed I strapped the long Indian 'runners' to my moccasins, and endeavoured to pad a track for the following train, but the attempt proved futile. Two hours after leaving the lake we had barely progressed a mile, and the air was becoming dark and heavy with the increasing fury of the gale, which tossed the white clouds aloft and showered them over our sorely tried caravan. Never had we dreamed of encountering such weather. We had come from the silent Klondike valley, where the tempests were hushed by the Frost King, who reigned with iron hand.

¹ See Bibliography, 8.

At two in the afternoon we reached timber limit, and here a few stunted trees showed their tips above the snow; but beyond, the bleak surfaces of Deep and Long Lakes appeared bare and forbidding, and the loud shriek of the gathering gale warned us to venture no farther that day. We hurriedly scooped a hole in the snow, and lined it with our furs; then the sleigh was mounted as a bulwark against the drifts, and we lay down in our strange excavations, exhausted and utterly disheartened. Mac at length broke the silence. 'We might have a fire o' some sort,' he said, looking round. Very gingerly he and his companion crawled towards the tree-tops, and broke off the tough green branches. After much coaxing the unwilling wood ignited, and we clustered joyfully round the pungent smoke—for there was little else—and endeavoured to infuse some warmth into our frozen bodies. The thick blackness of night was rapidly closing over, and the storm showed no signs of diminishing; so we obtained what timber we could from the tree-tops and stored it in our shelter to feed the feeble fire through the long, dreary night. Then we thawed some snow and boiled a 'billy' of coffee, and the warm fluid helped to sustain us greatly; but still the wind howled, and the snow pattered down on our faces with relentless force, and the drifts from the edge of our pit ever and anon deluged us. How we passed that night is beyond description. We huddled near to each other for warmth, while our dog beside us groaned and shivered violently, despite all our efforts to protect him from the icy blasts.

Morning at last arrived, but no welcome light appeared; the air continued murky and dense with

flying snow. Ten o'clock, eleven, and twelve passed, and we were beginning to despair of getting a start that day. Then the gloom merged into a dull grey haze, and we could distinguish faintly through the driving mists the glacier peaks flanking Long Lake. We had thawed snow and made coffee for breakfast, but notwithstanding that fortification we felt ill-prepared to renew our battle with the elements.

'We'll make another try, boys,' I said, after a brief survey around. 'We may reach the summit to-day, but the chances are against it.'

Dave (the dog) was again harnessed to the sleigh, and with three separate ropes attached we straggled forward on different tracks, and pulled as if for dear life. Slowly we forged ahead over Deep Lake, staggering, stumbling, and floundering wildly. Even Dave sank in the yielding track, and his efforts to extricate himself would have been amusing—under different circumstances. As we proceeded the gale increased, and almost hurled us back, and I noted with alarm the heavy gathering clouds that seemed to hang between us and the pass; they spread rapidly, and with them came fresh blasts that whistled across the white lake surface, and tore it into heaving swells even as we looked. I prayed for light, but the gloom deepened and the snow fell thicker and faster. At length we reached the cañon leading to Crater Lake, and with every nerve strained we fought our way forward literally foot by foot. The snow-wreaths here were of extraordinary depths, and several times my companions would disappear altogether, actually *swimming* again to the surface, for only such a motion would sustain the body on the broken snow.

At three o'clock we had travelled but two and a half miles, and the storm was yet rising. Had we been provided with food our position would not have caused us much alarm, but coffee had been our lot for forty-eight hours, and now raw coffee alone must be our portion, for we were above timber limit, and so could have no fire. Starvation from cold and hunger combined promised to be rather a miserable finish to our labours. The deep breathing of my companions betrayed their sufferings; their weakened frames could ill endure such buffetings. At every other step they would sink in the vapoury snow, while poor Dave's muffled howls were pitiful to hear.

'We'll have to camp again, boys,' I shouted. But where could we camp and preserve our already freezing bodies? As I have said, we were beyond timber limit; only the dull drifting snow appeared on every side, and the darkness was quickly hiding even that from view. I relinquished my sleigh rope, and battled forward against the blizzard alone. My snow-shoes skimmed rapidly over the treacherous drifts, but the extreme exertion was too much for me, and I had to come to a halt. The air in such a latitude, and at 3,500 feet altitude, is keen enough even when there is no blizzard raging. In the few hundred yards I had sped ahead I had left my comrades hopelessly behind; they were blotted from my sight as if by an impenetrable pall. Suddenly, through a cleft in the driving sleet, I caught a glimpse of a blue glistening mass close before me. I remembered that I was in the vicinity of the large glacier at 'Happy Camp,' but the glacier had evidently 'calved,' for it was formerly well up the mountain-side. I staggered over to it, and

felt its glassy sides with interest ; then I noticed a great cavity between the giant mass and the mountain-ledge. It was indeed a calved glacier, and in its fall it had formed a truly acceptable place of shelter. I cried loudly to my companions, but only the shriek of the blizzard was my reply. I was afraid to leave my 'find' in case I might not discover it again, so I drew my Colt Navy and fired rapidly into the air. The sound seemed dull and insignificant in the howling storm, but a feeble bark near at hand answered back, and through the mists loomed my doughty henchmen, with their sleigh-ropes over their shoulders and crawling on 'all fours' beside the dog. They had been forced to divide their weight over the snow in this strange fashion, and even as it was they sank at intervals with many a gasp and splutter into the great white depths.

'Happy Camp !' I cried.

'This is an end o' us a' noo,' Mac groaned, staggering into the ice cavern.

'Happy Camp' was the name derisively applied to the vicinity in the summer. It was then the first halting stage after crossing the pass, and as no timber existed near no fires could be made, and hence the name. But what it was like at this time, in midwinter, is beyond my powers to describe. Imagine a vast, glittering field of ice stretching from the peaks above to the frozen stream below, and a small idea of its miseries as a camping-ground is at once apparent.

Yet it was a welcome shelter to us at such a time, and we dragged the sleigh into the dark aperture thankfully, and, wrapping ourselves in our blankets, listened to the moaning of the storm outside. At each great rush of wind the walls of our cave would quiver

and crackle, and far overhead a deep rumbling broke at intervals upon our ears. Our glacier home was certainly no safe retreat, for it was gradually, yet surely, moving downwards. My companions recognized their perilous positions immediately they heard the well-known grinding sound, but they said nothing—they were evidently of opinion that we were as safe inside as out, and, as Stewart afterwards grimly said, 'it would hae been an easier death, onywey.'

The cold was very intense, and we shivered in the darkness for hours without a word being spoken. To such an extremity had we been reduced that Mac and Stewart assiduously chewed the greasy strips of caribou hide which did duty as moccasin laces, while I endeavoured, but with little success, to swallow some dry coffee. If we could only have a fire, I reasoned, we might live to see the morning, but without it there seemed little hope.

We had all grown apathetic, and, indeed, were quite resigned to a horrible fate. I was aroused from a lethargic reverie by the piteous cries of Dave, who remained still harnessed. I patted his great shaggy head, and, pulling my sheath-knife, cut the traces that bound him. As I did so my hand came in contact with the sleigh, and at once a new idea flashed over me.

'Get up, boys!' I cried. 'We've forgotten that the sleigh will burn.'

In an instant they were on their feet. One thought was common to us all—we must have a fire, no matter the cost. Mac lighted a piece of candle and stuck it on the hard ground. Then he and Stewart attacked the sleigh energetically, and in a few moments the snow-ship that had borne our all for seven hundred

miles was reduced to splinters. Eagerly we clustered round as the match was applied, and fanned the laggard flame with our breaths until it burst out cheerily, crackling and glowing, illuminating the trembling walls of our cavern, and causing the crystal roof to scintillate with a hundred varying hues. Sparingly Mac fed the flame; if we could only keep it alive till morning the blizzard might have abated. Piece by piece the wood was applied, and the feeble fire was maintained with anxious care. Hour after hour passed and still the blizzard howled, and the swirling snow-drifts swept to our feet as we bent over our one frail comfort and protected the wavering flame from the smothering sleet.

At various times throughout the weary hours I fancied I could hear a faint moaning without our shelter, but the inky blackness of the night obscured all vision; and after aimlessly groping in the snow for some minutes after each alarm, I had to crawl back benumbed and helpless.

'It must have been the wind,' said Stewart.

'There's nae man could cross the pass last night,' spoke Mac.

Dave lay coiled up on my blanket, apparently fast asleep. The noble animal had had nothing to eat for two days, and I feared he would not wake again. Suddenly, however, he started up, growling hoarsely. The moaning sound again reached our ears, prolonged and plaintive. Then came the sharp whistle of the blizzard, clear, decisive. There could be no mistake. Assuredly some unfortunate was out in the cruel storm. Our four-footed companion struggled to his feet with an effort, and, swaying erratically, he rushed from the cave, whining dolefully. We gazed at each other in

silence ; we dreaded the discovery we were about to make.

'Keep the fire alight as a guide to us, Mac,' I said, and Stewart and I went out into the storm. And now Dave's deep-mouthed barks penetrated the dense mists, and we crawled towards the cañon in the direction of the sound ; but we had not far to go. A few yards from our retreat I felt Dave's furry body at my knees, and then my hand came in contact with a human form half-buried in the drifts.

'It's a man, Stewart,' I said, and he answered with a groan of sympathy. We extricated the stiff, frozen body from the engulfing snow and dragged it tenderly towards the light we had left ; and there, in that miserable spot, we strove to bring back the life that had all but fled.

'We have nothing to gie him,' said Mac hopelessly ; 'an' the fire's gone oot.'

'There should be some coffee,' I answered, 'and the furs and my long boots will burn.'

Soon our treasured possessions smouldered and flamed ; boots, moccasins, silver-tipped furs—all that we had that would simmer or burn was sacrificed, and a piece of ice from the wall was thawed and slowly boiled. When the hot fluid was forced between his lips the rescued man opened his eyes and looked around. Soon he had recovered sufficiently to speak a few words. He had ventured across the Chilcoot, despite all warnings from the miners at Sheep Camp. He had wandered over Crater Lake all day, not knowing where the valley lay, owing to dense mists prevailing. 'The blizzard has been blowing on the pass for two days,' said he ; 'your light attracted me last, but I could

not reach it.' Such was the tale of the poor victim of the pass; he died before morning, despite our struggles to save him, and we felt that we could not survive him long.

No light appeared at ten o'clock, nor was there any promise of the blinding storm abating. Our fire had gone out, and we sat in darkness beside the lifeless body we had saved from the snows.

'We'll make another try, boys,' I said. 'We may as well go under trying, if it has to be.'

Our load was small enough now; the pity was we had not lightened it sooner. I strapped the small mail-bag to my shoulders, my comrades carried all further impedimenta, and, leaving the dead man in his icy vault, we staggered into the darkness and forced an erratic track towards Chilcoat Pass. Crater Lake was reached in two hours; I could only guess we had arrived at it by the evenness of the surface; the air was so dense that objects could not be distinguished even a few feet distant. I tried to fix a bearing by compass, but the attempt was futile, the needle swaying to all points in turn, owing to the magnetic influences around. Then we *felt* for the mountain-side on the left, and staggered over the blast-blown rocks and glaciers along its precipitous steps.

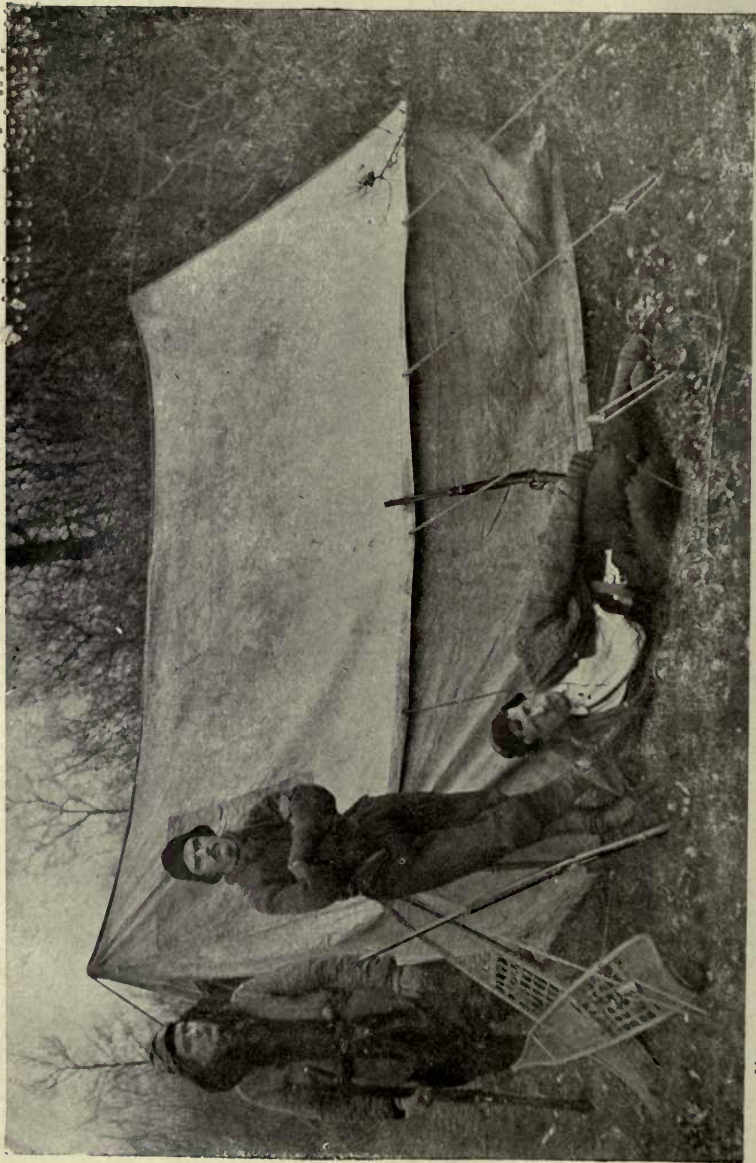
As we neared the summit the howl of the blizzard increased to a shrill, piercing whistle, but we now were sheltered by the pass, and the fierce blast passed overhead. All this time we forced onward through a murky gloom, with our bodies joined with ropes that we might not lose one another. At three in the afternoon I calculated that we were near the crucial point at which the final ascent can be negotiated, and we left the white

shores of Crater Lake, and clambered up into the rushing mists where the blizzard shrieked and moaned alternately, and hurled huge blocks of glacier ice and frozen snow down into the Crater valley. The top was reached at last, and no words of mine can describe the inferno that raged on that dread summit. We lay flat on our faces and writhed our way forward through a bubbling, foaming mass of snow and ice. Our bodies were cut and bruised with the flying debris, and our clothing was torn to rags. The blizzard had now attained an extraordinary pitch; the mountain seemed to rock and tremble with its fury, and inch by inch we crawled towards the perpendicular declivity leading to the 'Scales'—full eight hundred feet of almost sheer descent. Cautiously we manœuvred across the great glacier that rests in the Devil's Cauldron—a cup-shaped hollow in the top of the notorious pass—and at once the blaze of a fire burst before our eyes, illuminating the apparently bottomless depths beyond.

The ice-field on which we lay overhung the rocks to a dangerous degree, and I realized that we must make the descent from some other part of the semi-circular ridge. We crept back hurriedly, and as we stood gasping in the 'cauldron' before making a detour to find a possible trail, a mighty rumbling shook the pass, and we clutched at the snow around, which flew upwards in great geyser-like columns, almost smothering us in its descending showers. The overlapping ice had plunged into the valley, carrying with it hundreds of tons of accumulated snow; we escaped the powerful suction by a few yards only.

When we approached the edge a second time, a smooth, unbroken snowsteep marked the trail of the

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Mac.

Self.

Stewart.

ON THE SAFE SIDE OF THE PASS AGAIN

glacier, and to it we consigned ourselves, literally sliding down into the black depths. We were precipitated into an immense wreath of snow covering the Scales for over a hundred feet. The fire had been blotted out with the icy deluge, but luckily, as we learned later, the fire-feeders had abandoned their post long before the avalanche had come down. Three hours later we arrived at Sheep Camp, and entered the Mascotte saloon, where the assembled miners were clustered round a huge stove in the centre of the room, listening to the ominous shriek of the gale outside.

No one dared venture out that night, but in the morning the four days' blizzard had spent itself, and we formed a party to explore the damage done. A light railway that had been laid to the Scales was completely demolished, and half down to Sheep Camp the channel of the Chilcoat River was filled with enormous ice boulders. An avalanche had also fallen on Crater Lake during the night, and when we had painfully climbed the now bare summit the frozen plateau beyond was rent for nearly a mile with enormous gashes over ten feet in width, and the ice cleavage showed down as far as the eye could reach."

CHAPTER IV

ON THE OCEAN WAVE

IN these days of competitive examinations, super-Dreadnoughts, and submarines, it is difficult to realize what the Navy was like in the early part of last century. For this reason a description of a midshipman's entrance examination in the early fifties, with a few details of his life at sea, is well worth reproducing. Captain Gambier, in his reminiscences,¹ says: "There was no *Britannia*, or other training ship, in those days, and immediately we passed we were pitchforked into our ships. If the medical examination had not been a farce, of course I should never have got into the Service, for I was so short-sighted that I knew no one across a dinner-table. But the examining doctor, a beetle-browed, frousy old Scotchman, satisfied himself in respect of our sight by spreading out his fingers within about ten inches of our nose. Then he jammed a finger alternately into each ear, and, roaring in the other, asked if we could hear. I said I could hear quite plainly. After this he banged each boy separately in the back, and then, producing from a cupboard a thing like a foghorn, listened to our breathing. Finally he started us all racing round the room and skipping over the backs of chairs—an

¹ See Bibliography, 9.

amusing spectacle—all of us naked as we were born. That ended the examination, and we were pronounced fit to serve the Queen.

The first clear impression I have retained of that inaugural moment of being alone in the world is that of two small boys in the same uniform as myself—the one a wizened little person like a marmoset monkey, the other a lean, long-legged lad with light hair and the face of an ostrich—standing laughing at me on the other side of the deck, as I turned from the gangway, over which my father had just disappeared. I suppose the eyeglass in my eye gave me a conceited air, and certainly it was not a usual appendage for a child of thirteen ; but as I had worn it for the last four years I was quite unconscious that it struck any one as comical.

I can distinctly call to mind how dazed and confused I felt as I looked about me, for I had never seen a ship of war before, and had not the least conception of what it would be like. I look back on it now, and a picture rises up of confused sights and sounds : broad white decks and rows of guns ; masts and rigging ; big funnels belching out smoke ; men tramping about ; bugle calls ; officers in a medley of stripes and different uniforms ; marines, of whose very existence I was up to that time ignorant ; movement everywhere, people rushing up and down ladders apparently bent on nothing in particular. I see myself, a half-blind mite of a boy, suddenly swept into the grip of this extraordinary machine, a mere speck, as it were, amongst these hundreds of men, listening to a jargon—consisting chiefly of oaths—of a sort I had never heard.

Then the two lads cross over from the other side of the deck and are kind and friendly enough. I look on them as quite old salts, for one has been on board a whole month and the other a week, and both seem to me perfectly at home with everything.

'Come along down with us into the berth,' says one of them: 'the midshipmen's berth,' he explains.

'I say,' says the other, 'I don't think I'd keep that glass in my eye if I were you. It looks so rummy.'

I explain I cannot see where to put my feet without it, which they think 'rummier' still, and lead the way below.

With unaccustomed steps I get down to the main deck; rows of great guns before me, lanterns of horn, slung from beams overhead, in which gutter tallow candles giving a feeble, yellow light; down still lower, to a dark hole, stinking of pitch, bilge-water, cockroaches, mouldy biscuits, damp clothes, and tarpaulins, where long lines of whitewashed sea-chests stand in front of rows of muskets and cutlasses; into a pokey kind of den, measuring twelve feet long by five feet wide, the entire centre occupied by a table on which is spread a cloth which may once have been white. I see going on what I suppose to be some kind of meal, for there are cups and saucers of great thickness, bread, and bowls of slithery yellow butter, whilst, sitting on the lockers, jammed close together round the table are my future messmates, some fourteen or fifteen in number, of all shapes and sizes, including the Assistant Surgeon, ranging from children my own age to men of five-and-twenty. From the centre of a massive beam overhead swings an oil-lamp, smelling horrible, whilst two tallow dips, stuck into bottles, help

the illumination as best they can. A queer, pot-bellied little man in his shirt-sleeves stands at the door at one end of the den, pouring out a black fluid which smells of boiled clothes, but is in reality 'ship's tea,' and rightly so called, for on no place on God's shore could such a decoction be found. All hands are eating and drinking in the utmost haste; the stale bread and the cart-grease which does duty for butter rapidly vanishing, washed down by the aforesaid tea, to which an addition has been made of sky-blue milk, poured out of a beer-bottle, and of the coarsest brown sugar. I can remember, as if it were yesterday, how my heart sank at the whole scene as I realized that this was the life I was to lead henceforth for Heaven knew how long! And yet, in a week's time, I was perfectly happy amidst it all; thinking it as natural as breathing to fish up dead cockroaches from the bottom of my cup, or to knock weevils out of my biscuit.

But to return to my first day on board. My mess-mates seemed jolly enough, and took very little notice of me beyond asking my name, whilst after tea some of them showed me where my chest stood, and produced a marine, who, I was informed, would be my servant and would look after me. I went on deck again; the shades of night were deepening over the waters of Spithead, and as I peered out over the side, I saw the lights of Portsmouth on one side and those of the Isle of Wight on the other, seeming to suggest that henceforth my home was to be on the sea. All manner of thoughts arose in my boyish mind. How far off seemed Ashley Lodge! I wondered if any living being in the whole world had ever been so lonely. I wondered if any one at home was thinking of me and under-

standing the sort of life into which I had been suddenly launched. Then I looked aloft. The vast size of the masts and yards—accustomed as I was hitherto only to the colliers in Boulogne harbour or French fishing-boats—seemed to stagger me. A stiff breeze was whistling through the rigging, the ship was lying broad-side on to the wind in the strong current, and I was conscious of a distinct rolling of the vessel, for there was a heavy sea—for Spithead—and the white crests of short, steep waves glittered in the light from the main-deck ports.

A dazed memory of my first night in a hammock may be accounted for by the fact that I had not been long in it—having got there with much difficulty—when I found myself with my head under one of the arm-racks, and my heels on the lid of a chest, some amusing person having treated me to the ordinary joke played on new-comers of cutting down my hammock. I felt very foolish : with a lump on the back of my head, and a marine sentry quietly chuckling as I lay on the deck, so that I thought the whole thing anything but pleasant. However, with the aid of the sentry my hammock was soon in its place and I myself once more in it, where sleep, which rarely deserts the young, soon caused me to forget all my troubles.

Fleets, in those days, were continually exercised in making and shortening sail, shifting spars, and all similar manœuvres aloft, and as the greatest rivalry existed amongst the crews as to which ship should carry out some evolution first accidents were frequent ; in fact, hardly a drill-day passed without two or three men being seriously injured. And naturally the foreign fleets endeavoured to compete with the British, in a

friendly way, though, without prejudice, I can honestly say with no success, and certainly with more accidents below and aloft. Once, drilling in Kiel harbour, being aloft, I saw an unfortunate French midshipman go head first from the mizzen crosstrees of the French flagship—the *Villeneuve*—and flatten out into a mere heap on the ship's poop. There is no sound more sickening than the thud of a man as he strikes the deck when falling from aloft.

But that numbers of accidents should arise in sail-drill is not astonishing when one thinks that masts and spars, measuring perhaps seventy or eighty feet long, and weighing two or three tons, are whisked about with bewildering speed with nothing but men's hands and brains to guide them ; hundreds of men crammed into a space of a few hundred feet, where nothing but the most marvellous organization and discipline can avert death, on deck or aloft. To the landsman who understands nothing of the difficulty involved in rapidly shifting these great masts and yards, or in reefing and furling thousands of square yards of stiff canvas—perhaps wet or half-frozen—the rapidity with which it is done is, perhaps, the chief wonder in his mind, but to us who know it is admiration for the discipline and nerve which it all means. For ropes, running like lightning through blocks that are instantly too hot to touch from friction, have to be checked within a few inches, requiring the utmost coolness and presence of mind, whilst the officer in command has to superintend what to the uninitiated looks like a tangled maze of cordage, which, however, is in reality no more in confusion than threads flying through a loom. In an instant this officer may see something going wrong ;

to delay a single second means a terrible catastrophe, for every one—aloft and on deck—is relying absolutely on his judgment.

‘Belay!’ ‘Ease away!’

Some order comes in an instant; the boatswain’s mates repeat the order in a particular call which this life-and-death necessity soon teaches every one to understand, their shrill whistles rising above the din of tramping feet and running ropes, or the thundering crash of the great sails in the wind. Death has been averted, or perhaps not; if the latter, you look up and see some unfortunate man turning head over heels in the air. Your heart stands still. Will he catch hold of something, even if only to break the fall, or will he be smashed to pieces on the deck or across a gun? It is a mere toss-up. If he is killed outright it generally stops the drill for the day. If he is only very seriously injured it will go on; for this, too, is part of the lesson to be learned, that in peace, as in war, you must take your chance.”

Captain Gambier also relates a good story of the sea illustrating the Oriental’s remarkable trust in Kismet. He says: “After a flying visit to Cyprus, where we remained longer later on, we once more found ourselves in Beirut. Here we came in for a very serious gale, in which the *Malacca* was nearly lost. The anchorage is very exposed from north-west to south-west, and a dangerous sea sweeps into the bay with westerly winds. We were moored in St. George’s Bay, named after a native of Beirut, that fraudulent Army contractor whom England ominously honours as her patron saint. Our anchors would not hold; the engine broke down at the critical moment, and as there was no

room between us and the beach to get under way under sail, we had to wait all through the night, expecting at any moment to find ourselves in the great rollers breaking a few yards astern, in which the ship could not have lived for five minutes. However, at the supreme moment a strong and unexpected current swept the vessel broadside on to the wind, thus relieving the strain on the cables, and in this position we hung on until the gale went down next evening. The coast was strewn with wrecks ; in Beyrut alone thirteen steamers had gone ashore, with small craft in great numbers ; houses had been unroofed, quays swept away, and a great number of lives lost. But in the midst of all this a very comical incident was being enacted, showing a phenomenally Oriental trust in Kismet and ignorance of sea things in general. A large merchant steamer, with several hundred Hadjis bound for Mecca, some to disembark at Jaffa, others going on to the Red Sea, went ashore on a reef off the Lazarette, where, breaking clean in two amidships, she lay, forming a complete breakwater between herself and the land. Strange to say, every living soul on board was landed in safety, including the harem of a wealthy Mohammedan. But at dawn lamentation arose among these ladies ; their lord was missing, and, as he had not found them, he must be drowned. A friend of mine who witnessed their misery described it as intense. Sitting in a ring on the beach, their light clothing drenched through, regardless of the liberties the gale was taking with their yashmaks, they wept piteously the live-long day, refusing to be comforted. Towards evening, the gale having abated, men put off to the wreck to begin salvage of luggage and cargo, and on going below into the

saloon—half filled with water, as the vessel was lying on her beam-ends—they were surprised to hear a voice asking, quite unconcerned, if the ship had reached Jaffa. It was the missing husband of the disconsolate ladies.

‘Jaffa!’ they exclaimed. ‘Why, the ship is a wreck, broken in two, and has never left Beyrut. Do you mean to say you didn’t hear all the noise and smashing of the ship?’

‘I confess I was disturbed in my sleep by many noises,’ replied the imperturbable Oriental, ‘but I only thought that it was after the manner of sea voyages generally, and that I should be duly warned when it was time to disembark.’

‘Well,’ said the European, ‘you have had a most miraculous escape!’

‘If I have,’ replied the Mohammedan, ‘it is the will of the All-Merciful that I shall see the Tomb. He alone is great.’

He then inquired after his harem, and learning that they were safe, praised Allah for this mercy also, and, landing, made no remarks on his curious experience. What would not many of us give for such faith!”

The following thrilling story of the sea is related by Mr. E. J. Banfield in the story of his life as an unprofessional beachcomber on Dunk Island, North Queensland.¹ He says: “My next visitor was a sailor, who arrived one morning in his cutter. He knew the water, and ran her on the sand, brought his anchor ashore, and shoved her off, to swing lazily the while. When I paid him a ceremonious visit, I found that he had but one arm. The empty right sleeve was the more pathetic when I saw him mixing his flour for

¹ See Bibliography, 10.

a damper, and in the cunning twists and wriggling by which the fingers freed each other of the sticky dough and other dexterous manipulations I soon came to recognize that with his left hand he was as deft as many men with their right and left. He had sailed the boat laden with wire-netting and heavy goods from Bowen, two hundred miles south, and was on his way to his selection, one hundred miles farther north. A wiry, slight man, though a real 'shell back,' one who had been steeped in and saturated with every sea, was 'giving the sea best,' nerve-shaken, so he said, and yet sailing a cutter with but three or four inches of free-board 'single handed.' And he told the why and the wherefore of his fear of the sea.

With a mate, he had been for many months bêche-mer fishing, their station or headquarters a lonely islet in Whit-Sunday Passage, which winds about that picturesque group of islands through which Captain Cook passed in the year 1770. The twain had been out on one of the spurs of the Great Barrier Reef, and had been caught in the toils of adverse weather. After beating about for days, they managed to make their station, hungry, thirsty, their souls fainting within them. Shelter and comfort were theirs, and it was no surprise to my visitor when his mate slept the next morning beyond the accustomed time.

'Let him rest,' he said. 'He is dog-tired,' and went about the work of the way. He had himself known what it was to sleep eighteen and twenty hours at a stretch, for he had many times been worn by toil and watching and nerve-tension to the limit of endurance. And so the day passed, and the man in the bunk slept on. Peace and rest were his, and the

busy man envied the calm indifference to the day's doings that he could not find in his heart to disturb.

'Won't he feel fresh when he does wake!' he reflected. 'He'll be a bit narked at having wasted a whole bloomin' day! I shouldn't be surprised if he was savage because I didn't call him.'

When the evening meal was prepared and everything in the tiny hut made orderly, it would be a pleasure for him to wake up and discover that he had been allowed to have his sleep out.

Ah! but his sleep was very sound and very silent—almost too stillful to be natural.

A touch on his shoulders, saying, 'Andrew, wake up, old fellow!'

No movement, no response. His feet—cold, cold! and his chest, too, cold!

The mate had found his port after stormy seas. His heart, worn out with stress and strain, had failed within him, and all day long his companion thought tenderly of him, making but little noise, thinking that his sleep was the sleep of a day, not the sleep of eternity that no earthly din may disturb.

The weather was still boisterous, but it was essential to take the body to Bowen, to render unto the authorities there conclusive evidence that death had been the result of natural causes. My visitor's nerves were then virile. But the time of stress and strain was at hand. He found himself alone on a remote island, a grim responsibility forced upon him. Awful as the duty was, it had to be courageously faced, and performed as tenderly as might be. Instead of the enjoyment of comfort and rest and the days of busy companionship and revivifying hopes, there was the shock that sudden

death inflicts, dramatic loneliness, dry-eyed grief, forced exertion, and the abandonment of brightening prospects.

With pain and infinite labour he succeeded in dragging and rolling the corpse to the beach. Thence he pushed it up a plank on to the deck of the cutter, and leaving his possessions to chance and fate, he, the wearied and bereaved one-armed man, set sail in violent weather across the open sea to the nearest port. At midnight the 'great cry' of a hurricane arose. Lightning flashed over the stricken, yeasty sea. A lonesome and grim quest this—full of peril. Did not Nature in the trumpet tones of a furious and vengeful spirit decree the destruction of the little boat as she bounced and floundered among the crests of those awful waves? Here was booty belonging to the ocean, prey escaping from the talons of the fiercest and most remorseless of harpies. So they shrieked and swarmed about the boat, howling for what was theirs. The strife was great, but not too great for the lonely man's seamanship. All the fiends of the sea might do their worst, but until the actual finale came he would sail the boat, lifting her on the swell, eluding the white, hissing bulk of the following sea.

When at last the boat ran into port the sea had gained a moral victory, but the man gave to the authorities the mortal remains of his mate to be buried decently on land.

He told me that he felt cowed, he could never face the sea again. Once before he had given up 'sailing,' not then on account of his nerves, but because ambition to possess a sweet-potato patch, pumpkins, and a few bananas, melons, mangoes, had got hold of him. He had taken up a piece of land, but having no money,

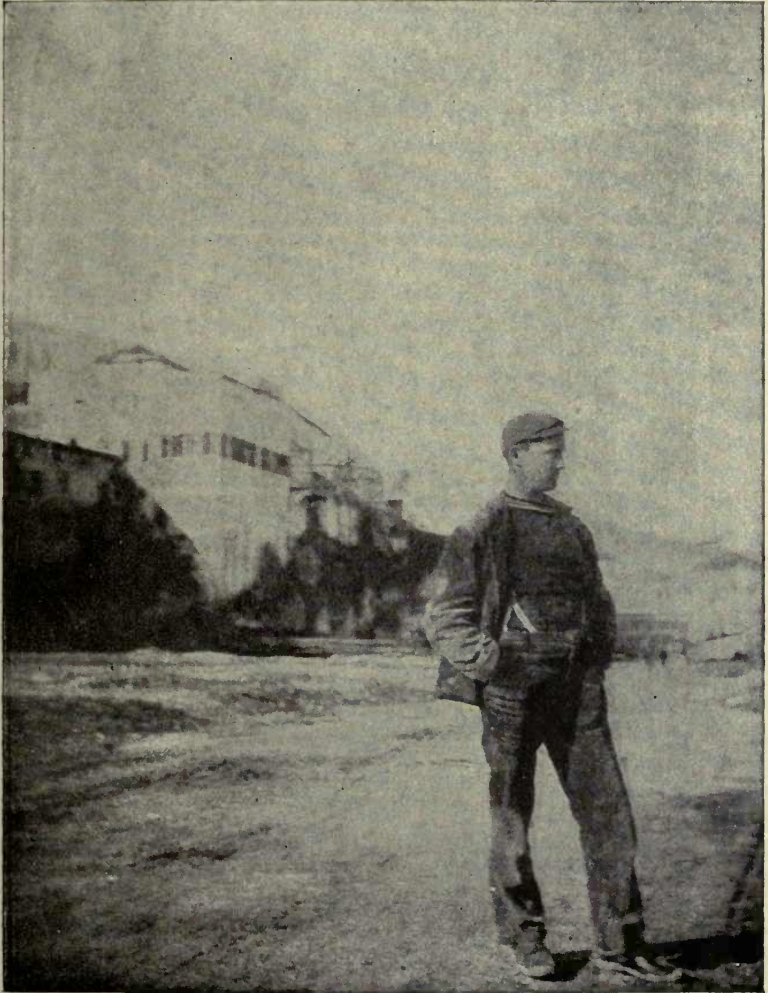
his flimsy fencing was no barrier to the wallabies, and he abandoned the enterprise to them. Now he had abandoned his *bêche-de-mer* project, had bought wire-netting to keep out the wallabies, and would make a second effort to settle down. A little net-fishing would help to keep him going. 'As for the sea,' said he, 'I have had enough—too much. It is all right while your pluck lasts, but once get a shake, and you had better give it up. And the little boat—I broke that rail as I was getting poor Andrew's body on board. She is all right but for that, and she's for sale.' "

After many adventures, Harry Franck, the American University graduate, who had set out to travel round the world without money, arrived safely at Port Said.¹ The following interesting account of how he accomplished the next stage of his journey is from the story of his adventures: "Early one morning I reached the water-front in time to see a great steamer nosing her way through the small craft that swarmed about the mouth of the canal. Her lines looked strangely familiar. She was a sister ship of the vessel that had rescued me from Marseilles. I hastened to the landing-stage and accosted the officers as they disembarked with the tourists for a run ashore.

'Full up, Jack,' answered one of them.

I recalled the advice of the American Consul. A better craft to 'stick away on' would never drop anchor in the canal. Bah! How ludicrous the notion sounded! The Khedive himself could not even have boarded such a vessel in sun-bleached corduroys and Nazarene slippers. By night, with no moon? The blackest night could not hide such rags! Besides, the

¹ See Bibliography, 11.



HARRY A. FRANCK ON TRAMP.

T. face p. 78.

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steamer was sure to coal and be gone within a couple of hours. I trained my kodak upon her and turned sorrowfully away.

A native fair was in full swing at the far end of the town. Amid the snake-charmers and shameless dancers the incident of the morning was soon forgotten. Darkness was falling when I strolled back towards the harbour. At the shop where spitted mutton sold cheaply I halted for supper; but the keeper had put up his shutters. No doubt he was sowing his year's earnings among the gamblers at the fair. Hungrily I wandered on, turned into the main street of the European section, and stopped stock still, dumb with astonishment. The vista beyond the canal was still cut off by the vast bulk of the *Worcestershire*!

What an opportunity—if once I could get on board! Perhaps I might. In the terms of the paddock, it was 'a hundred-to-one' shot'; but who could say when better odds would be chalked up? A quartermaster was almost sure to halt me at the gang plank. Some palpable excuse I must offer him for being rowed out to the steamer. If only I had something to be delivered on board, a basket of fruit or—shades of Cairo!—a letter of introduction!

Breathlessly I dashed into the Home, snatched a sheet of paper and an envelope from the Maltese youth, and scribbled an appeal for employment in any capacity. Having sealed the envelope against the prying eyes of subordinates, I addressed it in a flourishing hand to the chief steward.

But my knapsack? Certainly, I could not carry that on board! I dumped the contents on the floor and thrust the kodak and my papers into an inside pocket.

There was nothing else—but hold ! that bundle at the bottom? The minister's frock-coat, of broadcloth, with wide silk-faced lapels ! What kind fairy had gainsaid my reiterated threats to throw away the useless garment? Eagerly I slipped into it. The very thing ! With my unshaven face and bleached legs in the shadow, I could rival Beau Brummel himself. Many an English lord touring the East wears a cap after nightfall.

'Scrape that stuff together for me !' I bawled, springing past the Maltese youth. 'If I don't turn up within a week, give 'em to the beachcombers.'

The *Worcestershire* was still at anchor. Two Arab boatmen squatted under a torch on one corner of the landing-stage. The legal fare was six pence. I had three. It cost me some precious moments to beat down one of the watermen. He stepped into his felucca at last and pushed off cautiously towards the rows of lighted portholes.

As we neared the steamer I made out a figure in uniform on the lowest step of the ship's ladder. The game was lost ! I might have talked my way by a quartermaster, but I certainly could not pass this bridge officer.

The boatman swung his craft against the ladder with the oar. I held up the note.

'Will you kindly deliver this to the chief steward? The writer wants an answer before the ship leaves.'

'I really haven't time,' apologized the mate. 'I've an errand ashore, and we leave in fifteen minutes. You can run up with it yourself, though. Here, boatman, row me over to the custom wharf.'

I sprang up the ladder. Except for several sahib-

respecting lascars, who jumped aside as I appeared, the promenade deck was deserted. From somewhere below came the sound of waltz music and the laughter of merry people. I strolled leisurely around to the port side and walked aft in the shadow of the upper cabins. For some moments I stood alone in the darkness, gazing at the reflection of the lower portholes in the canal. Then a step sounded at the door of the saloon behind me, a heavy British step that advanced several paces and halted. One could almost feel the authority in that step; one could certainly hear it in the gruff 'Ahem!' with which the new-comer cleared his throat. An officer, no doubt, about to order me ashore! I waited in literal fear and trembling.

A minute passed, then another. I turned my head, inch by inch, and peered over my shoulder. In the shaft of light stood a man in faultless evening attire, gazing at me through the intervening darkness. His dress proved him no landsman. The skipper himself, surely! What under-officer would dare appear out of uniform during a voyage?

I turned my head away again, determined to bear the impending blow with fortitude. The dreaded being cleared his throat once more, stepped nearer, and stood for a moment without speaking. Then a hand touched me lightly on the sleeve.

'Beg pardon, sir,' murmured an apologetic voice; 'beg pardon, sir, but 'ave you 'ad dinner yet? The other gentlemen's hall been served, sir.'

I swallowed my throat and turned around, laying a hand over the place where my necktie should have been.

'I am not a passenger, my man,' I replied

haughtily. 'I have a communication for the chief steward.'

The flunky stretched out his hand.

'Oh, I cawn't send it, you know,' I protested. 'I must deliver it in person, for it requires an answer before the ship leaves.'

'Lord, you can't see *'im!*' gasped the Briton. 'We're givin' a ball, and 'e's in the drawin'-room!'

The sound of our voices had attracted the quartermaster on duty. Behind him appeared a young steward.

'You'd best get ashore quick,' said the sailor; 'we're only waitin' the fourth mite. Best call a boatman or you'll get carried off.'

'Really!' I cried, looking anxiously about me. 'But I must have an answer, you know.'

'I couldn't disturb *'im,*' wheezed the older steward.

'Well, show me where he is,' I protested.

'Now we're off in a couple of winks,' warned the quartermaster.

'Ere, mite,' said the youth, 'I'll take you down.'

I followed him to the deck below and along a lighted passageway. My disguise would never stand the glare of a drawing-room. I thrust the note into the hands of my guide.

'Be sure to bring me the answer,' I cautioned.

He pushed his way through a throng of messmates and disappeared into the drawing-room. A moment later he returned with the answer I had expected.

'So you're on the beach?' he grinned. 'You sure did get it on Clarence all right. 'Ard luck! The chief says the force is full, an' the company rules don't allow 'im to tyke on' a man to work 'is passage. Sye, you've slipped your cayble, anyway, ayn't you? We're not

'omeward bound ; we're going out. You'd best rustle it an' get ashore.'

He turned into the galley. Never had I ventured to hope that he would let me out of his sight before he had turned me over to the quartermaster. His carelessness was due, no doubt, to his certainty that I had 'slipped my cayble.' I dashed out of the passageway as if fearful of being carried off, but, once shrouded in the kindly night, paused to peer about me.

There were a score of places that offered a temporary hiding ; but a stowaway through the Suez Canal must be more than temporarily hidden. I ran over in my mind the favourite lurking-places on ocean liners. Inside a mattress in the steerage? First-class only. In the hold? Hatches all battened down. On the fidleys or in the coal-bunkers? Very well in the depth of winter, but sure death in this climate. In the fore-castle? Indian crew. In the rubbish under the fore-castle head? Sure to be found in a few hours by tattle-tale natives. In the chain locker? The anchor might be dropped anywhere in the canal, and I should be dragged piecemeal through the hawsehole.

Still pondering, I climbed to the spot where I had first been accosted. From the starboard side, forward, came the voice of the fourth mate, clambering on board. In a few moments officers and men would be flocking up from below. Noiselessly I sprang up the ladder to the hurricane deck. That and the bridge were still deserted. I crept to the nearest lifeboat and dragged myself along the edge that hung well out over the canal. The canvas cover was held in place by a cord that ran alternately through eyeholes in the cloth and around iron pins under the gunwale. I tugged at the cord for

a minute, that seemed a century, before I succeeded in pulling it over the first pin. After that, all went easily. With the cover loosened for a space of four feet, I thrust my head through the opening. Before my shoulders were inside my feet no longer reached the ship's rail. I squirmed in, inch by inch, after the fashion of a swimmer, fearful of making the slightest noise. Only my feet remained outside when my hand struck an oar inside the boat. Its rattle could have been heard in Cairo. Drenched with perspiration, I listened for my discoverer. The festive music, evidently, engrossed the attention of the entire ship's company. I drew in my feet by doubling up like a pocket-knife, and, thrusting a hand through the opening, fastened the cord over all but one pin.

The space inside was more than limited. Seats, casks, oars, and boat-hooks left me barely room to stretch out on my back without touching the canvas above me. Two officers brushed by, and mounting to the bridge, called out their orders within six feet of me. The rattle of the anchor chain announced that the long passage of the canal had begun. When I could breathe without opening my mouth at every gasp, I was reminded that the shop where spitted mutton sold cheaply had been closed. Within an hour, that misfortune was forgotten. The sharp edge of the water-cask under my back, the oars that supported my hips, the seat that my shoulders barely reached, began to cut into my flesh, sending sharp pains through every limb. The slightest movement might send some unseen article clattering. Worst of all, there was just space sufficient for my head while I kept my neck strained to the utmost. The tip of my nose touched the canvas. To

have stirred that ever so slightly would have sent me packing at the first canal station.

The position grew more painful hour by hour, but with the beginning of the 'graveyard' watch my body grew numb and I sank into a half-comatose state that was not sleeping.

Daylight brought no relief, though the sunshine, filtering through the canvas, disclosed the objects about me. There came the jabbering of strange tongues as the crew quarrelled over their work about the deck. Now and then a shout from a canal station marked our progress. Passengers mounting to the upper deck brushed against the lifeboat in their promenading. From time to time confidential chats sounded in my ears.

All save the officers soon retreated to the shade below. In the arid desert through which we were steaming that day must certainly have been calorific. But there, at least, a breeze was stirring. By four bells, the Egyptian sun, pouring down upon the canvas, had turned my hiding-place into an oven. By noon it resembled nothing so cool and refreshing. A raging thirst had long since put hunger to flight. In the early afternoon, as I lay motionless on my grill, there sounded the splash of water close at hand. Two natives had been sent to wash the lifeboat. For an hour they dashed bucketful after bucketful against it, splashing, now and then, even the canvas over my head.

The gong had just sounded for afternoon tea when the ship began to rock slightly. A faint sound of waves breaking on the bow succeeded. A light breeze moved the canvas ever so little, and the throb of the engines increased. Had we passed out of the canal? My first

impulse was to tear at the canvas and bellow for water. But had we left Suez behind? This, perhaps, was only the Bitter Lakes? Or, if we had reached the Red Sea, the pilot might still be on board! To be set ashore now was a fate far more to be dreaded than during the first hours of my torture, for it meant an endless tramp through the burning desert back to Port Said.

I held my peace and listened intently for any word that might indicate our whereabouts. None came, but the setting sun brought relief, and falling darkness found my thirst somewhat abated. The motion of the ship lacked the pitch of the open sea. I resolved to take no chances with victory so close at hand.

The night wore on. Less fearful now of discovery, I moved for the first time in thirty hours, and, rolling slowly on my side, fell asleep. It was broad daylight when I awoke to the sounding of two bells. The ship was rolling in no uncertain manner. I tugged at the cord that bound the boat cover and peered out. For some moments barely a muscle of my body responded to the command of the will. Even when I had wormed myself out I came near losing my grip on the edge of the boat before my feet touched the rail. Once on deck, I waited to be discovered. The frock-coat lay in the lifeboat. No landlubber could have mistaken me for a passenger now.

Calmly I walked aft and descended to the promenade deck. Some time I paced the deck with majestic tread without catching sight of a white face. At last a diminutive son of Britain clambered unsteadily up the companionway, clinging tenaciously to a pot of tea.

'Here, boy!' I called. 'Who's on the bridge—the mate?'

'Yes, sir,' stammered the boy, sidling away; 'the mite, sir.'

'Well, tell him there's a stowaway on board.'

'Wat's that, sir? You see, sir, I'm a new cabin boy, on me first trip——'

'And you don't know what a stowaway is, eh?'

'No, sir.'

'If you'll run along and tell the mate, you'll find out soon enough.'"

CHAPTER V

ADVENTURE WITH BUFFALO

THE big-game hunter in search of excitement can be recommended to go after the African buffalo. Its natural craftiness and strength, and when wounded its fierce vindictiveness, place it at the head of African sporting animals. A most exciting adventure with a buffalo is described by F. R. N. Findlay in his volume on big-game shooting in Portuguese South-East Africa.¹ "Handing my small-bore Mauser to Jantje, one of the natives, I shouldered the larger Mauser and set out, accompanied by Prinsloo, Jantje, and another boy, Galazi. We soon cut the spoor of a small herd of buffalo, and followed it without much difficulty through swamp, long grass, and small patches of reeds. After carefully testing the direction of the wind by crushing dry grass-blades in our hands and throwing their dust up in the air, we entered a large and dense mass of reeds. We had hardly advanced a dozen paces when we heard a slight movement in front, and the next moment there was a rush from almost all sides. The reeds were too tall and dense for us to see more than a few yards ahead, so we quickly retraced our steps, and I clambered up a large ant-heap, which we had

¹ See Bibliography, 4.

passed on entering the reeds. From this coign of vantage I got a shot at the foremost of eight bulls as they leisurely filed out from the far end of the patch of reeds about two hundred yards away. The bullet told loudly, and we at once followed in pursuit. Fifteen minutes' run brought us to a donga full of reeds, where the herd had sought cover. We had advanced a few paces when I noticed that one of the buffaloes had turned away at right angles to the direction taken by the troop. Rightly thinking that it must be the wounded animal, I took the spoor. On bending down to creep through a low opening amongst the thick reeds, through which the buffalo had passed, I saw several blotches of blood. Prinsloo, who was close behind me, had just remarked, in Dutch, that if the buffalo rounded on us we should be sure to be hurt, when suddenly we heard a cracking and breaking of reeds, and then a noise of falling earth and the splash of water. It was evident that the buffalo had attempted to climb the opposite bank of the donga, and had slid back into the water. But we could see nothing. Then there was another rush, and it became clear that the second attempt to scale the bank had succeeded and that the buffalo had got out. At that moment the boys shouted that they could see the troop emerging from the upper end of the donga. Fearing that if we followed the wounded animal we should not be able to come up with the herd again (I was excited, and wished to secure more than one bull), we at once clambered out and started in pursuit, intending to follow the wounded animal later. After a quick run, Jantje, who was leading, suddenly bobbed down in the grass. I quickly and silently crept up to him, and saw the head

and neck of a large bull looking in our direction over the tops of some matted grass about a hundred yards away. No time was to be lost, so I fired quickly at its neck. The welcome 'klap' reached my ears, and then the troop of seven, showing a phalanx of rugged horns, rushed out across some open ground and headed straight for the spot where we lay concealed. For a moment I thought they intended a charge, but when I fired at the broad chest of the leading bull they swerved to the left, mowing their way through the long grass. As they did so my quickfiring Mauser enabled me to get in a couple of rather hurried shots before they disappeared. On carefully following, we found three distinct blood spoor. The one which showed most blood led us through dense patches of *lala* palm-trees and long grass, and at times waist-deep through an evil-smelling, reedy swamp. As neither of our boys would take the spoor over such dangerous ground, we had to do it ourselves. In order as far as possible to minimize the risk of a sudden and unexpected charge, we advanced alternately along the spoor by a series of short semicircular casts. Thus Prinsloo stood stationary on the spoor, while I left it and made a semicircular cast ahead through the reeds until I again struck it, when I stood still and Prinsloo advanced in similar manner. This method is useful in frustrating the crafty and deadly intention of a wounded buffalo that, coming back with a turn on its spoor, and taking up a position in sight of it, silently waits for the pursuer who follows in the belief that the game is still ahead. We thus advanced slowly when Jantje, who had climbed a palm-tree to our rear with the dual object of trying to locate the position of the buffalo

in the five feet of grass and of being out of reach of its horns, suddenly shouted, '*Nantsi inyati!*' ('There's a buffalo!') We just caught a glimpse of its massive horns and back as it made off, and fired, but without success. For nearly two miles we followed the hardy old bull, at a run whenever we could see him or knew exactly where he was, and at a slow and cautious pace when he happened to be in long grass and out of sight, firing whenever we got a chance.

At last Prinsloo evidently hit him hard, for after going through a narrow but deep and grassy swamp the brute halted in front of a dense patch of reeds and grass in a donga and faced round. I was attempting just then to cross the swamp lower down, and managed to get a good chance at his shoulder at about two hundred yards. He dropped to the shot, but was up again in a moment and dashed into the reeds. Crossing the vley by the track just opened up, I went to the farther side of the donga to a small hollow on the edge of it, in which a dense mass of reeds, rushes, and grass grew, and threw in several clods of mud to try to dislodge him; but as no movement followed the splashes of the water and mud, I felt sure that my last shot had been fatal. So I entered the reeds on the spoor, closely followed by Prinsloo, carrying my old Gibbs .450 rifle at full-cock. Jantje and the other boy remained on the elevated ground above the donga. For about six yards we advanced, with tall, blood-besprinkled reeds on either side of the spoor, and then found ourselves on slightly more open ground on the sloping bank of the donga. At the foot of the bank there was some muddy water, through which the buffalo had passed, and just beyond there was a screen of reeds.

I was in the act of descending the bank when Prinsloo, who was lower down the slope than I was, saw the dark outline of the buffalo standing at bay behind the screen of reeds. Next instant, seeing it about to charge, he shouted, '*Daar kom hij!*' ('There he comes!') and fired, rather at random, I am afraid; then, rushing down the path by which we advanced, he threw himself headlong into the reeds on the left. This all happened in a few moments, but I had sufficient time to raise my rifle to my shoulder and fire as the enraged bull rushed straight at me through the reeds, with nose thrown forward and horns back. As I fired I endeavoured to jump aside to escape the charge, but my feet got entangled in the matted grass and I fell on my back, luckily, however, retaining my hold on the stock of my rifle. My first shot seemed to check him for a moment, but the next he was rushing up the slope at me. I shall never forget the look in his fierce eyes. It was but a moment's work to draw back the bolt of my Mauser and to close it again, thus pushing another cartridge into the breech. I had no time to raise the rifle to my shoulder; there was barely time, just before he was within striking distance, to pull the trigger, with the stock under my armpit, while I lay on my back on the top of the sloping ground. Without so much as a groan he fell in his tracks and rolled over into the muddy water two yards below, with a great splash, shot through the brain.

With a shout I announced my success, and Prinsloo appeared on the scene; but it was only after repeated assurances that the buffalo was quite dead that the boys would venture to descend into the donga. Sending



THERE WAS BARELY TIME TO PULL THE TRIGGER WITH THE STOCK UNDER MY ARMPIT.

To face p. 92.

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Galazi to the camp to call the other boys, we commenced to skin and cut up our prize.

It proved to be the buffalo I hit in the neck (only a flesh wound) and in the chest (the bullet passing between the shoulder-blades and ribs) with my second and third shots. My first bullet, as it charged, struck it on the nose, but evidently passed below the brain without touching the neck bones; the second entered the skull about an inch below the left eye, and, as I was lying on somewhat higher ground and the head was thrown back, the soft-nosed nickel bullet passed into the brain. Besides those four wounds it had received six others more or less severe."

A companion on one of Mr. Findlay's sporting trips had a terrible experience with an African buffalo. Mr. Findlay relates the story in his record of sport and travel in Portuguese East Africa¹: "I was one morning about to start for the Umsindusi River with half a dozen boys when Bertie Emmett arrived and reported that our companion, Cameron, had been charged and badly injured by a buffalo, and was in a most precarious condition; in fact, he said Polly had been dispatched in post-haste to Nongomo to try to get a doctor. I had my pony saddled at once, and set off for the Manzibomvu camp to see poor old Cameron.

On arriving at the camp I was glad to see Cameron sitting on a box in the tent, though bandaged up pretty well from head to foot. He found the pains in his chest were more severe when he lay down.

It appears that shortly after I set out for the head camp on the previous morning, Cecil Emmett and Cameron left camp, accompanied by Gobotoo and Polly,

¹ See Bibliography, 4.

their respective gun-bearers, to shoot buffalo in the forests where we had on several occasions found them. Soon after crossing the Manzibomvu they struck the fresh spoor of about twenty buffaloes in a patch of green grass, and after an hour's careful tracking, got up to them in the heart of a dense bush on the slopes of the mountain.

Crawling on hands and knees, and taking advantage of every little tuft of grass or tree-stem, Cecil Emmett presently made out the head and shoulders of a large bull, and fired, aiming carefully with his long Martini-Henry at the left shoulder. The ounce of lead struck it with a dull thud, but when the smoke lifted the buffaloes were out of sight. Following in the wake of the herd, and guided by the sounds of breaking branches as it rushed through the bush, he saw some blood on a twig; a dozen yards farther he noticed that the wounded buffalo had turned away from the herd, and after crossing an open glade entered a thick clump of trees. The bush into which it had retreated was dense but patchy; round the trunks of the tall trees the wacht-een-beetje doorn and many other climbing and dense spreading shrubs clustered, but here and there was an open glade covered with green buffalo grass. Emmett and Cameron advanced hurriedly and rather carelessly from different directions, each of them eager to give the bull its quietus. Polly was walking in front of Cameron, who was armed with a .450 single express rifle. Just as they reached one of the open spots he warned Cameron that they were approaching the buffalo too carelessly, and that one of them would be hurt. He had hardly finished speaking when there was a short, sharp bellow and a

breaking of branches in the scrub, and the next moment the wounded buffalo burst through about ten yards away, and charged with outstretched nose and head thrown back. Polly, who, as I have already said, was walking in front of Cameron, promptly threw himself flat on the ground, getting out of the line of the charge as much as possible. The enraged animal, dashing over him without even attempting to make a passing lunge with its horns, rushed at Cameron. He was taken by surprise; nevertheless, he was quick enough to be able to raise his rifle and press the trigger when a couple of yards still separated him from the buffalo. The hammer failed, however, to respond. Like a flash he realized that his rifle was on the 'safety,' but he could do no more than mentally grasp the situation; he had no time to slide the stop, for the buffalo's massive horns were about to strike. Throwing himself to one side, he luckily escaped the full sweep of the deadly horns, but could not quite save himself; the rounded elbow of the right horn struck him on the side and sent him sprawling in the grass, at right angles to the direction in which his rifle was hurled. He was hardly down when the buffalo was upon him, with heaving sides, fierce, glaring eyes, and white, frothy saliva dropping from its mouth.

How it happened neither Cameron nor Polly could exactly say, but the fact remains that after the buffalo had dealt him a couple of vicious blows Cameron managed to throw his arms round its short forelegs and draw himself close under its broad chest, retaining his hold with wonderful strength and pluck. Cameron is a well-built Scotsman, about 5 feet 11 inches in height, and, although somewhat stout, is strong. Do

what it would, the buffalo was unable to get its horns under him ; it could only pound away with the elbows and give an occasional prod with the points, which, however, was bad enough. All this time Cameron was shouting out, ' Shoot the beggar, Polly ! Shoot the beggar ! ' At last, after going through all sorts of frantic movements, the buffalo succeeded in disengaging itself and hurling Cameron under a fallen sapling in front of a dense mass of thorny scrub, where he lay all of a heap. While Cameron was having his life-and-death struggle with the buffalo, which has taken so many words to relate, but which was really over in a few minutes, Polly had picked himself up and was soon blazing away with an old Martini-Henry rifle in rather a random fashion. Fortunately, however, just as the buffalo hurled Cameron from him, Cecil Emmett came running up round the clump of thorny scrub where Cameron lay, closely followed by Gobotoo carrying his Mauser rifle, just in time to get in a good shot on the right shoulder of the thoroughly maddened animal as it rushed once more at Cameron. With a crash it fell in its tracks, and before it could rise again Gobotoo's and Polly's shots rang through the forest at almost the same moment, and the vicious and hardy old bull lay dead, with its head still facing Cameron and barely a yard from him.

Cameron, who was conscious but naturally rather unnerved, on seeing Emmett, shouted, ' Where's the beggar ? ' and on being informed that the buffalo was dead, told Emmett to ' give him another shot. '

Poor old Cameron presented a sorry sight on being helped out from under the fallen tree. His face was one mass of blood and grime, his hands were swollen

and streaked with blood, and his clothes torn and gory. He had pains all over his chest and back, but Cecil did not think that any ribs were broken, although his body was badly bruised. Examination of his face showed a deep cut, from the point of the chin up the left cheek to just below the ear, partly laying bare the jawbone, and several other cuts, none of which, however, were very severe. After bathing the wounds in a spruit close by and bandaging up the one on his cheek, Emmett and Polly, supporting Cameron, who pluckily insisted on walking, set out for the camp, which was about two miles distant. They reached it after many halts, and before long Cameron had swallowed a good 'tot' of old Scotch whisky, and Emmett had got out the medicine-chest and attended to and bandaged up his wounds and made him generally as comfortable as possible in the tent.

Polly was dispatched on horseback to Nongomo to try to get a doctor, and Goboto returned to the buffalo carcass, which had been screened with grass from the searching eyes of the vultures, with a couple of boys to skin and bring it in.

We constructed a sort of chair, slung by strips of raw buffalo hide between two long poles, and securing the services of ten local natives, had our friend carried to Crosly's place on the top of the Magowie mountain. The boys had all their work cut out, for although the distance was only eight or ten miles, the country was rough and mountainous. Crosly kindly undertook to look after Cameron in his house. Emmett and I, seeing him comfortably settled, proceeded to our head camp, about a mile distant.

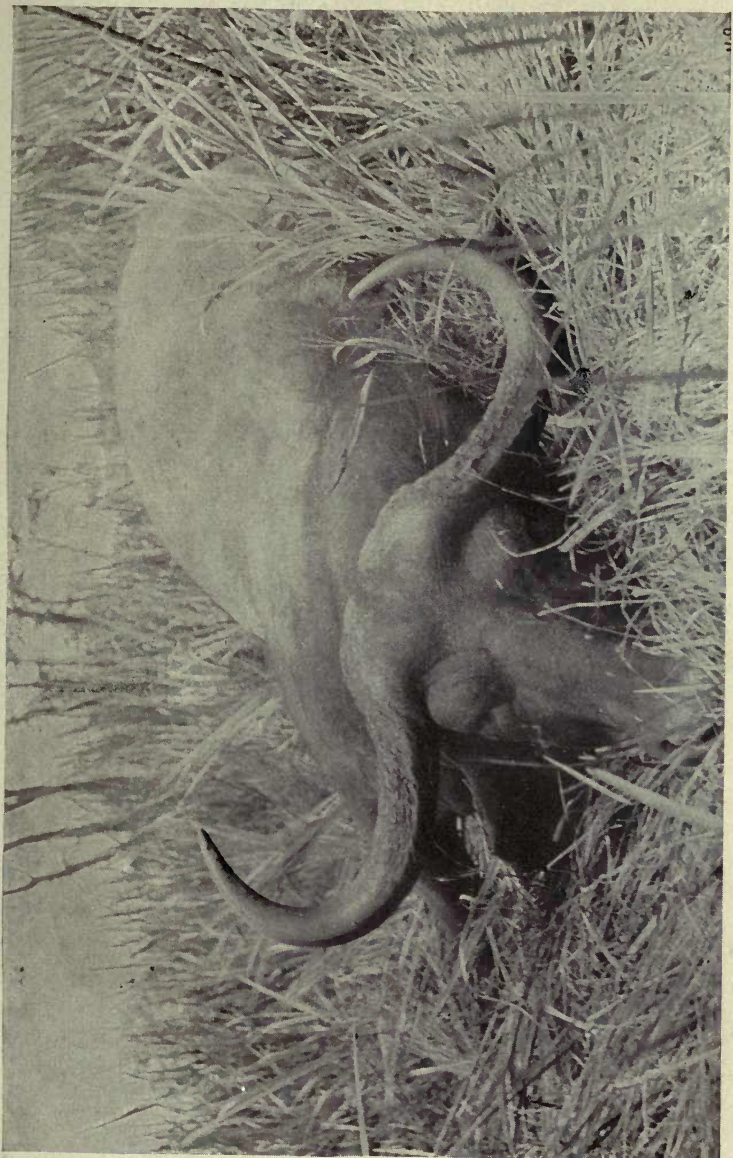
Polly was fortunate enough to find a military

surgeon at Nongomo, who arrived in a couple of days, and assured us that there was no internal injury, and that Cameron would be about in a week or ten days if he remained perfectly quiet. In ten days Cameron was able to sit his pony, and before another month had passed was once more in Johannesburg, none the worse for his extraordinary experience, but showing a fine scar on his sun-tanned cheek."

The following exciting adventure is from Major Jack's volume on exploration and sport in Central Africa¹: "Once, down by the Ishasha River, Captain Prittie and I came on a buffalo, which he shot with his .600, an immensely powerful rifle, which few people use nowadays; in fact, it takes a man of more than average size and strength to wield it with any comfort. We got the head off and the carcass cut up, and the porters were dispatched to camp with the meat. A few minutes later, however, they came running back to say they had met the herd. We went up and soon found the spot where the rencontre had occurred; it was plainly marked by the dismembered limbs of the dead buffalo, which the porters had thrown down in their fright. The buffalo, we found, were a little beyond, invisible in the thick, bushy country. We worked our way up to them, and then found that they had all gathered together in an open space; in fact, as we came in sight of them they were formed in line, in the way they have. On this day my orderly, Ali Gadum, was carrying my heavy rifle, and as we caught sight of them I handed him my .350 and took the double-barrelled .500. It was his duty to give this to me loaded, and I had got so accustomed to receiving it

¹ See Bibliography, 12.

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A. BUFFALO.

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from Salim, my gun-bearer, ready for use that it never occurred to me to look at it. We crept forward, when, to our perturbation, we found that the whole line was advancing towards us. I dropped on my knee, aimed at the leader, and pressed the trigger. Nothing happened—the rifle was unloaded. I felt at the same moment very foolish and very angry, besides being rather alarmed, for the buffalo were coming on. However, my orderly, who, however excitable, was full of pluck, had rushed forward, and with Prittie's man attacked the herd in flank with our light rifles, and fortunately they turned and ran. We got a bull out of that herd, and in his dying rush he trampled on the delinquent orderly, so that he got his deserts for so nearly letting me in.

We had another little adventure near this spot. We were doing the morning's march ; I was walking ahead, looking out for bush-luck, for it seemed a likely spot ; Prittie was riding behind, having a bad foot. Being occupied looking ahead, I did not see a large buffalo head that was lying close to the path, but Prittie found it, and we stopped to look at it and pick it up. It was truly a beauty ; it measured 45 inches across the horns, and was the largest head I had ever seen. It must have been killed (probably by a lion) some little time before, for no vestige of the carcass remained except his skull, which was quite clean and bare. We decided to carry it along, and my mule was brought up for the purpose. Our boys tried to tie it on to the saddle, but the mule didn't like it, and began bucketing about, and there was some confusion and shouting and laughter. In the midst of this I heard a voice call out, '*Mbogo! Mbogo!*' ('Buffalo!') Turning round,

I saw three buffalo charging down on us, while at the same moment I was conscious that Prittie (who was still on his mule and had no rifle) had seized an overhanging branch of a tree and disappeared up it ; while the boys had, with incredible agility, all got up into another, where they hung like a swarm of bees, with Prittie's boy in front defiantly holding out a Browning pistol. I and the askaris with us opened fire ; the buffalo turned and went off to our left ; one dropped, while the other two disappeared into the bush. We found the fallen one dead; but for some little time we waited very much on the *qui vive*, for buffalo have a nasty way of hiding in bush and then charging you. However, we saw no more of the other two."

Here is a thrilling story of an adventure with a buffalo which Mr. W. C. Scully relates in his volume of South African reminiscences¹: "When I was camped near Ship Mountain a messenger arrived one night from the camp of the hunters, asking whether we had, by any chance, a man among us possessing any surgical knowledge. One of the party, a man named Tyrer, had been gored by a buffalo and badly hurt.

The accident had been a peculiar one ; not alone was the nature of the injury unusual, but so were the circumstances under which it had been inflicted. Tyrer, on his way to the camp late in the afternoon, had wounded a very large buffalo. On the following morning he went to the locality where the animal had disappeared, with the intention of taking up the spoor. Here the jungle was very dense. Suddenly he came face to face with the creature he was seeking. It

¹ See Bibliography, 13.

charged, and was upon him before he had time even to lift his rifle. Tyrer dropped the latter, and, with the strength of desperation, grasped the horns of the monster close to their tips.

Then began a terrible wrestling match. The buffalo was exceptionally large ; probably it was old and correspondingly stiff, for on no other ground can one account for Tyrer having been able to save his life. Gross and unwieldy as it looks, the buffalo in its prime is as active as a cat. But Tyrer's antagonist was apparently unable to bend its neck and get its head beneath its chest, so Tyrer was for a time able to hold on. His native bearer had dropped the spare gun and climbed into a tree.

At length Tyrer was shaken off and flung in a heap on the ground. In an instant the buffalo picked him up on one of its horns, flung him into the air, and rushed away. The result to poor Tyrer was a terrible injury—one which I do not care to describe. Some weeks later the injured man was carried past our camp on a litter. He was afterwards conveyed to Natal and thence to Europe, where a skilful operation set him right."

An amusing account of the methods of hunting the buffalo in the Kowie Bush (Cape Colony) is given by Mr. Henry Melladew in his reminiscences of sport and travel.¹ He says : " My gun-carrier, a woolly-headed kaffir picked up on the road, whose uncovered locks often had to be disentangled from the thorny bushes, was arrayed in an old sack with holes for arms and neck, and trousers so wonderfully patched that to tell original stuff from new additions was simply impossible. He

¹ See Bibliography, 14.

was a great smoker, and very keen, thanks probably to visions of glorious feasts on buffalo steaks and other dainties.

A visit was first paid to some water-holes, far away in the bush, to ascertain whether they had lately been visited for drinking purposes or to roll in, and having found a spoor more fresh and promising than others, we followed it. Rain was badly wanted, there had been none for many a day ; the ground was very hard, and tracking most difficult. New spoor almost impossible to tell from old. It is no easy task to get through the Kowie bush, but very hard and tiring work—a constant struggling up the steep hills and climbing down again, a perpetual stooping and creeping under the low bushes and stumbling over a tangle of monkey-ladders and other creepers. At one moment one's hat is knocked off, the next one's clothes securely caught and held by the ever-present and tiresome thorns, the disentangling costing many scratches ; while the hot, musty, and close atmosphere in the bush adds its full quota towards the trial of temper and endurance, more particularly towards evening, when, tired after a long day's tramp, the chance of coming up with the buffalo has become very faint. After following the difficult spoor for hours up and down hill, the sharp bark of the great baboon was heard, and off rushed the whole pack, making noise enough to scare all game for miles around. These baboons are a great curse to the buffalo-hunter, and more so to the farmer, who ruthlessly destroys them wherever and whenever found. They travel for miles in search of cultivated land, eat all they can of the crop, and destroy the remainder. Chased by the dogs, they run up trees, not always

without first killing or seriously maiming their pursuers, and are then shot by the farmer. The old males are formidable antagonists, and many of our dogs bore long and ugly scars, the result of former battles with the baboon tribe. As no buffalo were thought to be in the vicinity, and as it was an impossibility to get the dogs away or to stop their furious barking, permission had to be given to kill some of the baboons, as the only way out of the difficulty. The hungry dogs, having vented their rage on their fallen enemy, did not at all disdain to make a meal of him.

The tracker's opinion that no buffalo were near proved false, for hardly had we taken up the spoor again when it became evident that a herd had been near when we unfortunately came upon the baboons. The spoor became fresher and fresher as the animals had moved rapidly away, but it was only after some hours' walking at our best pace that one of the dogs gave tongue. Away the whole pack rushed, and we after it, running as hard as we could, up and down hill, perspiring, stumbling, out of breath, out of temper with the thorns, every now and then stopping to listen for a sound of the dogs, whose bark soon became inaudible. The speed of so heavy a beast as the buffalo when hunted is wonderful. His weight, of course, breaks a way through everything, but the pace with which he scrambles up almost perpendicular hills is marvellous. Although full of hope that the dogs would bring one to bay, we were, as usual, disappointed. All sound was lost, and nothing remained but to follow the largest spoor. As the dogs returned one by one the chase had towards evening to be given up."

CHAPTER VI

AMONG THE CANNIBALS

CANNIBALISM is fast dying out, and it is rarely that one hears of its being practised to-day. Yet it is not so many years ago that travel in certain parts of the world could only be undertaken at the risk of being eaten. The following accounts of some travellers' adventures among cannibals will show how great were these risks.

Mr. John Gaggin, who has spent most of his life trading among the Cannibal Islands of the South Seas, has many stirring tales to tell of the natives' treachery. An account of some of these experiences is quoted from his reminiscences.¹ "One day we found ourselves at anchor in our 200 tonner topsail schooner recruiting off Suluhow, the largest of the small reef-islands, partly artificial, which dot the west coast of Mala or Malayto Solomons, that group now being one of the jewels of the British Crown.

Now these Suluhowans were, and are, the most savage and treacherous of all the man-eaters of Malayta, and that is saying a good deal. However, we had thirty or so recruits with us from Oba (one of the New Hebrides), and they watched the Solomons men like

¹ See Bibliography, 15.

cats. We got two or three youngsters daily, and I, the Government agent, amused myself killing fish with dynamite in the shallow lagoon waters, and shooting shore birds along the beach. We had been here three or four days, and everything going on quietly, when I was called back to the vessel by signal (I had been fishing on an adjoining reef). In ten minutes I was on deck, to see some twenty recruits waiting for me, having come off in their own canoes, as they usually do here. Now no one can recruit except in the agent's presence ; but these men were no recruits, they were the principal men and warriors of Suluhow ; recruits are striplings and lads, from fifteen years to twenty-four or so. Many of them were middle-aged, and had wives and children. ' Surely these fathers do not want to come to work, and leave their families,' I said to our interpreter. However, the interpreter said smoothly he did not know, they said they wanted to go and work for the whites, and that was all he could tell—they were good men and warriors—' the teeth of the town,' he said, grinning diabolically. So, very reluctantly, at last I had to take them.

Next morning twenty more warriors turned up, from their own canoes again, and I put them on the books with many misgivings—not a boy among the lot. I was the only old hand in the ship, and it was dead against my advice we had anchored here at all. The fat first mate had given up the sea for years, and had just taken to it again, and had never been to Solomons before ; the second was a mere boy, twenty-four or so, with no experience in these wild seas, and said he considered it foolish to go armed day and night as I did ; the ' nigs ' were first-rate sort of fellows, if

treated kindly, and for his part he thought were not man-eaters at all ; he saw nothing of it. The captain was a quadroon, I suspect from the West Indian Islands, and although a good seaman enough, not a man one would care to have at his back in a row—these half-breeds never are, in my experience. The two white sailors forward were green hands also, and followed the lead of the mates. The only folks on board who grasped the situation were the Oba lads, and their boy-chief came up and warned me the new men meant mischief.

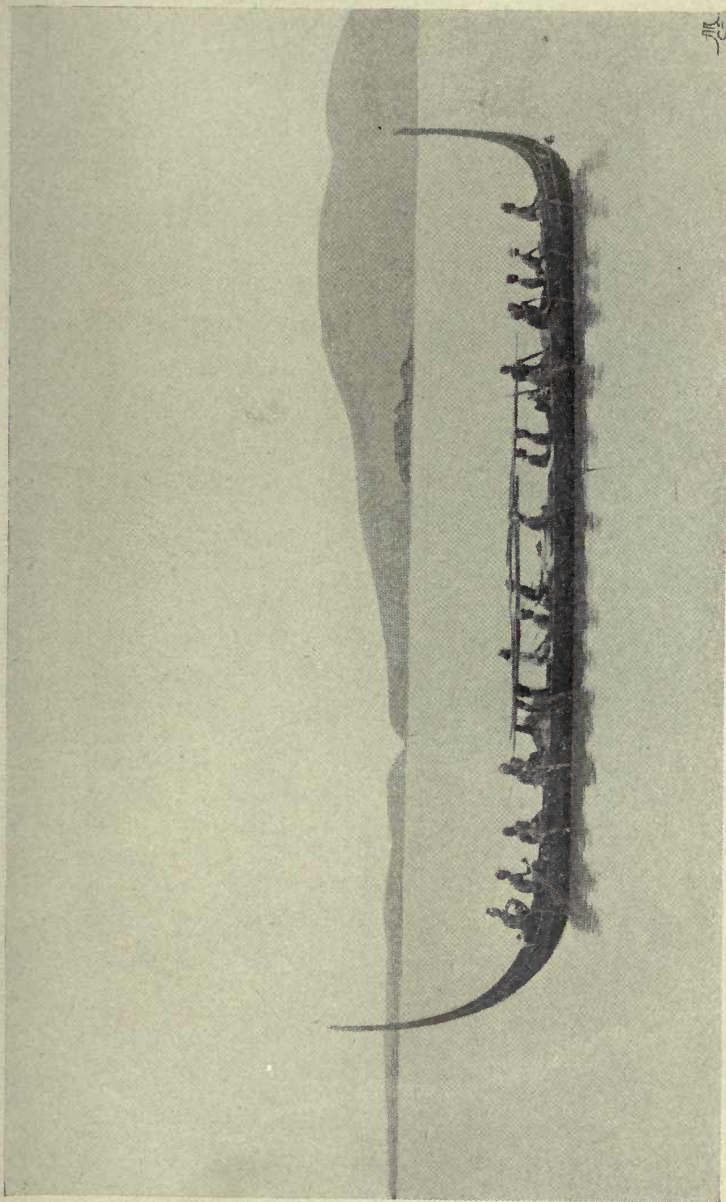
As I walked aft, thoroughly flabbergasted, up comes the captain, rubbing his hands.

‘We are getting along famously, G—, are we not? And you look as grim as a Viking, just ready for a row with that Winchester across your shoulders, and that revolver on hip. One would think you were going tiger-shooting.’

‘And that is just what I am preparing for, captain !’ I burst out. ‘These forty Suluhow men are nothing else than human tigers ; we are to get twenty more to-morrow, and they mean mischief.’

‘Oh, you are too suspicious,’ returned the skipper ; ‘they are all right enough.’

‘Are they now? That is all you know about it, captain. You have just said it—they are human tigers, and no mistake, and they want fresh man-meat. Why, they speared Sura Sura Jones (“mighty Jones”) a few years ago, over there at Quai, and took, to my knowledge, two vessels before that, and ate their crews—and they mean to try it on with us, that’s my belief ; I’ll arm all the Oba boys to-night, anyhow, and go under fighting, if to go I have. You new chums are



116

SOLOMON ISLAND WAR CANOE.

To face p. 106.

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in a fool's paradise, and have eyes but see not, ears but hear not, minds but heed not. Why, look, man! Is there a lad among all these forty men? Not one. All, to a man, fighting men, and warriors—pretty workmen these! Hang me, if you are not all fools! And I went off in a fume.

All day I could do nothing but moon about the deck and watch these forty new fellows, no fishing, or reading even, and I made a very poor hand at dinner and tea. A sense of impending calamity came over me, and I could not shake it off. The others chaffed me, asking me if I were afraid, but I shut them up by saying I had little wish to become *bokolo* ('baked man') if they had.

At 10 p.m. I got the Oba lad-chief down in the cabin, and gave him out thirty new two-foot knives, to arm (on the quiet) his men, while the mates scoffed and the captain stared; but he went up shortly afterwards, I noticed, and set 'anchor watch.' I went and turned in, but I'm hanged if I could sleep a wink, and after a few hours' tossing in the bunk, went on deck, to find half the Oba boys prowling round with the long knives I had served out under their *sulus*. Evidently *they* smelt a rat at all events. At daybreak a strange lad touched me, and whispered in good Fijian: 'White man, I have a message for you, but can't give it here; meet me alone after you have eaten at that little mangrove islet yonder—don't fail,' and he glided over the side like a shadow, and I heard the faint sweep of his paddle as he slipped off in the dimness of the dawn. Well, after breakfast, I dropped into the big port boat lying alongside, and sculled myself off to the little island. Sure enough I had not landed a

minute when the boy showed up from the corner of a mangrove bush and spoke. 'White man, I have been sent by the chief of Kwom-Kworo over there, who is your friend, to warn you. The men of Suluhow propose taking your vessel; they will give you a hundred recruits of their warriors—their "town's teeth"—and then rise and take your ship, as they have taken many in the years that are past. The fat mate, and the young one, they will at once cook, then the captain and Oba boys, but you they may spare, for you are thin and all bones. My message is now finished. White chief, give me a gun for my chief, and tobacco for myself, for I have risked my life coming to you, and dare not return until night. My love is towards Fiji; the *marama* ("lady") was kind to me there; go, and leave the things on the beach. Don't look into my eyes so; I speak truth, and for a sign two cooked pigs will be sent to your ship this evening from Suluhow; open them and see,' and down the lad popped under his bush again. I went and took a musket and powder, and two or three pounds of tobacco, and laid them where indicated, and sculled quietly back to our vessel.

'Well, your brow has cleared up again, old fellow,' said the skipper, 'and you seem all right now.'

'Because the suspense is over, captain, and I know all,' and I took him down to the cabin, and told him what I had just heard.

'Do you believe it?' he asked.

'Certainly I do,' I replied; 'you must know that these South Sea people can't lie to an old hand without being detected. Why, I put my hands on the lad's shoulders, and looked down into his eyes for two minutes, and he looked at me steadily. Had he spoken

falsely he could not look me in the face like that—no native can.'

At this the captain seemed bothered and nervous.

'We'll start at once,' he said, jumping up.

'Now sit down, captain, and let me have my say,' I replied. 'If you go at once all those forty fellows will jump overboard; they have come to eat us, not to recruit, and if they jump, how many will the two boats pick up? A dozen, perhaps. Sharks, you say—what do these men care for sharks? They can be on the reef in ten minutes. They are sharks themselves—land sharks. We are to get twenty more this afternoon, and twenty to-morrow, that's eighty. You just wait a day, Skip.'

'No, I won't. I'm off. I'll not trust these demons; the eighty may rise—what could six whites do among such a mob?'

'Well, then, if you won't stop, you won't. Now haul up your anchor, and throw over your kedge made fast to a coir rope; there is little or no wind, anything will hold her this weather; then if you will—go. At three in the morning the kedge can come up without any noise, with the aid of the whites only, and we can slip out, with the land breeze, under jib alone. But arm the whites and boat-boys. We may have an ugly rush at sun-up. I'll warn the Obas, and we'll see what the roast pig brings forth this evening.'

'By Jove! G—,' said the captain, 'you are as wise as the serpent, if not altogether as harmless as a—well, blessed dove. Your plan is splendid, and I'll do it.'

In two minutes afterwards the order was, 'Up anchor,' and 'Out kedge,' and as the chorus of our

chantey rang out, what a hubbub it caused ! and from the Solomons men : ‘ Oh, capataine, no go yet, plenty boy along of evening, very good, no go.’

To them the skipper : ‘ All right, boys, no go yet, only want anchor cleaned.’

This steadied the boys. The look the old salt forward gave as he was sent to chip the rust off our best bower was a sight to see, and the captain whispered me : ‘ Great Scott ! G—, you were right ; these beggars would have been over in a second had they seen a sail stirred.’

After dinner twenty more stalwart warriors came off in their canoes, and were put on the books with the usual formalities, and they signed on as cheerily as possible—all fighting men, too. This made sixty of these wretches ; the game was getting interesting now, and the stakes *were our lives*.

In the gloaming the pigs came off, presents from the Suluhow chief to his men on board—would the captain allow them to be accepted?

‘ Oh, yes, up with them.’ An immense big, long pig, baked whole and decked with flowers and greenery, was passed up first ; the Solomons gathered round to receive it, jostling aside all others. Great was the dismay when I strode among them and insisted on opening the pig. They made every objection, but I was firm, and there was a panic as a boat-boy at my order ripped up the string sewing up the stomach—a layer of splendid yams done to a turn. ‘ Move them aside,’ was the order, and there, row on row, lay forty war-axes, shining in grease, and handles gleaming with pearl. The first mate’s ruddy face paled and fell, the second’s jaw dropped, the fore-castle men’s hands

slipped to their knife-handles, and for a minute you could hear a pin drop. The Suluhows fell back, dismay on every face. The skipper and myself alone kept our heads and were cool, 'did not turn a hair, by —' as the forecastle said afterwards. The other pig brought forth twenty axes. 'One for every man, by Jove!' said the skipper.

'Put those axes over the side, and tell the chief of Suluhow we take his pigs and return his axes, and' (significantly) 'he may want them to-morrow. Are his fighting fences up? Tell him, you interpreter, give him our message—go! and you Solomon men take your pigs forward and eat them.'

So savage were the Obas they refused to touch a bit of the feast, nor would the hands forward or we aft. I imagine few of us whites slept that night; two of us, armed, marched up and down, the two four-pounders aft on each side of the wheel were cleaned and reloaded. At 3 a.m. the whites were silently mustered, and gently and very quietly up came the kedje and the jib, and we moved silently to the reef passage, like some huge night-bird under the silvery moon, with hardly a breath of air.

At daylight we made the open sea, and up went all sail. The Solomon men came pouring out of the hold yelling and shouting, but all was ready. The thirty lads aft behind me yelled their wild Oba war chant, and swung their two-foot knives aloft, and the blades gleamed in the rising sun. Every white and boat-boy was armed and waiting, even to the man at the wheel.

'Take us back,' yelled the Suluhow men in their pidgin-English, 'no want go Fiji—we gammon.'

'I no gammon—I talk, you no sign, you sign on;

you go now. You want um long pig, eh? No catch him this time. Down you go to the hold, *kai bokolos* ("eaters of men"),' I shouted.

'Swing round the four-pounder!' yelled the captain, and slowly the gun-carriage came round, and the gun was levelled. For a minute you might have heard a pin drop on board—then slowly and sullenly the Sulu-how men turned and went down the hold to their bunks again, amidst the derisive yells of the Oba boys. The gage of battle was declined, and I breathed freely; a 'muss' was averted—by the skin of our teeth."

Captain Gambier once had the doubtful pleasure of receiving a gift of a roasted black man's leg. The account of the circumstances which led up to the presentation is taken from his reminiscences¹: "It was in the island of Tanna that I first saw real fighting. My ship had gone up to investigate the killing of a missionary, the point being not so much whether he deserved martyrdom from the natives—for there were certainly two sides to the story—as to enforce the sanctity of a white life on these savage minds. So, with this moral object in view, we landed a strong force, set fire to their villages, shot as many savages as remained to be shot, and carried off a chief who, by strategy, had fallen into our hands. Our method was simple. Having ascertained from the missionaries of Aneiteum that there was deadly enmity between two tribes, situated at different ends of the island of Tanna, we made friends with the tribe who we elected to assume were innocent, for the time being, of killing and eating missionaries, and, with the aid of a native convert, who spoke about ten words of English, in-

¹ See Bibliography, 9.

duced some of these savages to embark on board our ship and serve as allies with us in the coming struggle. They seemed only too pleased at the alluring prospect of securing man's flesh—loving it as a City Father does turtle—and, with a band of white calico bound above their elbows in order that we might distinguish friend from foe, were disembarked on the enemy's shore with their weapons, leaping into the water even before the boat's bows had touched the rocky beach, when, yelling in a diabolical manner, they rushed into the jungle, which grew close down to the sea. A terrific din ensued, but before our men could land the enemy appeared to have given way and fled, so that when the bluejackets got to the village—not a hundred yards from the beach—there was not a soul to be seen. But fiendish screeches and yells were to be heard far up the mountain-side as if hell had broken loose, as indeed it had for them.

The village being set on fire, the party returned ; but meanwhile some of the enemy had got round a point to intercept the retreat. But a volley or two scattered these poor wretches ; whilst two or three of them, cut off from their own party, rushed out on to a reef a few yards off the shore. They were immediately followed by the friendlies, and as it was impossible for our men to fire at them without risk to these, a hand-to-hand fight began, fought out with astonishing valour, the huge clubs whirling over the heads of the combatants. But the friendlies were greatly at a disadvantage by having to climb out of waist-deep water to get up on to the reef, and the consequence was that two out of three were killed there and then. But one, a magnificent specimen of a man,

with considerable strategic intelligence, had climbed up on to the reef, nearly fifty yards away from the front attack, and now, single-handed, came rushing down on the enemy. It was impossible to distinguish one from the other in this fighting mass; but, however it happened, our warrior suddenly disappeared into deep water on the outer side of the reef and we saw him no more. And now two of the enemy lay apparently dead on the rocks, one survivor standing alone. To shoot him would have been as easy as hitting a haystack, but fair play and admiration of his pluck withheld a single barrel from being raised against him. He remained fearlessly looking at our men for a moment, his bronze-black body glistening with perspiration, his club resting on his shoulder, and no doubt he thought his last moment had come, with more than fifty rifles not a hundred yards off. Then he suddenly whisked round, plunged into the sea outside the reef, swam for a short distance, climbed it again, no doubt thinking he was out of range, and finally made a dash for the beach and the safety of the jungle. Some bluejackets went off to the reef and picked up the clubs and bows fallen from the natives, and rolled their dead bodies into the sea.

The muster-roll was then called to go on board, but three were missing—a mate, Tupper, a nephew of the melancholy poet of that name, and two bluejackets. So a search was made, and there, by the side of the path leading through the dense jungle to the still blazing village, Tupper's body was found, stripped naked, with the head battered out of all recognition. It was clear that he had been slain hardly ten minutes before, and that the natives must have

been dragging him off as our men returned, for he was quite warm, and a track was left showing where they had been drawing the body. As to the other two men, no trace of them was ever found; but we learned afterwards that there had been great rejoicing amongst the savages, with an almost unequalled feast of white men's flesh.

Our friendlies had made one prisoner, the chief of the tribe. How such a renowned fighter could have fallen into their hands alive we never knew; but suffice it to say he found himself, a few hours after, chained by the ankles to an iron bar between two guns on the main deck of the *Iris*. I do not know if it was in our skipper's mind to hang him at the yard-arm, but the belief that this would be the man's fate was very general on board, and I can scarcely doubt the savage himself contemplated no other fate. But there was, for we landed him a few days after on another of the Hebridean group, where the people were not friendly to his tribe; so probably death overtook him shortly in another form.

Meanwhile, on board our ship, we had in him an instance of how extraordinarily susceptible are some men to the influence of music, even amongst the most savage. Our band was playing one night, and as the strains of music rose and fell this grizzly, grey-headed old chief gradually drew his gaunt body from the deck on which he lay, wriggling his feet in the irons until he could lean over the gun which separated him from the musicians, where he remained apparently transfixed with wonder, his head rolling about, his eyes half-closed, whilst every now and then he would give a low grunt of approval. Then when the first tune

116 SPORT, TRAVEL, AND ADVENTURE

was finished he stretched his arms over the gun and tried to touch a fiddle that lay within his reach. This was handed to him, and he examined it most carefully, inside and out, playing with the strings and rapping the wood, with a smile of childish delight on his face. All that evening he listened with the same rapt attention, as though a passionate love of harmony had suddenly dawned on his savage soul, seeming oblivious of the fate which a day or two might bring him.

But the charms of music had really done little to soothe his savage breast, for only an hour or two later he made a senseless and reckless attack on his sentry. Suddenly seizing a cutlass, which had foolishly been left within his reach, he aimed a desperate blow at this marine, who, fortunately, saw it in time and skipped back. I happened to be close by, and I can see the great savage now—lean, wiry, a man of fifty or sixty, with a small bullet head, large rings in his ears and rows of shark's teeth round his neck, an expression of the utmost ferocity on his face, his teeth showing like a wild beast's, his eyes flashing, his chest heaving—the cutlass in his hand. No one could go near him, and for a moment it was proposed to shoot him then and there; but our gunner—the aforementioned Barter—seized a rammer from overhead, and with a sudden thrust threw the chief on his back, when, in a moment, the sentry and some others flung themselves on him, wrenched away the cutlass, and left him lying with his forehead streaming with blood where the rammer had struck him. This was bandaged up, and he lay quiet until washing decks roused him out in the morning.

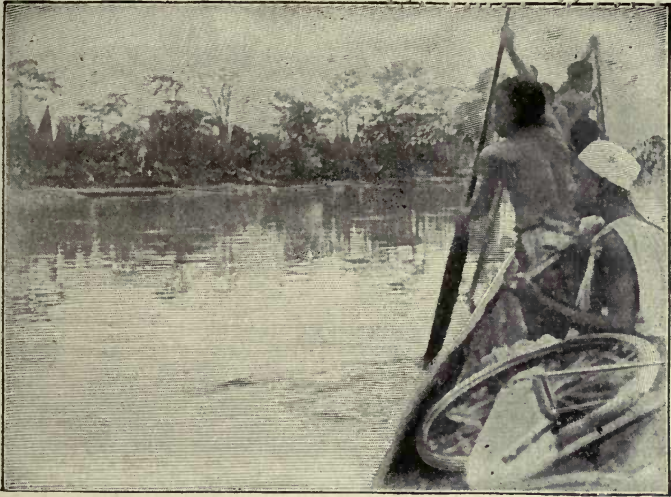
We conveyed our friendlies back to their part of the island, and though we did not trust them sufficiently to land and visit their village—as they wished us to do—still, they endeavoured to do the honours of their country and brought off a large roll of something done up in fresh banana-leaves. This, on being opened, turned out to be a roasted black man's thigh, and they were quite as much astonished as hurt when we declined to accept the gift."

Mr. Albert B. Lloyd during his travels through Central Africa made the acquaintance of the Bangwa tribe of cannibals. He gives a very interesting description of the habits and customs of these people in his account of the journey¹: "After leaving Avabuki we passed through the wildest cannibal country to be found anywhere, and every day we saw dozens of villages inhabited by the Bangwa. They are a splendid race of people. I was very much taken with them. I have seldom seen such physical development and such symmetry of figure; they are upright as a dart, with heads erect and bright, intelligent faces. These men came up to me with the greatest confidence—not as the cringing savages who will grovel at your feet before your face and put a spear into you when your back is turned. The cannibal was straightforward and brave, and his character could be read in his actions and bearing, and one could see at once that here were the materials for the making of a fine race of people. And yet they were the most advanced cannibals, who lived on human flesh. The men all wore a bark cloth about their loins, not wound round the body, but fastened back and front with a hide strap, or a cord

¹ See Bibliography, 3.

of plaited grass. The chiefs all wore a belt of hippopotamus hide, studded at the end with brass nails, and into this were fixed their terrible knives; upon the ankles they wore solid iron rings, some weighing two pounds each; these were also worn upon the wrists. In addition to these they all seemed to wear leg ornaments, half-way up the calf, of bright spiral iron wire, shaped to the leg, and the same thing on a smaller scale upon the arms. A ring or two of beads round the neck and a curiously shaped headdress completed the most ornamental attire of the Bangwa warrior. The headdresses were of various kinds, those made of monkey-skin predominating, the fur being worn on the outside. Others were of prepared hide with the fur removed, and some were made of a kind of straw worked into most fantastic shapes. Others are made with the bright plumage of birds. The warrior, when dressed for evening, is a most obnoxious being, having smothered himself from head to foot, particularly on the head, with palm-oil. He smears a kind of red paint over his face and chest and looks a most hideous character. His hair is long, for it is never shaved, and either hangs in a tangled mass or is fixed up in a kind of leather nightcap, tied under his chin with leather thongs. His cannibalism is most pronounced, and, unlike many others, he does not seem to mind being known as a cannibal; generally speaking, he devours the bodies of his enemies, but a woman is seldom, if ever, eaten by the Bangwa. The women, however, join in the feast, not sitting with the men but in a separate group by themselves.

It would be difficult to say, whether the cannibalism of the Bangwa is practised merely from pleasure or



PASSING THROUGH CANNIBAL LAND



BANGWA CHIEFS.

To face p. 118.

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from some superstitious idea about the strength of the enemy entering into themselves. As far as I could make out this latter is the more general belief. It is for the same reason that some tribes of Eastern Africa will eat the liver of a dead leopard that they may imbibe its strength—as the Bangwa warrior devours his enemy. On several occasions I saw them engaging in their feasts, and most ghastly were the sights, too horrible indeed to mention. Sometimes one would see part of a limb roasting over the fire, or else in a cooking-pot, boiling, while the warriors sat round watching eagerly until it was cooked. But still, notwithstanding the fact of there being a superstitious idea in connection with this cannibalism, there is no doubt a depraved appetite. I have seen the wild, exciting feast, where spirit dances and invocations have been the principal items, and I have seen the warriors in all soberness sit down to a 'joint of man' in exactly the same way as they would do to a piece of forest antelope. Once when told by a European that the practice of eating human flesh was a most degraded habit the cannibal answered: 'Why degraded? You people eat sheep and cows and fowls, which are all animals of a far lower order, and we eat man, who is great and above all; it is *you* who are degraded!' Thus will the cannibal defend the practice.

Another usual accompaniment to the feast of the Bangwa is the drinking of a concoction of the kola-nut. The nut, being dried, is pounded up to powder and mixed with a pot of palm-wine and then boiled upon the fire for some hours; more wine is then added to the other ingredients until a very strong

concoction is made. Then when cool the chief and his head-men, or any others who may be asked, will sit round the pot with long, hollow reeds in their hands, and with these they suck up the terrible poison.

I have several times sat by them as they indulged in this dangerous practice and watched the effects of the drug. First a kind of hilarity comes over them, and this in time gives place to hysterical laughing, and their eyes seem to stand out from their heads, and utter wildness is stamped upon their faces; gradually the effect becomes so great as to cause temporary madness, and they will jump up and down, waving their awful knives above their heads, and then they rush off into the wood, thirsting for human blood. I was told that when the Bangwa want to go on some raiding expedition they first have a great revel round the kola-nut pot, and when worked up into a state of frenzy they rush off to attack their foes in order that they may afterwards drink their blood, should they be victorious. The women are not allowed to drink this poison, it being reserved for the warriors only.

At one very large village of the Bangwa I had an opportunity of witnessing a midnight dance performed by the natives. It was a bright moonlight night when the people began to collect in the clearing in front of the chief's house; in all about two hundred men and women, alike nude, gathered in this spot for the national dance. A huge fire was built in the midst of the open space, and around this they all arranged themselves, men and women on opposite sides, forming a circle, and when the circle was complete the chief gave the word and the dancing commenced. Words

fail me to depict the utter strangeness of the scene. The attitudes into which they wriggled themselves, all keeping time like a trained troupe of acrobats, the weird sounds made by hands and mouth and the ghastly grimaces : all this, in the dim, uncertain light of the moon, baffles description. Presently the noise of murmuring made by the dancers as they wriggled round the fire became louder and louder, and the contortions to which they put themselves more violent, quicker and quicker, until they all burst forth into a terrible yell and seemed veritably to fly round the fire, still keeping time with hands and feet and voices. I have never seen anything so strange in all my travels, and as I looked at the distorted features of these people, working themselves up into a state of madness, and realized that they were all the fiercest cannibals, and at any moment might change the scene into one of bloodshed, I admit to a creepy feeling stealing over me, and I wondered if I should ever get through the country alive. This dance was kept up for nearly two hours, and then suddenly there was a hush. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night. This dance was over, and in the twinkling of an eye the crowd dispersed in all directions. Noiselessly every one crept back to his hut, and I was left alone by the fireside, wondering at the weirdness of the scene just enacted."

CHAPTER VII

NATIVE HUNTING METHODS

THE hunting skill of savage races—enabling them to obtain food with the help of very primitive weapons—strikes the civilized observer as being little short of the miraculous. For instance, the details given of the hunting methods of the Australian aboriginals by A. S. Meek in his volume of travel in New Guinea¹ suggest that these natives are anything but the very low type of savage they are supposed to be. He says: “His hunting is not a mere matter of endurance, speed, or accuracy of aim with his poor weapons; it is intelligent observation brought to a fine art. The black fellow knows the track, cry, and habits of every animal, and takes advantage of its peculiarity or characteristic to secure its downfall. This knowledge of animals is linked to inexhaustible patience and perseverance. He will track the 'possum by its clawmarks on a tree-trunk, or by observing the flight of mosquitoes if no clawmarks are visible. He will decoy pelicans within his reach by imitating the disturbance of water from the jumping fish by throwing mussel-shells into a pond or splashing it with his fingers. He will creep or swim up to ducks with

¹ See Bibliography, 17.

grass round his head and pull the birds one by one under water, breaking their necks and letting them float till he has enough for his needs. He will find and capture snakes by watching the movements of their companions, the butcher birds. He will catch a bee, stick a piece of feather or down on it, let it go, and follow its flight until he finds its hive and honey. He will walk into the sea at a place where a white man cannot see a single shell and in a few minutes, by digging in the spots of yielding sand with his feet, find enough cockles for his meal. He can find food where a white man would starve.

This ingenuity is seen almost as much in fishing as in hunting. Hooks made of shells or tortoise-shell, harpoons, spears, baskets, cages, nets, hollow log traps, weirs, dams, fences, and poisoning are all employed as a means of obtaining fish. He will, indeed, use one fish to catch another. The remora, or sucker-fish, with a string attached to its tail, is used to help the black fellow to turtle, dugong, or other food fish.

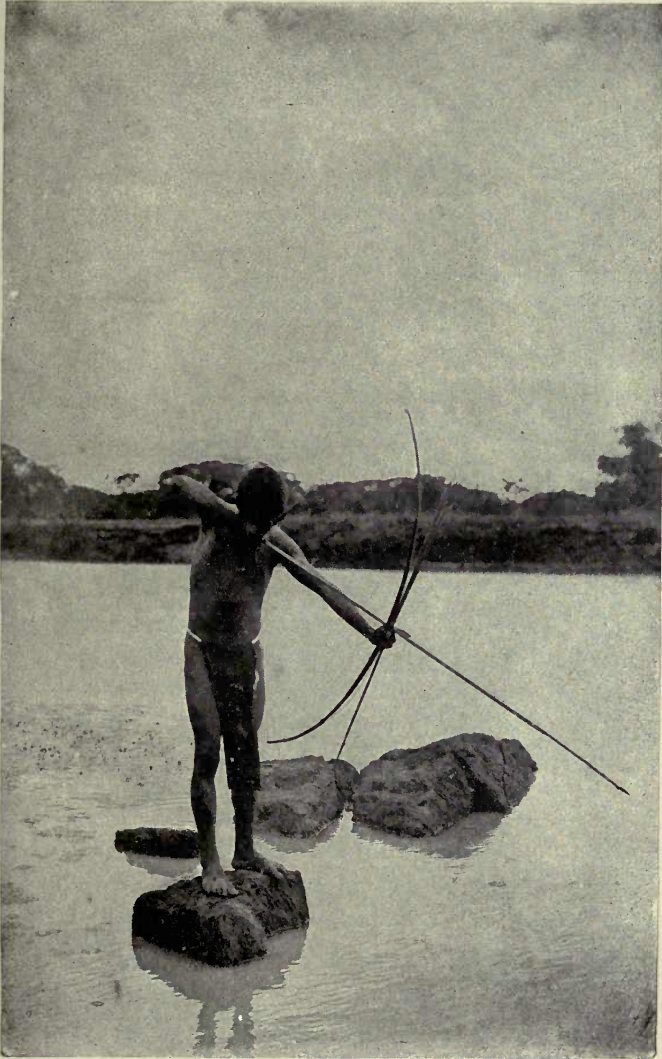
The huge beds of cockle-shells, some of them about a mile long and hundreds of yards across, with ovens of flat stones, found among the sand-hills near the shore in parts of Australia, show the enormous numbers of molluscs the aboriginal gathered and cooked. The big inland fishing weirs offer further evidence of his ingenuity as a fisherman.

And the Australian aboriginal is an expert water-finder. By looking at certain vegetation or noting the fall of the ground he is able to tell where and at what depth water will be found, and he sinks his water-hole accordingly. He knows after a shower or

on a dewy morning where he will find water which he can collect and store in his water-bag. One tribe which lived where water was at times very scarce learned to seal up the sutures of skulls, which were then used for water-carrying. It is known to white travellers in Australia that in any kind of country, however desert and waterless it seems, the natives can lead them to stores of water. There have been some grim incidents because of natives either misunderstanding or wilfully disobeying the orders of white travellers in the desert to lead them to water. Stupidity or disobedience has been met with torture. In one case, which caused a painful sensation when the facts became known, some white travellers, perishing with thirst, flogged two natives to make them disclose the locality of their wells, and, that failing, filled the mouths of the black fellows with salt and exposed them, bound and gagged, to the full heat of the sun until they led the way to water."

While the fishing methods of the natives of British Guiana are quite different to those described above, they show quite as much intelligence on the part of the fisherman. Mr. James Rodway in his fascinating book on the Guiana forest¹ says: "The man of the Guiana forest is at home in the water. Like an amphibious animal, he can often catch his prey in its native element. To wade into a river and catch a fish or strike it with a cutlass is only possible where there is a rock-pool, but when the river is low this is often done. Possibly the greatest feat is to dive, find a fish lurking in some hole, by a quick movement dig the fingers into its eyes, and then grasp the slippery

¹ See Bibliography, 18.



INDIAN SHOOTING ARAPAIMA.

To face p. 124.

monster. There is a grand struggle before the catch is landed, but the skilled fisherman is usually the conqueror.

But it is not everywhere that the man dares such a feat. The cayman is often present, ready to snap him up, the electric eel may paralyse his limbs, the sting ray pierce and lacerate his feet, and several other fishes with razor-like or spiky teeth want to cut and mutilate him.

The Indian takes his bow and fish-arrows to look for arapaima. His arrows are ingeniously arranged so that when the fish dives the shaft is loosened from the head and a long cord is unwound, but not detached from head or shaft. The fisherman stands up on one of the boulders, which are often quite slippery, and carefully watches for a sign of the fish. He draws his bow, and on the faintest ripple 'swish' goes the arrow and the fish is struck. Down goes the arapaima, but soon the arrow-shaft is seen floating and bobbing up and down, following the monster in all its struggles. Presently it comes up and is again shot, until at last, weakened by loss of blood, it is either drawn in by one of the lines or fetched by swimming.

When the water is not so low shooting is also sometimes possible. Then a party will be arranged to go out in several corials. These corials are the ordinary dug-out craft, what we should call 'cranky.' It has been our bitter experience to travel in one of these for several hours, but never again do we wish to suffer such an inconvenience. You have to sit on the bottom with your legs cramped, and dare not move for fear the craft may turn over. Yet the Indian can do anything he likes with it. You see him going down the less

dangerous rapids, he and his tiny craft looking as if they were one monstrous floating animal. Even if it upsets he gets out and rights it again without much difficulty.

In fishing parties there is usually one man to steer and paddle, while the other is on the look-out for signs of the fish. When the arapaima is sighted one corial moves slowly forward, the bowman rises, clings to the bottom with his almost prehensile toes, and stands as steady as if on land. He would make a fine model for the sculptor, for he is himself almost a bronze statue. Fire is in his eyes, every muscle bulges. He sees the fish where we could distinguish nothing. It is very near and he takes care not to disturb it. The paddler moves the corial to right, left, or forward ; he also sees the fish. Suddenly a twang breaks the silence, and with a 'swish' the arrow pierces the arapaima. At once there is a rush of all the corials, which follow every movement of the shaft as it is drawn hither and thither by the startled fish. Now and again it appears at the surface, sometimes turning on its side and striking the water with a loud slap. Presently it is weakened and more arrows are driven into it, until at last some one gets near enough for a crushing blow with a cutlass.

All is not yet over, for this has taken place in the middle of a broad river. The catch must be taken home, and none of the corials is large enough to carry it together with even one paddler. A corial is therefore brought close, the occupants get out, and while swimming sink the craft, put in the fish, and finally by rocking and baling get it again afloat with its burden. If not too heavy one man may get in to



NATIVE SPEARING FISH.

To face p. 127.

paddle, otherwise both will swim along until the catch can be landed. Arrived at home, they throw down their heavy load and retire to their hammocks until the women bring the savoury meat and bread for dinner."

A delightful description of the hunting methods of the natives of Dunk Island, off the coast of Queensland, is given by Mr. E. J. Banfield in his reminiscences of his life as an unprofessional beach-comber.¹ He says: "The blacks harpoon dugong as they do turtle, but the sport demands greater patience and dexterity, for the dugong is a wary animal and shy, to be approached only with the exercise of artful caution. An inadvertent splash of the paddle or miss with the harpoon, and the game is away with a torpedo-like swirl. To be successful in the sport the black must be familiar with the life-history of the creature to a certain extent—understanding its peregrinations and the reason for them—the strength and trend of currents, and the locality of favourite feeding grounds. Fragments of floating grass sometimes tell where the animal is feeding. An oily appearance on the surface of the sea shows its course, and if the wind sits in the right quarter the keen-scented black detects its presence when the animal has risen to breathe at a point invisible to him. He must know also of the affection of the female for her calf, and be prepared to play upon it implacably. In some localities the blacks were wont to manufacture nets for the capture of dugong, and nets are still employed by them under the direction of white men; for the flesh of the dugong is worthily esteemed, and oil from the blubber—sweet,

¹ See Bibliography, 10.

and limpid as distilled water—is said to possess qualities far superior to that obtained from the decaying livers of codfish in the restoration of health and vigour to constitutions enfeebled and wasted by disease.

Using a barbless point attached to a long and strong line, and fitted into a socket in the heavy end of the harpoon-shaft, the black waits and watches. With the utmost caution and in absolute silence he follows in his canoe the dugong as it feeds, and strikes as it rises to breathe. A mad splash, a wild rush! The canoe bounces over the water as the line tightens. Its occupant sits back and steers with flippers of bark, until as the game weakens he is able to approach and plunge another harpoon into it. Sometimes the end of the line is made fast to a buoy of light wood which the creature tows until exhausted.

So contractible and tough is the skin, that once the point of the harpoon is embedded in it, nothing but a strong and direct tug will release it. Some blacks substitute for the barbless point four pieces of thin fencing wire—each about four inches long, bound tightly together at one end, the loose ends being sharpened and slightly diverged. This is fastened to the line and inserted in the socket of the haft, and when it hits it holds to the death, though the animal may weigh three-quarters of a ton.

It is stated that the blacks towards Cape York, having secured the animal with a line attached to a dart insufficient in length to penetrate the hide and the true skin, seize it by the nose, and plug the nostrils with their fingers until it drowns. Here, too, the natives have discovered that the nose is the vulnerable part of the dugong, and having first harpooned it in

any part of the body, await an opportunity of spearing it there, with almost invariably speedy fatal results.

The flesh of a young dugong is sweet and tender, and the blubber, dry-cured after the manner of bacon, with equal quantities of salt and sugar and finally smoked, quite a delicacy.

Not long since an opportunity was given of examining the effects of a bullet on a dugong. We had harpooned a calf, perhaps a year and a half old, and as it rose to the surface in the first struggle for freedom, I shot it, using a Winchester repeating carbine, 25-35, carrying a metal patched bullet. There was no apparent wound, and on the second time of rising another bullet was lodged in the head, causing instantaneous death. When the animal came to be skinned, it was found that the first bullet had completely penetrated the body, the tough, rubber-like hide so contracting over the wounds of entry and exit as to entirely prevent external bleeding. The fatal bullet had almost completely pulverized the skull, the bones of which were ivory-like in texture. The appearance of the skull might have led to the conclusion that an explosive instead of a nickel-plated bullet had been used, while if the first bullet had not penetrated several folds of the intestines, no doubt it would have caused the animal very little inconvenience."

Mr. Banfield, in a further volume of his experiences,¹ gives an amusing description of the natives' method of securing fish: "The rains which came at the New Year flooded all the creeks of the island. Accumulations of sand usually form beds through which the sweet water slowly mingles

¹ See Bibliography, 19.

with the salt, but with the violence and impetus of a downpour of ten inches during the night, each torrent had cut a channel through which it raced from the seclusion of the jungle to the free, open sea. Twice in the twenty-four hours the impassive flowing tide subdued the impertinence of each of the brawlers, smothered its gurgling, and forced it back among the ferns and jungle and banana-plants which crowded its banks.

The largest stream at high water was four feet deep. As I prepared to wade across, George, the black boy, shouted over his shoulder towards a slowly swaying cloud in the deep pool overhung with foremost flounces of the jungle. The cloud was a shoal of sea mullet. Save for a clear margin of about three feet, the fish filled the pond—an alert, greyish-blue mass edged with cream-coloured sand. There were several hundred fish, all bearing a family resemblance as to size as well as to feature. It was slack water. The fish were, no doubt, about to move down-stream to the sea, for all headed that way when the disturbing presence of man blocked the passage. A thrill went through the phalanx, and it swayed to the left and then to the right. The movement—spontaneous and mechanical—slightly elongated the formation, and three scouts in single file slid down to reconnoitre, and with a nervous splash as they scented danger, dashed back and blended imperceptibly with the mass.

‘We catch plenty big fella mullet!’ George exclaimed, as he gleefully splashed the water, and the cloud contracted and shrank back. The stream was about ten feet wide. The equipment for sport consisted of a tomahawk and a grass-tree spear so frail

that any of the mullet could have swum off with it without inconvenience.

Straddling the stream side by side, we splashed and 'shooed' when the slightest symptom of a sally on the part of the fish was betrayed. A few brave leaders darted down, generally in pairs, and flashed back in fright at our noisy demonstrations, and so the blockade of the mullet began.

While I stood guard shouting and 'shooing' and making such commotion as I trusted would convince the fish that the blockading force was ever so much stronger and more truculent than it really was, George began to construct a pre-eminently practical wall. Its design was evolved ages upon ages ago by black students of hydrostatics and fish. George had imbibed the principles of its construction with his mother's milk. He cut down several saplings, and, screwing the butt ends into the soft sand about a foot apart, interlaced them with branches of mangrove and beach-trailers and swathes of grass. But the tide began to ebb. The pent-up current, strong and rapid, frequently carried portions of the structure away. George had to duck and dive to tie the vines and creepers to the stakes close down to the sandy bottom. Though armfuls of leafage floated to the surface and rolled out to sea, George worked with joyful desperation. Presently the fish began to make determined rushes. Shouting and splashing, tearing down branches, capturing driftwood, diving and gasping, his efforts were unceasing. Understanding the guile of the fish, he sought to make the deeper part of the weir secure, and for an hour or so he laboured in the water with head, hands, and feet. While with deft fingers he

weaved creepers and branches to the stakes, his feet beat the surface into surf and surge, to the scaring of the fish to the remote limits of their retreat. But the tighter the weir became, the more pressure was on it. Fast as repairs were made at one spot, gaps appeared in another which demanded immediate attention. The quantity of material that our works absorbed was scarcely to be realized. But a double-ended, amphibious black boy can work everyday wonders. Not a single fish had escaped. We had the whole shoal at our mercy, for George had confidently provided against all contingencies.

Buoyant on the bosom of the stream came a good-sized log with raking, shortened limbs. Under its cover the fish sallied forth a hundred strong, strenuous in bravery and resolution. The log swept past me, making a terrible breach in our weir, through which many fish shot. Some leaped high overhead. Two landed on the sand, helplessly flapping and gasping. George occupied the breach, and as he waved his arms and shouted, a four-pounder, leaping high, struck him on the forehead. He sat down emphatically, and another gap was made. As he struggled to his feet the vanquished numbers of the assaulting party fled to the main host. Honours were with the besieged. Blood oozed from a lump on George's forehead, there were cruel breaches in the weir, the fish had gained confidence and knowledge of our works, and only two were prisoners.

Now the sallies became frequent. Sometimes the fish came as scouts, more often in battalions, and in the dashes for liberty many were successful. George toiled like a fiend. His repairs looked all right on

the surface, but ever and anon considerable flotsam indicated vital gaps. In spite of splashing and 'shooing,' and the complications of the weir, we had had the mortification of seeing hosts escape.

Then George changed his tactics. Abandoning his faith in the weir, he converted it into what he called, in his enthusiastic excitement, 'a bed.' He laid branches on the weir so that the leaves and twigs interlaced and crossed, buttressing the structure with another row of palisades. His theory was that the fish, as the water became shallower, would cease their efforts to wriggle through, and, leaping high, would land on the bed and be easily captured. No preliminary shouting and splashing affected the solidity of that determined array. Mullet know all about blackfellows' weirs and their beds. Some slid through. Many leaped, and, curving gracefully in the air, struck the 'bed' at such an angle that it offered no more resistance to them than a sheet of damp tissue-paper. They sniggered as they went through it, and splashed wildly to the sea. They were grand fish—undaunted, afraid of no man or his paltry obstacles to liberty, up to every cunning manœuvre.

Were we to be beaten by a lot of silly, slippery fish in a shallow stream? Never! January's unsheltered sun played upon my tanned, wet, and shameless back; the salt sweat coursed down my shoulders and dripped from my face. The scrub fowl babbled and chuckled, cockatoos jeered from the topmost branches of giant milkwood trees and nodded with yellow crests grave approval of the deeds of the besieged; fleet white pigeons flew from a banquet of blue fruits to a diet of crude seeds, and not a single

one of the canons of the gentle art of fishing but was scandalously violated. It was a coarse and unmanly encounter—the wit, strategy, finesse, and boldness of fish pitted against the empty noise and bluster of inferior man and the flimsiness of his despicable barriers.

In silence and magnificent resolve they came at us. We fought with sticks and all the power of our lungs. Rest was out of the question. The leafy dyke and 'bed' stood ever in need of repair; the sallies were continuous and determined. The 'bed' was not made for those knightly fish to lie ignobly upon. A single fish would slip down-stream, and, gathering speed and effort, leap with the glitter of heroism in its eyes. One such George caught in his arms. Another slipped through my fingers and struck me on the shoulder, and I bore the mark of the assault for a week. George's brow was bleeding. Indeed, all his blood was up. His 'heroic rage' was at bursting-point. We had toiled for two hours and counted but three fish, while as many hundred had battled past our siege works. Quite as many remained, and time, as it generally is, seemed to be in favour of the attacking party.

Was Charles Lamb right when he spoke of 'the uncommunicating muteness of fishes'? These beleaguered mullet surely exchanged ideas and acted with deliberation and in concert. All swayed this way or that in accordance, so it seemed, with the will of the front rank. A tremor there was repeated instantly at the rear. When a detachment made a bid for liberty it was in response to a common impulse. When a single individual started on a forlorn hope,

the others seemed to watch our hostile demonstrations as it leaped—flashing silvery lights from its scales—to prove the unworthiness of weirs and beds, and we, of the ranks of Tuscany, cheered if its deed of derring-do was neatly and successfully achieved.

Fish to the number of five having fallen into our clutches, we stood by and watched the rest. Most of them leaped gloriously to liberty. Some ignominiously wriggled. Others remained in the pool, their nerves so shattered by bluster and assault that they had not the melancholy courage to slip away. In his wrath—for blood still oozed from his forehead—George would have exterminated the skulkers, and, checked in his bloodthirstiness, he showered upon them contemptible titles while he cooked two of those we had captured. Wrapped in several folds of banana and 'ginger' leaves, and steamed in hot sand, the full flavour of the fish was retained and something of the aroma of the leaves imparted. I was not, therefore, astonished when George, having eaten a three-pounder, finished off my leavings—nothing to boast of, by the way—and proceeded to cook another (for the dog); and Barry, I am bound to say, got fairly liberal pickings. The weather was close, and being satisfied, and, for once, frugal, George cooked the two remaining fish, and swathing them neatly in fresh green leaves, sauntered away, cooing a corroborree of content."

The Eskimo method of hunting the seal varies according to the season of the year. Mr. J. W. Tyrrell describes some of these methods in his volume of travel in the sub-Arctics of Canada¹: "Seal-hunting is a most curious and interesting form of sport. The

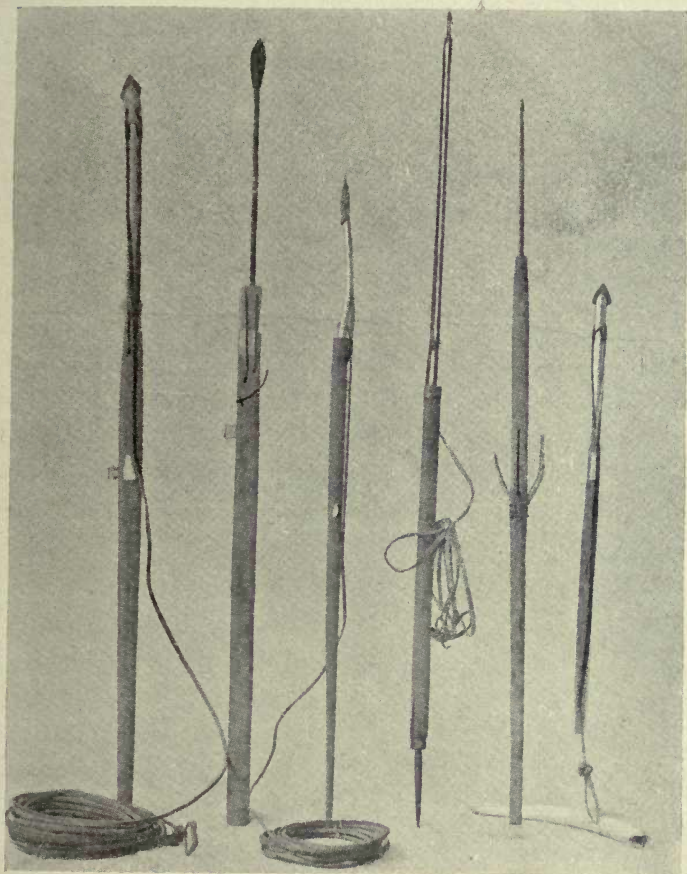
¹ See Bibliography, 20.

seals are hunted in entirely different ways at different times of the year.

During the entire winter season they keep holes open through the shore ice, but because of the depth of the snow are not seen until the warm spring sun exposes their hiding-places. The Eskimo has, however, a way of finding them out before this. He harnesses a dog that has been trained for the work, and, armed with his seal harpoon, leads him out to the snow-covered field, where the two walk in a zig-zag course, until the sagacious animal catches the scent of the seal and takes his master straight to its secret abode. Here, under the hard-crusting snow, it has formed for itself quite a commodious dwelling, but, unlike the Eskimo snowhouse, its doorway opens into the water instead of into the air. This doorway, which is in the form of a round hole, just large enough to admit the seal, is kept from freezing up by the wary animal, which ever keeps itself in readiness, upon the slightest suspicion of danger, to plunge into it.

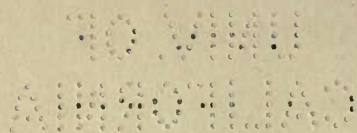
Usually upon the arrival of the hunter, the seal, if at home, hearing footsteps above, quickly vacates the premises. The Eskimo then, taking advantage of its absence, ascertains the exact locality of the hole in the ice, by thrusting his long, slender spear down through the snow. When the exact position of the hole is found, its centre is marked by erecting a little pinnacle of snow directly above it.

This done, a long and tedious wait follows, during which time the patient hunter often suffers much from the cold, for he is obliged to remain quite still, not uncommonly from early morning until evening. In order to keep the feet from freezing, while thus remain-



ESKIMO SEAL HARPOONS.

To face p. 136.



ing for hours upon the snow, a deer-skin bag is commonly used to stand in.

During the interval of the seal's absence from home the doorway becomes frozen over, and it is on account of this fact that the hunter is made aware of its return, for when the seal comes back to its hole and finds it crusted over, it at once commences to blow upon the ice to melt it. This is the hunter's long-desired signal, and the moment he hears it he places the point of his harpoon at the mark on the snow, and thrusts the weapon vertically down into the hole, almost invariably with deadly effect. The seal, thus harpooned in the head, is instantly killed, and is then hauled out by the line attached to the spear.

Some seasons, when the ice is covered by a great depth of snow, the dogs are not able to scent the seals' houses, and then the Eskimo has to depend upon other sources for food, or else go on short rations.

In the spring, as the snow disappears, the seals' winter quarters are demolished, and they themselves are exposed to view. Then the Eskimo is obliged to resort to other methods of getting at them. When one is observed, the direction of the wind is first noted, then the hunter, keeping to leeward of the seal, walks to within about a quarter of a mile of it; but beyond this he begins to crouch, and advances only when the seal's head is down. The seal is one of the most wide-awake of all animals, and has the habit of throwing up its head quickly every few seconds to guard against danger. When its head is down upon the ice, its eyes are shut, and it is said that in these brief intervals it takes its sleep. However this may be, the hunter, by carefully watching the seal's move-

ments, is able, without much difficulty, to get within about two hundred yards of it, but at closer quarters he is obliged to pursue other tactics. He now lies down at full length upon the ice, and here the real sport begins.

The seal takes the Eskimo, who is able to *talk seal* perfectly, to be one of its kinsmen; and indeed there is a great deal of resemblance between the genera, for both are similarly clothed, and the Eskimo, living largely upon the flesh and oil of the seal, is similarly odorous. As the two lie there upon the ice, a most amusing sort of conversation is kept up between them. Seal makes a remark and flips his tail. Eskimo replies in a similar manner, making the gesture with his foot, and at the same time throws himself a little forward. Seal soon has something further to say, and again flips his tail. Eskimo replies as before, and closes slightly further the distance between them.

When the seal's head is down, the hunter, who ever keeps his eye on his prey, is able to approach still nearer by dragging himself forward upon his elbows. This manœuvring goes on for some time, until the distance between the performers has been reduced to a few yards or sometimes to a very few feet.

When near enough to make a sure shot, the Eskimo takes his bow and arrow from his side and sends a swift shaft through the head of his outwitted companion. Sometimes, instead of the bow and arrow, a harpoon is used with equal effect.

I knew an Eskimo who was so expert at this kind of sport that he was able to catch seals with his teeth.

In order to secure one by shooting it, as just described, it is necessary to kill it instantly, for if only shot through the body, or even through the heart, it will throw itself into its hole and thus be lost."

CHAPTER VIII

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

MUCH of the interest in the life of all races centres round the question of marriage. It is interesting to find that in spite of the great difference in the marriage ceremonies it is an almost universal custom to celebrate the wedding with a feast. Many of these celebrations are exceedingly picturesque.

The Rev. A. L. Kitching, a missionary who has spent a good many years in Africa, describes some of the marriage customs of the native tribes in the Uganda Protectorate.¹ He says: "In Africa one of the prime requisites in a wife is that she should be obedient, and not what the Baganda call *mulalu*, or mad—that is to say, one who is uncertain in temper, impatient of control, and therefore likely to cause trouble. Such a wife may refuse to cook the meals, go off visiting when she ought to be at work, decline to allow the husband access to the food supplies, and make things generally uncomfortable. If prowess and industry are the prime requisites in a husband, then a pliant temper is the sovereign virtue in a wife.

In the case of a regular marriage the amount due to the father varies in accordance with the sex of the

¹ See Bibliography, 21.

first child born, a girl being considered of less value than a boy. The payments among the Gan' consist of cattle, sheep, hoes, spears perhaps, and sometimes other useful articles. The final payments are often not completed until years after the marriage takes place, and the bridegroom is considered fair prey by all the bride's relations. This results in endless disputes; payments made are often repudiated by the recipient; the amount agreed upon is constantly matter for argument, and argument ends in fighting, raids on one another, and sometimes a long-drawn-out feud. When asked to settle a dispute, one takes it for granted that the question is one of marriage payments, unless specially informed otherwise.

Wives may also be acquired in other ways than by the normal method of purchase. Big chiefs have many more wives than they actually marry themselves, and these are bequeathed to their sons after them, along with the other property. Sometimes it may happen that a younger son inherits a wife much older than himself, in which case he may arrange with his brother to exchange for a younger woman, the elder brother then marrying the older woman. One of the most important Gan' chiefs, by name Ogwok, had a great number of wives of all ages; I was told that there were at least eighty, and I doubt if he knew himself how many children he had. He was constantly acquiring more wives, being very wealthy in cattle, but most of these were for his sons, who were naturally numerous, and many of them already grown up. In some districts girls are betrothed in infancy by the parents in order to secure the cattle or goats at once; if the child dies there is, of course, unlimited litiga-

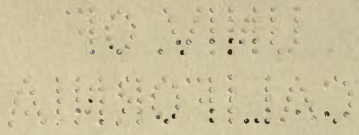
tion before the prospective bridegroom can recover his property. It is even said that a man will barter away his unborn child on the understanding that if it should prove to be a boy the payments made shall be returned.

Among the Gan' and Teso people there is but little ceremony to celebrate a heathen wedding, but the Banyoro made much of the occasion even before they learned Christian usage. The bridegroom (wrapped in a new barkcloth, his head freshly shaved) sits in his house, which has been swept and spread with fresh grass. The friends whom he has invited to the wedding go meanwhile to the home of the bride as if to make an informal call, and are entertained with beer and coffee-berries. After a time the bride's girl friends take down from the roof of the house all the things which have been given to her to take to her new home—her barkcloths, knife, and any other little personal article she may have. The young men next prefer the request to the father that they may be allowed to take the girl away, and he accordingly hands her over to their care. The bride is carried on the backs of these 'best men' to her new home, where she is met by the lady guests and received into the house. All this time she must remain with her face bent down, and it is correct to look as miserable as possible. Her wedding breakfast consists of button mushrooms and other delicacies, after partaking of which she retires to the back part of the house, in company with an aunt; it is most important that she should retire before a hyena or jackal is heard to howl. The bride having departed, refreshments are served to the other guests, and beer-drinking and smoking are continued till morning dawns. When it is full daylight a meal is served and the father's



FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

To face p. 142.



presents to the bride are brought out for inspection, after which the ceremony is at an end. The aunt remains with the bride for some three days to settle her into her home and help her with her duties; on leaving, presents must be given to the aunt for her kindness and trouble.

These nocturnal marriages are rapidly becoming a thing of the past, as Christians become more numerous and enlightened ideas gain currency. But the old ceremonies have left their mark on the newer customs, especially in one respect. It is still the correct thing for the bride to walk as slowly and look as sad as she possibly can, and the custom of seclusion for some days after the wedding is still adhered to."

Mrs. Ethel Braun gives a delightful description of an Arab wedding in her volume of travel in Tripoli¹: "Arab weddings *begin* on Monday; that is to say, the first preparation commences on that day, when the bridegroom sends to the house of the bride the canopy, under which she will walk in state on the following Thursday to his home. Along with this, if he be rich, he sends her a sack full of leaves of the henna plant, so much in use among the Arab women for toilet purposes, also two or three lambs, much oil and grain—in fact, everything necessary for the marriage feast for the women, which takes place in the bride's house. Musicians playing the tom-tom and the *zummar*a (pipes) accompany the gifts. Then a quaint ceremony takes place. The bride, covered with a rich silk *barracan*, and held by two women attendants, who grasp her firmly on either side of the waist, advances stiffly and solemnly, preceded by a third, who walks backwards,

¹ See Bibliography, 22.

holding a looking-glass in front of the bride's face so that she must gaze into it as she walks. When she reaches the sack of henna, still with the utmost solemnity, she sits down upon it seven times in succession, to bring good fortune to her future home. This is a very ancient custom, never omitted on the Monday. On Tuesday, the henna-leaves having been crushed by the women, the paste is put on the head of the bride, and a little on her hands. Then she remains seated while her women and girl friends gather round her. Each in turn places her hand on the bride's head, extolling her many virtues, saying how charitable she has been, how generous, that she has given oil and bread and clothes to the poor, etc. Whether true or not is of the least importance. On Wednesday evening her hands are covered with henna—the whole of the palms and the back of the hand as far as the knuckles, so that they look almost black. The feet are treated in the same way—the whole of the soles, and the rest of the foot in the shape of a shoe.

Thursday is the great day; now, after these ceremonies, after all sorts of preparations and much feasting with her friends, the actual marriage-day arrives. In the morning the bride takes a most elaborate bath, and is perfumed with rich, strange Oriental scents, those heavy, intoxicating essences dear to the Eastern nature. At six o'clock in the evening she is taken in procession, under the canopy, to the house of the bridegroom. Before entering the room where she will be attired for the marriage, she stops outside the door to throw and break an egg against the top of the lintel. As soon as she gets inside the room she breaks a jar of water, both old customs, to bring good luck. The

women dress her in fine silk clothes, with many gold ornaments, and a rich silk *barracan*, all provided by the bridegroom. As a matter of fact, only two or three of the rich gold bracelets and so on are given, the rest being hired by the bridegroom for the occasion.

The bride is then left seated in the room, covered with a great piece of silk or cloth, all over her head and hiding her entirely from view. By this time her women and girl friends have all arrived, and are feasting and rejoicing in one of the rooms. Now the bridegroom, who in the meantime has been to prayer in the mosque, comes to his house, accompanied by all his friends, singing and making merry. They all go into a separate room to feast, leaving the happy man to enter alone into the room where his shrouded wife awaits him. Each places a piece of sugar between the lips of the other, as a symbol of the sweetness of the married life which lies before them, and the bridegroom offers his bride a gift of jewellery or gold coins. The guests remain till late in the night, very often till the next morning. Endless feasting and music entertain them, for the Arabs have an extraordinary capacity for enjoying both for hours and hours at a time.

For seven days afterwards the bride, richly dressed, receives innumerable visits from her friends. Really this is the time of her life, and she makes the most of it. On the seventh day she offers them all yet once again a great feast. After another forty days they come once more to eat at her house ; then the wedding festivities are really at an end.

All these customs are in vogue also among the Bedouin Arabs, but they have one or two in addition

which are rather interesting and amusing. For instance, the Bedouin bridegroom, on his wedding-day, must make his bride a present of a silk handkerchief filled with nuts, sweetmeats, little sugar cakes, and marzipan, also five silver rings for her fingers. An old pair of *tellik* (Arab shoes) are purposely placed in the room in which the lovers meet. He seizes one shoe and she the other, and whichever of them can hit the other first will be the ruler of the household after. This is looked upon as an unfailing sign, and there *may* be something in it.

For seven days after the wedding the bridegroom enjoys himself, wandering through the gardens of the oasis, doing no work, always accompanied by a group of his friends. But on the seventh day he must keep a sharp look-out, for on that day his friends will try suddenly to play a trick on him. If he escapes them, well and good; then he can run to his house and be safe. If not, they snatch his clothes from him and beat him, which seems a poor return for the feasting and entertainment. But it is custom, and that is the law of the Medes and Persians to these people, who will not omit the smallest ceremony handed down to them by their forefathers."

In China the family to which the man belongs generally begin negotiations. A very interesting description of these and the usual customs observed is given by the Rev. E. J. Hardy in his book on Chinese life.¹ He says: "They do so by means of a go-between, who may be described as a professional liar. 'To lie like a match-maker' is a common expression. This woman—the go-between is frequently a woman—

¹ See Bibliography, 23.



TYPES OF BEDOUIN WOMEN.

To face p. 146.

is furnished with a card stating the ancestral name and the eight characters which denote the hour, day, month, and year of birth of the candidate for matrimony. The go-between takes this card to the family indicated, and tenders a proposal of marriage for a daughter. Should the girl's parents entertain the proposal, they show to a fortune-teller the eight characters which tell the exact time of birth of the young people, and he, after examining them, says whether the betrothal would be auspicious. If, for instance, the girl was born on the day dedicated to the goose, and the boy on that of the fox, negotiations would terminate, because from time immemorial foxes have eaten geese. Should, however, the respective days be favourable the families interchange cards, upon which a formal agreement has been written. The parents of the young man send with the card gold or silver bangles for the girl, and for her family a pig's feet, a pair of fowls, two fish, eight cocoanuts, etc. The girl's family send with the card five kinds of dried fruit, artificial flowers, vermicelli, and cakes of ceremony for distribution amongst friends. On the top stack of these cakes small dolls made of flour are stuck. A pair of geese are sent, not to cast a reflection upon the intellectual condition of the youth and maiden to be married, but as an emblem of domestic bliss, these birds being reputed to be good family birds.

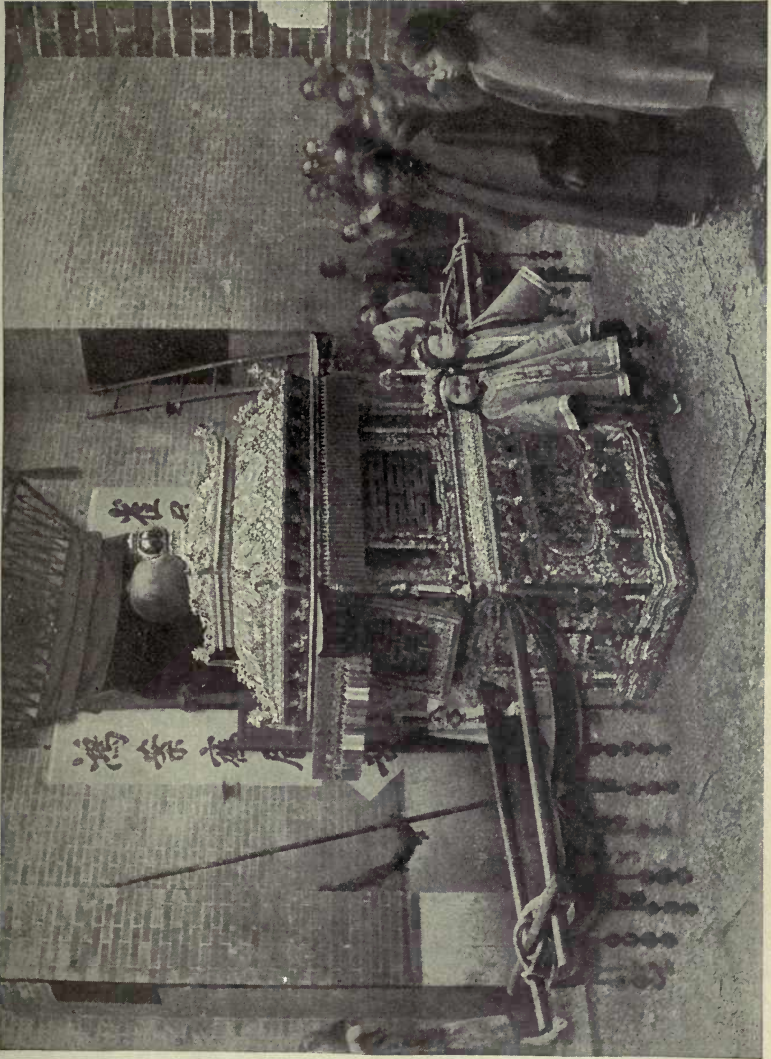
Some children are betrothed from their birth, so the time between betrothal and marriage varies from a month or two to eighteen or twenty years. Two persons having the same surname are not allowed to marry. As there are only about a hundred recognized family names in the Chinese Empire this is a serious limitation.

When a girl 'spills the tea'—that is, loses her betrothed by death—she is sometimes married to the tablet which represents his spirit, and goes to live with—that is to say, to be a drudge to—his parents. If a girl dies before betrothal, her parents betroth her to the spirit of some man. This is done by writing their names on tablets in a temple. This prevents her spirit returning to torment the family.

The first moon of the Chinese year (February) is considered the most felicitous time for marriage. It is in this month that the peach-tree blossoms, and hence there are constant allusions to it in connection with the marriage.

The first part of a wedding procession consists of lantern-bearers, banner-bearers, and those who carry the tablets upon which are inscribed the names of the man and woman who are being married. Some of these bearers wear extraordinary-looking headdresses. Two or three large red official umbrellas are then borne past. In the middle comes the glass chair of the bride, which is highly adorned with the doll-like symbolic figures.

On the arrival of the bride at the bridegroom's house, a woman who has borne male children and who lives in 'harmonious subjection' to her husband approaches the door of the sedan chair and utters felicitous sentences. In some parts of the country the bridegroom unlocks the chair, in others it is one of the women. A boy six or eight years old, holding in his hands a brass mirror, with the reflecting surface turned from him and towards the chair, invites the bride to alight. This she does, and is then lifted over the threshold, on which charcoal burns in a pan, to



A CHINESE WEDDING CHAIR.

To face p. 148.

prevent her bringing evil influence with her. She is now conducted over a floor, covered with red carpet, to her room, and is there met by the bridegroom. Both simultaneously seat themselves, side by side, on the edge of the bedstead, each trying to get a portion of the other's dress under him or her. Whoever can do this will, it is thought, have to submit to the other.

After sitting thus in silence for a few moments, the bridegroom takes his departure and waits in the reception-room for the reappearance of his bride. When she comes they worship together heaven and earth and the ancestral tablets, and this worship is the essence of the wedding ceremony. A table is placed 'before heaven' in the front part of the reception-room. Two lighted candles and a censer containing lighted incense are put upon it. There are also placed upon it, as omens of prosperity and harmony, two miniature white cocks made of sugar, five kinds of dried fruit, money-scales, a bundle of chopsticks, a foot-measure, a mirror, and a pair of shears.

The bride takes her place by the table on the right side of the groom, and both of them kneel down four times, each time bowing their heads towards the earth in silence. They then rise up, change places, and again kneel down four times, bowing their heads as before. The ancestral tablets are now placed upon the table, and the bride and bridegroom kneel down and worship these eight times, as they did 'heaven and earth.' On rising, two curiously shaped goblets, connected together by a red silk or red cotton cord, and containing wine and honey, are held to the mouths of the bridegroom and bride, and then changed so that the bride sips out of the one just used by the bride-

groom. A bit of the sugar cocks and some of the dried fruits are also given from off the table to each of the pair. Eating from the same sugar cock and drinking wine from the same goblets are symbolical of union in sharing their lot in life.

After this the bride and bridegroom dine together, and it is now for the first time in his life frequently, and always for the first time on his marriage-day, that the latter sees the features of his wife. She wears no rouge on this day, so he knows what share of unadorned beauty he has got. The bridegroom eats as much as he likes, but the bride must not take any food except what is sent to her by her own family for seven or fourteen days. She sits, dignified and composed, beside her feasting husband, and does not open her mouth either to eat or to speak. It may be observed here that it is only on his wedding-day that a man in high-class life deigns to dine with his wife."

In Pemba, the spice island of Zanzibar, the amount of the dowry appears to be the first and chief consideration. Captain J. E. Craster,¹ in his book on the country, says: "The woman asks for as much as she thinks her future husband may be willing or able to give. Fifty rupees is a usual amount. This money the woman spends on clothes and ornaments. If at any subsequent time the woman wishes to dissolve the marriage she can do so by refunding to her husband the amount of her dowry. As a rule it is not possible for the woman to find the money unless some other man wishes to marry her. In this case, however, her prospective husband buys her freedom. The husband is not allowed to claim more for his wife

¹ See Bibliography, 24.

than the sum he originally paid her as her dowry. If a native is in lack of money he often arranges to sell his wife, and to this the woman generally agrees, for she knows she will be better treated by her purchaser than by her poverty-stricken husband, who is only anxious to get rid of her. Of the boys who worked for us very few were married, though all had had wives at one time or another and had sold them.

When a native marries he is allowed to choose three married women from his village, who are installed in his house as concubines during the honeymoon. On his arrival at his home he finds his wife and three other women, each wrapped from head to foot in a sheet, and he is required to guess which is his wife. If he guesses wrong, he must pay a rupee to the woman whom he has mistaken for his wife.

In each village or district there is an old woman whose business it is to instruct the girls of a marriageable age in their duties as wives and mothers. She also teaches the girls to dance, and to walk with a peculiar swagger that is supposed to be very seductive in the eyes of the men. During their course of instruction the girls usually live in the old woman's hut. If after marriage the husband considers that his wife has failed in her duties he sends her again to the old woman, who gives her further instruction, and sometimes emphasizes it with a stick. And if a wife has any cause of complaint against her husband she often consults the old woman, and generally receives good advice, for these old women are very successful in composing conjugal disputes. They sometimes also act as match-makers, but the employment of a match-maker is not considered essential."

The Kalmucks of Siberia have no religious marriage ceremony, but the customs connected with that event, as described by Mr. Samuel Turner¹ in his volume of travel in Siberia, are very picturesque. He says: "They indulge in a feast, killing what they have previously captured for the occasion, which is usually a wild sheep, but if no sheep is available they kill and eat a horse. The father and mother of the bride build the couple a fairly commodious bark hut. This has two large doors, to enable the wedding guests to ride through on horseback. The bride and bridegroom stand aside and wait for them, and all they can pull off the back of the horse or the person of the rider becomes their property. The guests arrive, with the wedding presents hung about them. These may be spoons, pails, or any other articles of domestic use. It is needless to say that the list of presents is not quite as elaborate or imposing as that which figures at some of our fashionable weddings."

The Koraks of Siberia have some very curious marriage customs. In his book of travel in Siberia,² Mr. Washington B. Vanderlip gives the following account of the wedding customs: "When a native resolves to marry he looks out for a bride, not in his own village but in a neighbouring one. When he finds a girl who pleases him he tells her parents that he is desirous of serving them, and during this period of probation he works most industriously in order to make a good impression. At last he asks permission to steal the girl. If his suit is looked upon with disfavour he is paid for the service he has rendered and sent away, but if he is acceptable to the girl and to

¹ See Bibliography, 25.

² See Bibliography, 26.



KALMUCKS, AKKEM VALLEY (SIBERIA).

To face p. 157.

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her parents and relatives the permission is given. He then seeks an opportunity of finding the girl alone, which is no easy matter, for she is supposed to be guarded by the women of the village. Besides, the girl is covered with two or three coats, and is wrapped about with fish-nets and straps, so that motion is almost impossible. If the young man succeeds in finding her alone, or in company with only one or two women, he seizes her and begins tearing off her garments, for this constitutes the ceremony of marriage. But this is not an easy thing to do; for though the girl herself makes little resistance, such other women as are about fall upon the would-be groom without mercy, and beat and scratch him and use every means to prevent him from accomplishing his purpose. If, however, he is successful in tearing off her garments he immediately walks away from her, whereupon she gently calls him back, and the ceremony is complete. It seldom happens that the young man succeeds the first time, and instances are known where a man has tried for several years to secure his bride, without success.

When successful, the groom carries off his bride to his own village without any ceremony; but after some time they return to the bride's home, and a marriage feast is celebrated, somewhat after the following manner: The bridal party, including the bridegroom's friends, approach to within a hundred paces of the village from which the bride has been taken. They sing and go through certain mystic rites, with a fish's head wrapped in tow and carried by an old woman. A coat of sheepskin is put on the bride, and several images are hung about her till she can hardly bear up under the load. A boy of the village comes

out and leads the bride in by the hand. When she comes to the hut of her parents a strap is tied around her, and by this she is let down into the underground house. The fish-head is laid on the floor, at the foot of the ladder, and the bride and all who follow step on it, after which it is thrown into the fire. The bride is stripped of all her superfluous ornaments, and the company take their places about the room. The bridegroom builds a fire and prepares the food, which has been brought for the purpose, and entertains the people of the village. The next day the host entertains the visiting company, after which every one goes home except the bride and groom, who remain to serve her father for a time."

Captain Cayley Webster had the good fortune to be present at the wedding of the present Sultan of Jahore. He gives an account of the interesting Malay wedding customs in his book of travel and exploration in New Guinea¹: "I was fortunate enough to be in Jahore at the time when the Crown Prince, who, since his father's death, has been crowned Sultan, was married to his cousin. The ceremony, which, of course, being Eastern, was of a most gorgeous nature, took about three weeks to accomplish. The preliminary ceremony, performed on the 21st of September, was principally noteworthy for the absence of the bride. Various passages from the Koran were read over by the high priest to the bridegroom, who stood upon the daïs in the Bali Besar, surrounded by an enormous retinue and numerous guests.

A few minutes sufficed for this portion of the proceedings, and after prostrating himself and a great

¹ See Bibliography, 27.

deal of handshaking he returned to the Istana, where he remained in his own apartments, guarded by sixteen women ; and from then until the following Thursday, according to the Mohammedan rite, he was not allowed outside. On that day a second and far more imposing ceremony took place, the Crown Prince appearing in most gorgeous apparel of cloth of gold, with the palms of his hands, his nails, and his feet, which were bare, dyed a brilliant red, according to Malay custom.

On the following Tuesday evening the bride made her first appearance to the public, accompanied by the bridegroom ; for on this occasion they were to partake of the public bath, a custom never omitted, and the most essential part of a Malay royal wedding. This bath resembles somewhat a monument, the summit of which is reached by short, steep steps, upon which the royal retinue of women were seated. At the top, and surmounted by a gilded dome, a fountain is in such a way manipulated as to throw water over the whole structure from top to bottom. Consequently, when the prince and his bride arrived beneath the dome, water, which had been laid on from a reservoir some two miles distant, was suddenly started and the whole assembly drenched to the skin.

The beauty of this function, which took place at night, was greatly enhanced by the fact that the whole scene was lit up by thousands of fairy lights and Japanese lanterns in all colours. After a gorgeous display of fireworks and the Sultan's national anthem, performed by the bands in attendance, the royal couple descended and the nuptials were complete, and the Crown Prince and his bride were considered man and wife.

On the following week another royal wedding took place, the bridegroom on this occasion being 'Unku Salaman,' a nephew of the Sultan. Although not so much gorgeous display was exhibited, this ceremony was exceedingly interesting. The bridegroom was an hour and three-quarters late, and consequently we were all kept waiting. On his arrival he told us his bride's brother, whose consent as her guardian was indispensable, was missing, and he was eventually discovered in the middle of a game of billiards some half a mile away. I afterwards learned from another member of the royal family that the real reason of the bridegroom's absence was accounted for from the fact that he had fallen asleep on the veranda of his own house.

The long delay was, in a way, a greater punishment to me, inasmuch as I was obliged to sit in Eastern fashion until my legs became very numbed and painful.

When he did, however, arrive, he was accompanied by the judge of his district, sword-bearers, and eight female attendants, who chanted Malay melodies throughout the whole proceedings.

This wedding materially differed from the more imposing ceremony of the Crown Prince, inasmuch as it was completed in three days.

After the high priest had pronounced his benediction, the bridegroom was led behind a screen at the end of the room, and there, before twenty girls, whom I perceived squatting on the floor, changed his dress to one literally ablaze with gold and diamonds, from the wonderful ornament on his head to the bejewelled slippers on his feet. After having received our individual congratulations he repaired to the Istana Zahrah, where we followed him, and found all the doors barred

and zealously guarded by the ladies of the harem, as, according to Malay custom, a tax is levied before the bridegroom can gain admission to his bride. We were all, therefore, invited to help pay the tax, and many were the dollars, gold pieces, and notes thrown over the door to the eager sirens within. By this means door after door was opened to us ; one door only remained, but, alas ! the funds of the whole company had become entirely exhausted, the only remaining coin that could be found being a bad dollar, which had been palmed off on me by a wily Chinaman the day before. However, it answered well enough, and the remaining door was passed ; but we found that a more exciting part of the performance was yet to come.

At the top of the stairs stood the bride, but between her and the attacking male party were at least a hundred ladies. Through these we had to force our way, and eventually, very hot and exhausted, we reached the bride and handed her over to the bridegroom, who was placed upon a magnificently gilded couch to again receive the congratulations of his guests."

CHAPTER IX

HUNTING THE ELEPHANT

ELEPHANT-HUNTING is probably the most attractive form of sport to the big-game hunter in search of valuable trophies, as well as excitement. That he is fairly certain to get plenty of the latter is evident from the thrilling experiences related by various writers.

Mr. Albert B. Lloyd, the famous missionary sportsman, had several exciting tussles with elephants. One of the most thrilling is reproduced from the record of his travels in the Uganda¹: "About mid-day, while I was resting during the great heat, some men came to say that there were elephants near by, would I hunt them? Having one more due to me on my licence, of course I said, 'Yes,' and we started. We walked for two hours through tangled jungle, across swamps up to the waist in mud and slush, through rushing rivers, the swift current of one of these making crossing a most risky business. Then the guide turned round to me and said, 'Alas, sir, they have gone!' This was rather discouraging, after having waded through the swamp and battled with the thorny thicket; but it was true—the elephants had moved

¹ See Bibliography, 28.

off, and might now be miles away. But our drooping spirits were suddenly roused to fresh enthusiasm, for one of the men who had gone off a little to the right to look down into a broad valley came racing back to me and said that he had seen three elephants in the midst of the open valley, standing up to their knees in water. I crept forward and inspected the position, and sure enough the report was true, and there stood the three great bulls, quite unconscious of our near approach. There was one little tree not more than thirty yards from them, and then for a hundred yards all round it was open country.

I left my men under cover of the trees and crept forward, sometimes on hands and knees, with my faithful gun-bearer just behind me, until we reached the tree, into which I climbed to get a better view, although it was scarcely strong enough to bear my weight. Now I could see them splendidly, and as I believed they had not caught sight of me I thought I might first take a snapshot with my camera that I had with me. Just as I was getting ready the largest bull became uneasy, and commenced sniffing and snorting and lashing himself into a rage, for he had evidently got wind of us. He was far too near for me to allow this to continue, so I quietly put down the camera and levelled my .450 at his head. He was facing me, and under the best conditions this is a hazardous shot; but no other presented itself, and something must be done. I fired, and the bullet struck the great frontal bone and only dazed him for a moment, doing no real damage; so I quickly gave him the second barrel, a little lower down. Alas for me! this made matters worse, for he saw me, and,

being but slightly hurt, with a fearful trumpeting he came dashing full speed straight at me.

To record the next few seconds needs considerable time, for whereas the acute crisis was past in a moment it seemed a lifetime to me. As the huge monster came along the second elephant, also a very large bull, joined him, catching sight of me as I sat perched upon my tiny sapling. The awful noise alone was almost enough to drive one mad, or to at least upset my calculations, made with a view to stopping the onward course of the two great beasts. At the same moment that the two started their headlong rush for me the third elephant caught sight of the porters at forty yards to the left, they having left their shelter to find out the result of the two shots fired, and immediately gave chase; but what happened there I did not know until afterwards, as my own predicament was quite enough to demand my entire attention.

Immediately I had fired the second shot, which had such disastrous results, I commenced reloading, and by the time I had rammed in the second cartridge and closed up the breech the big bull was less than ten paces from me, still coming right at me with trunk extended to its utmost limit. In a twinkling I had fired, hardly waiting to get the gun to my shoulder. There was an awful crash, and I hardly knew what had happened, for mud and water were showered over me—but yes, No. 1 was down, the bullet had gone true, and a large black mass lay almost at my feet. But what about No. 2? He still came on. He had been a little behind the big one in starting, but now he, too, was quite close. When he saw the big bull fall all of a heap he stopped short,



A ROGUE ELEPHANT SCATTERS THE CARAVAN.

To face p. 160.

stretched out his trunk over his fallen companion as if to find out what was wrong, and then with a most blood-curdling scream dashed forward right at me. I had hoped, and vainly hoped, that the shot at the big one would have driven him off; but again I was mistaken, and he was bent upon mischief. I had one shot ready in my gun, and even waited, hoping to the last that he would change his mind and alter his course, until he was about to seize me with his outstretched trunk. Then I fired point blank full in his face with my second barrel, and jumped for my life from the tree that so hardly bore my weight. There was a crash close to where I had fallen, and I half fancied I had missed and that the beast was standing over me and that in a moment all would be over. But all was perfectly still, and in a second or two I sat up and commenced rapidly reloading my gun, which I still held in my hand, and then peeped round me. A huge black mass appeared like a rock a few feet away, and I knew at once that this was the elephant. But was it dead or not? That was the question. If alive, it needed but one movement from myself to betray my whereabouts and he would be after me, and then—well, I would rather not think of the consequences. Very slowly and with the utmost caution I rose to my feet, keeping my gun in readiness. There seemed no movement from the mountain of flesh beside me, and I saw, at any rate, he was stretched out in the attitude of death, he was so still. I walked up to him as quietly as possible, gun quite ready to shoulder, when up went his trunk, and, swinging round his great head, he faced me! Fortunately, he was on his knees and had to get to his feet before

he could do me any harm, and the moment that it took him to do this was his last, for a bullet from the faithful .450 laid him low. His trunk when stretched out actually reached to the foot of the little tree up which I had been perched. All of a tremble with the excitement of the moment, I climbed on to my fallen foe's head and shouted for my gun-bearer, and presently, as it seemed from my very feet, he wriggled forth, for there, but a few feet from the fallen monster, he had concealed himself in the soft mud and lay completely buried in the grass. He stood before me a mass of mud from head to foot, with a weird, scared look, unspeakably funny, on his face. We sat down and looked at each other, wondering how in the name of all that is wonderful we two little pigmies should be safe and well, while two colossal beasts with a thousand times our strength lay within a few feet of each other—stone dead. We could not talk for a long time, and then my gun-bearer just said, '*Kuloka*' ('Congratulations'); and this broke the spell, and we both burst into one long fit of laughter.

Now, what about the porters? I asked the gun-bearer if he knew, and he said, 'Oh, they have gone, and the third elephant after them.' I knew that, for I saw them go; but we felt we must not waste time as evening was coming on apace, so we called loudly for them, and after a little while one by one they came up, all from different quarters, they having spread out most wisely when the elephant gave chase. Two of them had been knocked over by it, I found, but only a few bruises were the result, for finding there were so many of them, the elephant had made off and left them in security."

That Mr. Lloyd has been favoured with more than one man's share of hairbreadth escapes while hunting elephants is evident. The following quotation from a second volume of travel¹ in Africa does not by any means exhaust the number of thrilling stories he has to tell: "Hearing there were elephants in the neighbourhood, I cleaned my rifle, which was of small (.303) calibre, selected three of my most plucky boys, asked the chief of the village to give me a man to guide us to the herd, and when he was forthcoming we started off. It was not long before we were pushing our way through long tiger-grass, towering away about six feet above us. In front, advancing noiselessly, was our native guide, twisting himself in and out amongst the tufts of thick jungle, sometimes creeping on hands and knees, and ever keeping eyes and ears well on the alert, for not only elephants but lions also were about. Then I followed, much more clumsily I must admit, but as quietly as possible. Occasionally I would fall full length, having tripped over some hidden stump or caught my foot in a creeper, and each time I did so the guide would stop and gravely shake his head, meaning, I suppose, to show how much he pitied me for my clumsiness. A quarter of an hour's progress of this kind brought us to an open patch of land, covered with much shorter grass. Here the guide stopped and told us to wait while he went forward a little to scout. We waited in breathless excitement, for somehow we felt sure we were very near to the herd. After a time the guide returned with a beaming countenance, which denoted that he had seen the elephants. He beckoned to me,

¹ See Bibliography, 3.

and I followed again with my three boys at my heels, all in a state of suppressed excitement. Then the guide stopped, and with his spear pointed to what looked to me like a great granite rock about forty yards away. Then, without a word, he fell back to the rear, and I became 'boss' of the situation. I crept a little closer to get a better view, and then I saw about six great trunks go up to sniff the air; but none of the herd attempted to run away, for they had not seen us. And now the supreme moment had arrived. There before us, not thirty yards distant, stood an enormous bull elephant. I raised my rifle; a fly popped into my eye and obscured my vision; I cleared it out, then again raised my rifle. Yes, my hand was steady, but my eye was full of tears resulting from the fly. I pulled the trigger; there was a squeal and a shaking of the earth, and I saw the great bull racing round and round with trunk in the air and mighty ears flapping at his sides. He was looking for us. Could I have missed my aim? I lay flat down in the grass, and my boys did the same. My rifle was at full cock, ready for the next shot. It was a rifle with a magazine for five cartridges. At last he moved away, following the rest of the herd, which had run off when I fired; and very cautiously we followed in his track, which was now a good one, comparatively speaking—that is, it was about four feet wide, and the grass was all beaten down—but the jungle was like a mighty wall on either side of us. We followed the herd for about half an hour, when suddenly, as we turned round a corner, I saw the bull standing facing me, not twenty yards in front. For a moment I was taken by surprise, then I saw he had



discovered me, and with trunk in the air he came charging towards me. I knelt down and, resting my arm upon my knee, took very deliberate aim at a spot between the eyes.

I had only a few seconds to aim, for the speed of an elephant is tremendous when he is on the war-path. I pulled the trigger, and almost simultaneously with the report of the gun we heard a terrific thump, and the earth literally shook beneath us, as only ten yards in front of me that huge beast fell dead. The bullet had first entered the trunk, piercing that, and then into the centre of the skull, between the eyes, passing through the brain. It never moved again, and we walked up to the carcass and congratulated ourselves.

We were sitting resting upon the dead body of the elephant when we heard something coming towards us through the jungle. At first I thought it was some men coming to see the result of the shot. But no, the tread was too heavy. It was another elephant, making straight for us. I filled up my magazine, shot a cartridge into the breech, and waited; my boys also, who were armed with old Snider rifles, loaded up, and I ordered them not to fire till I told them. The suspense seemed awful as the elephant, very slowly and with measured tread, came towards us. We could not see a sign of it; we were in the midst of the thickest of thick jungles. At last the crackling of the twigs seemed close to us. I raised my gun to my shoulder. Another second and an enormous head came pushing through the wall of thick vegetation just by the side of the dead elephant. I fired point blank, and my boys followed suit. Down went the second

elephant like a clap of thunder, kicked about for a moment, and then sprang up again and started off, only to fall a few hundred yards away, stone dead. He was a much bigger animal than the first, and carried immense tusks, each weighing about sixty pounds. The first pair of tusks I kept as a souvenir of my first elephant hunt ; they were not very large, although the animal was full grown, both weighing about thirty-six pounds. One of the tusks of the second I gave to the Queen Mother, who owned the district in which the elephants had been killed, and the other I sold."

Here is another stirring experience with elephants as related by Mr. Lloyd in the same book : "Our camp was a beautiful spot in the heart of the game district of Bunyoro. The young chief had most lavishly supplied my men with the necessary food, and, in addition, had sent out a number of his young men to see if there were any elephants near at hand. I had finished my breakfast and was just thinking of settling down to a quiet read in my cosy tent when in rushed a man with the news that elephants had been sighted close at hand. 'How many?' I asked. 'About twenty,' was the prompt reply. 'Any males?' 'Yes, five or six.' This sounded hopeful ; so calling up my gun-bearer, a Muganda Mohammedan on this occasion and one of the very best of fellows, I gave him my reserve gun and ammunition and set out, with a native guide.

We walked for ten minutes only through the long tiger-grass when we came upon unmistakable tracks. There is this about an elephant track : you cannot miss it, and if a herd of any size has passed by a

track twenty feet across is left behind where the grass is beaten flat. On this occasion we found a broad, beaten track leading through the dense jungle to a little swamp a few hundred yards away. We followed breathlessly, and soon could hear these great denizens of the wilds smashing down branches from the trees and the unmistakable rumblings of the stomach of a well-nurtured elephant. I crept slowly forward, followed close behind by my gun-bearer, and we soon found ourselves floundering about in the thick mud and water in which the elephants had bathed. There was a dense wood in the little valley, and into this they had pushed their way, and we followed in their tracks, all excitement and expectation.

Now we found that the wind was, alas! *behind* us, and this meant that very soon our presence would be known to these sagacious beasts, which rely almost entirely upon their sense of smell, and not upon their eyesight, which at the best is imperfect. So I changed my course, and making a long detour to the left, scrambling along through the thick mud and water, creeping under the trunks of fallen trees, and making as little noise as possible, we at last got right to the other side of the herd, with the slight wind puffing in our faces.

This was all we required, for we now found that we could get up quite close without being observed, although the huge beasts were mostly facing us. It now required a little common pluck to pull oneself together and pick out the biggest tusker, for this necessitated standing right up in full view of the whole herd. It truly seemed impossible that one should be unobserved, for I now stood within fifteen yards of

the nearest, a great female, who was up to her knees in mud and slush. Close to her was a bull, who seemed to be supporting her, for he was leaning full against her ; the others were massed together on either side and behind. There was no time to waste ; any moment now and a puff of wind the wrong way would reveal my presence and my chance would be gone ; so I prepared to aim at the bull, a huge fellow, looking in my direction with wicked little eyes. These were not Zoo elephants, but the most colossal beasts in the world, in a perfectly wild state. Oh, the flies ! how I wished they would keep away for a moment while I drew my bead-sight upon a vital spot, for I was in no mood to face a fierce wounded elephant in a dense jungle. Now for it ! Bang ! What on earth is happening ? The yelling, the crashing, the rumbling of Mother Earth, elephants tearing up the saplings, elephants smashing down the trees, elephants racing hither and thither in wildest confusion ! I could only stand quite still and try to keep 'all there' until I could make out what had happened.

Gradually the din ceased and the elephants were in full career a few hundred yards away, and some men came creeping up to me all of a shake to see if there were any pieces left. I assured them I was all right, and asked where the wounded elephant was, for I now saw that it had not fallen dead, as it would have done had the aim been correct for the brain shot ; but they had no information to give me. We pulled ourselves together, and set off after the herd, hoping to come up with the wounded one. We soon found that they had stopped about a quarter of a mile away, and we were not long in coming up with



AFTER THE ELEPHANT HUNT.



A 90-LB. TUSKER.

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them again. As we approached they got wind of us, and away they went. I just had time to spot the wounded one and take a flying head shot at him. This time the aim was true, and down he came in his tracks, and never moved again, while the remainder disappeared into the thick jungle. We were satisfied, for he was a fine beast, and his tusks were fifty-four pounds and fifty-six pounds respectively."

Captain Prittie, a member of a mission which was sent out to Central Africa in 1907, encountered a herd of two hundred elephants. A vivid account of the incident is given in Major Jack's volume of exploration and sport on the Congo frontier.¹

It should be explained that *toto* is a clipped form of the Swahili *motto*, and means a child or young animal; also that Simba was Prittie's Swahili gunbearer. "On my way in to Entebbe from Fort Portal I branched off on the third day into the north-west corner of Buddu to look for elephant. I had still one to go on my licence, and I hoped to get him, though the time was short. The natives reported that a very big herd had been wandering about that district, and there was any amount of fairly fresh spoor.

I had got within two days of Masaka, and was beginning to give up, when one morning at about 4.30 we were stopped by an elephant trumpeting just in front of the safari.

As day broke a big herd of males, females, and totes filed slowly past us, and moved off into some grassy country with scattered thorn-trees to the south of my path.

The country there is almost ideal, with none of that

¹ See Bibliography, 12.

accursed elephant-grass. There are lots of ant-hills and low, rocky knolls, and not much thorn.

The safari was sent off hastily to a convenient place, and we followed the herd in the hope of getting a shot at a good bull. There were a few nice ones of eighty to ninety pounds, but those condemned totos headed me off every time I tried to get near. The little brutes were playing about and chasing one another all round the herd.

That day was wasted, but next morning we found them again in quite a pleasant place. I got on to a little rocky knoll about thirty feet above the plain, and spent hours watching the herd. It was very interesting. They played, fought, ate, and slept; but the big ones were always well in the middle, and I couldn't get a chance at one. You know the old traveller's tale that an elephant never lies down from the day he is born until his death. These elephants do, anyway.

At last they began to move slowly across my front up wind of my little hill. I left it, and crept down to within fifty yards of the nearest elephant, and prayed that a big one who was just behind might come to the edge of the herd.

He did, and I got a very easy shot at his heart at just the right angle. As usual he went about ten steps and fell.

The whole herd pushed off up wind with a yell, so did Simba and I in the other direction (but without wasting our breath). They formed up absolutely shoulder to shoulder in line, perfectly dressed, about three hundred yards off, and then came straight back over the place where the dead one lay. There were over two hundred of them, and the ground really did

shake. The faithful Simba and myself were going like the wind, and just cleared their right flank comfortably. I wasn't too happy personally. I hate running in rather long grass with a heavy rifle, and I dislike the noise an elephant makes when he's cross.

They didn't wait after their futile charge—nor did we—but broke up at once into small bodies, thirty to forty strong, and started cruising round looking for us. We just managed to keep the wind right, but we had to go all out, and every time a posse of them crossed our track they stopped and yelled. We were both of us pretty done by the time we got out of the beaten zone.

The elephants hunted about for half an hour or so and then pushed off southwards, and we saw them no more."

Lord Hindlip had some exciting moments while hunting elephants in British East Africa. The following is from his record of sport and travel.¹ "After marching for some five and a half hours next day we were waiting near water for the caravan to come up, when Jensen's gunbearer, who had strolled on a short distance, came back in a very excited condition and reported a herd of elephants, and presently one or two came into view in the distance. By this time the head of the safari appeared, and after securing a few more cartridges and leaving Lady Hindlip in charge, with orders to keep strict silence and pitch no tents while anything was in sight, I started in pursuit with the three Somali shikaris. For some time we were at fault, for, as we found out afterwards, the herd had divided, and we did not know which tracks to follow. In about an

¹ See Bibliography, 2.

hour we suddenly heard them blowing and moving about, and as the grass was very long Owad and Darod were sent up trees to see what they were like, and to report which was the best. Darod came down last, and declared that he had seen one good bull ; and as he was so positive I foolishly did not make any further investigation.

We had to be very careful of the wind while approaching, but managed to get within about thirty yards. The supposed big tusker, whose head was hidden behind a bush, was pointed out, and a right and left from the '450 on the shoulder had the desired effect, while we lay down in the long grass, hoping that the remainder of the herd would run away. With one exception they did as we expected, but not very quietly. The exception ran screaming up to the dying animal, and then lumbered up in our direction. Unfortunately, at this juncture one of my boys did not lay 'doggo,' but got up and bolted a few yards, whereupon the beast winded and saw him as he ran, and then charged. Aidid and I were between the boy and the elephant, and had no alternative but to protect ourselves. My first '450 caught it at the top of the trunk, shutting it up after the fashion of a telescope, while another in the same place and a couple of '400's in the body from Aidid laid the animal out stone dead within a very few yards of where we stood. Then, and not till then, did I discover the enormity I had committed. Both were cows. In the case of the last animal it was *force majeure*, but the fate of the first was my fault. Although it was my first elephant, I had no business to take for granted my boy's word that it was a fine bull, even though I trusted

him implicitly. I do not believe any native can resist the temptation to kill, and am of opinion that most would try and persuade their 'sahib' to shoot his own pony if they thought they could eat and enjoy it. However, as a Somali would not eat elephant meat if he could get anything else, I am not sure now that I was wilfully deceived."

CHAPTER X

CLIMBING ADVENTURES

MOUNTAINEERING has been described as the King of Sports, perhaps because this, more than any other sport, is indulged in for pure love of the thing. Certainly the only reward of success is the thrill of satisfaction felt in mastering some difficult piece of climbing, or in conquering some hitherto unvanquished peak. That the risks are greater than those in other sports may be gathered from the varied adventures of some of the most famous mountaineers.

Sir W. Martin Conway, the famous climber, in his book on climbing in the Himalayas,¹ tells how the melting of an ice-step nearly caused a catastrophe. He says: "A few minutes before four o'clock we started on our downward way, and in little more than half an hour reached the rocks of the second peak and were able to satisfy our thirst with draughts of fresh water from the generous little pool. Amar Sing was quite well again, and able to make the descent without assistance. As we were going down the steep ice-wall, just above the smooth rocks near the col by the first peak, we narrowly escaped an accident. Harkbir was leading, I was second, Zurbriggen was

¹ See Bibliography, 30.



A DIFFICULT PIECE OF CLIMBING.

To face p. 174.

last, Bruce and Amar Sing were some way behind. Harkbir had no climbing-irons, and to make matters worse, the nails of his boots were quite rounded and smooth. He is not at all to blame for what happened. The ice-steps, small to start with, were worn by use, and half melted off. The time came when, as I expected, one gave way, and Harkbir went flying forwards. I was holding the rope tight, and was firm on my claws, and Zurbriggen had the rope tight behind me. The slope was very steep, but we easily held Harkbir. We were not descending straight down the slope, but traversing it diagonally. As soon, therefore, as Harkbir had fallen, he swung round with the rope, like a weight on the end of a pendulum, and came to rest spreadeagled against the icy face. Now came the advantage of having a cool-headed and disciplined man to deal with. He did not lose his axe or become flustered, but went quietly to work, and after a time cut a hole for one foot and another for the other; then he got on his legs and returned to the track, and we continued the descent. At the time the whole incident seemed quite unexciting and ordinary, but I have often shivered since to think of it. The ice-slope below us where the slip happened was fully 2,000 feet long."

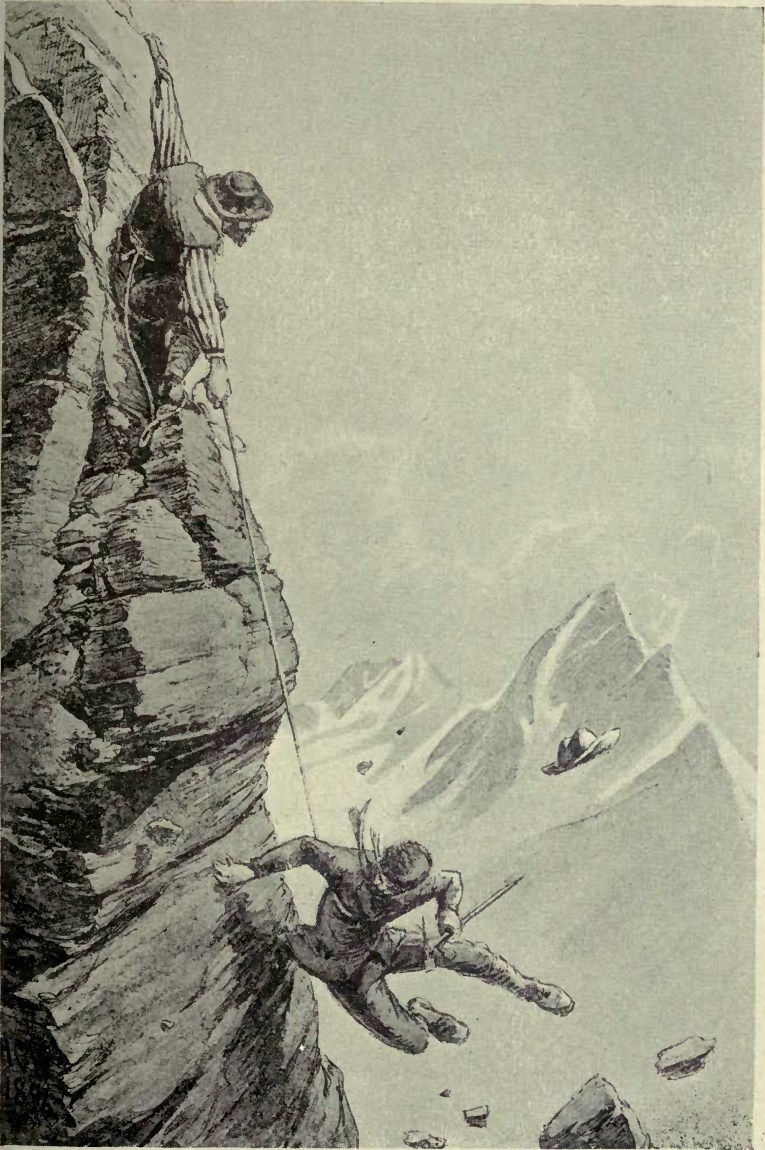
Mr. Edward A Fitzgerald, another famous climber, in his book on climbing and exploration in the New Zealand Alps,¹ describes how a falling piece of rock nearly caused a fatal accident. "We had now to climb about 300 feet of almost perpendicular cliff, apparently in the very worst condition possible. The rocks were peculiarly insecure, and we were obliged to move by

¹ See Bibliography, 31.

turns, where possible, throwing down such rocks as seemed most dangerous ; at times even this resource became impossible, so great was the violence with which these falling masses would shake the whole ridge on which we stood. I carried both the ice-axes, so as to leave my guide Zurbriggen both hands free to test each rock as he slowly worked his way upwards, while I did my very utmost to avoid being in a position vertically under him.

Suddenly, as I was coming up a steepish bit, while Zurbriggen waited for me a little way above, a large boulder that I touched with my right hand gave way with a great crash, and fell, striking my chest. I had been just on the point of passing up the two ice-axes to Zurbriggen, that he might place them in a cleft of rock a little higher up, and thus leave me both hands free for my climb. He was in the act of stooping and stretching out his arm to take them from my uplifted left hand, the slack rope between us lying coiled at his feet. The falling boulder hurled me down head foremost, and I fell about eight feet, turning a complete somersault in the air. Suddenly I felt the rope jerk, and I struck against the side of the mountain with great force. I feared I should be stunned and drop the two ice-axes, and I knew that on these our lives depended. Without them we should never have succeeded in getting down the glacier through all the intricate ice-fall.

After the rope had jerked me up I felt it again slip and give way, and I came down slowly for a couple of yards. I took this to mean that Zurbriggen was being wrenched from his foothold, and I was just contemplating how I should feel dashing down the



"SWINGING IN THE AIR."

To face p. 176.

6,000 feet below, and wondering vaguely how many times I should strike the rocks on the way. I saw the very block that I had dislodged going down in huge bounds ; it struck the side three or four times, and then, taking an enormous plunge of about 2,000 feet, embedded itself on the Tuckett Glacier.

I felt the rope stop and pull up short. I called out to Zurbriggen and asked him if he was solidly placed. I was now swinging in the air like a pendulum, with my back to the mountain, scarcely touching the rock face. It would have required a great effort to turn round and grasp the rock, and I was afraid that the strain which would thus necessarily be placed on the rope would dislodge Zurbriggen. His first fear was that I had been half-killed, for he saw the rock fall almost on top of me ; but, as a matter of fact, after striking my chest, it had glanced off to the right and passed under my right arm ; it had started from a point so very near that it had not time to gain sufficient impetus to strike me with great force. Zurbriggen's first words were, 'Are you very much hurt?' I answered, 'No,' and again asked him whether he was firmly placed. 'No,' he replied, 'I am very badly situated here. Turn round as soon as you can ; I cannot hold you much longer.' I gave a kick at the rocks with one foot, and with great exertion managed to swing myself round.

Luckily there was a ledge near me, and so, getting some handhold, I was soon able to ease the strain on the rope. A few moments later I struggled a little way up, and at last handed to Zurbriggen the ice-axes, which I had managed to hold throughout my fall. In fact, my thoughts had been centred on them during the

whole of the time. We were in too bad a place to stop to speak to one another ; but Zurbriggen, climbing up a bit farther, got himself into a firm position, and I scrambled up after him, so that in about ten minutes we had passed this steep bit.

Here we sat for a moment to recover ourselves, for our nerves had been badly shaken by what had so nearly proved a fatal accident. At the time everything happened so rapidly that we had not thought much of it, more especially as we knew that we needed to keep our nerve and take immediate action ; but when it was all over we felt the effects, and both sat for about half an hour before we could even move again. I learned that Zurbriggen, the moment I fell, had snatched up the coil of rope which lay at his feet, and had luckily succeeded in getting hold of the right end first, so that he was soon able to bring me nearly to rest ; but the pull upon him was so great, and he was so badly placed, that he had to let the rope slip through his fingers to ease the strain while he braced himself in a better position, from which he was able finally to stop me. He told me that had I been unable to turn and grasp the rocks, he must inevitably have been dragged from his foothold, as the ledge upon which he stood was literally crumbling away beneath his feet. We discovered that two strands of the rope had been cut through by the falling rock, so that I had been suspended in mid-air by one single strand."

Signor Guido Rey, the famous Italian climber, has on several occasions escaped the doubtful honour of being included in the death roll of the Matterhorn.¹ Probably

¹ See Bibliography, 32.

the closest shave he had was while endeavouring to reach the summit by the Furggen ridge. In his account of the climb he says : " I approached the great rope, and heard the order to start. I hastily removed my gloves so that my hands might get a better grip ; our own rope which bound me to Aimé became taut ; my turn had come ; I, too, began my attack. The first piece was a broken chimney with narrow sides, with rare holds of little value, since the strata of the rock trended downwards. I ascended, feeling with my feet for the knobs, one hand grasping the rock as best it could, and the other almost always clutching the great rope. The cross-bar exercises I had worked at before leaving home stood me in good stead at this juncture. But in my bedroom I had not had that little Furggen precipice at my feet. Such gymnastics were new to me, but I was doing my duty calmly and with the great strength that zeal imparts.

The sky was deep blue, the sun was shining, the new mode of climbing interested me. I whistled between my teeth a gay refrain which I had heard in town a few evenings before, and which had remained in my memory—I do not know why. But the narrow sides of the chimney were growing smoother, and at times, for lack of holds, I had to ascend by planting the soles of my boots against the rock and pulling myself up the rope by sheer strength of arm. On these occasions my body made a right angle with the wall, and swayed in rather an alarming manner. Being the last on the rope, I had no one to show me where to put my fingers or plant my feet. Antoine was leading, and I never once saw him ; of Aimé, who was next above me, all I saw most of the time was the nailed soles and

heels of his boots scraping against the rock, and he was too busy to afford me any advice or assistance except by holding the rope tight whenever I asked him to do so.

My axe, which was slung on to my arm, swung about confoundedly ; the iron part pecked at my face, and the wooden became entangled with my legs. In some way or another I managed to ascend this piece, and reached a spot where a few inches of protruding rock admitted of a short halt, during which I took breath with much satisfaction, but at each gasp the notes of the tune I had heard in town still issued from my chest against my will.

Our route was growing more and more difficult. We had emerged from the chimney by which we had ascended the first 100 feet or so, and the slight assistance its sides had afforded us was now at an end. We were now on the rounded face of the cliff, and we were ascending the vertical route indicated to us by the great rope. I was suffering from a mad desire to call out to Antoine and ask him how things were going, but I dared not. And there, last on our rope, all alone (for so I seemed to be) I swung from side to side as I ascended by means of struggles, contortions, and efforts of which I should have thought myself incapable. My hands tightly gripped the rope and struck violently against the rock, my feet kicked uncertainly in space, and from my lips there issued terrible curses at every blow I received. My hands were ungloved and numb with the cold, and I remember relinquishing the rope first with one and then with the other in order to bring them to my mouth and warm them with my breath ; then up again with both hands, and another step was won.

And I was under the illusion that I was acting on my own account, that I was overcoming the difficulties with my own energy alone, and I was proud of the thought. Men are wont in the difficult situations of their lives to think they are acting on their own initiative, and conquering by their own unaided valour, whereas invisible threads are really supporting and moving them.

The wire-puller's box is hidden above. My wire-puller, the trusty Aimé, made me perform feats that day whose like was never attempted by the most disjointed harlequin on the little stage of the Lupi Theatre. But the feeling of loneliness weighed upon me ; at times I instinctively turned to look for some companion behind me, and I saw nothing but the sheer precipice, full of emptiness. I marvelled to find myself thus alone and in the rear ; I thought it monstrous to advance thus at such a distance from one another, not to be able to exchange a word, not to see each other's faces, not to look into each other's eyes. I was aware of my companion's presence only by means of the vibrating rope which squeezed my chest ; but it was not the rope only which vibrated and united us : the hearts of our little party beat strongly and in unison with those of the invisible men who had been stationed up aloft for so many hours at the mysterious head of the thread on which our lives depended.

Daniel told me some days afterwards that at that part of our climb a large stone had moved at his feet on a little platform where the rope was tied to an iron stanchion ; the mass was about to fall, and would have come down sheer upon us, when Daniel, whose hands were guiding the rope, called out to his companions

to hold him firm, seized the rope in his teeth, thus freeing his hands, threw himself on the unstable mass, and held it in place with his hands, and this piece of work cost him a tooth.

And when I think again of all we went through during those hours, of those men who worked with such steady courage for my victory, it seems to me that their self-sacrifice that day had something sublime in it ; I feel that the confidence they had in me must have been unbounded for them to have ventured into such a place, that it must have been equal to the faith I had in them. And for this their faith in me I shall be for ever grateful. But up there I looked differently upon these two who climbed above me, who did not speak to me, and who went up impossible places. I thought then that they were two fiends who were inexorably dragging me bound to an unknown destiny.

Whither were those desperate men about to take me? My only comfort lay in the thought that down below, only a few miles away, Antoine had a dear young wife who had bidden him farewell but twenty-four hours before and two fine children, to whom I had given some sweets the previous day on my way through Crépin.

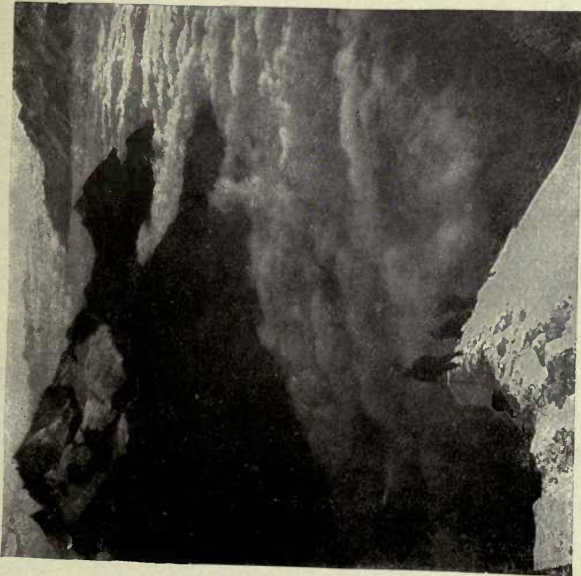
And for the youthful Aimé, too, I thought some maiden's heart was beating down in the valley with apprehension for his safety.

For ten to twenty minutes I rested, standing upright on a tiny platform without relinquishing my grasp of the great rope, and then I heard a laconic 'Venez !' and I started upwards once more, with my face turned towards the mountain. 'What in Heaven's name are you at up there?' I shouted. A small stone had been



UNDER THE SHOULDER OF THE MATTERHORN.

To face p. 182.



UP THE SHOULDER OF THE MATTERHORN IN A STORM.

dislodged by the feet of one of my companions and had hit me on the head.

I candidly confess that I had then to summon all my resolution in order not to relinquish my grip and let myself fall.

At that instant I was a double personality, consisting of myself and another man much greater and stronger than I, who spoke within me. 'Fool!' he cried. 'Do you not see that if you let yourself go we shall all fall together?'

'Come, be brave! An effort, another, all right!' It was the imperious voice of animal instinct, a valuable friend that the comfort and security of our ordinary life has lulled to sleep in us but that awakes in moments of need.

I had heard it before in other adventures in the mountains, but it had never spoken so loud and so clearly.

'Vous y êtes, monsieur?' shouted Aimé just then.

'Right!' I answered, though I was still shaken by my internal struggle.

'C'est bien; alors j'avance.'

As I climbed, each time I came into contact with the rock I received a wound, I felt a pain; the muscles of my arms were growing tired with the tension of continuous effort; I began to feel how heavy my body was. Something passed between me and the sun; it seemed the shadow of some body travelling rapidly through space. Another shadow passed, a swish of wings was heard; a black object glided past close at hand, falling from above and disappearing below like a falling stone. These were the crows of the Matterhorn, the lords of the place; there was a whole

family of them, and one did not know whence they had issued. Up here, among the clefts of the rocks, they had hitherto been undisturbed by man, and when they saw the unaccustomed sight of visitors they flew restlessly to and fro, with ill-omened cawing, round about the intruders as they hung on the rope. They troubled me. One of them brushed my head with its wing ; the horrible fancy flashed through my mind that they were like birds of prey hovering about a man on a gallows. . . .

I was evidently tired ; it was fatigue that created that dark vision in my mind.

I have never understood as clearly as on that day how the excellence of a climber depends not only on his feet, his arms, or his lungs, but has a deeper seat in us—in our brains and our hearts.

But the long duration of our climb told me that we were at a great height, and that the end of our difficulties must be near.

And after a bit which seemed to me steeper and worse than all the others, I raised my head above the level of a ledge, and with a last effort I lifted my whole body on to it."

M. Émile Javelle, a famous Alpinist, tells in his reminiscences¹ of a narrow escape he had from an avalanche of stones : "We had walked hitherto along a spacious arete, where children could have played and run about at ease, and all at once we found ourselves before a wall—a veritable wall—which had to be scaled. This is the first step, the first stage in climbing the Cervin.

After a time the north wind blew violently and

¹ See Bibliography, 33.

began to freeze us. A rough gale assailed us as we clung with our hands to the scanty projections of our wall. My hat was carried away, and, after whirling round for an instant, flew madly in the direction of the Breithorn. It was not reassuring to anticipate such a wind during the ascent of the last aretes.

Having scaled this wall, we went to the left over the eastern slope, where we speedily found shelter. Still, we could not mount; we were obliged to go along the base of the Cervin till we reached the point where the rocks, being less rugged, afford a practicable route. The Furgg-Gletscher, whose white and unbroken plane was stretched out at our feet, rises at this spot in a steep slope, and forms a promontory that mounts in the rocks for the best part of a height of 200 m. (656 feet). It is generally covered with snow, and the traverse which the climber must take in following its extreme edges offers no difficulty. On this occasion there was ice everywhere; nearly every step had to be cut out. Holding on to the projections of rock with our right hands, we walked on a kind of arete of ice. Immediately on our left was the long glacier slope, cleft with numerous crevasses.

We had gone about half-way when suddenly the sound of a dull grumbling reached us from above—a sound which every second advanced nearer and increased in volume. We recognized at once the formidable artillery of the Cervin—stones! Knubel threw himself towards me, and we had only time to flatten ourselves against the rock. Some boulders bounded three feet above us, then came quite an avalanche. By good luck our rock overhung. For about the space of half a minute the whole of this furious discharge

went on between heaven and us just above our heads, and struck with great noise on the Furgg-Gletscher. The largest boulders, whose advent was announced by deafening detonations which shook our rock, leaped in gigantic parabolas ; the medium-sized stones rolled down nearer to us with a noise resembling that of platoon firing and raising clouds of dust.

Knubel, who was less sheltered, came in for some stones. The surprise had been so sudden that we watched the leaping boulders with a stupid impassibility, astonished that we still lived. When men are confronted with the display of such forces thought is the first thing to be broken.

When the commotion was over Knubel, who had had previous experience of the fire of this battery, said with a singular smile : ' I hope that *it* will keep quiet now. Let us get out of this quickly ; we are more exposed here than anywhere else.' "

Mr. Samuel Turner, one of the most daring of climbers, was once nearly carried away by an avalanche of snow. The following thrilling account of the adventure is from his climbing reminiscences¹ : " The view of the twin peaks forming the summit of Belukha looked very beautiful glittering in the sun, and filled me with an irresistible desire to climb it ; so, although badly in need of a rest, I continued to cut steps in the hard ice. I was soon convinced, however, that it would be impossible for me to reach the summit that day, especially as I had nothing with me to shelter in while I slept on the ridge. The north face of the precipice, near which I was standing, was glazed with ice, which rendered the few cracks

¹ See Bibliography, 34.

and hand-holes that might be there quite useless. On the other hand, even had I been able to climb that part of the mountain, it would not have been possible to get farther than the west side of the ridge. The only way for me to take was the one I had taken. Therefore, for the first time, I realized that I could not get up the west peak from any other part of the different ridges. It was quite out of the question to continue up the ice ridge; and to take the more gradual slope on the south was to take a very great risk of sliding down with the snow.

I looked at it as carefully as possible, and decided that although I might slip the snow did not seem more than 2 feet deep, and there was not much danger of being smothered with an avalanche.

I had come far and had taken the risks of escaped exiles, wolves, bears, and the intense cold. Therefore I did not intend to allow one more risk to deter me. Walking carefully enough for a few yards, it looked as though I had done the right thing; but a second after making this decision the snow began to move, and I with it. I steered myself with my ice-axe for a yard or two, when I lost all thought of everything except that I was being carried to destruction. I turned downward and stopped, the snow closing over me; but I was able to knock the snow away from my head, and I found I could breathe all right. I had luckily retained the grip of my ice-axe, and this stopped me from gliding farther towards a precipice. Pulling on the ice-axe, I managed to get on to my knees and free from snow; then I found myself a few yards away from a sheer drop of hundreds of feet, and I was just on the edge of a steep slope

which would have hurried me over the precipice. A lucky piece of rock had stopped my progress.

I crawled on my hands and knees carefully, after making fast with the head of my ice-axe. I occasionally slipped, and had to let myself lie flat to stop myself from commencing to slide again.

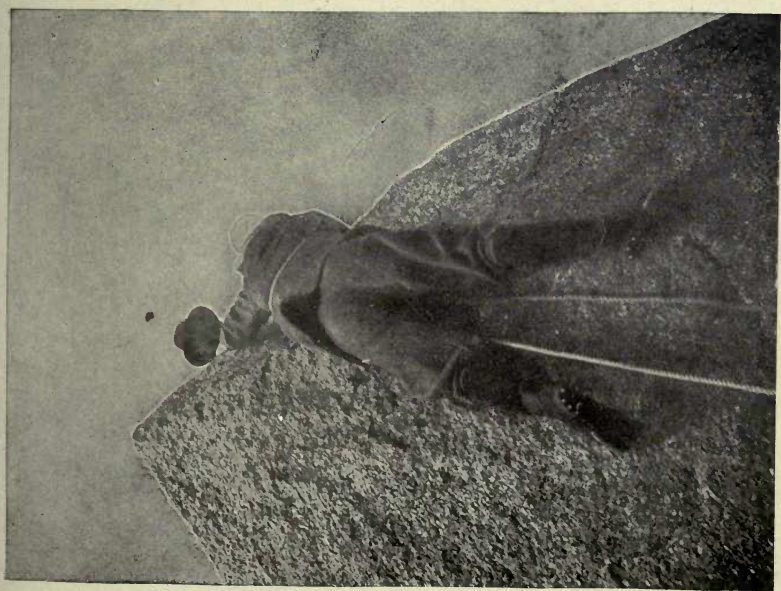
It was during this time that I tried to make a fresh grip with my ice-axe that I began to slip. I now remembered my knife, so I got it out and opened the short tin-opener blade. This was a great help, and with its aid and that of the axe I managed to regain the ridge. It seemed to take a second to slide down and about two hours to crawl back ; the distance was about sixty feet. I scraped lots of snow out of my neck, but a good deal of it melted there and gave me a cold bath. After my pockets were cleared and clothes shaken out I felt very cold and wet. To keep up the circulation, more than with any idea of attempting to climb the ridge again that day, I decided to cut as many steps as possible and come back the following day. The wind began to blow from the north intensely cold, and this made me abandon the step-cutting and hurry off the ridge as fast as I could go. My clothes stiffened upon me, and at one time I felt that I was going to lose the use of my hands. I rubbed them with snow and began the descent ; but the wind had glazed the rock with ice, and I was a very long time climbing down ; even so I had to exercise the greatest caution.

The climax came when I found myself above a gully which required to be climbed down and appeared to project. I had not climbed up it, so concluded I had missed the route by which I made the ascent. I

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PORTER MISSES HIS FOOTING AND DANGLES OVER 5,000 FEET OF PRECIPICE



MR. SAMUEL TURNER CLIMBING AN AWKWARD PINNACLE WITH ROUND TOP

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stuck in that gully, carefully calculating whether I could let myself drop with safety on to a ledge, about two feet wide, covered with snow and slightly slanting outwards, some distance below me. I knew that if the ledge was ice-glazed I should certainly slip and fall down the mountain, but I was unable to get back.

I persuaded myself that the ledge was protected from the north wind through being in a north-westerly position, and at last I let myself drop. As luck would have it I was able, just as I landed on the ledge, to grasp a projecting piece of rock which had been invisible from above. The remainder of the climb was easy; it was below the exposed part of the ridge, and the rocks were not ice-glazed. I was glad to scramble down the last steep rocks and recognize the spot where I had left my rucksack. Shouldering it, I started on my return journey. The temperature on the moraine was 18° below freezing-point. I found it very difficult walking, as I was getting very tired, and I became aware of internal pain. The pains developed, and I decided that I had either contracted a severe chill or had eaten something that did not agree with me.

I could not give up on that desolate moraine, because I should never have been found. I seemed about a million miles from England, and progress over the moraine became more difficult, or appeared to be more difficult.

It required all the will-power and patience I could command. At times I was completely exhausted, and my legs became so strained and sore with slipping down between the boulders that I felt I could not stir another yard. After a brief rest I plodded on

again. I was delighted to see my little tent on the moraine, and when I reached it I found my hunter resting quite contentedly with his back to the tent and with my overcoat over him to protect him from the cold north wind that was blowing."

The following thrilling story from Mr. Clarence King's book on mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada¹ is an excellent illustration of the spirit of comradeship which exists among climbers. The records of the sport are rich in similar instances of the climber's readiness to risk his own life to ensure the safety of a comrade: "As we tied ourselves together I told Cotter to hold himself in readiness to jump down into one of the crevices in case I fell, and started to climb up the wall, succeeding quite well for about twenty feet. About two feet above my hands was a crack, which, if my arms had been long enough to reach, would probably have led me to the very top; but I judged it beyond my powers, and with great care descended to the side of Cotter, who believed that his superior length of arm would enable him to make the reach.

I planted myself against the rock, and he started cautiously up the wall. Looking down the glare front of ice, it was not pleasant to consider at what velocity a slip would send me to the bottom, or at what angle and to what probable depth I should be projected into the ice-water. Indeed, the idea of such a sudden bath was so annoying that I lifted my eyes toward my companion. He reached my farthest point without difficulty, and made a bold spring for the crack, reaching it without an inch to spare, and holding on wholly by his fingers. He thus worked himself slowly

¹ See Bibliography, 35.

along the crack toward the top, at last getting his arms over the brink, and gradually drawing his body up and out of sight. It was the most splendid piece of slow gymnastics I ever witnessed. For a moment he said nothing; but when I asked if he was all right, cheerfully repeated, 'All right.'

It was only a moment's work to send up the two knapsacks and barometer and receive again my end of the lasso. As I tied it round my breast Cotter said to me, in an easy, confident tone, 'Don't be afraid to bear your weight.' I made up my mind, however, to make that climb without his aid, and husbanded my strength as I climbed from crack to crack. I got up without difficulty to my former point, rested there a moment, hanging solely by my hands, gathered every pound of strength and atom of will for the reach, then jerked myself upward with a swing, just getting the tips of my fingers into the crack. In an instant I had grasped it with my right hand also. I felt the sinews of my fingers relax a little, but the picture of the slope of ice and the blue lake affected me so strongly that I redoubled my grip, and climbed slowly along the crack until I reached the angle, and I rested my body upon the edge and looked up at Cotter. I saw that instead of a level top he was sitting upon a smooth, roof-like slope, where the least pull would have dragged him over the brink. He had no brace for his feet, nor hold for his hands, but had seated himself calmly, with the rope around his breast, knowing that my only safety lay in being able to make the climb entirely unaided, certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me, and perhaps made it impossible. The shock I received on seeing

this affected me for a moment, but not enough to throw me off my guard, and I climbed quickly over the edge. When we had walked back out of danger we sat down upon the granite for a rest.

In all my experience of mountaineering I have never known an act of such real, profound courage as this of Cotter's. It is one thing, in a moment of excitement, to make a gallant leap, or hold one's nerves in the iron grasp of will; but to coolly seat oneself in the door of death and silently listen for the fatal summons, and this all for a friend—for he might easily have cast loose the lasso and saved himself—requires as sublime a type of courage as I know."

One of the most difficult pieces of climbing ever undertaken by a woman was that accomplished by Miss Annie S. Peck, who reached the top of Mount Huascarán.¹ This mountain is about 24,000 feet high, and Miss Peck was awarded a gold medal by the Peruvian Government in recognition of her remarkable feat. The descent appears to have been exceptionally difficult, as the following extract from her volume of climbing experiences will show. She says: "My recollection of the descent is as of a horrible nightmare, though such I never experienced. The little moon seemed always at my back, casting a shadow over the place where I must step. The poncho would sway in the wind, and with my motion as I was in the act of stepping would sometimes conceal the spot where my foot should be placed. Although my eye for distance is good, my foot once missed the step, slipping then on the smooth slope so that I fell,

¹ See Bibliography, 36.

as usual, in a sitting posture, crying out at the same time to warn the guides. I expected nothing serious, but to my horror I did not remain where I was. Still sitting, I began to slide down that glassy, ghastly incline. As we were all nearly in the same line, I slid at least fifteen feet before coming to a halt, when checked by the rope. Now to get back! The guides called to me to get up; but being all in a heap, with the rope tight around my waist, I was unable to move. The guides therefore came together just above and hauled me up the slope. Thankful again to be in the line of the steps, though more alarmed than ever, I went onward, resolved to be more careful. But again I slipped, and again slid far below. While from the beginning of the descent I had greatly feared the outcome, after these slips my terror increased. Several times I declared that we should never get down alive. I begged Gabriel to stop for the night and make a cave in the snow; but, saying this was impossible, he continued without a pause. The snow, indeed, was too hard, yet in some cavern or crevasse I thought we could find shelter from the wind. Gabriel afterwards asserted that if we had stopped we should all have frozen to death.

Again and again I slipped, five or six times altogether, but always Gabriel held his ground firmly. Always, too, I clung to my ice-axe; so to his shout, 'Have you your axe?' I could respond in the affirmative, and sometimes with it could help myself back again. Once when I had slipped I was astonished to see Rudolf dart by me, wondering how he could help me by running far below. Afterwards I learned that with my pull he, too, had slipped, and Gabriel's strong

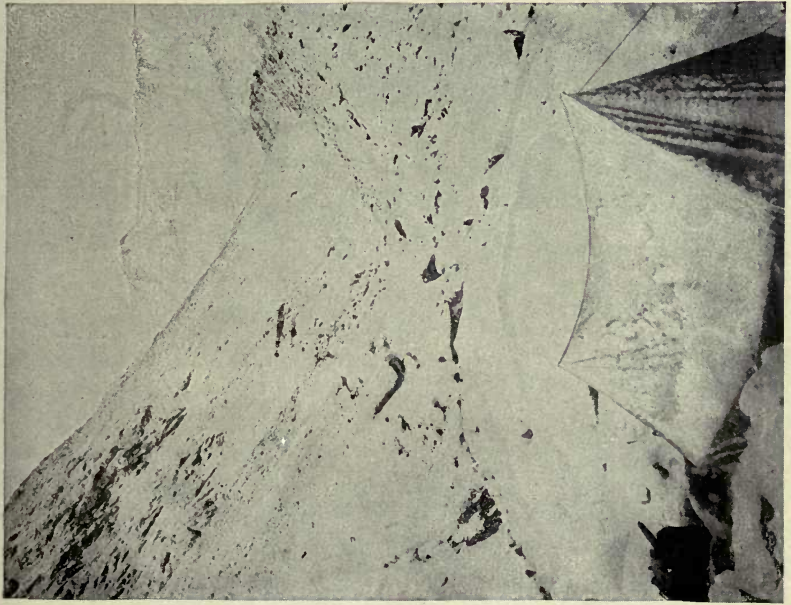
arm alone saved us all from destruction. Had he given way, after sliding some distance, we should all have dropped off thousands of feet below. When he saw Rudolf go Gabriel thought for a moment that we were all lost ; but his axe was well placed, with the rope round it ; and although two fingers were caught between the rope and the ice-axe, knowing it was life or death, he stood firm until Rudolf recovered himself. Otherwise, Gabriel said afterwards, he never despaired, but thought only of going on. Rudolf, however, to my great astonishment—for I had supposed I was the only one who was frightened—confessed later that he never expected to get down alive.

The cold and fatigue, the darkness and shadow, the poncho blowing before me, the absence of climbing-irons, the small steps, the steep, glassy slopes presented an extraordinary combination of difficulties. It seemed that the way would never end. I tried to comfort myself with the reflection that accidents do not run in our family, that nothing serious, more than broken ribs or knee-pan—these not in climbing—ever *had* happened to me ; but also I was aware that people do not generally die but once. I said to myself, for the first time in my life, I *must* keep cool and do my best, and so I did ; but after several of those horrible slides—well, there was nothing to do but to plod along.

At last, at last—! Before I was aware that we had emerged from among those terrible abysses to the slope above the tent, Gabriel said, ‘Now we are safe, and if you like you can slide.’ What a tremendous relief ! I sat down happily, Gabriel walking ahead and guiding me with the rope. At first it was fun, then I went too fast, bobbing here and there, bumping,



A 70% SLOPE ON MOUNT HUASCARAN.



"DESOLATE CAMP," TENT ON MORaine, AND BELUKHA

floundering, finally turning around, sliding on my back, and giving my head a hard whack before I came to a halt. However, we were nearly down, and walked on to the tent, where we arrived at half-past ten, thankful for rest and shelter. There was nothing to drink; we were too tired to eat or sleep, but glad indeed to sit down in safety, too fatigued at first even to lie down."

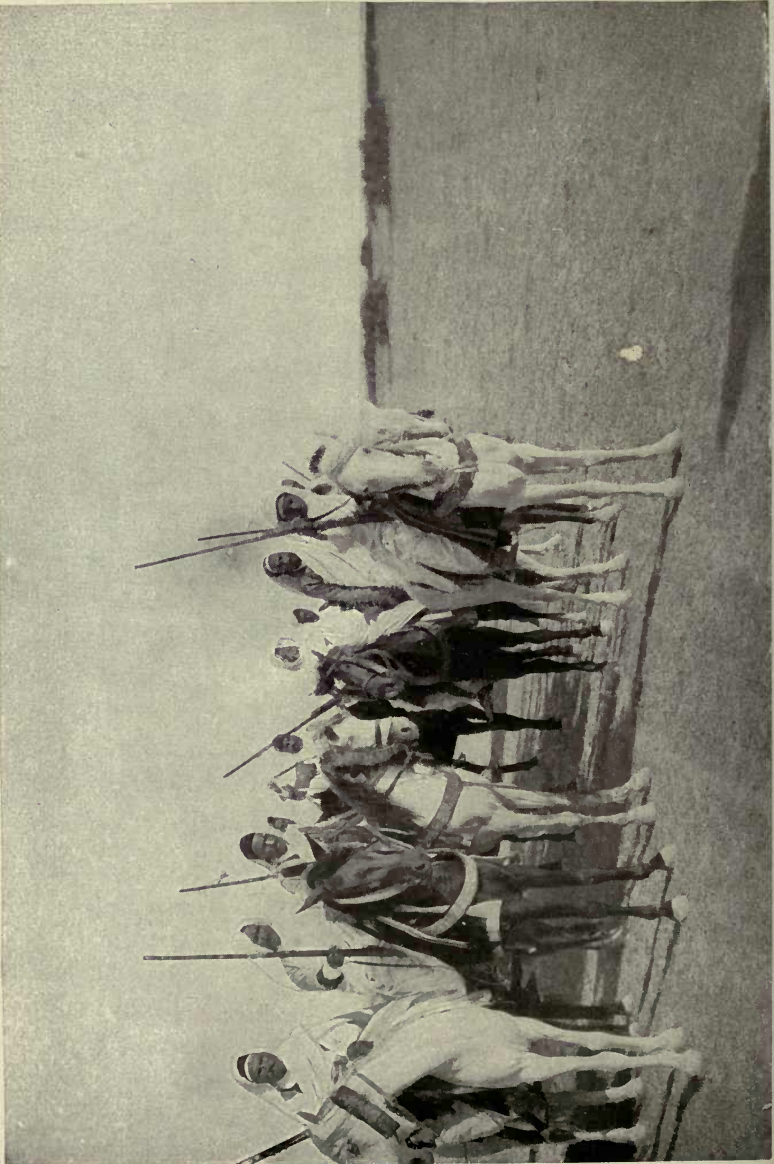
CHAPTER XI

THE EXPLORERS' CHRISTMAS

IT is a curious fact that in most of the books written by the great explorers details are given of the manner in which the great European festival of Christmas was celebrated. As the festivities often took quite an original form some of them are worth recording.

The Christmas of 1905 will probably linger long in the memory of the members of the Kaufmann expedition to North Africa. It is given to few to witness such a picturesque display of Arab horsemanship as they enjoyed. The following vivid account of the incident is from Mr. Ewald Falls' record of three years' work in the Libyan Desert.¹ "Two days before Christmas I had bought a sack of rice, sugar, and dates at the Souk in Bahing, and kind friends had sent all sorts of things from Alexandria when we decided to spend Christmas in the solitude of the desert. Early in the morning women came from each tent with their metal pots in which to receive their rations, which were measured out according to the number of dwellers in the tents. As a rule the work-people had of course to fend for themselves, only water being supplied, but to-day they were all guests of the Effendis. It gave us a welcome opportunity of making some return to our neighbours for their continued

¹ See Bibliography, 37.



hospitality. Those neighbours came in troops, mostly on thoroughbred Arab horses ; the women and children accompanied them on foot. As soon as they were in sight of the Kasr and the colony of tents, they set the horses at a gallop, and clouds of dust arose. A single rider galloped forward, stopped suddenly in front of the house, firing two shots. I had noticed a similar proceeding when I assisted at bedouin festivals, and was accustomed to the universal sign of approbation.

Our Christmas dinner consisted of two gazelles that we had shot, over the carving of which Sheikh Sadaui and Mansur presided. But before the feast came the improvisation, a spectacle that could only occur in the open desert. All available horses were beautifully caparisoned ; the stirrups were of engraved silver, the saddle-cloths of fine inlaid leather-work. The head ornaments alone of the horses of wealthy Arabs on such occasions represented a fortune. And the enthusiasm, the fire in each glance, every movement of the dignified bedouins in their flowing burnous, was a joy to behold as they stepped forward. The horsemen had loaded their guns and pushed up the ramrods again, the flintlocks in order, and then they swung themselves into the saddle. In a long row the field awaits the signal, and then they gallop over the ancient vineyards of the city of Menas and vanish in the desert. The non-riders and the men who had been left behind assemble, and form a large circle, just as European children do in the open space, and then the actual improvisation began. The men and lads clapped their hands in time, and demonstrated in a monotonous rhythm by the typical formula ' oo '—joy, pleasure, and daring.

All eyes are directed to the distance, to the farthest Koms of the city of Menas, for there will the cavalcade first appear again. Joyful notes in a high treble are heard—a woman's figure draped in black climbed up the tent and discovered a cloud of dust. Women and girls rush out, and a hundred voices greet the horsemen with the chanting of the sarlul of the bedouin women. The rhythm of the hand-clapping grows slower, attention is fixed on those who are approaching. Individual riders are seen galloping in front of the rest and winning the field. Terrified, we perceive they are standing in the saddle, bent almost to the horse's mane, swinging their guns in their free right hand. Sadaui, our bold young sheikh, is the first. His pride would not let it be otherwise, even if he rode his horse to death. Now he flies forward, holding his gun aloft, balancing it on his bent head, and letting his hand fall. The fluttering figure flies over the plain, while the cavalcade gains on him from behind, and this display being successful, he again seizes his gun as he flies, swings it over head and shoulders, and fires twice at short intervals at the very moment he rushes past. So far as they can, the rest imitate the sheikh. Then the foam-flecked horses are reined in and paraded round for a time to recover breath. The performance was twice repeated in the course of the day."

Mr. Bennet Burleigh, the famous war correspondent, spent a Christmas in Ashanti.¹ That it was not a very enjoyable experience is evident from the details he gives in his record of the Ashanti campaign. "Keeping Christmas in Fantee-land is not an everyday

¹ See Bibliography, 38.

experience, and if it were it would be intolerable. On the Gold Coast, under scorching Afric's sun, every one of the Ashanti expedition, British born and natives, all her Majesty's faithful subjects, celebrated each in his own fashion the Christmas of 1895. Social customs and influences are as pervading and potent in their operation as the laws of nature, else how could it have come about that Fantee, Ashanti, Kroo-boy, Sierra Leone boy, Mohammedan Houssa, and all the fetish-worshipping West African negroes tacitly agreed to settle their feuds and make merry at that festive season? Their natural disposition towards mirth and jollity, considering their lights, was wonderful, and their mode of manifesting their feelings was often peculiarly characteristic of the untutored heathen. People 'put by' for keeping Christmas in all sorts of ways. The West Coast ordinarily docile savage has a terrible fashion of his own which he observes when Christmas comes about. It is the chosen period for settling scores, but in a manner altogether at variance with the message of 'peace and goodwill.' Alas! there is much humanity but scant divinity in old paganism. The 'Sambo' who has a grudge against white or black gets his friends to aid him, and together they waylay the victim, and maul him with fists and clubs, or mayhap knife him. Then 'Sambo,' his passion calmed with exercise and assuaged by his victim's wounds, forgets his cherished wrongs, and feels he has not lived in vain. A happy mortal, with quickened gusto he enters into the other more legitimate enjoyments of the occasion. Youth in its fervour first brought home to everybody at Cape Coast Castle that Christmas Eve had come. Bands of youngsters of

both sexes, clad with scanty drapery and a few without even modesty's fig-leaf, paraded the town. Christmas Eve was a fiction, in the sense that it was late in the day they began the celebration, for it was early morn when they commenced their rounds, playing pipes, singing, whistling, and drum and tin-kettle whacking. Some of them there were who danced and skipped to the rhythmic thumping of tom-toms, but the soul's aspiration of every group of boys and girls was to make the loudest possible din. They succeeded only too well. Ere sunset the town was a babeldom of cries and drummings, and the Cape Coast Castle boy, unable longer to repress himself, set off squibs, crackers, and kindled huge bonfires. As darkness fell the tumult, if possible, increased. From every mud house and dwelling poured strains of boisterous merriment. Each abode had its pack of singers and drummers. Through four bars of discord, with 'damned reiteration,' backed by fiendish heat and persistency, they shrieked, tom-tomed, shuffled, and danced the livelong night. It was pandemonium broken loose, and the very birds, disturbing the moonlight, shrank affrighted to their remotest roosts in the bush. And there were bands—Christmas waits—that went from house to house. At M'Iver's we were so honoured, until they learned to dread our household's accuracy of bowling limes, oranges, cocoanuts, and our general excellent markship with the catapult. With these delectable 'waits' were women dancers, who shuffled, chanted, puffed, and sweated with as much abandon as 'Cutty Sark' or an Indian nautch-girl. Christmas Day brought no respite, and whilst decent folk went to church the coarser fibre of the town shouted and hopped, as very black 'Arrvs



A FANTEE BELLE.

To face p. 200.

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and 'Arriets might be expected to do during a saturnalia. Of course they all thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and in that there is merit of a kind ; and it was only through sheer fatigue that sleep and peace came together. Not since I had been in Ireland had I heard such intense, perfervid fife and drumming. Those awful drum obligatos and fife solos ! But twice through the awful hubbub at Cape Coast Castle as in a dream I heard a far-off refrain of two sweet English Christmas carols, ' God save ye, honest gentlemen ' and the ' Star of Bethlehem.'

It was very early on Christmas Day that the steamers *Coromandel* and *Manilla* arrived in the roadstead, bringing respectively the Special Service Corps and the 2nd West Yorks battalion. All were well on board both ships, and Prince Henry of Battenberg, who had landed in the afternoon and took up his quarters in the Castle, looked remarkably 'fit,' although thinner than when he left England on the *Coromandel*. There was a big Christmas party at the Headquarters Mess, which included the two princes. On Christmas Eve Prince Christian Victor and Major Piggott had gone off on a shooting excursion 'into the bush, and were lucky enough to secure a good bag, which swelled the menu at dinner."

This is how some of the officers of the Nile Expedition of 1884 celebrated Christmas. The account is from Mr. Henry Melladew's reminiscences.¹ " On this Christmas morning I had reached with my camels, carrying a part of the advanced field hospital, a point where it became necessary to cross the Nile to a place called Shabadood on the left bank, about a thousand

¹ See Bibliography, 14.

miles south of Cairo. There, to my great delight, I found temporarily encamped the Camel Remount Depot, commanded by a brother officer, a discovery which promised a cheery Christmas evening. But my camels, men, and baggage had first to be got over to the other side, for which purpose two country boats, composed of palm planks lashed together, were placed at my disposal. The shipment of the camels proved no easy matter; gentle persuasion with endearing epithets failing to touch their heart, the Aden boys had to drag and push them down the bank by main force and then into the boats, which were just large enough to take three at a time. Once in the boat, the animals were made to lie down at right angles to the keel, two facing one way, the head of the third in line with the tails of the others. The work was attended by a good deal of swearing, spitting, biting, and groaning on the part of the camels, and by thoroughly forcible language on that of the men, but the boats, however frail they no doubt were, did their duty well, and before the sun was set in its desert glory the detachment was across without mishap.

Beyond the fringe of palms the depot camels, several hundred in number, were picketed in long lines—a very interesting spectacle now, when they were sleek and well fed and well tended. All their hard work was to come; excessive hardships, added to severe privations during the desert marches, caused the death of almost all of them.

Full arrangements for the Christmas dinner had already been made, and when at last the supreme moment came six hungry people sat down at a table improvised of various boxes and of anything upon which

a plate could be put. The place next to me remained vacant for some time, but presently the belated guest approached, with stately step and proud bearing, dark as a native, and clad in the long white spotless robes of a Moor. My misgivings as to possibility of anything beyond the slightest conversation with my neighbour were rapidly dispelled, for, to my surprise, he wished us good evening in perfect English. It was Abdul-Kadir, then a well-known personage, an Englishman by birth but really a Moor, for most of his life had been passed in Morocco. Being thoroughly at home in the Arab language and customs, he had been sent up the Nile to get letters through to Gordon, which he successfully accomplished. He proved on further acquaintance a very interesting personage and a cheerful companion on the long marches as he rode his high-class camel, escorted by several negroes armed with the long Arab spear and various other weapons. We saw a great deal of him afterwards, especially near Matemmah, on the other side of the Bayida desert, but on the return of the Expedition he suddenly disappeared, murdered, without a doubt, by his attendants for the money he was well known to have about him.

We had a very cheery alfresco dinner under the date-palms and the glorious desert sky, crowning the feast with a Christmas pudding specially prepared by a soldier servant, a feat on which he greatly prided himself. After a little whisky, which in some mysterious manner had found its way up here, and tobacco of course, we retired to rest. But the pudding proved too much for mine ; a most vivid nightmare disturbed my slumbers, a nightmare many times repeated, in which I rode a monstrous camel, certainly not less

than fifty feet high, along the lofty bank of the Nile, which ran glittering in the moonbeams far, far below. The camel, not content with its usual steady pace, swayed to and fro like a ship in a beam sea, and every moment a sudden descent into the cool waters seemed more and more probable. It was truly a terrible night, and never shall I forget that plum-pudding, or rather the consequences of my Christmas dinner in 1884. It is sincerely to be hoped that the recipe of that pudding is lost for ever !”

Not from choice would one spend Christmas alone on a mountain with scarcely any provisions. Mr. Peter Harper once had this experience in the New Zealand Alps, and the account of the adventure, taken from the record of his travels,¹ shows how he made the best of the situation. “On Christmas Eve I took half my impedimenta up to a small flat (2,803 feet) under the saddle at the head of the river—a journey of a mile and a half, taking a good three hours—and leaving them in shelter, returned to camp that evening, where I had some observations to make.

Not particularly relishing the idea of spending Christmas under a sixty-pound load and over bad travelling, I decided not to begin festivities until my shelter was rigged up on ‘Christmas’ Flat. Leaving Troyte River, therefore, at 5 a.m., I reached that flat at eight o’clock, and had the camp pitched two hours later, and having brought up a small piece of suet and a few raisins on purpose for Christmas, I made a pudding, and had it boiling by noon.

When everything was snug I shook hands with myself, wished myself a ‘happy Christmas,’ and offered

¹ See Bibliography, 39.

my congratulations on reaching the head of the river. I then produced the flute, and sitting on a stone near the fire—so that I could watch the pudding—struck up a Christmas tune or two, but, as the three lower notes were still silent, the only part of the tune that my audience could hear was the part that happened to wander amongst the upper three notes ! My audience—which, by the way, consisted of two wekas—I killed after the concert was over and prepared for my evening meal. It has since been insinuated by kind friends that the audience probably died from the effect of the performance !

My Christmas dinner consisted of five courses, namely, Weka's liver and heart on toast, roast weka, one onion, devilled weka's leg, plum-duff, three dry figs ; and I venture to say that, though I had no brandy for the pudding, and the suet was too old and made it taste tallowy, I spent as happy a Christmas as most people. But I confess that a man must have succeeded in reaching the head of his river after some pretty rough work before he can really appreciate a 'duff' made of bad suet ! After a short smoking-concert in the evening, I hung the remains of my socks on a branch over my head and turned in, but I suppose there were too many 'holes in them, for in the morning the contents 'panned out' very poorly—a little hoar frost only !”

This is how Mr. Whitney, the American sportsman who accompanied Commander Peary's Polar expedition as far as Etah, in Greenland, in 1908, spent the Christmas among the Eskimos¹: “Every Eskimo in the settlement came, big and little, old and young, and

¹ See Bibliography, 7.

I explained to them that it was Christmas Eve, what Christmas signified, why white men observed and celebrated it, and that I proposed we in the Arctic should not let it go unnoticed. Our little community at Annotok would have just as fine a time as circumstances would permit.

At the stroke of twelve, as my watch told it, on Christmas morning, I presented each family with some canned provisions. This was a gift much prized by them, not only because canned goods appeal to them generally as a very great luxury, but particularly at this time because their food supplies were getting exceedingly low.

As for myself, I opened some delicious jam presented me by Mrs. Carnegie, which I had kept for the occasion, and a box of Huylor's candy, a gift from Mrs. Peary, which I had also preserved for Christmas. Later in the day I tried my hand at making a cake, but it was a flat failure, so soggy and heavy that I was afraid to eat much of it. This, too, went to the Eskimos, and they appeared to enjoy it exceedingly.

We were to have games, and I rigged up a small piece of ivory with a hole in the centre, which was suspended at the end of a string at the middle of the shack. While I busied myself with this the Eskimos made some little spears with shafts two feet long, and points of walrus-tusk ivory. The game was to stab the suspended, swinging ivory disk, in the hole in the centre, with the tiny spears. It was rollicking fun to watch the eleven men and women trying to excel each other, while all the children were packed out of the way in one corner like sardines in a box. The contestants entered into the game with heart and soul,

laughing and jabbering, and each doing his very best to win.

After the older ones became wearied the children were given a turn, and to them prizes were offered, consisting of handfuls of candy, small pieces of soap, old socks, or any old thing of small or no value to me, but which would be cherished by the youngsters as worth putting forth their best efforts to gain.

From midnight Christmas Eve until half-past one on Christmas afternoon we celebrated in this manner. Then all were sent home, and I went to bed, well satisfied with the day, which was one of real and thorough enjoyment.

Tired as I was, however, I could not sleep. With the quiet that followed the departure of my Eskimo guests thoughts of home returned, and for a long while I lay awake in the darkness, wondering how my friends were spending the day, where they were, and what they were doing, and I wished them over and over again, each in turn, a merry Christmas.

Eleven hours were spent in bed ; then I arose with a bad headache, donned fur clothing, and walked for a short distance on the ice-foot. The stars were shining, the northern lights were bright, and not a cloud was to be seen. It struck me, as one of the peculiarities of the region, how quickly storms will come and how quickly pass away. Often, when least expected and in an incredibly short time, a clear sky will be obscured, a gale will rise, and a blinding, biting blizzard will be venting its force and fury upon the world ; then as quickly snow will cease, wind will subside, and as if by magic the heavens will be swept clear of every cloud.

It was desperately cold ; I soon discovered that my nose was frozen, and I repaired to the igloos. Here I learned that while the people were with me celebrating Christmas, the dogs broke into Kudlar's and Kulutinguah's igloos and tore up and destroyed everything within reach. They ruined three fine fox-skins that were drying, ate all the fat the two Eskimos had for light and heat, dragged outside all the walrus meat they had to eat, and made away with most of it."

CHAPTER XII

ADVENTURE ON THE HIGHWAY

TO travel round the world without money, weapons, or baggage is an amazing feat, yet this is what Harry A. Franck, an American University graduate, succeeded in doing. He started as a cattleman, and became in the course of his travels a clown, a sailor, a stow-away, a pilgrim, an odd-job man, a beachcomber, and a plain tramp. Needless to say he had many adventures, one of which we quote from the story of his travels¹: "Our second day down the Menam was enlivened by one adventure. About noonday we had cooked our food in one of the huts of a good-sized village, and paid for it by no means illiberally. Outside the shack we were suddenly surrounded by six 'wild men' of unusually angry and determined appearance. Five of them carried dahs, the sixth a long, clumsy musket. While the others danced about us, waving their knives, the latter stopped three paces away, raised his gun, and took deliberate aim at my chest. The gleam in his eye suggested that he was not 'bluffing.' I sprang to one side and threw the coco-nut I was carrying in one hand hard at him. It struck him on the jaw, below the ear. His scream sounded

¹ See Bibliography, 11.

like a factory whistle in the wilderness, and he put off into the jungle as fast as his thin legs could carry him, his companions shrieking at his heels.

'When you are attacked by an Oriental mob,' my companion said, 'hurt one of them, and hurt him quick. That's all that's needed.'

Miles beyond, as we reposed in a tangled thicket, a crashing of underbrush brought us anxiously to our feet. We peered out through the interwoven branches. An elephant, with a mahout dozing on his head, was advancing towards us. Behind him came another and another of the bulky animals, fifteen in all, some with armed men on their backs, others bearing a small carload of baggage. We stepped out of our hiding-place in time to meet the chief of the caravan, who rode between the seventh and eighth elephants on a stout-limbed pony. He was an Englishman, agent of the Bombay-Burma Lumber Company, and had spent fifteen years in wandering through the teak forests of Siam. Never before, he asserted, had he known a white man to cross the peninsula unarmed and unescorted. For a time he was convinced that we were playing a practical joke on him and had hidden our porters and guns away in the jungle. Disabused of that idea, he warned us to beware the territory beyond, asserting that he had killed two tigers and a murderous outlaw within the past week.

'I shall pitch my camp a few miles from here,' he concluded. 'You had better turn back and spend the night with me. It's all of thirty miles from Kung Chow to here, more than enough for one day.'

We declined the offer, having no desire to cover the same territory thrice. The Englishman wrote us a



"AN ELEPHANT, WITH A MAHOUT DOZING ON HIS HEAD, WAS ADVANCING TOWARD US."



MYSELF AFTER FOUR DAYS IN THE JUNGLE, AND THE SIAMESE SOLDIERS WITH WHOM WE FELL IN NOW AND THEN BETWEEN MYÁWADI AND REHANG. I HAD SOLD MY HELMET.

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letter of introduction to his sub-agent in the next village, and as that hamlet was some distance off, we took our leave at once.

For miles we struggled on through the tangle of vegetation without encountering a sign of the hand of man. The shadows lengthened eastward, twilight fell and thickened to darkness. To travel by night in this jungle country is utterly impossible. We paid for our attempt to do so by losing our way and sinking to our knees in a slimy swamp. When we had dragged ourselves to more solid ground, all sense of direction was gone. With raging thirst and gnawing hunger, we threw ourselves down in the depths of the wilderness. The ground was soft and wet. In ten minutes we had sunk half out of sight. I pulled my 'swag' loose and rolled over to another spot. It was softer and wetter than the one I had left.

'Hark!' murmured James suddenly. 'Is that a dog barking? Perhaps there's a village near.'

We listened intently, breathlessly. A far-off howl sounded above the droning of the jungle. Possibly some dog was baying the faint face of the moon. There was an equal possibility that we had heard the roar of some beast abroad in quest of prey. 'Tigers abound,' the Englishman had said. So must snakes in this reptile-breeding undergrowth. A crackling of twigs close beside me sent an electric shock along my spine. I opened my mouth to call to James. He forestalled me.

'Hello!' he whispered. 'Say, I'll get a fever if I sleep in this mud. Let's try that big tree there.'

It was a gigantic growth for the tropics. The lowest of its wide-spreading branches the Australian could

reach from my shoulders. He pulled me up after him and we climbed higher. I sat down astride a great limb, tied my bundle above me, and, leaning against the trunk, sank into a doze.

I was aroused by a blow in the ribs.

'Quit it!' cried James angrily, thumping me again. 'What the deuce are you tearing my clothes off for?'

I opened my mouth to protest, but was interrupted by a violent chattering in the branches above, as a band of monkeys scampered away at sound of our voices. They soon returned. For half the night those jabbering, clawing little brutes kept us awake, and ended by driving us from the tree entirely. We spent the hours of darkness left on the ground at its foot, indifferent alike as to snakes and tigers.

When daylight came we found the river again within a few hundred yards of our resting-place. A good hour afterward we stumbled, more asleep than awake, into a village on the northern bank of a large tributary of the Menam. It was Klong Sua Mak, the home of the lumberman's sub-agent; but our letter of introduction served us no purpose, for we could not find the addressee. It did not matter much. The place had so far advanced in civilization as to possess a shop where food was sold. In it we made up for our fast of the night before.

The meal was barely over when we were again in the midst of a village riot. It was all the fault of the natives. We offered them money to row us across the tributary, but they turned scornfully away. When we stepped into one of the dug-outs drawn up on the bank they charged down upon us, waving their dahs. But for a pike-pole in the boat we might not have

continued our wanderings beyond Klong Sua Mak. At the crisis of the conflict a howling fellow, swinging a great knife, bounded suddenly into the craft. James caught him by an arm and a leg. A glistening brown body flashed high in the air, there sounded one long-drawn shriek, and the bold patriot sank in the murky water some distance behind us. When he came again to the surface, unarmed, we had pushed off from the shore.

'Damn niggers!' growled the Australian, catching up a paddle. 'Serve 'em right if we kept their bloody old hollow log and went down to Bangkok in her. What do you say?' he cried. 'My feet are nothing but two blisters.'

For answer I swung the craft half round, and we glided out into the Menam. A boatload of natives put out behind us, but instead of following in our wake they paddled across the river and down the opposite bank. We stretched out in the bottom of the dug-out, and drifting with the current, let them outstrip us. Far down the stream they turned in at a groove, above which rose a white building. I dozed a moment, and then sat up suddenly with a shout. The boatload had pushed off again, and behind them came a second canoe, bearing six khaki-clad soldiers, armed with muskets. The white building was a military post, and a part of the redoubtable Siamese army was on our trail.

'Swing her ashore!' cried James, grasping his paddle. 'No naval battles in mine.'

The dug-out grounded on the sloping bank. Between the jungle and the water's edge was a narrow, open space. Adjusting our 'swag,' we set off down the bank at an easy pace. The 'wild men' beached their

boats near the abandoned dug-out and dashed after us, shouting angrily. A few paces away the soldiers drew up a line and levelled five muskets at us. The sergeant shouted an order commandingly. An icy chill ran up and down my spinal column, but we marched on with even stride. Knowing what we did of the Siamese soldier, we were convinced that the little brown fellows would not dare shoot down a white man in cold blood. Nor was our judgment at fault. When we had advanced a few yards the squad ran after us and drew up once more in firing line. The sergeant bellowed in stentorian tones, but the guns hung fire.

Seven times this manœuvre was repeated. We were already half a mile from the landing-place. Suddenly a villager snatched a musket from a soldier, and running close up to our heels, took deliberate aim. His appearance stamped him as the bold, bad man of that region. My flesh crawled in anticipation of the sting of that bullet. I caught myself wondering in what part of my body it would be lodged. But the fellow vented his anger in shrieking and aiming; he dared not pull the trigger.

Finding us indifferent to all threats, the sergeant changed his tactics. The scene became ludicrous. One by one the barefooted troopers slipped up behind us and snatched at our packs and jackets. When we turned on them they fell back, wild-eyed. Their persistence grew annoying.

‘Tip me off when the next one tries it,’ said James.

Out of a corner of an eye I watched a soldier steal up on my companion and reach for his depleted ‘swag.’

‘Now!’ I shouted.

The Australian whirled, and caught the trooper’s

musket in both hands. The fellow let go of it with a scream, and the whole following band, sergeant, soldiers, villagers, and bold, bad man, turned tail and fled."

A thrilling story of a chase by Spanish highwaymen in 1864 is given by Mr. Clarence King in his volume of reminiscences of travel in the region of the Sierra Nevada¹: "Fifteen miles lay between me and a station; my horse Kaweah and a pistol were my only defence, yet at that moment I felt a thrill of pleasure, a wild moment of inspiration, almost worth the danger to experience.

I glanced over my shoulder and found that the Spaniards were crowding their horses to their fullest speed; their hoofs, rattling on the dry plain, were accompanied by inarticulate noises, like the cries of bloodhounds. Kaweah comprehended the situation. I could feel his grand legs gather under me and the iron muscles contract with excitement; he tugged at the bit, shook his bridle-chains, and flung himself impatiently into the air.

It flashed upon me that perhaps they had confederates concealed in some ditch far in advance of me, and that the plan was to crowd me through at fullest speed, giving up the chase to new men and fresh horses; and I resolved to save Kaweah to the utmost, and only allow him a speed which should keep me out of gunshot. So I held him firmly, and reserved my spur for the last emergency. Still, we fairly flew over the plain, and I said to myself, as the clatter of hoofs and din of my pursuers rang in my ears now and then, as the freshening breeze hurried it forward, that, if those brutes got

¹ See Bibliography, 35.

me, there was nothing in blood and brains ; for Kaweah was a prince beside their mustangs, and I ought to be worth two villains.

For the first twenty minutes the road was hard and smooth and level ; after that gentle, shallow undulations began, and at last, at brief intervals, were sharp, narrow *arroyos* (ditches eight or nine feet wide). I reined Kaweah in, and brought him up sharply on their bottoms, giving him the bit to spring up on the other side ; but he quickly taught me better, and, gathering, took them easily, without my feeling it in his stride.

The hot sun had arisen. I saw with anxiety that the tremendous speed began to tell painfully on Kaweah. Foam, tinged with blood, fell from his mouth, and sweat rolled in streams from his whole body, and now and then he drew a deep, heaving breath. I leaned down and felt of the cinch to see if it had slipped forward, but as I had saddled him with great care it kept its true place, so I had only to fear the greasers behind or a new relay ahead. I was conscious of plenty of reserve speed in Kaweah, whose powerful run was already distancing their fatigued mustangs.

As we bounded down a roll of the plain, a cloud of dust sprang from a ravine directly in front of me, and two black objects lifted themselves in the sand. I drew my pistol, cocked it, whirled Kaweah to the left, plunging by and clearing them by about six feet ; a thrill of relief came as I saw the long, white horns of Spanish cattle gleam above the dust.

Unconsciously I restrained Kaweah too much, and in a moment the Spaniards were crowding down upon me at a fearful rate. On they came, the crash of their

spurs and the clatter of their horses distinctly heard ; and as I had so often compared the beats of chronometers, I unconsciously noted that while Kaweah's, although painful, yet came with regular power, the mustang's respiration was quick, spasmodic, and irregular. I compared the intervals of the two mustangs, and found that one breathed better than the other ; and then, upon counting the best mustang with Kaweah, I found that he breathed nine breaths to Kaweah's seven. In two or three minutes I tried it again, finding the relation ten to seven ; then I felt the victory, and I yelled to Kaweah. The thin ears shot flat back upon his neck ; lower and lower he lay down to his run ; I flung him a loose rein, and gave him a friendly pat on the withers. It was a glorious burst of speed ; the wind rushed by, and the plain swept under us with dizzying swiftness. I shouted again, and the thing of nervous life under me bounded on wilder and faster, till I could feel his spine thrill as with shocks from a battery. I managed to look round—a delicate matter at speed—and saw, far behind, the distanced villains, both dismounted, and one horse fallen.

Toward the late afternoon, trotting down a gentle forest slope, I came in sight of a number of ranch buildings grouped about a central open space. A small stream flowed by the outbuildings, and wound among chaparral-covered spurs below. Considerable crops of grain had been gathered into a corral, and a number of horses were quietly straying about. Yet with all the evidences of considerable possessions the whole place had an air of suspicious mock-sleepiness. Riding into the open square, I saw that one of the buildings

was a store, and to this I rode, tying Kaweah to the piazza post.

I thought the whole world slumbered when I beheld the sole occupant of this country store, a red-faced man in pantaloons and shirt, who lay on his back upon a counter fast asleep, the handle of a revolver grasped in his right hand. It seemed to me if I were to wake him up a little too suddenly he might misunderstand my presence and do some accidental damage, so I stepped back and poked Kaweah, making him jump and clatter his hoofs, and at once the proprietor sprang to the door, looking flustered and uneasy.

I asked him if he could accommodate me for the afternoon and night and take care of my horse, to which he replied, in a very leisurely manner, that there was a bed and something to eat and hay, and that if I was inclined to take the chances I might stay.

Being in mind to take the chances, I did stay, and my host walked out with me to the corral, and showed me where to get Kaweah's hay and grain.

I loafed about for an hour or two, finding that a Chinese cook was the only other human being in sight, and then concluded to pump the landlord. A half-hour's trial thoroughly disgusted me, and I gave it up as a bad job. I did, however, learn that he was a man of Southern birth, of considerable education, which a brutal life and a depraved mind had not been able to fully obliterate. He seemed to care very little for his business, which indeed was small enough, for during the time I spent there not a single customer made his appearance. The stock of goods I observed, on examination, to be chiefly firearms, every manner of gambling apparatus, and liquors; the few pieces

of stuffs, barrels, and boxes of groceries appeared to be disposed rather as ornaments than for actual sale.

From each of the man's trousers-pockets protruded the handle of a derringer, and behind his counter were arranged in convenient position two or three double-barrelled shot-guns.

I remarked to him that he seemed to have a handily arranged arsenal, at which he regarded me with a cool, quiet stare, polished the handle of one of his derringers upon his trousers, examined the percussion-cap with great deliberation, and then, with a nod of the head, intended to convey great force, said, 'You don't live in these parts'—a fact for which I felt not unthankful.

The man drank brandy freely and often, and at intervals of about half an hour called to his side a plethoric old cat named Gospel, stroked her with nervous rapidity, swearing at the same time in so distrait and unconscious a manner that he seemed mechanically talking to himself.

Whoever has travelled on the West Coast has not failed to notice the fearful volleys of oaths which the oxen-drivers hurl at their teams, but for ingenious flights of fancy profanity, I have never met the equal of my host. With the most perfect good-nature, and in unmoved countenance, he uttered florid blasphemies which, I think, must have taken hours to invent. I was glad when bedtime came, to be relieved of his presence, and especially pleased when he took me to the little separate building in which was a narrow, single bed. Next this building, on the left, was the cook-house and dining-room, and upon the right lay his own sleeping apartment. Directly across the square,

and not more than sixty feet off, was the gate of the corral, which creaked on its rusty hinges, when moved, in the most dismal manner.

As I lay upon my bed I could hear Kaweah occasionally stamp, the snoring of the Chinaman on one side, and the low, mumbled conversation of my host and his squaw on the other. I felt no inclination to sleep, but lay there in half-doze, quite conscious, yet withdrawn from the present.

I think it must have been about eleven o'clock when I heard the clatter of a couple of horsemen, who galloped up to my host's building and sprang to the ground, their Spanish spurs ringing on the stone. I sat up in bed, grasped my pistol, and listened. The peach-tree next my window rustled. The horses moved about so restlessly that I heard but little of the conversation, but that little I found of personal interest.

I give, as nearly as I can remember, the fragments of dialogue between my host and the man whom I recognized as the elder of my two robbers.

'When did he come?'

'Well, the sun might have been about four hours.'

'Has his horse given out?'

I failed to hear the answer, but was tempted to shout out 'No!'

'Grey coat, buckskin breeches.' (My dress.)

'Going to Mariposa at seven in the morning.'

'I guess I wouldn't round here.'

A low, muttered soliloquy in Spanish wound up with a growl.

'No, Antoine, not within a mile of the place. *Staubuen.*'

Out of the compressed jumble of the final sentence I got but the one word 'buckshot.'

The Spaniards mounted, and the sound of their spurs and horses' hoofs soon died away in the north, and I lay for half an hour revolving all sorts of plans. The safest course seemed to be to slip out in the darkness and fly on foot to the mountains, abandoning my good Kaweah ; but I thought of his noble run, and it seemed to me so wrong to turn my back on him that I resolved to unite our fates. I rose cautiously, and, holding my watch up to the moon, found that twelve o'clock had just passed ; then taking from my pocket a five-dollar gold piece, I laid it upon the stand by my bed, and in my stockinged feet, with my clothes in my hand, started noiselessly for the corral. A fierce bulldog, which had shown no disposition to make friends with me, bounded from the open door of the proprietor to my side. Instead of tearing me, as I had expected, he licked my hands and fawned about my feet.

Reaching the corral gate, I dreaded opening it at once, remembering the rusty hinges ; so I hung my clothes upon an upper bar of the fence, and cautiously lifting the latch, began to push back the gate, inch by inch, an operation which required eight or ten minutes ; then I walked up to Kaweah and patted him. His manger was empty ; he had picked up the last kernel of barley. The creature's manner was full of curiosity, as if he had never been approached in the night before. Suppressing his ordinary whinnying, he preserved a motionless, statue-like silence. I was in terror lest by a neigh or some nervous movement he should waken the sleeping proprietor and expose my plan.

The corral and the open square were half-covered with loose stones, and when I thought of the clatter of Kaweah's shoes I experienced a feeling of trouble, and again meditated running off on foot, until the idea struck me of muffling the iron feet. Ordinarily Kaweah would not allow me to lift his forefeet at all. The two blacksmiths who shod him had done so at the peril of their lives, and whenever I had attempted to pick up his hind feet he had warned me away by dangerous stamps; so I approached him very timidly, and was surprised to find that he allowed me to lift all four of his feet without the slightest objection. As I stooped down he nosed me over, and nibbled playfully at my hat. In constant dread lest he should make some noise, I hurried to muffle his forefeet with my trousers and shirt, and then, with rather more care, to tie upon his hind feet my coat and drawers.

Knowing nothing of the country ahead of me, and fearing that I might again have to run for it, I determined at all cost to water him. Groping about the corral and barn, and at last finding a bucket and descending through the darkness to the stream, I brought him a full draught, which he swallowed eagerly, when I tied my shoes on the saddle-pommel and led the horse slowly out of the corral gate, holding him firmly by the bit and feeling his nervous breath pour out upon my hand.

When we had walked perhaps a quarter of a mile I stopped and listened. All was quiet, the landscape lying bright and distinct in full moonlight. I unbound the wrappings, shook from them as much dust as possible, dressed myself, and then, mounting, started northward on the Mariposa trail with cocked pistol.

In the soft dust we travelled noiselessly for a mile or so, passing from open country into groves of oak and thickets of chaparral.

Without warning, I suddenly came upon a smouldering fire close by the trail, and in the shadow descried two sleeping forms, one stretched on his back, snoring heavily, the other, lying upon his face, pillowing his head upon folded arms.

I held my pistol aimed at one of the wretches, and rode by without wakening them, guiding Kaweah in the thickest dust.

It keyed me up to a high pitch. I turned around in the saddle, leaving Kaweah to follow the trail, and kept my eyes riveted on the sleeping forms until they were lost in the distance, and then I felt safe."

Mr. Reginald Enock has had many adventures in South America, but perhaps the experience quoted here from his book of travel in the Peruvian Andes is the one he is least likely to forget¹: "During one expedition I experienced several narrow escapes of disaster. Our way lay across some of the vast swamps which are encountered on the high table-lands of the Andes, and my guide somehow got us right into the middle of one of these on to a species of island of unstable matter. There we remained a moment, seeking the way out, whilst the whole 'island' slowly began to sink beneath the weight of the mules. One of the pack-mules, loaded with heavy sacks of mineral samples, broke through the crust and began to sink, the poor beast making frantic endeavours to flounder on towards a rocky promontory some few hundred yards away. But its efforts seemed futile; it sank

¹ See Bibliography, 40.

deeper at every struggle, and was already up to its knees in the ooze. Dismounting for an instant, I cut the ropes which held its pack, and the sacks soon disappeared below the surface. It seemed that we might all share their fate, for the whole crust of the 'island,' was becoming submerged, the black ooze slowly rising all around. Action was necessary. 'Seek a way out at all hazards,' I said to the guide; and that individual, who was, fortunately, accustomed to pass these swamps, applied the spurs to his beast and leaped towards another island similar to that on which we were, for there existed a series of such at varying distances apart. The guide's mule landed with his fore-feet on the firm part and his hind-legs in the treacherous mud. A few inches less and he would have been lost, but the animal scrambled up and regained his footing. It was my turn now. It was a long leap from such insecure footing. Between lay the chasm of ooze of unknown depth; but it was useless to ponder. I drove my spurs into the flanks of my mule, and he responded nobly, although trembling in every limb with fear and apprehension, for he knew perfectly well the risk he ran. But like a deer he bounded over, and we landed in the middle of the island. There remained now my servant and the other pack-mule. A *riata* was thrown across, and the latter, by dint of pulling in front and whipping behind, essayed the leap and passed safely. As for the servant, the beast he rode absolutely declined to leap, and the poor fellow protested that he should die there. We could not waste time; our second island was sinking also. An idea occurred to myself and the guide simultaneously—a *riata* was again thrown

across and my mule made to leap back ; the Indian mounted it, leaped safely over the abyss, and his own beast, seized with that inevitable panic of being left alone in danger which ever attacks animals as it does men of weaker spirit, followed, missed, plunged into the mire, and was only saved from death by the most strenuous efforts on our part.

Meanwhile the weight on our new refuge had caused it to begin to settle down considerably. But Nature had disposed a series of smaller islands between us and the rocky promontory, and in trembling and apprehension we leaped our beasts from one to the other, landing on the quartzite strata of *terra firma*.

I know of no situation so trying as the foregoing of passing these swamps. With tight hand on the bridle, spur ready against the flanks of the beast, momentarily expecting to be plunged into unknown depths of ooze, the animal trembling and snorting with apprehension, essaying and not finding footing, and then the leap and—safety ! The mental strain is very severe, to say nothing of the physical effort.

As for the other mule, it endeavoured to struggle towards us, sinking deeper and deeper. Notwithstanding the pity I felt for the poor beast, nothing we could do would save it, and we should only have uselessly risked our own lives. The guide suggested shooting it with a carbine from the bank ; but this I forbade, desirous to give it a last chance of floundering out. We were obliged to push on to water and fodder.

It might have been supposed that the day's dangers were now past, but Fortune seemed determined to frown upon us still. Having left the swamps behind, the trail wound along a steep hillside, and entered upon

the face of a precipice, formed of loose and sliding shale, which terminated in a roaring torrent hundreds of feet below. The track or path had been narrowed by the rains and landslips to a width which rendered passage perilous, but—saving the way across the swamp—there was no other route. I had found that my own mule had strained a leg somewhat in the leaping before described, and I had exchanged it for that which my servant had ridden, whilst he mounted the pack-mule. As we were proceeding along the path with the mule, after the manner of his kind—which seems to prefer the outer edge of a precipice to the inner—walking along with my left leg hanging over the abyss, I suddenly felt his hind-quarters giving way. Now, I am ever prepared for this in such places, and always ride with the outside foot loose in the stirrup, ready for instant dismounting. The habit served me in good stead. In less time than it takes to relate I had swung from the saddle as the mule went over the precipice, a part of the road going with him, and leaving me insecurely poised on a narrow ledge of rock. I retained the long bridle in my hand instinctively, and as the mule slid slowly downwards amid the debris I endeavoured to stay him by pulling gently, hoping he might regain a footing on some rocky prominence. It was useless. The bridle strained to breaking, and pulled me towards the verge. I must let go or be dragged to destruction. I loosed it. The animal turned with the pressure of the sliding earth, rolled over and over with gathering impetus amid the shouts of my men, who were in front and were witnessing the occurrence, gave a final somersault, and disappeared from view. A second later a loud splash

in the water below announced its fall, and I discerned its body being fast carried away by the whirlpools.

I looked around, and only then observed that I was a prisoner on that rocky ledge. The road, both in front and behind, had fallen away ; above me was a sheer rock-face ; below, the loose earth and shale still poured gently downwards towards that fatal verge. What if I were to slip? A vertigo seized me, but I conquered it by an effort of will, took a running jump, passed the chasm between me and the road, and landed safely."

CHAPTER XIII

CARNIVALS IN MANY LANDS

CARNIVALS and mask dances occupy an important place in the lives of the people in all parts of the world. Most, if not all of them, are survivals of religious and magical ceremonies of extreme antiquity. To the folklorist they are of the greatest interest ; but apart from their importance as relics of the past stages of human nature, they have often extraordinary picturesque-ness.

Mr. George Renwick in his descriptive volume on Luxemburg¹ says : " Echternach, in Luxemburg, is widely famous for the great dancing procession which takes place in the town every Whitsun Tuesday. This curious rite annually draws to the town about twenty thousand 'pilgrims' and probably as many more spectators. These come from far and near. The origin of the dance is lost in the mists of the ages, and though it is mentioned for the first time in records bearing a date as late as the end of the sixteenth century, there is little reason to believe that this singular ceremony was not held for a considerable period prior to that. Pilgrimages to the tomb of Saint Willibrord began early in the eighth century, very soon after

¹ See Bibliography, 41.



THE DANCING PROCESSION.

To face p. 2:8.

the demise of the saint. From those pilgrimages doubtless the dancing procession was evolved. Tradition has it that the evolution was fairly rapid, and that before the eighth century had waned it was already the great religious ceremony of Echternach. An epizootic distemper, it is said, seized the cattle in the neighbourhood, and the people, distressed at seeing the animals frantic and in convulsions, turned to the shrine of the saint with their prayers and offerings. A homœopathy of faith made them proceed dancing to the tomb. Their faith had its reward ; the animals all got well. Authorities, civil and religious, have often endeavoured to put a stop to the ceremony, which lent itself to abuses, but only on one occasion did they succeed. And then the disease reappeared amongst the cattle. So it has been held ever since. Now, however, though the form of old is preserved, it is not so much the welfare of the animals that the dancers are concerned about. They hope to propitiate the spirit which sends convulsive ailments to mankind. They dance for personal reasons, and they may dance by deputy. One member of a family may represent all the others ; a boy may dance for his bedridden grandmother.

Religious dancing is very old, but now it only exists in odd corners of Europe. It is likely to live for a long time yet in Echternach, for the people do not give the slightest sign of becoming 'modern' enough to disbelieve in this ancient rite. On the Prussian side of the river, beyond the bridge, at the old cross where the four roads meet, the thousands of dancers—old, middle-aged and young, male and female—assemble early in the morning. At eight o'clock, after a sermon in the open air, the great Maximilian bell in the parish

church steeple tolls—that is the signal for the procession to start. (The bell, by the way, was presented to Echternach by the Emperor Maximilian in 1512 in remembrance of his pilgrimage to St. Willibrord's tomb in that year. It weighs about three and a half tons.) The dancers begin to fall into line. At the head are the clergy, chanting, and following them comes the long file of dancers, singers, praying pilgrims, and musicians in no settled order, the musicians being scattered along the whole length of the procession. On the bridge the dance begins, opened by a number of boys. It is a curious movement to the accompaniment of a polka-like tune, played on a great variety of instruments.

The movement consists of taking five steps forwards and then three backwards; the motion is slow and sedate, and it is a most curious sight to see the swaying procession wending its way slowly through the streets. The distance to be covered, from the bridge to the Basilica, is scarcely three-quarters of a mile, yet it takes five or six hours for the entire procession to pass over the route. Until a few years ago—up to the time of the removal of St. Willibrord's tomb to the Basilica—the dancers proceeded to the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the remains of the saint lay. To reach that church a flight of sixty steps must be climbed, and to climb it in the way mentioned was certainly a test of physical endurance after five or six hours of 'dancing.' In 1906, however, the tomb of the saint was removed to the Basilica, and there the procession now comes to its end, without any such final feat of strength. The dancers pass before the tomb, place their offerings before it, and

then leave the church. It is said that in 1912 22 banner-carriers, 119 priests, 357 musicians, 3,913 singers, 3,402 praying pilgrims, and 12,163 dancers took part in the procession, a total of 19,976.

Though certainly picturesque, the procession undoubtedly has its painful and objectionable features. It is pitiful to see a lot of old and infirm people, who should be at home, struggling along in this painful manner. Most of them, indeed, fall out long before the end. The ceremony, however, is one which will die hard ; every year it appears to grow more popular, though, of course, it can scarcely be denied that religion becomes ever a lesser factor in making people join in it. For the occasion Echternach is always gaily decorated. The windows of all the houses are brightened with flowers ; flags and streamers float in the air. As for the crowds of spectators, it is a marvel where they all come from. People line the streets thickly on both sides, and those who do not take part in the procession or fill the passive rôle of spectators crowd the churches of the town from as early an hour as five o'clock. Early in the afternoon, when the ceremony has concluded, a fair begins, and merriment is the order for the rest of the day among the crowds of the streets, while stall and sideshow and roundabout provide amusements until late at night, with a fainter echo on the following day."

Mr. Reginald Enock during his travels in Peru had an experience of the carnival celebrations. He gives a vivid description of the festivities in his volume on the Peruvian Andes¹ : "During the three days of the carnival it is absolutely impossible to walk up the

¹ See Bibliography, 40.

streets of a town, unless you are prepared to be wet to the skin and covered with powder. From all the overhanging balconies dozens of *globos* are discharged ; even entire buckets of water and bags of flour are fired at you, as well as explosive squibs and coils of paper and confetti. When these matters give out less agreeable ammunition is sometimes employed.

As I generally felt little desire to take part in these boisterous affairs, I usually lay low in my habitation ; but one evening—it was in Lima, the capital, although similar things happened in the interior cities—feeling very ennuied, I thought I would venture out to the post-office for my letters, hoping by taking a round-about route through side streets to escape the storm of water and powder I knew was raging in the main street. It was useless. No sooner had I sallied forth—covered with a cloak and an old hat—than a well-directed *globo* from a balcony partly soaked me. The street was lined with balconies, and every balcony had its full complement of pretty girls, all armed with ample ammunition of *globos*. It must be explained that these missiles are heavy, burst when they strike you, and cover you with water. They are capable of being hurled with unerring aim.

Yells of delight arose from the balconies as I appeared. What fortunate chance had brought a nice-looking Englishman along that unfrequented street? The opportunity could not be lost. A veritable hail of *globos* whizzed around me ; but I seemed to bear a charmed life, and they only burst upon the pavement at my feet. Seeing that I was in for it, I pulled my collar up and hatbrim down, and walked calmly along the middle of the street. Dozens of *globos*

and bags of flour saluted me from every point of vantage ; but these I did not much mind, as they generally fell short, and the buckets of water could only be emptied upon any one forgetful enough to pass directly beneath a balcony, which I avoided. Towards the end of the street the fire slackened somewhat, as the houses were without balconies, and here I breathed a moment, deciding as to what course I could most safely pursue to gain the post-office, as I did not want to be soaked. The gauntlet I had run had been severe, but was not, I knew, of the worst.

Looking up, I beheld two isolated balconies opposite each other, and the occupants—some ladies whom I knew—were making signs to me to approach. I did so, little suspecting treachery, for as one of them laughingly engaged me in conversation the others, without warning, shot out a bucketful of water, which, had it struck me fairly, would have drenched me from head to foot. This was too much. Even the *sangre fria* of an Englishman was aroused, and I decided on vengeance. Calling some of the boys who are always about on these occasions with cloths full of *globos* for sale, I purchased a large heap of ammunition and proceeded to wage a fearful war upon the balconies at both sides of me, my volleys being hotly replied to by the ladies. Taking careful aim, I succeeded in scarcely losing a shot, and had the satisfaction of seeing the *globos* burst on my fair antagonists' heads or limbs, soaking them to the skin. The street was narrow, and buckets of water, *globos*, and bags of flour, from both sides, freely reached me, with the effect that may be imagined ; but I waged the single-

handed war until a large crowd collected in my aid. This, however, seemed ungallant, and I retired, when the ladies closed the shutters of the balcony windows. I did not mind the wetting. I was charitable enough to appreciate that I had at least afforded them some sport, for it was an unfrequented spot, and, indeed, they afterwards informed me that they had only had the opportunity before my arrival of soaking a few wretched Indians and a postman, and that when they saw me they were about to send out their servant to implore me to come and play.

But the evening's adventures were not yet at an end. Having obtained my letters, I put them for security against wetting in an inner pocket, and prepared for the return journey—useless to look for a vehicle, for all were occupied. A favourite dodge of people in the balconies is to tie a bag of flour to a stout cord, and when any one passes below to let it swiftly down, striking them on the hat, and then to haul it rapidly up again. This appears to afford them keen delight, and many are the unwary foot-passengers who are caught in this way. So it befell me. I felt a stunning bang on the head, but instantly realizing what it was, I reached quickly upward with my stick and successfully hooked the bag. In vain they pulled from above, and in vain they poured down torrents of water, for the floor of the balcony under which I stood acted as a shelter, and I retained my hold. At last I heard appealing voices, and, peering upwards, I saw three faces bending over—young ladies again—for women are, I think, the principal perpetrators of these affairs—whom I knew. They begged me to let go, as they did not want to lose their weapon. I promised

on condition that no water should be thrown as I emerged, to which they assented gleefully. But I ought to have been prepared for this new proof of female perfidy ; for scarcely had I let go, still looking up at the pretty, flushed faces above me, when down came a great bucketful of water, absolutely deluging me from head to foot, whilst roars and shrieks of delight accompanied this treacherous act !

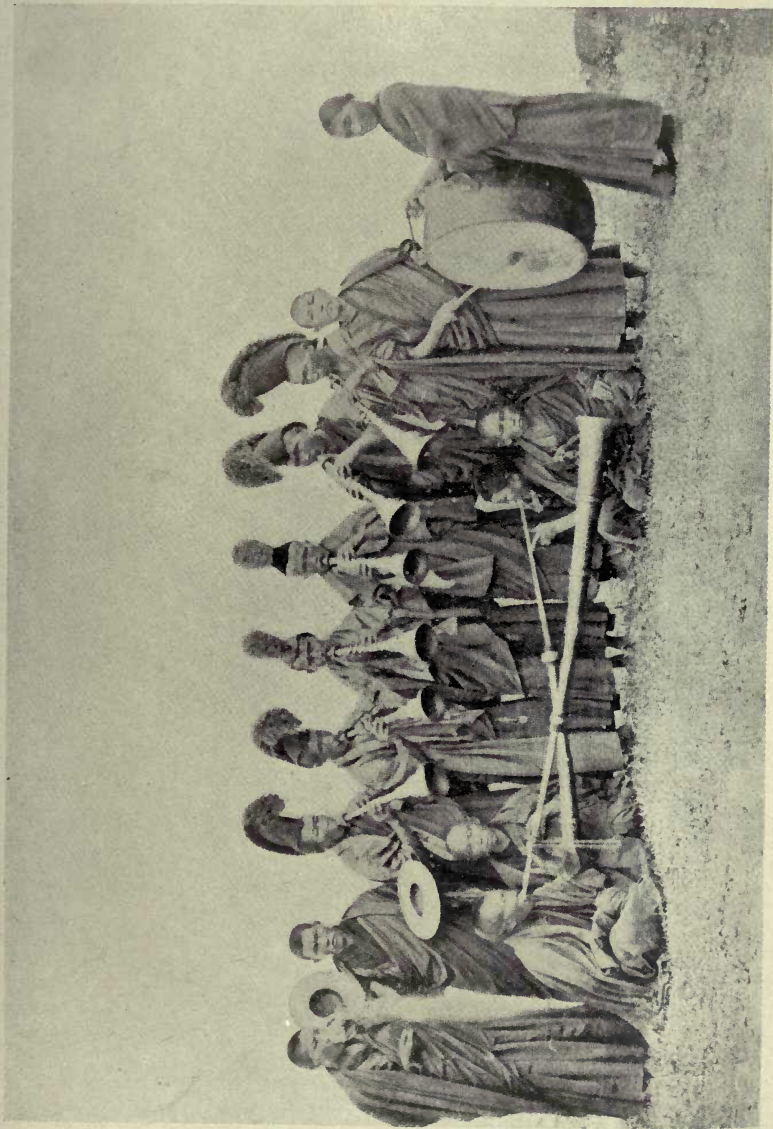
This was too much, really. Hastily filling my pockets and hands with *globos*, squirts, and powders from a boy who stood by, I rushed up the staircase, and without ceremony penetrated into the room above. Here an indescribable *mêlée* ensued, in which all became soaked, torn, and covered with flour, to say nothing of the furniture. 'Stupid !' they said when I reproached them. 'If you had been a Peruvian instead of an Englishman, you would have known better than to believe a woman's promise at carnival-time !' Hot punch was brought in as a preventive against taking cold ; and the ladies kindly insisting on having my clothes dried and brushed, I changed them, being obliged, on account of there not being any gentleman's garments available, to dress myself in one of their frocks, in which guise I had perforce to pass the rest of the evening in their company."

Captain Gambier in the course of his naval duties visited China, and he had the good fortune to witness a marvellous exhibition by a Chinese conjurer. Although it is somewhat outside the range of this chapter, his account of the performance is too good to be omitted¹ : "At a village some ten miles outside Foochow I saw a conjurer—a Mongolian from the extreme west of

¹ See Bibliography, 9.

China, near the Altai Range—perform what to me appeared miracles. He was an extraordinary man, with something weird and hypnotic about him; and it is to hypnotic suggestion that I attribute some of his tricks, for, though I stood close to him and watched him narrowly, I could not detect the fraud, if fraud there were.

This Mongolian looked like a man a hundred and fifty years old, his skin shrivelled with hundreds of wrinkles; his oblique eyes—shining with a light which seemed to come from within—had a horrible and fascinating stare, so that when he caught one's own he seemed to hold them. He was dressed in an old yellow tunic, embroidered with some cabalistic pattern worked in red; inside this a silk garment of the same shape, which had once been scarlet. On his head was a high Astrakhan hat, from under which long, snake-like locks depended. He had a retinue of ten to fifteen ragged-looking ruffians—of Mongolian type—carrying various instruments of music, drums, and large conches. A small boy, of five or six, was also of the party—a bright, merry little lad, quite out of harmony with his strange companions. The conjurer's paraphernalia consisted of a small *arāba* (native cart) drawn by a wiry Turkoman pony, carrying an open wicker-work basket cage, divided into two compartments, in one of which was a small tiger. A few pots and pans, all exposed to view, some faggots of wood, and his own drinking-bowl and rice-saucer completed the outfit. He stood, with his cart, on a hard-beaten patch of ground used by potters, with no more underground contrivances than you would find under the asphalt of Trafalgar Square. Before beginning his tricks he stripped, all save his



A MONGOLIAN BAND.

cummerbund, when one saw that he was a living skeleton, a mere bag of bones. He began by putting a pot to boil on a wood fire, filling it with water from a gourd. Whilst it was boiling, by way of diversion, he seized the small boy and crammed him into the compartment of the cage next to the tiger, which growled furiously and tried to grab the boy through the wicker-work. Then the conjurer, or *shamān*, to give him his Eastern title, suddenly drew up the dividing partition, the boy and the beast seeming to face each other, whilst at the same moment he threw a large canvas cover over the cage. In an instant there were terrible screams in an unmistakable child's voice and a most distinct noise like the crunching of bones. The crowd grew terrified, it was so intensely realistic; women screamed, and some would have rushed to the cage, but they were held back by the men, who all seemed terrorized by the old man's eyes. All this time a hideous din was being kept up by the half-naked ruffians who formed the *shamān's* following, blowing large horns, five and six feet long, and banging on drums, and, with this noise still going on, the *shamān* jumped into the cart and pulled off the cover. The boy had vanished, but the tiger—evidently wildly excited—lay swishing his tail. Where or how the boy went I have no idea, but in a minute or two afterwards he came pushing his way from outside the dense ring of people and went and sat down unconcernedly alongside the cart. This trick over, the *shamān* now turned his attention to the pot. He picked up five or six stones from the ground and dropped them into the boiling water, stirring it round and round with a piece of bamboo. I saw the stones bobbing

about at the bottom. He stirred it again and again, and finally threw in a powder, probably potassium, for instantly there was a bright violet flame. In a minute or so he took the pot off the fire, tilted it up, when out flopped three Chinese ducks—of that flattened breed one sees herded by millions on the banks of Chinese rivers—and as the birds attempted to waddle away the *shamān* caught them, threw them back into the pot, put on the lid, and looked round on the crowd with a fierce stare. Once more the pot seemed to boil; again he took the lid off, and this time capsized the water entirely out of it. He then carried the pot round for the people to examine, and in the bottom of it I saw two snakes wriggling about, which the *shamān* ejected from the pot by shaking it from side to side, catching them again immediately and putting them into a bag, which he threw on the top of the tiger's cage. I must remind the reader that all this time the man was practically naked. His next trick was that often seen in India, and needs no description: a boy tied up in a sack, the sack pierced in every direction by a sword, the usual screams, and, finally, the sack cut in two. The boy reappears unhurt, often up a tree a hundred yards away."

A very interesting account of the mask dances of the Karayá people of Brazil is given by Mr. W. A. Cook in his interesting book of travel through the wilderness of Brazil.¹ He says: "Mask dances occupy an important place in Karayá life. The prominent rôle which these masquerades play among North American races is well known; but thus far surprisingly little has been learned of similar customs that prevail

¹ See Bibliography, 42.



among South American tribes. Only the mask dances of the Tequna, the Zuni, and the Uaupé races are mentioned casually in literature. The temples and idols alluded to by the old Jesuit missionaries are often nothing but medicine-huts, or flute-players' houses, where are kept the mysterious mask costumes. These mask dances are of peculiar interest because of their striking similarity to those of the Melanesians as regards the forms of the mask and other customs of the dance.

The dance masks represent animals only ; but the representation of animal forms is not carried so far among the Karayá as it is in the case of the masks of the North American aborigines and the Tequna, as the particular animal sought to be represented is indicated only by some of its most striking characteristics and not by the form of the mask outfit, or certain parts of the paraphernalia may suggest what animal is being represented.

The masquerade outfits are used singly or in pairs, and are divided, according to their forms, into three classes. The first are suits and headgears of simple or plain braided palm-leaves. The second class is a cylindrical dance hood which looks like a sheaf of wild hay inverted over the head, which it completely obscures, while the upper part of the sheaf tapers to a point about two feet above the head, and is overlaid with beautiful feather mosaics, patterned to suggest the creatures the primitive masqueraders desire to represent, such as certain fish or birds. The third class does not bear any representations or emblems of animals. To this class belongs what is called the blackbird mask, though this is a human face, made from a large

calabash-shell. The lower part is black and the upper is red, while the mouth is furnished with wax lips and wooden teeth. Between the small eyeholes is a nose of wax, placed unnaturally high, and a hanger of black and brown feathers falls down behind ; while long, slender palm-leaves, hung from a belt or girdle, form a skirt, which covers the body of the masquerader. But these three classes of masks do not include all the modifications used by the tribe, for each village has its own particular kind, and many medicine-huts are crammed with the most diverse types.

If a hunting or fishing expedition has been successful, and there is an abundance of food on hand, the chief of the village may determine to hold a masquerade festival, which shall continue as long as provisions hold out, whereupon the entire village hums with activity for many days preparing for the celebration. The women busy themselves making ready meat and drink, employing all their culinary skill ; while the men, if not hunting and fishing, are occupied with the preparation of the dance costumes. One dance is distinguished from another by being performed exclusively by some one person or family, and handed down from father to son ; and each one is executed to the accompaniment of songs, which are apparently in an antiquated form of speech, unintelligible to the rest of the people. Each animal represented is indicated by the constant repetition in the songs of the peculiar note or sound characteristic of that animal. For example, the paca cries, ' Heyon hey ! Heyon hey ! ' the alligator, ' Huu ! Huu ! ' and another beast, ' Too koo ! Too koo ! Too-hoo-oo-oo-oo ! '

The women and children are merely spectators at

these masquerades, and are never permitted under any circumstances to see the masquerade outfit, save when an individual is regaled in it ; for they must be kept in the belief that the creatures represented, or rather their shades, are really materialized before them, and that the garb and the being inside of it are one and inseparable, for of course the outfit always covers the entire body of the dancer. Occasionally, however, the old women are let into the secret. This indicates that the secret societies existing everywhere among civilized peoples, admitting men only to their membership and excluding women for ever, and who take the most absurd and monstrous oaths to guard their childish secrets from other men and from their own wives, sisters, and mothers, are of savage origin in principle.

The carnival begins with a procession of the masqueraders through the encampment, who, having previously stolen away to the jungle and secretly donned their uncouth regalia, suddenly appear, and with a loud cry—' *Han hm! Han hm!*'—rush toward the village, while all the villagers ejaculate loudly, in reply, ' *Nakum rare! Nakum rare!*' ('Here they come ! Here they come !') The procession is almost riotous, for the men throw billets of wood about in every direction. The parade over, all these imitation birds, bugs, and beasts, or the materialization of their ghosts, retire again to the thicket, remove their gear, and, becoming real men once more, quietly re-enter the village and the savage banquet is brought on.

After some hours of 'eating and drinking and making merry' the masqueraders again rush forth from the wood to begin the dancing. It consists of a peculiar hopping, turkey-step, and rocking the body from side

to side. The dancer must not under any circumstances permit his real identity to become known to the spectators. He must not speak, nor cough, nor sneeze ; and above all, he must not allow himself to stumble and fall, for if he does he will be immediately put to death. If he should be compelled to cough or sneeze, as frequently happens because of the dust and the suffocating heat under his mask, he springs into the group of men standing near, all of whom begin instantly to cough, and thus contrive to drown his voice.

The various dances follow each other according to a programme arranged beforehand by the chief of the encampment, who presides over the ceremonies and festivities.

If a woman of the tribe should enter one of the secret mystery huts, or should avail herself of an opportunity to look upon a masquerade outfit when not in use, she will be punished with death. It is usual in such cases for the other women to intercede with the chief for her life, and he will exercise mercy in her behalf if she will promise silence and will undertake some work of expiation, such as to weave a hammock, or braid a large palm-leaf mat. If she should refuse this, or her work should prove unsatisfactory, she will be ordered to appear at a designated spot in the woods when the sun reaches a certain position in the heavens, and here she will be compelled to submit herself to the assembled men. If she should fail to appear as ordered, the men may slay her wherever they find her and sink her body in the river. But if she should flee to the mystery hut no one will enter to take her, for this is an asylum of refuge. If a man should betray the secret of the masquerade to a woman of the tribe, he

may, nevertheless, be allowed to go unmolested. But these barbarous customs do not appear to be so strictly observed to-day as in former times. It is related that, owing to an accident, all the women of a certain village caught sight at the same moment of the masquerade outfit when not in use. In this case, of course, nothing could be done but to pardon them all and make known to them the whole secret."

Dr. John Macgregor in the record of his tour round the world some twenty odd years ago gives a delightful description of a carnival he witnessed in New Orleans¹ : "After the preliminary gaieties of the week, it was on the 18th that 'Rex,' the King of the Carnival, made his triumphant entry into the city of New Orleans, having previously gone up the river a few miles for the purpose of giving effect to this part of the show. Those personally engaged in these processions are kept secret on account of the mysticism connected with their performances on these occasions ; for no one out of the charmed circle is supposed to know who Rex or any one else of them may be till the whole festival is completely over, for they are all masked through the entire celebrations. The tableaux themselves are also secretly constructed and guarded with equal jealousy from the gaze of the curious till they are once and for all launched upon the streets, although their preparation and outfits take up the greater portion of the year preceding their exhibition.

Rex then, accompanied by his chief officers of State, all masked and accoutred, came ashore from one of the river boats with all the pomp of a monarch, among the bunting of ships, the decorations of streets, the roar

¹ See Bibliography, 43.

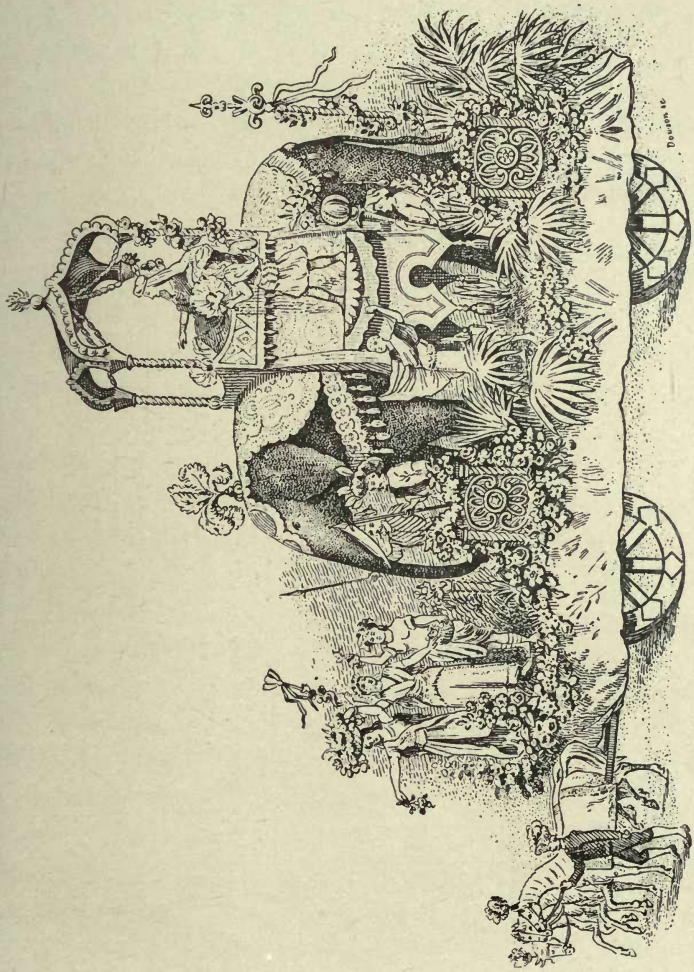
of cannons, and the cheers of thousands upon thousands of his loyal subjects ; and it was a gala time indeed for every one during the short reign of this very decorated king.

It was on the next day that the grand procession of the 'Mistick Krewe' came off, while another came off at night, when all New Orleans was ablaze with illuminations and mad with merriment. The processions are allegorical, and represent different themes from year to year, such as illustrations from Spenser's 'Faery Queene,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' the 'Progress of Art and Science,' and so on. The scenes from 'Fact and Fable' displayed this year were said by those who knew to be particularly gorgeous, and personally I never saw anything of the kind to equal it.

The procession of Rex, as I said, came off during the day, and that of Comus at night, the latter alone consisting of not less than twenty-three tableaux of most gorgeous character, representing various phases in the history of fact and fiction, such as the War in Heaven, the Ages of Man, Lalla Rookh, and such-like, down to the last, but not least—the History of Ireland. This mighty pageant was mounted in such a lavish style that the cheers of the populace were loud and incessant as the procession glided slowly and majestically along the streets.

And then came the balls and midnight revelry, when all New Orleans appeared to have gone fairly mad. There was a ball given by Rex to his humble subjects, and another by Comus, both by invitation ; and I went to each of them to behold the beauty and chivalry of New Orleans arrayed in all their bravery of form and fashion. The ball given by Rex and his retinue

UNION



THE WAR IN HEAVEN.
From the Carnival of New Orleans.

To face p. 244.

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was not intended to be so ostentatious as that given by Comus and his followers. But Rex, accompanied by his Queen, a New Orleans beauty selected for the occasion, paid a visit to his ball in due masquerade, and then retired with his revellers to the ball given by Comus and his 'Mistick Krewe,' where all played the light fantastic till the clock struck midnight, after which the masks were gradually and privately laid aside, and the masked merry-makers appeared to their friends in their usual costume and their own true colours."

CHAPTER XIV

HUNTING THE BEAR

MR. CHARLES SHELDON, a traveller who has spent a good deal of time in the islands of the North Pacific, tells a good story of an unexpected meeting with a bear while hunting on Montague Island. It is from his book on hunting and exploration in the North Pacific Coast Islands.¹ "To-day I had the most remarkable experience of my life. It cleared about nine-thirty, so I was off, intending to go three miles down the beach and up a creek, to a basin well back in the mountains. A great number of crows, hundreds, are always feeding about the rocks at low water, and several pairs of oyster-catchers were evidently preparing to breed. I went up the creek, hearing water-ousels on the way, and finally emerged from a deep cañon, through which the water rushed, leaping down here and there in cascades, and in some places under ice and snow. Just before reaching the foot of the basin I turned up the south ridge, keeping in the woods in order to get high on the mountain slopes and keep my wind above any bears that might be feeding below, as it was blowing strong up the basin. I reached the top of the ridge at 1 p.m. The other side sloped

¹ See Bibliography, 44.

down to a creek flowing from another basin, and at that point led abruptly up to the great mountain on the south side of the basin I was to enter. Coming out of the timber, I was at the foot of a conical hill two hundred feet high and very steep; the top was covered with thick, stunted, impenetrable spruce, which extended ten feet down the slope and continued around it through a depression to more open timber beyond, where the hill joined the main mountain. I climbed this hill diagonally, looking on fine, red-tipped grass for bear tracks, but saw none. On reaching the spruces I passed around the edge of the trees, holding on to the branches for assistance in walking around the incline.

I went high up and tramped along the mountain-side. The basin was beautiful, with high, rough mountains encircling it; the air was filled with the rumble and roar of numerous snow slides; starting high up, near the crests of the surrounding mountains, and appearing like immense cataracts, the snow dashed over cliffs and fell through ravines until it slid in great masses over the smoother ground below, piling up in huge mounds as it stopped. I noticed many marmots about, some sitting up, some running about the snow near the mountain tops. At different points high up in the snow bear tracks were visible. Reaching a good look-out, I waited until five, watching carefully on all sides, but nothing appeared.

Then I retraced my steps along the slope and reached the conical hill around which I had passed earlier in the day. I was circling near the top, holding on to the spruce branches with my right hand, while the butt of my rifle, with the barrel pointing behind me,

was resting over my left elbow. I had proceeded in this way a few steps when suddenly I saw, about eight feet away, on the curving border of the spruces, running directly at me, what appeared to be a huge bear. I had just time to push forward the butt of my rifle and yell when the bear collided with me, knocking me down. It seemed to turn slightly to the left as I pushed my rifle into it, and I clearly recall its shoulder striking my left hip, its head striking just above my left knee, while its claws struck my shin so that it is now black and blue. I had the sensation of one about to be mauled and mutilated. As I fell my rifle dropped, and in my confusion I grabbed with my left hand the animal's fur, and I remember having a quick, foolish thought of the small knife in my pocket.

The bear was, I believe, more surprised than I. I felt its fur slip through my hand as it quickly turned to its right, and, swinging about, ran back over the hill without any attempt to bite or strike me. Rising as the bear wheeled, I picked up my rifle and shot as the animal was disappearing. The bullet struck it, evidently high in the back. Immediately I took up its trail, followed it down into the woods and on the flats for over an hour, and at last lost the impressions on hard ground. Its tracks showed that it had kept running for more than a mile, and then settled down to a walk on the timbered ridges, continuing to a flat country below. For the first mile I noticed at intervals considerable blood on the leaves of brush and trunks of trees about three feet up from the ground, but afterwards saw no more.

Who will believe this remarkable incident? Cer-

tainly if another had related it to me, I might have thought it some mistake owing to excitement.

Twice I have had the good luck to see the action of a bear when it crossed unexpectedly the fresh trail of a man—once in Mexico, and again last summer, on the MacMillan River, when a bear crossed Selous's trail. In both cases the bear jumped in great fright and ran at full speed. In this case, when the bear met me, I was approaching the top of the hill by the simplest, in fact the only easy, route, along the edge of the thick spruces. My trail, made earlier in the afternoon, came over the hill from the north side. I found that the bear had ascended from a direction diagonally opposite, and had reached my trail near the top just as I was approaching; running, it kept its course in the same direction, and took the natural route around the hill, close to the spruces, in order to enter the woods farther on, where they were not so thick, or to make for the mountain. At this exact moment I happened along, but, concealed by the curve of the spruces, and with the wind blowing from the bear to me, it did not suspect my presence until I yelled at the moment of collision. The fact that it did not maul me, and ran so quickly, is positive proof of its having been completely surprised. Still, I do not care to repeat the sensations I experienced at that moment."

Here is an account of another adventure which Mr. Sheldon had while bear-hunting, which he relates in the same book. "It was a quarter-past eleven when I first saw the bear, and for nearly two hours I waited, watching it from the beach. The old bear kept gradually moving around the slope up toward the basin, feeding all the time. It occurred to me

that perhaps female bears with cubs had to feed longer than others to keep up the milk supply. Finally, in order to hold them in sight, I had to go some distance through the woods and climb a ridge to the foot of the clear slope above timber-line. While doing this I noticed a fairly well-beaten bear trail parallel with the coast, just inside the woods. Arriving at the foot of the slope, I saw the old bear feeding opposite, high up, just under the snow-line, not a quarter of a mile above me, and noticed for the first time that the *cub was limping*. It was the identical bear and cub I had seen on May 8th, and they had kept travelling daily to this point, circling every basin, always high up, on or just below the snow, crossing the successive mountain tops, as I learned later by observing their trail in the remaining basins. Again I failed to understand their extreme caution. It was with eagerness that I watched the bear, now so near, and how I longed to come within shot!

She kept picking up grass, and every little while would stop to dig out a mouse, when the cub would always run up to her, smell about, and watch her with great interest. Every few moments up went the mother's head, swinging sidewise back and forth, to sniff the air; and then, for the first time, I saw that she constantly looked about with extreme caution. By the way she pricked up her ears she evidently suspected some sound—that of a bear, I think—from the direction of the basin, for she repeatedly looked at one point. Twice as the mother stood still I saw the cub attempt to nurse, but it was immediately cuffed away. Finally the old bear fed along more rapidly, often crossing bands of snow which extended well down

the slope, sometimes digging down into the snow for a mouse, until at last she began to travel without stopping to feed, always ascending higher. Once she was obliged to descend slightly in order to pass around the foot of a cliff, and there, turning upward, she disappeared at the point where the spur curves to form the basin. Deciding on what seemed my only chance, I started to climb diagonally, so as to keep the bear above me and allow the wind, blowing strong at a right angle to my line of ascent, to carry my scent below her.

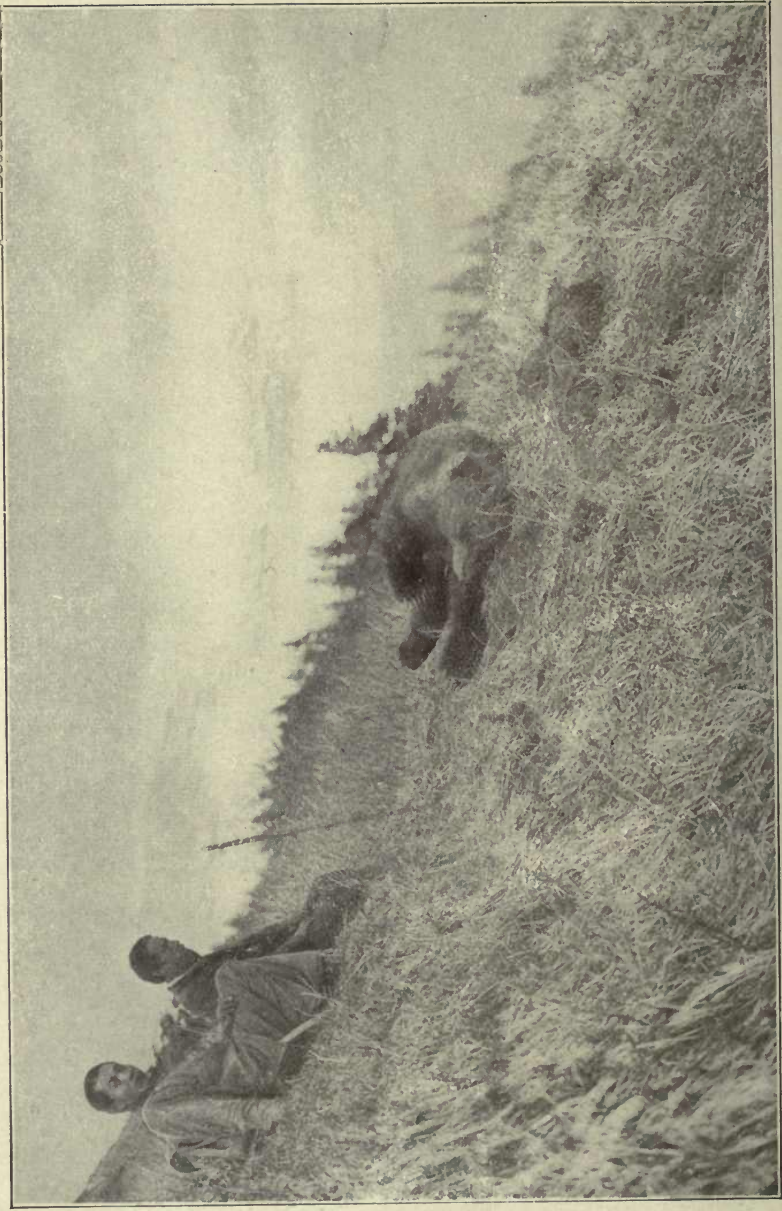
Now I was on a beautiful, clear pasture slope leading directly to the basin, while all about the surface were very fresh bear diggings, showing that a bear was regularly feeding there; and it was a matter of great regret that I was obliged to proceed along it with the wind, and thus perhaps frighten off this other bear that might be feeding or resting beyond. I circled up under the cliffs to the point where the bear was last seen, and found that on the other side the slopes were very high, rocky, and broken with cañons and gorges; nor could I see the bear. I felt that in such a rough country it would be impossible to keep her in sight, and that, as she was travelling, my chances were gone. I went a short distance along the slope to the first gorge, which was filled with snow extending clear up to the snow-line above. *No bear track had crossed it.* I took out my glasses and examined all the snow above; still no bear tracks! Then I knew that she was lying down somewhere directly above me, in the space between the cliffs and the gorge, concealed in one of the clumps of stunted spruce close to the snow-line. I immediately started upwards,

but found the ascent very difficult. The slope became so steep and precipitous that I could scarcely climb and keep my footing, and had to assist myself by leaning forward and using my left hand, while the rifle remained, uncocked, in my right. I could not risk the noise of using the butt as a staff. The space within which the bear must be lying was not two hundred feet wide, and it became intensely exciting to work upward under such disadvantages, expecting at any instant to see her rise up. Besides, the fact that she had a cub with her made me feel somewhat uncertain of her temper.

Step by step I ascended over the wet grass and moss as noiselessly as possible, stooping every few feet to take breath, until at last I reached a point twenty feet below the snow-line. Suddenly, coming up from a bunch of low, stunted spruce to my right, on a slope so steep that it seemed almost perpendicular, and not a hundred feet away, I heard a low, moaning sound. I could see nothing, but cocked my rifle, and with the greatest caution crept slowly upward a few feet, then carefully lifting my head, I saw the cub pushing its head into the body of its mother. The mother, stretched at length in a slight depression among the spruces, was indistinctly visible, and I saw that her left forefoot was raised. The cub was nursing. It seemed excited with hunger, and moved its head about in a mild frenzy, all the time bawling in a low, strange tone.

The ground was so steep and so slippery, because of melting snow, that I was lying on my left side, holding on as I could with my left hand, while my feet could hardly get enough support to keep me from

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slipping, as I held the rifle with the other hand. Quickly I lowered the butt of the rifle to the ground, slowly moved my feet about, and fortunately felt some small stones in such a position as to give me support and allow me to release my left hand so that I could handle the rifle.

I must have made a slight noise, for just at that moment the bear suddenly half rose, her head turned in my direction. I quickly fired at her foreshoulder. With a whoof and a jump she came to her feet, and I fired again. In savage fury she slapped the point where the bullet had struck, rushed a few feet in the direction away from me, then a few up and a few down, all the time whoofing in pain or fright, and looking for the enemy in the *opposite direction*. The cub remained in the spruces bawling. While the old bear was rushing back and forth I fired three more times, and at the fifth shot she dropped for a moment in some low spruces. As I rapidly pushed in a fresh clip of cartridges she began to roll downward, over and over, bounding up and down with the increase of momentum, until five hundred yards below, where the slope was not so steep, she was stopped by thick salmon-berry brush. I knew she was dead before she began to roll."

Another account of an adventure with a bear appears in Mr. Charles Sheldon's volume of exploration in the Upper Yukon.¹ It is specially interesting for the picture it gives of the food-hunting methods of the bear. "I had seated myself and turned my field-glasses toward the south range. Suddenly within the field, two miles distant, appeared four sheep feeding on the saddle

¹ See Bibliography, 45.

below the peak of a spur connecting with the range. More careful scrutiny proved them to be ewes. My first sight of the northern mountain-sheep ! At last we were in the sheep ranges ! As we had eaten no good meat except a few grouse and ptarmigan for eight days, and our bacon was being rapidly consumed, I immediately began to stalk, walking, as rapidly as possible down the west slope of the divide on soft, mossy ground, in some places miry and filled with willows. Now and then I paused to watch the sheep, which kept feeding quietly in the same place. At the northern end of the spur, then opposite me, the slope breaks, forming a cliff several hundred feet high, traversing the end of the mountain east and west. This cliff curves at the eastern extremity, cutting the smooth slope which, at the brink, rises steeply in a succession of benches to the top of the spur-mountain. The spur encloses a beautiful basin of rolling meadows in an amphitheatre of mountains.

I started to climb at the west edge of the cliffs, thereby keeping out of sight of the sheep. After climbing perhaps three hundred feet I looked up under the precipice, and at its base suddenly saw a grizzly bear walking on some snow toward the curving cliff where it cuts the east slope. Quickly dropping, I almost slid to the foot, where I could conceal myself in the willows along the stream flowing from the basin. As the bear proceeded I advanced parallel with it for about a hundred yards, until it climbed over a steep snow-bank to the top of the cliff and stood on the edge of the east slope. As it ascended this snow-bank I noticed a small cub playing about it. It was then 10 p.m. The bear stood for a moment on the highest bench

at the edge of the cliff, about five hundred yards above me, and began to dig out a ground squirrel.

Ground squirrels (*Citellus plesius*) were everywhere. All the pastures and mountain slopes were filled with their holes, and one was continually in sight of them, sitting straight up on their hind legs or running for their burrows. The most characteristic sound of the higher parts of the northern wilderness is their shrill chatter when they see a supposed enemy approaching or when they disappear in their holes.

Through the glasses the bear could be seen digging, making the earth fly in all directions. At times she would sit and dig, again rise and strike the ground in apparent anger, twist around, watch for a moment, and then begin digging again. The squirrels always have several holes, connected by underground channels, and the bear kept digging out one after another, now and then making a jump to the next, evidently knowing that the squirrel was about to run out. Then she would again dig, until finally the squirrel was pocketed, and the bear made a great pounce and grabbed it with both forepaws. As her back was turned, the operation of devouring her prey could not be seen. While the bear was digging for the squirrel the cub raced about, now sitting still a moment, then jumping up and running off playing, quite indifferent to the mother's task.

After spending twenty minutes digging and tearing out the hard earth until she caught the squirrel, the bear stepped to the edge of the cliff, took a long look below, started quartering down the slope, and disappeared. The wind was in my favour, so, after waiting five minutes, I started. The way was very steep, and

because of the succession of benches it was impossible to see more than twenty or thirty feet above each one after it was reached. Holding my rifle cocked, expecting to meet the bear close as I came to the top of each bench, I climbed one after another, always very slowly to keep my breath for a steady shot, until I arrived on the last, when I saw the bear slowly walking along the upper surface of the basin close to the mountain-side, about three hundred yards off. She kept an irregular course, often pausing and looking for ground squirrels. I followed rapidly, trying to gain, but always stopping when she stopped, ready to drop low if she faced in my direction. After gaining a hundred yards I sat down, rested my elbows on my knees, and aiming at her left hind quarter as she paused, fired, and heard the bullet strike her. She jumped, turned, and stood with forelegs extended forward, apparently panting. The cub at once began to run about bawling. The bear dropped to a sitting posture for a moment and then rose. I fired a second shot at her foreshoulder, and heard the bullet strike her. She gave a great jump, and stood until a third shot was fired, when she fell, kicked once or twice, and was dead.

The cub was still running about crying, and I went slowly toward it, intending, if possible, to capture it. When within fifty feet the cub saw me. It ran around, looking at me with great curiosity, sniffing again and again, approached a few feet, then continued to run back and forth. Finally, as I kept coming closer and closer, it stood on its hind feet, placed its forepaws on the dead mother, and began spitting at me. I stooped low and crept within six feet, ready to place a noose, made from my belt and the straps from the kodak and

field-glass, over its head, when suddenly it pushed forward its nose, sniffed at me several times in terror, turned, and rushed up the mountain slope. I started to pursue, but it distanced me so rapidly that the chase was soon given up."

Hunting the polar bear is a much more serious business, as this account of Mr. Harry Whitney's experiences with the Eskimos in the Arctic region will show.¹ "After a few hours of hard work bear tracks were sighted. We gave chase, but they soon turned into rafted, broken ice, so rough that further progress in that direction with the sledges was impossible, and we were forced to turn back.¹ Presently, on a large pan of smooth ice, we came upon the tracks of a number of bears, but all were so old that the dogs failed to catch a scent, until at dusk we fell again upon a fresh trail. Here the animals took the scent and were off on a dead run. It was highly exciting. Not a sound broke the dead silence save the panting of the dogs and the occasional bump of the sledges over small lumps of ice.

Ilabradou and his dogs, not far behind, was quite invisible through the cloud of steam that arose from the bodies of the heated dogs; I could not make them out, in fact, until they drew close alongside Oxpuddy-shou. Every moment now I hoped for a shot at the bear, but disappointment came again. Suddenly the trail, like the other one we had followed, turned into rough ice, and thickening darkness compelled us to relinquish the chase.

Here we camped. The Eskimos, fearing they might be attacked by the bear as they slept, placed their

¹ See Bibliography, 7.

rifles alongside their sleeping-bags with elaborate preparation for defence.

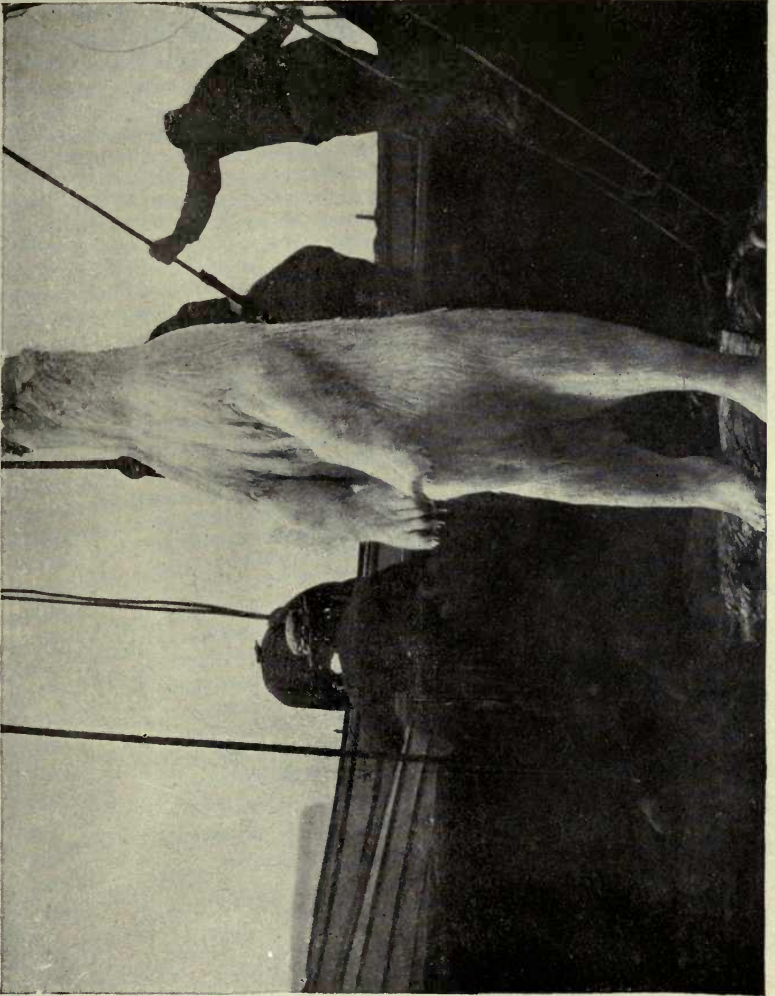
As for myself, the night's prospect was miserable ; my feet and hands were already numb with cold, and my sleeping-bag, at best too small, now frozen hard with moisture from my body, refused to admit me. My tent, completely covered with a crust of frost, was hardly more comfortable than the open.

Under these conditions I slept but little, and was indeed thankful when morning came and the Eskimos were astir. My thermometer was gauged to register only to fifty degrees below zero, and there the marker stood. How much colder it was I cannot say. My nose and cheeks were frozen, and my feet so numb Oxpuddyshou removed my boots and thrust both feet under his birdskin shirt to warm them with the heat of his body.

We had crossed nearly the whole face of Humboldt Glacier, and not far away lay Cape Webster. Dog food was nearly exhausted, the ice beyond was piled in a rough, impassable mass, and it was decided to turn back to Annotok.

On our back trail the travelling was hard and slow. The dogs were tired. I walked the greater part of the time in a vain endeavour to keep my feet warm. A light north wind cut through and through, and no amount of physical exertion could overcome its effect.

Near Cape Scott two white foxes were startled, and darted away. A few ravens had been seen, but not another living thing was encountered in the one hundred and fifty miles traversed in search of bear. The whole world seemed frozen and dead, save only our own struggling selves, as we toiled southward over the white wastes.



HOISTING A POLAR BEAR ON BOARD.

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Below Cape Scott, Kulutinguah joined us. His hunt had been rewarded with one small bear and one deer, and he was ready to go back. Here another miserable camp was made, followed by another day of suffering. As I walked my nose was again frozen, and presently the tips of the fingers on both hands turned white. Then my feet, painful and aching with the cold, suddenly lost all feeling, and I knew that they too had frozen. But there was nothing to do but push on and endeavour to reach Annotok as quickly as possible.

When we camped at the end of that day's march the Eskimos pulled off my boots to find the bottoms and heels of both feet frozen, how badly they could not tell. They thrust them under their shirts and rubbed them briskly until the frost was removed. Then I drew on my socks, and they instructed me to pull on my boots without a moment's delay, for had I left them off for even a little while my feet would have swelled to such an extent that I could not have got the boots on again.

The hardest part of winter travelling in the Arctic is the fact that no artificial heat can be had in camp to overcome the intense and continuous cold.

When the march was begun in the morning my feet were so sore that I could walk but little, and I had to forgo, therefore, the exercise of running, and sit on the komatik wrapped in deerskin. The Eskimos lightened one of the sledges that the dogs might haul me over rough places, but riding under these conditions was anything but a pleasant experience.

For two days I was unable to make entries in my journal, but it was the same story of intermittent rough and smooth going, miserable camps, and unvarying cold.

Words cannot express my relief when one night after dark we reached Annotok, and the little box shack, warm and cosy, seemed to me the most comfortable place it had ever been my experience to enjoy.

My feet were so badly swollen that one boot could only be removed by cutting it away. Both feet were blistered, and some flesh pulled off, but I was thankful to find that the toes were uninjured.

Thus ended my first bear hunt in the Arctic, unsuccessful and disappointing, but certainly eventful."

A small rifle, a revolver, a knife, and an axe between four men are hardly sufficient equipment for hunting the polar bear, yet these were the only weapons possessed by Mr. J. W. Tyrrell and his companions when they encountered the bears. What happened is told in Mr. Tyrrell's book of exploration in the sub-Arctics of Canada, and is sufficiently thrilling to reproduce here¹: "We were a small detachment of explorers, travelling at the time in the little steam-launch of a scientific expedition, and occupied in the geographical determination of a group of hitherto unknown islands. The personnel of our party, without giving full names, was as follows: the doctor, who occupied a position in the stern of the boat and acted as steersman; Mac, who, contrary to orders, had smuggled a small rifle on board, and come with us for sport; Con., an able seaman from Newfoundland, and myself.

The reason for orders having been given by our commander to take no rifles with us was doubtless that we might not allow sport to interfere with the object of our commission. Beside Mac's single-shot

¹ See Bibliography, 20.

rifle, I had in my belt a 38-calibre S. & W. revolver, and these two arms, a knife, and an axe constituted our defences. But no special thought was given to these things as at six o'clock on that summer morning, in the shadow of the Arctics, our little expedition steamed away on its mission, following and mapping the various points and bays of the rocky shore, and giving all attention to our work as we ploughed through the cold, blue waters.

Before we had proceeded many miles it became necessary to go ashore in order to obtain fresh water for the boiler of the launch. Accordingly, observing what appeared to be a little cascade falling over broken cliffs into the sea, our course was shaped towards it ; but before we could gain the shore our purpose was for the time forgotten, because of the sudden appearance, only a few yards ahead, of two polar bears—a large one and her cub—swimming in the water.

Mac and I quickly took our position in the bow and opened hostilities, but on account of the roughness of the sea and the tossing of the boat the shots were ineffective, and so far as the old bear was concerned an opportunity was not afforded for repeating them. Quick as a flash she disappeared, leaving her fleecy cub paddling about on the surface.

Though the engine of our boat had been stopped, the momentum carried us on rapidly past the little swimmer, which was about the size of a half-grown sheep. As we passed, Con. seized Master Bruin and endeavoured to land him on board ; but in this he, perhaps fortunately, failed, and was prevented from pursuing his ambition by the sudden appearance from the deep of the enraged mother, who, with a roar,

made a plunge for the stern of the boat, where the doctor was seated, and seized the gunwale in what were afterwards described as her 'devilish-looking jaws.'

To say that this sudden turn of events was a surprise to us all but feebly describes the expressions depicted upon the faces of our party. With the other occupants and the engines between us and the bear, Mac and I were unable to fire a shot. 'Con. came to the rescue, and with several desperate thrusts of the iron-pointed gaff he persuaded the bear to release her hold, when, with the engine again running, the separation was effected, but not before we had learned an interesting lesson regarding the habits of the polar bear.

As a matter of discretion, the lesson of experience, the boat was now kept at a safe distance from the bears. Several shots were fired, one or two slight wounds being inflicted on the mother; but as fast as the little one could travel, though no faster, they maintained a steady course for the nearest point of land. Apparently nothing would induce the mother to forsake her little one, and though wounded herself her whole anxiety seemed to be for her offspring. Sometimes she would swim a short distance in advance, but only to return in a moment, as if to urge on the little creature to greater exertion.

The shore was soon gained by the swimmers, who then beat a rapid retreat up the rocky cliffs and disappeared among the distant hills. As they fled the exhibition of motherly affection shown by the old bear was very remarkable and pleasing. She would never allow the cub to be separated more than a few feet from her, and would govern her own pace to suit that of her 'bairn.'"

CHAPTER XV

AMONG THE COWBOYS

THE cowboy of twenty-five years ago was superior in the matter of dress and accoutrements to those of today. His glory departed with the opening up of the country by railways, and he is now to be found practically only in the "Wild West" companies of the various showmen. One of the best descriptions of the old-time cowboy is given by Mr. Thomas Carson in his reminiscences of ranch-life¹: "In those days the cowboy's saddle was gaily decorated with masses of silver, in the shape of buttons, buckles, and trimmings, etc. Likewise his bridle and bit; his spurs were works of loving art from the hands of the village metal-worker, and likewise heavily plated with silver. The rowels were huge but blunt-pointed, and had little metal bells attached. His boots cost him near a month's pay, always made to careful order, with enormously high and narrow heels, as high as any fashionable woman's; his feet were generally extremely small, because of his having lived in the saddle from early boyhood up. He wore a heavy woollen shirt, with a gorgeous and costly silk handkerchief tied loosely round his neck. His head-covering was a very large grey

¹ See Bibliography, 46.

felt hat, a 'genuine Stetson,' which cost him from five to twenty dollars, never less. To keep the big hat in place a thong or cord is tied around and below the back of the head instead of under the chin, experience having proved it to be much more effective in that position. His six-shooter had plates of silver on the handle, and his scabbard was covered with silver buttons. It should be said that a saddle, such as we all used, cost from forty to sixty dollars, and weighed generally about forty pounds, not counting saddle-blankets. Sometimes the saddle had only one cinch, or girth, generally two, one of which reached well back under the flank. Such heavy saddles were necessary for heavy work, roping big cattle, etc. The stirrups were then generally made of wood, very big and broad in sole and very heavy, sometimes covered with tapaderos, huge leather caps to save the feet from thorns in heavy brush and protect them from cold in severe weather.

To protect our legs we wore over the trousers heavy leather chaparejos, sometimes of bear or buffalo hide. Let it be noted that a genuine cow-puncher never rolls his shirt-sleeves up, as depicted in romancing novels; indeed, he either protects his wrists with leather wristlets or wears long gauntlet gloves. Mounted on his favourite horse, his was a gay cavalier figure, and at the 'Baillie' he felt himself to be irresistible to the shy and often very pretty Mexican *señoritas*. There you have a pretty faithful picture of the cowboy of twenty-five years ago.

It remains to say something of the 'shooting irons.' In the days of which I write there was no restriction to the bearing of arms. Every man carried a six-



ONE OF THE "BOYS"

To face p. 264.

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shooter. We, and most of our outfit, habitually carried a carbine or rifle, as well as the smaller weapon. The carbine was carried in a scabbard, slung from the horn, under the stirrup-flap, and so under the leg. This method kept the weapon steady and left both arms free. By raising the leg it was easily got at, and it interfered in no way with the use of the lariat (La Riata). The hang of the six-shooter required more particular consideration; when needed it would be needed *badly*, and therefore must be easily drawn, with no possible chance of a hitch. The butt of a revolver must point forwards and not backwards. We ourselves did not go the length of wearing three belts of cartridges and two six-shooters, but two belts were needed—one for the rifle and the other for the smaller weapon. Some of the boys were always getting into scrapes, and seemed to enjoy protracted fights with the Mexicans. There must be no flap to the scabbard, and the point must be tied by a leather thong around the thigh to keep it in correct position; and, of course, it was hung on the right side and low down on the hip, so as to be easily got at. Only when riding fast was a small loop and silver button passed through the trigger-guard to prevent the gun from jolting out and being lost. The chambers were always kept full, and the weapons themselves in perfect working order. Very 'bad' men tied back or removed the trigger altogether, cocking and releasing the hammer with the thumb, or 'fanning' it with the left hand. This permitted of very rapid firing, so that the 'aar would be plumb full of lead.'

As an instance of quick shooting, two of our neighbours had threatened to kill each other at sight, and

we were all naturally interested in the results. When the meeting did take place, quite unpremeditated, no doubt, each man saw the other about the same instant, but one of them was just a little the quicker, and put a bullet through his enemy's heart. It was a mortal wound, of course; but before the unlucky man fell he was also able to 'get his work in,' and both fell dead at the same instant. This was no duel. The first to fire had the advantage, but the 'dead' man was too quick for him and he did not escape."

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who was for eight years President of the United States of America, knows from personal experience the arduous life of a cowboy.¹ That it is anything but the easy, romantic one writers of fiction love to depict will be seen from his description of a cattle "round-up": "Usually the night watch passes off without incident, but on rare occasions the cattle become restless and prone to stampede. Anything may then start them—the plunge of a horse, the sudden approach of a coyote, or the arrival of some outside steers or cows that have smelt them and come up. Every animal in the herd will be on its feet in an instant, as if by an electric shock, and off with a rush, horns and tail up. Then, no matter how rough the ground nor how pitchy black the night, the cowboys must ride for all there is in them, and spare neither their own nor their horses' necks. Perhaps their charges break away and are lost altogether; perhaps by desperate galloping they may head them off, get them running in a circle, and finally stop them. Once stopped, they may break again and possibly divide up, one cowboy, perhaps, following each band. I have

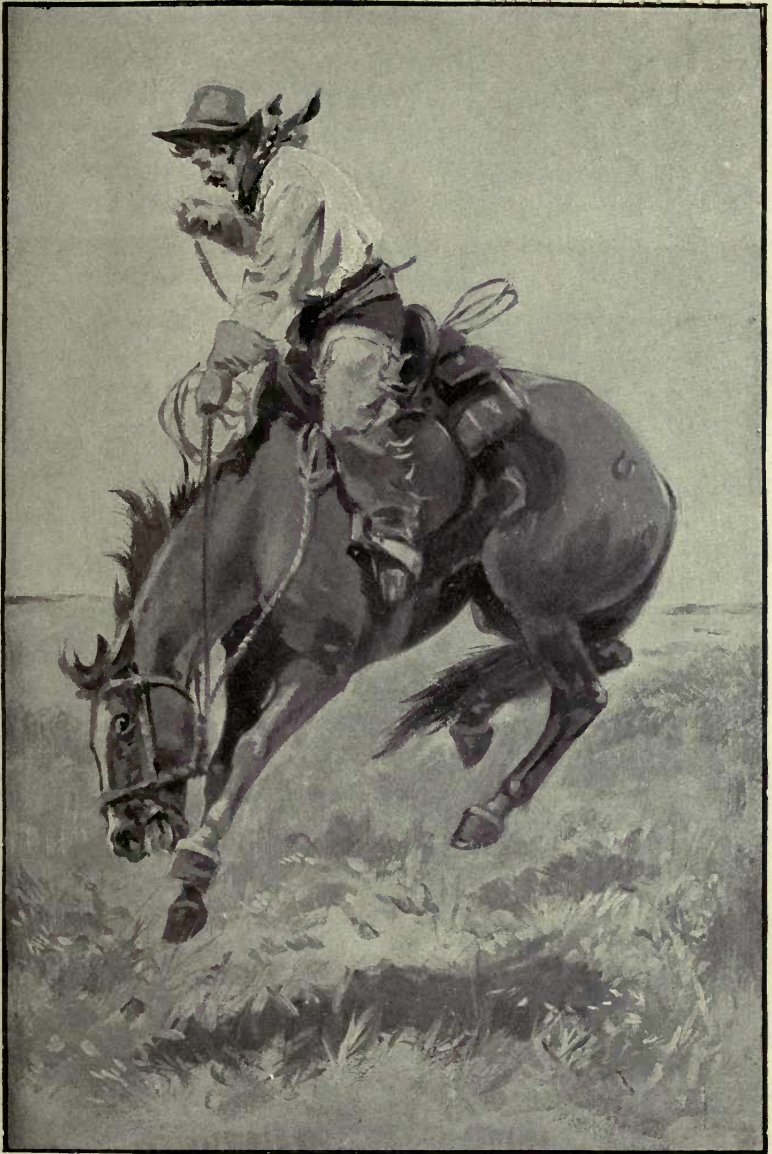
¹ See Bibliography, 47.

known six such stops and renewed stampedes to take place in one night, the cowboy staying with his ever-diminishing herd of steers until daybreak, when he managed to get them under control again, and by careful humouring of his jaded, staggering force, finally brought those that were left back to the camp, several miles distant. The riding in these night stampedes is wild and dangerous to a degree, especially if the man gets caught in the rush of the beasts. It also frequently necessitates an immense amount of work in collecting the scattered animals. On one such occasion a small party of us were thirty-six hours in the saddle, dismounting only to change horses or to eat. We were almost worn out at the end of the time, but it must be kept in mind that for a long spell of such work a stock-saddle is far less tiring than the ordinary Eastern or English one, and in every way superior to it.

By very hard riding such a stampede may sometimes be prevented. Once we were bringing a thousand head of young cattle down to my lower ranch, and as the river was high we were obliged to take the inland trail. The third night we were forced to make a dry camp, the cattle having had no water since the morning. Nevertheless, we got them bedded down without difficulty, and one of the cowboys and myself stood first guard. But very soon after nightfall, when the darkness had become complete, the thirsty brutes of one accord got on their feet and tried to break out. The only salvation was to keep them close together, as if they once got scattered we knew they could never be gathered; so I kept on one side and the cowboy on the other, and never in my life did I ride so hard, as

with whip and spurs I ran the pony along its edge, turning back the beasts at one point barely in time to wheel and keep them in at another. The ground was cut up by numerous little gullies, and each of us got several falls, horses and riders turning complete somersaults. We were dripping with sweat, and our ponies quivering and trembling like quaking aspens, when, after more than an hour of the most violent exertion, we finally got the herd quieted again.

On another occasion while with the round-up we were spared an excessively unpleasant night only because there happened to be two or three great corrals not more than a mile or so away. All day long it had been raining heavily, and we were well drenched ; but towards evening it lulled a little, and the day herd, a very large one of some two thousand head, was gathered on an open bottom. We had turned the horses loose, and in our oilskins cowered, soaked and comfortless, under the lee of the wagon, to take a meal of damp bread and lukewarm tea, the sizzling embers of the fire having about given up the ghost after a fruitless struggle with the steady downpour. Suddenly the wind began to come in quick, sharp gusts, and soon a regular blizzard was blowing, driving the rain in stinging level sheets before it. Just as we were preparing to turn into bed, with the certainty of a night of more or less chilly misery before us, one of my men, an iron-faced personage whom no one would ever have dreamed had a weakness for poetry, looked towards the plain where the cattle were and remarked, ' I guess there's " racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea " now, sure.' Following his gaze, I saw that the cattle had begun to drift before the storm, the night guards being evidently unable to



A "BRONCO-BUSTER" AT WORK.

To face p. 268.

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cope with them, while at the other wagons riders were saddling in hot haste and spurring off to their help through the blinding rain. Some of us at once ran out to our own saddle-band. All of the ponies were standing huddled together, with their heads down and their tails to the wind. They were wild and restive enough usually, but the storm had cowed them, and we were able to catch them without either rope or halter. We made quick work of saddling, and the second each man was ready away he loped through the dusk, splashing and slipping in the pools of water that studded the muddy plain. Most of the riders were already out when we arrived. The cattle were gathered in a compact, wedge-shaped, or, rather, fan-shaped, mass, with their tails to the wind—that is, towards the thin end of the wedge or fan. In front of this fan-shaped mass of frightened, maddened beasts was a long line of cowboys, each muffled in his oilskin slicker, and with his broad hat pulled down over his eyes, to shield him from the pelting rain. When the cattle were quiet for a moment every horseman at once turned round with his back to the wind, and the whole line stood as motionless as so many sentries. Then if the cattle began to spread out and overlap at the ends, or made a rush and broke through at one part of the lines, there would be a change into wild activity. The men, shouting and swaying in their saddles, darted to and fro with reckless speed, utterly heedless of danger—now racing to the threatened point, now checking and wheeling their horses so sharply as to bring them square on their haunches, or even throw them flat down, while the hoofs ploughed long furrows in the slippery soil, until, after some minutes of this mad galloping hither and thither,

the herd, having drifted a hundred yards or so, would be once more brought up standing. We always had to let them drift a little to prevent their spreading out too much. The din of the thunder was terrific, peal following peal until they mingled in one continuous, rumbling roar, and at every thunderclap louder than its fellows the cattle would try to break away. Darkness had set in, but each flash of lightning showed us a dense array of tossing horns and staring eyes. It grew always harder to hold in the herd, but the drift took us along to the corrals already spoken of, whose entrances were luckily to windward. As soon as we reached the first we cut off part of the herd and turned it within, and after again doing this with the second we were able to put all the remaining animals into the third. The instant the cattle were housed five-sixths of the horsemen started back at full speed for the wagons; the rest of us barely waited to put up the bars and make the corrals secure before galloping after them. We had to ride right in the teeth of the driving storm, and once at the wagons we made small delay in crawling under our blankets, damp though the latter were; for we were ourselves far too wet, stiff, and cold not to hail with grateful welcome any kind of shelter from the wind and rain.

All animals were benumbed by the violence of this gale of cold rain: a prairie chicken rose from under my horse's feet so heavily that, thoughtlessly striking at it, I cut it down with my whip; while when a jack-rabbit got up ahead of us, it was barely able to limp clumsily out of our way."

Mr. Carson, in his reminiscences of ranching in Arizona, gives a vivid picture of the work on a

ranch some thirty odd years ago.¹ "At a reasonable price we had bought out another cattleman, his ranches, cattle, and saddle-horses. As required by law, we also adopted and recorded a cattle brand. Our first business was to brand our now considerable herd, which entailed an immense amount of very hard work. This in later years would have been no very great undertaking, but at that time 'squeezers' and branding 'chutes' were not known. Our corrals were primitive and not suited for the work, and our cattle extraordinarily wild and not accustomed to control of any kind. Indeed, the men we had bought out had sold to us for the simple reason that they could not properly handle them. The four-legged beasties had got beyond their control, and many of them had almost become wild animals. These cattle, too, had very little of the 'improved' character in them. Well-bred bulls had never been introduced.

Some of the bulls we found had almost reached their allotted span—crusty old fellows indeed, and scarred in many a battle; 'moss-heads' we called them, and the term was well applied, for their hoary old heads gave the idea of their being covered with moss.

Most of the cattle had never been in a corral in their lives, and some of the older steers were absolute 'outlaws,' magnificent creatures, ten to twelve years of age, with immense spreading horns, sleek and glossy sides, and quite unmanageable. They could not be got into a herd, or if got in would very soon walk out again. Eventually some had to be shot on the range like any wild animal, simply to get rid of them; but they at least afforded us many a long and wild gallop.

There was one great steer in particular, reckoned to

¹ See Bibliography, 46.

be ten or twelve years old, quite a celebrity, in fact, on account of his unmanageableness, his independence and boldness, which we had frequently seen and tried to secure, but hitherto without success. He had a chum, another outlaw, and they grazed in a particular part of the range far from the haunts of their kin and of man. Three of us undertook to make one more effort to secure him. At the headquarters ranch we gathered a herd of cattle and we proposed to try and run the steer in that direction, where the other boys would be on the look-out and would head him into the round-up. Two of us were to go out and find the steer and start him homewards ; I myself undertook to wait about half-way, and when they came in sight to take up the running and relieve them. They found him all right about twenty miles out, turned him, and started him. No difficulty so far. He ran with the ease of a horse, and he was still going as he willed, without having the idea of being coerced. Meantime I had been taking it easy, lolling on the ground, my horse beside me with bridle down. Suddenly the sound of hoof-beats and a succession of yells warned me to 'prepare to receive cavalry.' Through a cleft in a hill I could see the quarry coming at a mad gallop directly for me, the two men pounding along behind. I had just time and no more to tighten girth and get into the saddle when he was on me, and my horse being a bit drowsy, it needed sharp digging of the spurs to get out of the way. I forget how many miles the boys said they had already run him, but it was a prodigious distance, and we were still eight miles from the ranch. The steer was getting hot, it began to suspect something, and to feel the pressure. As he



DRAGGING A LAZO'D CALF.



PIALARING A LAZO'D CALF.

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came down on me he looked like a mountain ; his eyes were bright, he was blowing a bit, and looked particularly nasty. When in such a condition it does not do to overpress, as, if you do, the chances are the steer will wheel round, challenge you, and get on the fight. Much circumspection is needed. He will certainly charge you if you get too near, and on a tired horse he would have the advantage. So you must e'en halt and wait—not get down, that would be fatal—wait five minutes, it may be, ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour, till the gentleman cools off a bit. Then you start him off again, not so much driving him now—he won't be driven—but guiding his course towards the herd. In this case we succeeded beautifully, though at the end he had to be raced once more. And so he was finally headed into the round-up. But, dear me ! he only entered it from curiosity. No round-up for him, indeed ! No corral, and no going to market ! He entered the herd, took a look round, a sniff and a smell, and was off again out at the other side as if the devil was after him, and indeed he wasn't far wrong. The chase was abandoned, and his Majesty was doomed later on to a rifle bullet wherever found.

Our principal, and indeed only, corral at that time was of solid stone walls, a 'blind' corral, and most difficult to get any kind of cattle into. While pushing them in each man had his 'rope' down ready to at once drop it over the horns of any animal attempting to break back. Thus half our force would sometimes be seen tying down these truants, which were left lying on the ground to cool their tempers till we had time to attend to them ; and it is a fact that some of these individuals, especially females, died where they

lay, apparently of broken hearts or shame at their subjection. They showed no sign of injury by rough usage ; only their tempers, rage, and chagrin were responsible for their deaths.

Inside the corral, everything, of course, had to be roped and thrown to be branded. It was rough and even dangerous work, and individual animals, again generally cows, would sometimes make desperate charges, and even assist an unfortunate 'puncher' in scaling the walls. In after-years we built proper corrals, and in the course of time, by frequent and regular handling, the cattle became more docile and better mannered."

CHAPTER XVI

ADVENTURES IN TIBET

THE traveller who ventures into Tibet very soon finds out that the inhabitants have a strong objection to his presence. For this reason very few explorers have succeeded in getting very far into the country, and seldom has one been successful in securing an interview with the Dalai-Lama. Visconte D'Ollone had this experience, and he gives an interesting account of the meeting in his book of travel in China and Tibet.¹ He says: "The Dalai-Lama was seated upon a throne, which stood upon a raised platform. Facing him an arm-chair had been placed for me; all about the room his councillors stood erect. The god-man wore a short tunic of yellow silk, orange trousers, and boots of a bright yellow, of the form peculiar to the Tibetans; about his neck was a red scarf. His head was bare; his hair clipped short, but not shaven; he wore a moustache, and his features were absolutely European in type. One might well have taken him for some French officer had it not been for his complexion, which was neither brownish-black like that of the Tibetans and Mongolians nor yellow like that of the Chinese, but of a true orange colour, which gave a striking and

¹ See Bibliography, 48.

peculiar aspect to a face which was otherwise so similar in type to our own.

I offered the Living Buddha a *khata*, in accordance with the curious ceremonial prescribed. This immense scarf, some ten feet in length, had been previously rolled up from either end towards the centre, thus forming two parallel rolls, which I held upon my hands, the latter being pressed together. At a slight movement of the fingers the two rolls fell downwards, unrolling and suddenly displaying their brilliance. The Dalai-Lama immediately responded to this offering by that of a similar scarf.

My presents were then laid before him, and in return he offered me ten pieces of the precious red cloth of Tibet and ten bundles of sticks of the famous Tibetan incense.

The Dalai-Lama is supposed to know all languages without having learned them ; however, as my interpreter ironically remarked, it apparently pleases him to conceal the knowledge, which does not make intercourse easy, I spoke in French ; my interpreter translated my words into Chinese ; a lama repeated them in Mongolian ; and another, bowing before the man-god, transmitted my words to him. He replied in a low voice ; then the same series of translations brought me his august reply. It was truly a miraculous thing, but the replies very nearly corresponded to the questions, and it was not absolutely certain that we did not understand one another.

He questioned me as to my travels in Tibet, and expressed his regrets at the barbarity of the nomads, who refused to obey him, and also his sorrow at learning of the murder of the missionaries. He reminded me



COMMANDANT D'OLLONE OFFERING THE SCARF OF FELICITY TO THE
DALAI LAMA.

To face p. 276.

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that he had formerly sent rich presents to the son of the King of the French—Prince Henri d'Orléans. When I rose to take my leave he offered me another scarf ; then, at a sign from him, a lama brought him yet another, even larger and finer than the first, and the god-man, presenting it, begged me to bear it, as a sign of his friendship, to our emperor !

The interest of such a visit, as may be imagined, does not lie in the remarks exchanged, which are necessarily insignificant. What was of interest was the aspect of this divine incarnation before whom a notable fraction of the human race bows down. Was he a monk pickled in sanctity, or a mere puppet, intentionally besotted since infancy by those who surrounded him, or a strong and remarkable personality?

The two first hypotheses must emphatically be rejected. Not only does the Dalai-Lama speak and act as a man habituated to command, but there is nothing of the monk in his manner nor even in his clothing. He is a vigorous man, with a soldierly face and figure, and the sight of him explains his unexpectedly adventurous career. Among the lamas who surrounded him I noticed many faces of a Hindoo type, full of refinement and intelligence.

On the following day the Dalai-Lama took the road for Peking. From daybreak thousands of camels, led by Mongols, filed down the mountain, carrying his baggage. There followed groups, always at shorter intervals and always more and more numerous, of Tibetans, Mongols, and lamas.

At eight o'clock a gun was fired, and from the open doors of the upper pagoda issued a double file of lamas robed in red ; they took up their positions all

along the monumental stairway of marble which led to the summit. Finally, amid the detonation of salutes, a glittering group appeared; followed by his high dignitaries, clad in capes of cloth of gold, the Dalai-Lama slowly descended the staircase, supported on either hand by two young priests. The file of lamas already in position on each step of the stairway began to advance in step; it was as though the stairs themselves were descending, bringing the divine procession from the sacred heights.

At the foot of the hill, in the midst of an innumerable crowd which had gathered from all directions, the Dalai-Lama was awaited by a *tao-tai*, or governor, a general, two prefects, and numerous squadrons of cavalry, sent by the Peking Court to escort the pontiffing. This little army began to march. The Dalai-Lama, at first carried in a chair of yellow silk, resembling that of the Emperor, soon emerged from it in order to mount on horseback, in the midst of his Tibetan guard, and the whole cortège, with trumpets sounding, set off at a rapid pace.

All that day I travelled with the Living Buddha, sometimes mingling with the cortège, sometimes drawing aside to enjoy and to photograph the pageant. At the entrance of every pagoda the monks were drawn up to salute the Lama; he halted to receive their homage, and this multitude of prelates, mandarins, and Chinese and Tibetan soldiers, assembled in those singularly beautiful surroundings, composed on each occasion a picture of incredible strangeness and beauty. When the march was resumed, when the pageant of all that royal pomp swept through the solitary valley, when the trumpets sounded as though to tell the rocks, the

pinces, and the mountains what sacred host it was that passed, I admit that I was filled with a religious emotion ; and in spite of the Far-Eastern colour and the taint of modernism introduced by the rifles, I seemed to see the People of God marching past the foot of Sinai."

The following quotation from Captain M. S. Wellby's record of a journey through unknown Tibet will give an idea of the difficulties in the way of travel in that country : " We had not marched very far with our two guides before they pointed out to us two roads. One road continued down the valley we were in for a few more miles, and then turned up to the left hand along another nullah. The second road led over the hills into the same nullah, cutting off a corner. We had already discovered that with baggage animals the longest way round is the shortest way there, or in other words, that a dozen miles of level marching is easier for them, and takes less out of them, than half a dozen miles of steep climbing, which almost invariably did harm to one or more animals. We therefore sent on the mules to make the detour, while we ourselves cut across the hills. Even during this short climb we saw both ovis ammon and goat, and hitting off the nullah before the arrival of our caravan, we sat down by the stream that wound its way to the main one, and, having found some dry droppings, made our fire and the water boil.

As time wore on we began to grow anxious about our caravan, and suspected that something adverse must have happened. We were just about to retrace our steps when the leading mules made their appearance

† See Bibliography, 49.

round the corner, and in less than an hour we were once more amongst our followers. The only deficiency was the absence of the two guides, who, having pointed out this route, had refused to go any farther.

Now we saw the folly of having left our caravan even for that short period, for had we been present we should never have allowed the guides to leave us in that fashion. We now began to suspect there was something in the wind, and decided that our best plan would be to march as far as we could and perhaps avoid contact with anybody.

Our road, unfortunately, began to wind too much to our left, and, not wishing to run the risk of taking our animals in the wrong direction, we called a halt, resolving to explore farther ahead, and find out whether there was not some other nullah that ran more eastwards before launching forth the whole of our caravan along an uncertain route.

Shortly after we had unloaded, and while the animals were picking up what little grazing they were able to get, our two guides suddenly reappeared, accompanied by several other men, and during the evening others continued to flock in from Rundore. We invited the headmen to our tent, and endeavoured to persuade them to allow some one to show us the way to Mangtza-Tso. At first they would not hear of such a proposal; they denied the existence of any road, and even hinted at opposing us. Thereupon we adopted fresh tactics, and quietly told them that if such were their game we should retrace our steps down the nullah we were in and march down the main nullah right through the Rundore district on to Lhasa. This produced a consultation, resulting in their willingness to show us a

road that would take us direct to Mangtza-Tso. Everything was finally settled agreeably to both sides, and we became friends for the time being.

On their departure from our presence, we were congratulating ourselves upon the good fortune that continued to follow us, when, to our astonishment, some officials from Rudok rode in in hot haste, and throughout the night and following morning we constantly heard fresh arrivals, the rapid jingling of the bells which were hung round the ponies' necks proclaiming how hurriedly they were riding. It was dark, and we could hear men's voices from the stream that ran down the centre of the nullah, while we ourselves had encamped close to the mountain-side. We could see they had lit some fires and were sitting and standing around them, occupied in eager conversation. From the light of the flames we could see their matchlocks standing up against one another on the ground. Our hopes, which only a short time before had been so sanguine, had now received a severe blow, and we wondered, yet guessed, what the intentions of these men might be.

In order to solve this mysterious gathering we sent and invited the chief men to our tent. Two of them were before very long ushered in by Esau, intelligent-looking fellows enough, and open to hear all we had to say, yet staunch in their determination to obstruct our further march onwards up the nullah we were in. Threats, bribes of money and goods, as well as every other kind of argument, entirely failed to carry any weight with these Rudok officials, for they very wisely remarked that 'if we allow you to go this road, we shall for such an act of disobedience undoubtedly lose

our heads, whereas if we stop you we shall receive a reward.' They maintained that they would rather risk being killed in attempting to oppose us than meet with certain death for negligence of their work in letting us go through. Argue as we might, nothing would alter their determination, namely, that the only road open to us was back by the road we had come. It was by this time growing late, and the officials took leave of us.

Throughout the still night we could hear the loud talk and peals of laughter that rang out from the groups of men who had bivouacked by the stream.

At daybreak we discovered that more men had swollen the gathering, but nevertheless we began to load up as usual, and having distributed our sporting rifles and guns amongst our muleteers, tried to impress upon them the necessity of having to fight our way through should we meet with opposition.

A few hundred yards from our encampment, in the direction in which we were anxious to go, was a stone wall, built probably as a shelter against the wind, and behind this the Rundore and Rudok men had taken up a position, and from their demonstrations it was evident that they did not intend to let us go by easily.

As soon as our last mule had been loaded and we had begun to move towards the wall, our opponents rushed forth and began to drive our animals back, meeting with little or no resistance from our faint-hearted followers, who had no pluck to face superior numbers, whose actions and feelings were those of fanatics. A loaded revolver pointed at a few paces distant at the chest of one of them had no other result than to induce the man to tear aside his garment, and



A TIBETAN VILLAGE.



TIBETAN HORSEMEN.

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12

showing his bare flesh, point to us to shoot at it. Such frenzied determination on the part of these Tibetans proved to us that we should never make any headway in the desired direction, and that our only chance of being able to do so would have been to shoot the most determined of our obstructionists. But inasmuch as we had not started on the expedition with the remotest inclination to shoot Tibetans, we stayed our hands. Even supposing we had shot some of them, it would have been a very hazardous step to have risked a serious scrimmage on our very frontier. We also reflected upon the results of such an affair ; not only would it bar any future travellers from peaceably entering the country from this direction, but we ourselves would be pestered for many days to come by an increasing fore of Rundore and Rudok men following in our rear.

Therefore, after we had been driven back some distance and were left alone again, we pitched a fresh camp with the intention of remaining another day, in hopes that something or other would turn up in our favour. Perhaps we might get round these officials after all, or perhaps others of more influence would in the meantime arrive from Rudok and allow us to go the way we wanted when they became convinced that we had no intention of making an attempt on Lhasa.

Such were our faint hopes as we commenced unloading, for we dreaded beyond measure the very idea of having to recross the Napu La a second time, being alone dependent upon ourselves for doing so.

Throughout the morning we tried every means we could think of to be allowed to march up this nullah, which they called Kerambutabuk. The officials in-

formed us that no other Englishmen had ever been there before, and that, had their men, whose duty it was, been properly on the look-out, we ought never to have been permitted to come so far. These officials were quite reasonable and sensible men, and hoped we would not fight, for they said that war between the English and Tibetans would result in consequence.

It was a very cold and raw day we spent in this Kerambutabuk nullah, and most of the time, too, sleet was falling. The only noise we heard, besides an occasional sudden blast, was the firing off of the Tibetan matchlocks farther up the valley and the tinkling bells on the ponies of fresh arrivals as they trotted past a few hundred yards from our tents. There had been so much ringing all day long that, by the end of the day, quite a small army had been amassed.

We told our friends that we wished to go into Turkestan, but the upshot of all our war meetings ended in our having to retire by the same way we had come, namely, over the Napu La, thence northwards to the frontier pass called Lanak La. They agreed to give us four men to show us the way as far as Lanak La, but did not see the force of giving us any help with our transport."

Captain H. H. P. Deasy spent some three years exploring Tibet and Chinese Turkestan.¹ He had many adventures, two of which are reproduced from the record of his travels: "One very annoying episode of the journey was the straying of many of the animals from the vicinity of Camp 31, involving the loss of another day whilst most of the men went in search of the missing steeds. By the next morning the eleven best

¹ See Bibliography, 50.

mules and ponies were still missing, a condition of things which we erroneously ascribed to the desire of the caravan men to retard our advance. Having left Ramzan and two men to look for the mules, we went on with as much baggage as could be carried, and camped on the other side of a low pass to the south of the lake close to Camp 31, hoping that this plan would act as an incentive to Ramzan and his two companions to recover the mules speedily. During this march we followed for most of the way a freshly used trail, but whether ponies or kyang had last used it we could not be certain, nor were the caravan men able to enlighten us owing to the common belief that the natives of this country could not afford the luxury of shoes for their ponies.

We were not left long in doubt of the presence of inhabitants, for early in the morning of the second day after we had left Camp 31 Nurdin arrived with the news that the day after our departure a few Chukpas had suddenly visited camp, and, having seized and bound the two men, had looted the baggage. Fortunately, photographic films, packed in hermetically sealed tins, containing half a gross each, were not considered of much value, matches, rice, and suttoo being more prized by the Chukpas. I have but little doubt that the guards left behind were far too frightened when the robbers appeared to offer any resistance, for only two visitors were seen and no mention was made of any attempt on the part of Ramzan or Nurdin to protect the baggage. As there was still no news of the eleven mules, we now very naturally considered that the Chukpas were in possession of them, and we promptly held a council of war to settle the best plan of opera-

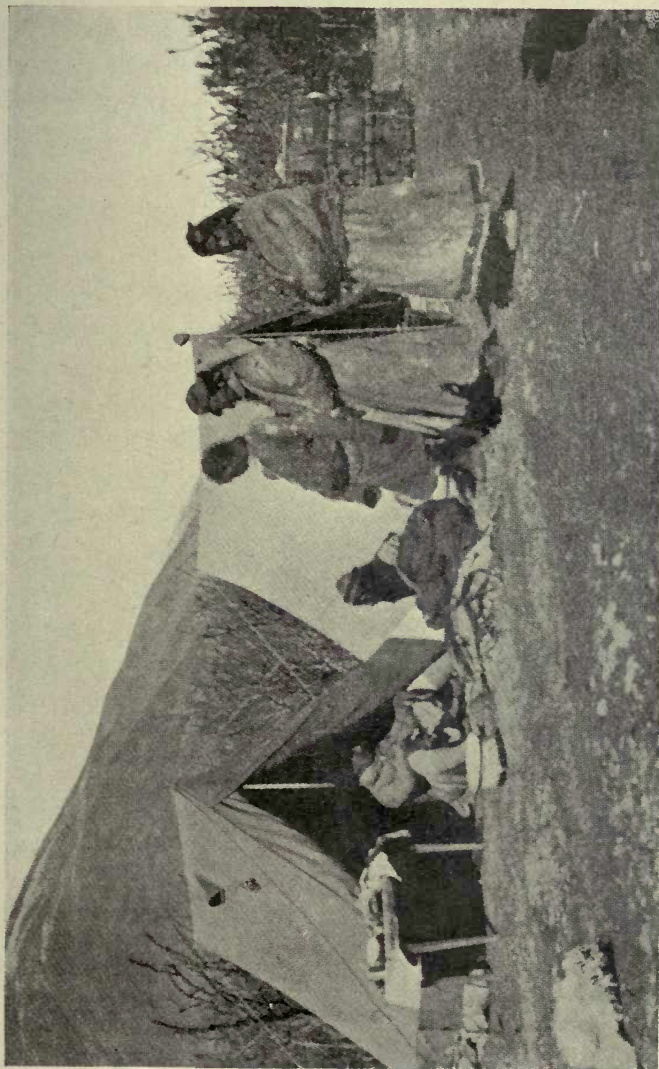
tions to regain the food stolen from camp as well as the much-prized and indispensable beasts of burden. As the missing animals were undoubtedly the best we had and free from sores, it was considered far more likely that they had been stolen than that they had strayed, notwithstanding their well-known propensity to stray even when in the midst of good grazing.

As there was evidently an enemy hanging about in this neighbourhood, we held a council to concert measures for the recovery of supplies and transport. Though the general disposition of our company was not warlike, we came unanimously to the decision that the Chukpas must be found and compelled to make restitution. Pike and I had revolvers, and in the camp there were eight magazine carbines and a shot-gun; but besides ourselves the only men capable of using these weapons were Leno, Sanman, Utam Singh (a Sikh), Changfunchuk (an Argun), and Dass (the Hindu cook), who had courage enough for the discharge of the shot-gun, but was incapable of using it with the necessary deliberation. So far as fighting was concerned, it mattered little that a considerable number of our men were absent, looking for the lost mules. Pike undertook the search for the marauders, and chose as his companions Utam Singh, a man who could be relied on, and Changfunchuk, who was a good shot. To my lot fell the duty of remaining in camp for the defence of the property which still remained to us. At Camp 31 we had left some baggage, and for the recovery of this Leno, Ramzan, Sanman, and two caravan men, with sixteen animals, set out to accompany Pike as far as our old quarters. There was some ground for thinking that our movements were being

watched by the Chukpas, who, not improbably, would make another inroad when our number was reduced. I did not wish any such intention on their part to be frustrated, and as the route between the two camps was not difficult I instructed Lenu not to return till after dark. The fighting strength remaining with me was thus reduced to Tara Singh (an old Sikh) and Dass, the Hindu cook. I next ordered look-out sentries to take up a position close to the camp, where the mules and ponies had been tied up, and sent out two men, one to keep the loose ponies from straying and to bring them back in the evening, the other to look after the sheep. These two men performed their work satisfactorily, but the sentry on duty at night could not keep awake. About half-past two in the morning I strolled round to see how things looked, and finding that the tied-up mules and ponies had been allowed to break loose, I had to dispatch other men in search of the animals and to undertake in person the work of sentry.

At daybreak I was relieved from my post by Tara Singh, whom I had stationed on a neighbouring hill, whence he could see our camp and also the track to Camp 31. The old man's head, formerly black, had recently assumed its natural grey colour, being deprived of the dye which had supplied the lustre of youth. Having some hope of a visit from the Chukpas, I ordered all the men except the sentry, the shepherd, and the man with the loose ponies to remain in their tents; but my hope was disappointed, and in the afternoon Tara Singh announced that he saw Pike on the way back to camp. I hastened to meet him, and soon learned the result of his expedition. After

ascertaining that the Chukpas had returned to Camp 31 and taken more of our supplies, he had pushed on rapidly, following their track till he came in sight of their tents. Then he reconnoitred the position and bivouacked for the night in a small nullah, where he would escape observation. Next morning, before daylight, he proceeded to pay a surprise visit to the Chukpas. On the way there was a stream to be forded, and Utam Singh without hesitation leaped with him into the ice-cold water and waded across. Changfun-chuk, however, was deliberate in his proceedings, waited on the bank, took off his boots, and then crossed at his leisure, so that, in spite of emphatic remonstrances by Pike, he secured a position well in the rear and free from immediate risk. By the time it was daylight they had reached the Chukpas' camp, and found that the inmates were on the move. The approach had been accomplished so stealthily that the Chukpas were quite unsuspecting, and when one of them stepped out of his tent and found Pike standing at only a couple of yards' distance, presenting a revolver at his head, he stared in surprise, and then ran off. Here were found the rice, suttoo, and other provisions of which we had been robbed, but there was no sign of the lost mules. Other Chukpas' tents were standing not far off, and it seemed expedient to retire at once with the recovered stores. Pike thought it prudent also to deprive the owner of the tent of arms and ammunition, and as security for the mules which were not recovered he seized two fine ponies. Some may be inclined to pity the poor nomads and to condemn Pike's proceedings as harsh; but it has to be considered that we were entirely dependent on our sup-



PIKE QUESTIONING TIBETANS.

To face p. 268.

plies for our life, and that beasts of burden were indispensable for transport. Successful robbery perpetrated on men in these circumstances is little better than murder, and it was undoubtedly our duty to protect ourselves and those dependent on us.

We lingered in the neighbourhood for several days searching for the missing animals, but without success. They had evidently been taken far beyond our reach, and, as it was impossible to carry all our luggage without them, we had to consider what could be abandoned with least risk to ourselves. Of the mules still left, four died at this place, so that we had many pack-saddles and jhools which were now clearly superfluous. The beautiful Berthon boat which, with much trouble, we had brought thus far was not indispensable ; there were camp-beds and chairs which, in the circumstances, we condemned as luxuries, and altogether a considerable reduction of the weight to be carried was found practicable. But though we were obliged to abandon these things, we were by no means disposed to make them over to the Chukpas, to whose malpractices the necessity for parting with them was largely due. We therefore regretfully consigned them to destruction. Whatever would burn we reduced to ashes, and of the costly pile soon nothing remained but unattached metal fittings and half-consumed leather.

On the morning of the third day from our arrival here we resumed the journey. Pike started early, and several hours afterwards, when the mules and ponies had returned from watering at the nomad camp and Ramzan had reported all present, I set out alone. Going in a straight line to strike the route which had been

pointed out to me, I reached, in about five hours, a pool of muddy water, which I supposed indicated the spot intended by the Tibetan for our camping-ground. After a light repast of bread and meat with muddy water, I set out to climb the adjacent mountain, hoping to obtain a good view from the top ; but here the prospect was interrupted by other hills, and it was not till I had climbed another and then a third summit that I could survey the region. Through the clear mountain air I could see in the far distance kyang and antelopes, but neither near nor far off were there any signs of mules or ponies. Water, as I understood, could only be found on the proper route. There was abundance of water at the spot where I had halted, and I could not suppose that I had taken the wrong course. I filled my bottle from the pool and started to look for the caravan. It seemed most probable that it was moving along a neighbouring valley which I hoped to cross before daylight failed. I pushed on, but could see no living thing except kyang, which inquisitively circled about me ; and before I had gained the near side of the valley darkness overtook me. The place was bleak and barren, producing not even the familiar boortza, which would have served at least for fuel. I had no food, and no drink but muddy water, I could light no fire for warmth or for signal, and in these circumstances I had to face the unpleasant fact that I was lost.

My first thought was to seek protection from the cold wind in some dry watercourse, where I might sleep till the moon rose ; but this purpose had to be abandoned owing to the lowness of the temperature, which chilled me and kept me awake. In the course

of our journey we had recently descended about a thousand feet, and as the air at the lower level was of course much warmer than at the greater altitude, I had temporarily discarded a good deal of my woollen underclothing, and had even laid aside my gloves. Consequently I was exceedingly sensitive to the cold night air, and to prevent complete stagnation of the blood was obliged to keep moving on. Feeling hungry, I tightened my belt and then wandered on in the dark up the valley. I shouted often, and now and then fired a shot in the hope of attracting attention, but echoes were the only reply. After some hours the moon rose, and I had sufficient light to search for the track of the caravan. I ascended to the narrowest part of the valley, crossed and recrossed it, and made a minute examination, but there was no indication that the caravan had been there. This was exceedingly disappointing, and made it necessary to change my course. I was now tired, somewhat footsore, and very hungry; but to avoid frostbite and other evils I was obliged to continue my exertions. I had then, as always, the chronometer watches in my belt, but I never carried a compass, lest it should affect the watches. I had therefore to guide my course by the stars; but as the night was clear, I had no difficulty in making sure of my direction. My only physical comfort was the water-bottle; its contents were muddy, but to a parched mouth an occasional sip was refreshing. I felt thankful to Providence that my fellow-traveller, Pike, was a man worthy of absolute confidence, whom I knew nothing would induce to leave the neighbourhood till I was found. This assurance kept up my spirits, and I sought a short cut over the hills to the point from which

I had started at dusk. The moon was often hidden behind mountains, then it disappeared altogether; the way was dark and rough, but I stumbled on, generally only half-erect, sometimes falling over stones or sudden inequalities of the ground. Occasionally I had to rest for a few minutes, but the cold wind chilled me to the marrow. The minimum temperature registered at the camp on that night (August 28th) was 22° F., a temperature low enough to cause keen discomfort to one thinly clad, hungry, and facing a stiff mountain breeze. I have often, in other circumstances, watched for daybreak and welcomed the rising sun, but never before with such anxiety as on that morning. In the grey dawn I reached the spot whence I had set out to search for the caravan, and, resting a few minutes, I looked down the broad valley and thought I could discern through the morning haze the smoke of our camp fire. In this case the wish might easily be father to the thought, but as I gazed more intently the vapour partially dispersed, and I was certain that the appearance of smoke was no illusion. The distance, however, was several miles, and as I was weak through fatigue and hunger I had frequently to halt. The tall column, rising vertically from the camp fire through the peaceful morning air, was full of interest, suggesting food and rest and every comfort. As I plodded on my eyes were fixed upon it, and so absorbed was I in its contemplation that it was almost a surprise when, about half-past eight, I saw Pike and one of the caravan men on mules close beside me. They had brought, among other supplies, the favourite restorative—a mixture of rum and water. This proved highly beneficial, and I remarked that, for one in my

weakened condition, the proportion of spirit was judicious, and did not err on the side of too much, to which Pike laughingly retorted that even in my weakened condition I liked my liquor strong, for the bottle had contained more rum than water. Having had a hearty breakfast of cold meat and biscuits, I climbed the mule that Pike had ridden and, with feelings of relief and general goodwill, rode back towards camp. About eleven o'clock we approached the caravan, where most of the men were seated round the fire. They came streaming out, salaaming to me and expressing their hopes that I had not suffered much from spending a night in the open air. Towards them, however, my gratitude was not overflowing. I replied that my absence seemed to have caused them no anxiety, and that they evidently cared nothing for their sahib so long as they were supplied with food and other comforts."

CHAPTER XVII

LOST

ONE of the greatest disasters which can happen to the traveller in a strange land is to lose his way. While it is almost impossible without actual experience to realize what it means, Mrs. Campbell Praed's vivid description of a tragedy in the Australian bush will give some idea of the terrible sufferings sometimes endured¹: "A woman, her husband, a mate, and a child started from a tiny bush township, to which they had come in coaster and bullock-dray to look for work. They had 'humped bluey' and were 'on the wallabi track,' in Australian vernacular, which means that they walked and carried with them their earthly goods on the men's backs, rolled up in a blue blanket. Of course they were 'new chums'—and very new ones—or they would have taken water-bags. But they did not, and very soon they got thirsty; and they were in sandy gum-bush—nothing round them but stringybark and grass-trees, which is a sign of bad country, and no water anywhere. The child cried and became heavy in the woman's arms; it was a toddling thing of two or three, and had to be carried except for small spells, when it walked, supported by its mother's

¹ See Bibliography, 51.

hand. They went on through the flat forest of gums—I know the country—the ground whitey-brown and hard, the grass hard, too, and brown also, the gum-trees lean and lanky, with hard, greyish leaves that whizz in the scorching wind like plates of tin. On to the limbs and stems of the trees there clung strange ghosts of grasshoppers, pallid and motionless ; the cast-off husks of locusts, which, vigorous now in their new casing, make a maddening, metallic whirr in the upper foliage. And the grass-trees ! What weird things they are, with their uncouth black trunks and dreary bunches of a gigantic kind of grass, out of which arise brown cones, long and slender and about the size and thickness of a black's spear. One might fancy them a scattered cohort of monstrous beings, standing with weapons poised. There are dead twigs strewn the earth, and fallen logs, and, in patches, a wiry undergrowth, peopled with curious insects—if one stopped to look : for instance, the brown praying mantis, its arms upraised and hands folded, beseeching grace. Here and there is a big ant-bed, with little trails extending on every side as the streets of tombs went out of ancient Rome—for in an ant-bed in the bush one may find a likeness to the great old cities and the dead empires of the world ! The ants made their raids in search of food and thirst of conquest. The Romans did the same.

The men, 'humping bluey,' had no ideas of that kind ; they only thought of finding water. But there was not a sign of even a dry gully or hidden spring. All was parched and arid, a brassy sun overhead.

The men were sure there must be a water-hole somewhere near, and proposed that they should explore

for it, while the woman and child remained on the track. The two disappeared among the gum-trees, and the woman and her baby waited. Some time passed, the men did not come back, and the woman grew frightened. She fancied that she heard her husband calling, and supposed that he was not able to see her in the labyrinth of gums. She moved a little way, but was afraid to leave the child lest it should wander out of sight. By and by it cried itself to sleep. No angel descended, as to Hagar in the wilderness, and the poor woman, desperate with terror, thirst, and anxiety for the child, determined to go herself and look for water.

So she tied the sleeping child to a gum-sapling with a piece of cord she had with her, and set out on her quest. She walked on through the forest; it seemed to her certain that she would easily find her way back. Had she been a bushman, she would have marked the trees and so 'blazed a track.' But that did not come into her mind. The thickening trees closed her in all alike, not a landmark to guide her, and after a while she knew that she was lost in the bush.

The men on their fruitless search for water were lost too; they had taken no precautions either, and were without a compass to give them any clue to their position. For a day and a night they roamed in the bush, and at last found themselves again at the little township. Search parties were sent out for the woman and child, and very soon, by the side of the track, the child was found; but the horror of the thing was that the soldier ants had attacked the defenceless baby, and before it died the poor mite had gone through the

torture to which Red Indians used sometimes to condemn their enemies. Its skin was literally eaten, and they buried what remained under the gum-sapling to which it had been tied. In the meantime the mother, perishing with thirst, had been found by a shepherd near the township. He brought her there, and she told her story. The search party returned, and a black boy, riding ahead, met her and blurted out the news of what they had discovered. On hearing it the woman lost her reason, and died soon afterwards in the asylum of the district."

Captain Gambier during his seventy odd years of adventurous life once had the unpleasant experience of being lost in the Australian bush. In telling the story of the adventure he justly pays tribute to the remarkable intelligence of his horse, which alone saved him from a terrible death.¹ He says: "Though I had looked Death in the face many times before, and frequently since, I never felt such a disinclination to come nearer to him as I did when I lost my way in the bush. I had gone out with the stockmen to bring in cattle from a distant part of the station, but had to return to the head station for a horse, my second animal having fallen with me coming down a steep hill, spraining his fetlock. I felt no doubt I could find my way back alone, and this I succeeded in doing, for, acting on the advice of the stockmen, I left it a good deal to the horse. I got to the station late in the evening, having ridden close on sixty miles—under me one of the most wonderful horses I had ever seen—a roan called Badger, who on a previous occasion had carried me close on a hundred and ten

¹ See Bibliography, 9.

miles in twenty-four hours. As I owed my life on this occasion to this animal's marvellous endurance and intelligence, I will briefly describe him. He stood about fifteen hands, had a coarse, Roman-nosed head, an eye full of fire, shoulder perfect in form, a neck like a bull's, short, flat legs, cow-kneed, his body abnormally long, his back hollow, his quarters of immense strength, with a girth of a drayhorse. He seemed to have some specialized breathing apparatus in lieu of lungs, for he could gallop—fairly fast—for hours, up hill, down hill, over rock, dead timber, and heavy grass ; in fact, I never saw the man he could not tire out. His skill in collecting cattle was equal to anything human : he would wait for the charge of a bull or an infuriated cow—much the more dangerous of the two—and then step aside with all the coolness of a great matador. He was perfectly quiet and good-tempered. His reputation spread far and wide, and, in consequence, he was 'stolen out of our paddock and was ridden for a long time by a celebrated bushranger called Wingey, who was captured and hanged, when old Badger came back to Ravensworth.

But to return to my story. Early next morning, having got a second horse and some food for the day, I started off to find our camp. But by midday, having eaten my food, I found I had lost all trace of the track and that I began to recognize nothing. I rode on and on, climbed some hills I had never seen before, and towards dusk gave it up as a bad job for that night ; for I had been riding, off and on, for over eleven hours, leading my other horse by a halter, which was tiring work. So I hobbled the horses, off-saddled, and lit a big fire. It was a brilliant night and the country

lay spread below me in primæval silence, save every now and then for the distant wolf-like bark of a dingo. With my saddle under my head I was soon asleep, and slept soundly until the morning, when I awoke desperately hungry. I caught both the horses, saddled up, and began to cast about where to go next. I reasoned with myself that it was best to find my way back to the head station rather than plunge farther into unknown regions ; but, above all, it was necessary to reach water, so I followed down the first gully I could find.

This I did for a few hours, but began to think I must be on the western watershed, and thus travelling away from the station instead of towards it. So I resolved to try and find my old track and return to Ravensworth on it ; and, knowing that, in a general way, the camp where we had pitched our quarters bore about north-west from the head station, I tried to ride south-east now. This, as long as the sun was low, was easy enough, but as it got vertical it was by no means easy to keep on the bearing ; and I had no watch on me—the best compass in the world when you know its use. I was beginning to feel tired for want of food and water, but still rambled on through the same eternal scrub and open patches, the same everlasting gum-trees, shrivelling in the blazing sun, and looking like mangy olives.

On and on, on and on, the led horse frequently going one side of a tree, myself the other, necessitating turning my horse and getting him in line again—wearisome when every ounce of strength seems ebbing away. I had now got down into what seemed an interminable plain, thinly wooded and almost bare of grass, the

heat as the day grew on seeming to take on a visible, tremulous reality, the leaves of the trees hanging down, apparently dead, not a sound anywhere except the foot-fall of two horses. When the sun was in its meridian I got off and lay down under the thickest tree I could find. Overhead I heard a scraping noise and wondered what it was, and, looking up, caught the bright, round eye of an opossum scratching his claws in the gum-tree. How I thirsted for his blood! But I had no means of either catching or killing him. I lay so still he almost touched me as he came down and skipped off to another tree, and I was sorry when he went; at least, he was some kind of companion. But what roused me from a stupor into which I was undoubtedly falling was a pungent, aromatic smell, which I had not before noticed, growing stronger and stronger as some unfelt wave of air brought it to my nostrils. I sat up, wondering what it could be, and looking about, saw, a few yards off, an advancing column of the red soldier ant of the bush. I instantly got on my feet with a feeling of horror, for I remembered the dead barkeeper of Canoona and the sight of a dead man's bones, picked as white as snow, which I had once seen somewhere else. I knew, too, that these ravenous insects do not wait for the death of their prey, for I had seen them swarming over an unfortunate cow, lying with her back broken at the bottom of a gully, her mouth, eyes, nostrils full of the all-pervading horror. I saw myself in the same plight, overmastered by millions of these scourges, my eyes pierced by their terrible jaws, and my breath choked. And doubtless it was a providential discovery in time; for had I fallen asleep I see no reason for doubting

I should have been attacked. I braced myself up. Any death was better than this ; even a black snake would be infinitely preferable, with an end in five minutes.

I moved off and stood thinking, and then had an inspiration. Why not leave it to Badger? I called to him ; he was cropping the scanty grass a few yards away, the led horse tied to his girths. The animals came up, and I verily believe old Badger understood, for there was a look in his eyes of almost human sympathy as he rubbed his forehead on my chest. I crawled up on his honest back, lay the reins on his neck, and signed to him to move on ; talk I could not. To my surprise he turned off exactly in the opposite direction from whence we had come, heading again north. But I let him go ; he was an extraordinarily quick walker, the led horse having frequently to break into a slow trot. He got to the hills, up one, as steep as the side of a house, down a long valley, turning sharp to the east at the bottom of it, and it was impossible not to see he knew where he was going. But night came on again, and he slackened his pace and began to look about him, and I thought he was at fault or could not be sure of his track in the dark. So I got off him, hobbled him, and tied the led horse to a tree with as long a halter as I could. I think Badger was never twenty yards away from me all that night, remaining close at hand like a loving dog and quietly cropping what grass he could get. I spent a night of great pain, my vitals seeming drawn together, and I chewed grass and buckled my belt as tight as it would go. I think I must have been nearly mad, for every imaginable horror crossed my mind, and all the events that brought me to this

pass rose up before me like voices in the night. But, strange to say, I slept again, and in the morning actually felt fresher. My hand was very painful from holding the halter, but I thought nothing of it, and, unhobbling old Badger, I managed to get on his back and again gave him his head. We had completely changed places. But the other horse had got loose, and I could see him nowhere. This did not greatly affect me, though during the night I had several times thought I might try and kill him and eat his flesh. But I dismissed the idea as too brutal, and I thought I saw in his disappearance that an escape from such cruelty had been sent. However, we had not travelled a mile before the poor beast came whinnying up to us, rubbed his nose on old Badger's, and looked into my face. How little the faithful creature knew the murderous thought I had been harbouring against him ! I caught the halter and he dropped contentedly alongside, and, silent and dejected, we three jogged on. But I believe it was my confidence in Badger's instinct to find either water or the way home that supported me all through the next terrible and trying day. I need not attempt to describe the pangs I was suffering : thirst and hunger have been too often portrayed to make anything one could say new. I was simply dead beat, my brain growing cloudy, and I knew I was sinking into indifference ; and I can hardly remember anything until, towards evening, I saw a curl of smoke, a long way off, but still unmistakable, and my spirits rose. I tried to urge on my good old horse, and he responded. I was in terror now lest I should fail to reach to where the smoke lay or lose sight of it in the fast falling gloom. As to what it might be

—white man's camp or black's resting-place—I cared nothing, though the latter might very possibly have ended in a spear or a knobstick. For any fate was better than death by starvation, and I pushed on. It is impossible to describe my joy when, in the fast-darkening night, I saw the white gleam of a long line of fence and heard the bark of some clever dog collecting sheep: a far sweeter sound to me than would have been the voice of an archangel singing all the pæans of heaven. Following the fence, I soon came to a shepherd's hut, a woman standing at the door, a small child clinging to her skirts. She made no sign of welcome, but stood gazing fixedly at me—I learned afterwards she thought I was a bushranger—and I could not speak for the dryness of my swollen throat. As I rode up I pointed to my mouth, and the truth dawned on her, for she came and helped me off my horse—for I could hardly move—and brought me milk and, later, some food. My troubles were over."

It is no joke to be lost in the Andes of South America, as Mr. Reginald Enock found. He tells the following story of the adventure in his book of travel in the Peruvian Andes¹: "I had descended a hill, intending to mount and ride homewards—a gallop would banish the fit of depression. Rounding the base of it, I came towards the rock around which I had made fast the halter. The mule was gone!

Here was a pretty state of things. Five leagues and night at hand! I rapidly remounted the hill and gazed towards the plain, hoping to see the animal in the gathering dusk, but nothing rewarded my search. I took up the carbine I had removed from the holster

¹ See Bibliography, 40.

from the rock against which it leaned and approached the Indian huts. '*Buenas tardes*' ('Good afternoon'), I said to the Chola woman, mistress of that unlovely abode and her brood of Indian children. 'Have you seen my mule?' They had not. 'Where is your man?' I continued, for there was the possibility that the presiding male genius of the place had stolen the animal. She explained in such a way as showed me that these fears were unfounded, looking fearfully the while at the stranger and his shouldered carbine. But I reassured her, gave her a small silver coin, and told her (she understood Spanish) what had occurred, munched a piece of cheese made of goat's milk which she offered, and, finding there was no guide who could conduct me across the mountain spur—which would greatly shorten the distance to camp—I 'girded up my loins' and set forth alone to cross it, confident of finding my way.

The *quebrada*, as in Peruvian Spanish are termed the V-shaped valleys which descend from or bisect the hills, and which in Mexico are termed *arroyos*, had for its floor a broad stream of dry sand, deposited by the torrent which came down in times of rain and which had filled up the interstices in the rocks, forming an easy path upwards, along which a motor-car might almost have ascended. But I was far away from these somewhat oppressive engines of modern locomotion!

I had expected to reach the summit before it became dark and to be able to observe the valley where my camp was pitched, but amphitheatre was succeeded by amphitheatre, labyrinth by labyrinth, summit by summit, and I had to confess myself lost. The cold became intense, the darkness closed in around, and the moon

would not, I knew, arise for some hours. But there was nothing for it but to bear with philosophy, not only the cold but the pangs of hunger which now attacked me. I made a futile search for fuel, but there was nothing that would burn ; and having taken a drink of whisky-and-water from my small flask, I entered the cave to sleep.

Now, caves have always had a peculiar attraction for me since, as a boy, I read about Robinson Crusoe's cave. You may recollect—for you have doubtless perused that interesting volume—that when Crusoe discovered his cave he penetrated to the far end of it, and discerned in the gloom a pair of gleaming eyes ! But Crusoe was a devout man—rendered so by trial and misfortune ; and being perfectly sure that the devil could not lie concealed there, he investigated the matter *au fond*, and as a result routed out an old goat. So it befell me ! Investigating the depth of my cave, I heard in the farthest corner a curious snorting or breathing, and seemed to discern a dark form, with the occasional gleam as of demoniacal eyes ! Have you ever experienced that curious sensation when 'gooseflesh' covers your body and the scalp seems to be slowly lifted from your head ? I felt it then, and these truthful chronicles must record it. But the feeling of fear, if such it were, was also accompanied by one of anger—a curious psychological combination—and I advanced with cocked carbine slowly towards the object. There was a horrid snort, a bound, a rush, and—

It was nothing more than a wild bull, which, more fearful than I, avoided me and bounded out of the cave. I rushed after it with the intention of bringing

it down with a ball, but it was immediately swallowed up in the obscurity, and I heard it crashing away among the rocks and stones as it pursued its headlong flight down the gloomy cañon.

Having made sure that there were no further bovine—or other—occupants of the cave, I lay down upon the soft white sand of its floor, with carbine and pistol close at hand, a flat stone for a pillow, and tried to woo a fitful slumber. Outside the mists floated down the valley, and the scarcely perceptible breeze moaned within the cavern's mouth and played among the rocks in unseen sport. Otherwise not a sound broke the stillness; the solitude was uninterrupted, not a living thing was abroad, and even the only human being within that vast amphitheatre of the Andes was soon absent in the land of dreams.

Some hours must have passed, when I awoke, disturbed by a snorting and pawing, and, looking up, I beheld the form of the bull, intercepting the light at the cavern's mouth. The animal, doubtless asking itself by what right he had been turned out of his warm cavern, had returned to see if the intruder had gone. I waved my arm. 'Go away!' I shouted, and, respecting the sound of a human voice, he retired. 'Your hide,' I meditated aloud, 'is thicker than my cuticle, and can stand the cold better,' adding: 'This is the working of the laws of compensation, for the animal of greater intelligence is less thoroughly protected against the elements.' The bull was probably, however, not consoled by this platitudinous remark, or, indeed, by any philosophical reflections, for he continued to paw the ground outside as if desirous of entering and contesting the matter.

A shaft of light suddenly entered the cave, and an upward effulgent glow illumined the sky outside, and the edge of a bright disc, silvery and soft, protruded above the black rampart of the hills on the opposite side of the valley. A rapid change took place within the cañon, and the darkness slowly disappeared, the light of the rising luminary invading the field it had occupied, leaving only the black shadows cast by its impinging rays upon the rocks. The full moon rose, and her fair face passed clear above the opposing hills, standing black as jet against her radiance. The light brought into strong relief the exposed surfaces of the landscape, touched the distant peaks, brightening them with faint hues and disclosing the places where Nature slumbered, to where, far away, the dominion of darkness still shrouded the distance.

I sprang up, my teeth chattering with cold, seized my carbine, stretched my cramped limbs, and, draining the last mouthful from my flask, sallied from the cave. The way was now clearer, illumined by the moon, and I could continue my ascent of the cañon.

Hearing a noise, I turned round, and the bull was standing close by. I advanced slowly towards him, and he did not retreat, but eyed me angrily. I raised my rifle, pointed it at the spot on his forehead between his eyes where a bullet's impact would cause him to drop like a stone, and gazed along the barrel. The animal and myself looked long at each other in the moonlight. 'Should he rush?' he asked himself. 'Should I fire?' I asked myself. 'Poor beast! why should I wantonly slay you?' I lowered my weapon, and the animal lowered his noble head. I backed away, with my eyes still on him, and turned and pursued

my road. At a turn of the cañon I looked around. The bull was now standing in front of the cave, as if in possession of his domicile again, and he watched me steadfastly until the landscape shut him out from view.

For hours I pursued my way, and the moon ran her course, and the sun arose over the eternal Andean summits to the east before I discerned, far, far below, the plain at whose farther side I believed my tent was pitched. I was intensely thirsty, rendered so by the keen air, and was now parched by the heat of the sun. Not a stream crossed the tortuous way by which I descended—a way fit rather for *vicunas* or *llamas* than men, for, indeed, I simply zigzagged down the slopes as best I could, hoping to find some torrent-bed which should form a path. And yet these ravines are at times exceedingly difficult to descend. You are sometimes lured on by what seems an easy and favourable path, when suddenly you are brought to the verge of a frightful precipice, down which the stream leaps in time of rain, but which affords you no passage, and you may have to ascend again for many weary paces and find another way. How thirsty I was with the fatiguing advance!

I had now reached the lower slopes of the hills, but so far had not crossed any stream or rivulet where I could drink; for this western slope of the Andes, the coast range, is an almost rainless region, and water is scarce. The zenith sun now beat down mercilessly, and the rocks gave forth a reflected heat. Nature cried out for moisture, as had, perchance, many a thirsty being on this inhospitable plain, where no Moses with impatient divining-wand appeared to strike the

rocky ribs of the mountain-side and bring forth water !

I now reached the level and sandy desert at the base of the hills—a wide waste which I knew would be difficult and trying to cross on foot. It was evident that the windings of the cañon which I had been obliged to follow had taken me considerably out of my way, and to reach my objective point I should have to round a spur whose promontory descended into the desert many miles towards the horizon. The shorter cut had proved to be a long route, as often happens ; and it would have been wiser to have followed the plain at the other side, where I had lost my mule, than to have attempted this way alone.

Notwithstanding the hunger and thirst from which I suffered, I marked, both from habit and from interest, the varying formation of the region ; for to the trained mind the geological and topographical features of a landscape are of intense interest. Pulling myself together, I struck across the sand desert towards the distant spur beyond which—I hoped—my camp must lie. God help me if it did not !

Such reflections passed through my mind as I tramped onwards across the desert, my eyes ever upon the distant spur ; and I fell into a sort of dreamy state, due to hunger and lack of sleep and the effect of the sudden changes of temperature which I had undergone. The air came as if in blasts from a furnace. Miniature cyclones, small 'waterspouts' of dust whirled skywards on the far horizon, with a spirovortex motion which carried their upper extremities to the sky—veritable pillars of sand, which followed each other over the plain as if in some gigantic game

of elusion and pursuit, whose helical eddyings and intermittent lurchings seemed to betoken a scarcely self-containing force. The phenomena of Nature seemed to be acutely present to my mind, and a species of semi-delirium rendered me almost oblivious of bodily fatigue. I thought of home, of a Devonshire garden amid the scent of wallflowers or violets. Oh, God of spring! A whole world opens to my senses—a world so far away, so long ago! I pull down the brim of my hat and shut out the glowing sunball and dwell a moment in that springtime garden with the loved ones sitting there. Stride forward! I will not sit down on that grassy bank of dreamland!

The sand is whirled into my face as if some demon of the desert mocked me. The mirage—a phenomenon of those regions—builds a vague and unstable world on the horizon—a lake, houses, trees, which recede as I advance. Again I pull down my hat's brim and enter the springtime garden, and again the sand-sleet strikes my face and wakes me, and garden, lake, trees, and home, they are retreating ever, like the mirage, like hope—that pillared cloud of day or night, alternate grim or gay, elusive on the future's borderland!

Good reader, possibly you have never suffered from the effects of fatigue, exposure, thirst, hunger, and the like. I was going to say I trust you never will, yet there are sweet uses and comparisons of such adversity. For as the pitiless sun approached the horizon, and as I staggered on and reached the point or spur towards which I had set my course, as I rounded a huge projecting buttress of rocks, I came suddenly upon—what?—a stream of water sparkling down from

above, so sweet and clear that imagination might declare it born but recently of some divine intent—and falling with a gentle murmur as if the echoes of the voice which bid it be, still lingered in it.

* * * * *

I quenched my thirst at this beautiful stream. It was, I knew, the source of that whereon my camp was pitched. As I rested there, gratefully, under the shadow of a rock, I heard the noise of approaching hoofs, and around the farther side of the promontory appeared two men and three animals—my servants and my mule. As they informed me, the animal had returned alone to camp, with the bridle tied to the saddle-bow as I had left it. They had returned over the trail and interviewed the Chola woman, who had told them of my intention to take a 'short cut' over the mountains; and it being impossible to take the mules that way, they had returned to seek and meet me.

They made a fire, and I partook of some soup and other satisfactory matters, ingredients of which were in my saddle-bags; and, having rested a while, we mounted our mules and returned to the camp."

CHAPTER XVIII

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS

THE advance of civilization has naturally had considerable effect on the customs and superstitions of the various races of the world. While the witch-doctor or medicine-man is still in evidence, much of his power has gone, and it is only a question of time when he will have disappeared for ever. But apart from the "medicine-man," there are many curious customs and quaint superstitions described by explorers, and it is interesting to make a selection of these.

Lady Lawson describes a curious Japanese superstition in her volume on this country.¹ "Behind enlightened Japan of to-day," says Lady Lawson, "lies a long, winding road of superstition and quaint belief, which has endured for more than twelve centuries, and still exerts a powerful influence over the mind of the people in general. Many of their superstitions are connected with animal lore, and from olden times down to the present day the fox and the badger have played a most important part in ancient folk stories. Legends of animals who take human form and speak with human voices are related, not as fairy-tales but as sober, historical facts; and so universal is the belief in the

¹ See Bibliography, 52.

supernatural powers of these animals that if the rice crop fails or the silkworms are stolen all is ascribed to the howling of foxes on certain days or the non-appearance of a white fox—the emblem of good luck—in a certain part of the paddy-field.

The fox has a double and contradictory power in Japan: that of a beneficent god, the messenger of Inari, the rice-goddess, the Ceres of Japan, most popular of all *Shinto* deities, who is believed to have a vulpine shape, and on the other hand, that of a wicked demon, haunting and possessing men. The idea that foxes were able to metamorphose themselves into beings shaped like men was originally borrowed from the Chinese, whose influence on Japanese folklore has been enormous. In many of the temples fox images are to be seen, and the people offer food at their shrines; and in every kitchen there is a small red shrine to Inari, the goddess who makes the rice crop flourish and fills hungry mouths.

Not so important and complicated are the stories connected with the badger, of which there are three kinds: the *tanuki*, *mujina*, and *mami*. The first has the foremost place, and is often bracketed with the fox under the term *kori* (foxes and badgers). The *tanuki*, as well as *mujina*, can change themselves into men and haunt and possess mankind, but they are not so skilful and dangerous as the fox, since they lack the divine rice spirit which gives this animal a special position, as the representative of the great blessing of the country. The badger plays the part taken by the wolf in Europe; he bewilders unlucky mortals by producing musical sounds, and takes on human form to entice them to their death. Mitford tells the

well-known tale of a young noble who found a beautiful girl by the roadside, and immediately cut off her head. When his father wished to kill him for this wicked deed, the son begged him first to go and look at the evil spirit he had killed. On the father proceeding to the spot he found a huge old badger with its head cut off. The young nobleman, like a veritable Sherlock Holmes, had noticed that although the lovely maiden declared to him that she had been lying there in pain for several hours, her clothing was quite dry, in spite of the fact that during that time rain had fallen continuously.

Belief in demoniacal possession is pretty general throughout the country, and it is not uncommon for a person to imagine that he is possessed by a fox or has been deceived by a badger. Lafcadio Hearn tells us that wrestlers, as a class, boast of their immunity from fox-possession, and are not afraid of *kitsune-tsuki* (the fox-possession) or other spectres. Speaking generally, all very strong men are supposed to be proof against demons of every kind and to inspire them with fear, and it is almost exclusively women of the lower classes who are attacked—predisposing conditions being weak intellect, a superstitious turn of mind, and a debilitating illness, such as typhoid fever. Fox-possession never occurs except in such subjects as have heard of it and believe in it, and there can be no doubt that the disorder is related to hysteria and to hypnotic influence by auto-suggestion.”

Amongst many curious phases of native fetish in Sierra Leone are the “ trials by ordeal ” and the nature of the oaths which are taken before any important ceremony.

Mr. C. Braithwaite Wallis, in his book on our West African Empire, says¹: "During my last residence on the coast, whilst I was touring up-country with his Excellency the Governor, a native was charged with having accused one of the carriers of wrongfully selling some of his property. The matter having been brought to my notice officially, I returned it for investigation to the chief, telling him to find out according to country law whether the man was guilty or not. The ordeal of the *battu* (whip) was the test decided upon, and the ceremony was carried out in the following way: The accused is placed in the middle of a ring of interested spectators. The 'country fashion man,' called in Mendi *Tot Tor behmor*, is then introduced, carrying his 'medicine whip' in his hand. He now hands the whip over to a youth, having first applied some native unction to the lash, and rubbed the lad's arm, hands, and wrists with the juice of certain other plants.

At this stage the boy appears to fall into a sort of hypnotic trance. He runs round the ring, flourishing the whip and making the lash coil in writhing spirals all about the onlookers, though without touching anybody. At length the whip appears to have singled out the culprit, whom it commences to belabour in real earnest amid the cheers of the spectators. The beating goes on, in fact, until the boy is finally called off and is held down by the 'medicine-man.'

The ordeal of the whip is the final recourse adopted to discover the guilty person. Its decisions are never appealed against, even by the party most nearly concerned; and the most curious thing about the present

¹ See Bibliography, 53.

case was that the man singled out for the punishment did subsequently confess to his wrong-doing prior to being hounded out of the town.

Another of the native 'ordeals' is that in which a pot of palm-oil and a hot-iron figure. This is usually applied in the case of women who are suspected of having been unfaithful to their men. The test is conducted as follows: The *Torbehmor* first rubs over the hands of the suspect a decoction of herbs and leaves. A pot is then filled with palm-oil; under the oil is placed a small iron rod which has been previously made red-hot. The ordeal consists in the suspected woman having to thrust her hand into the oil and pull out the hot iron. If she is unable to do so without being burnt she is adjudged to be guilty. But if, on the other hand, she suffers no burn, the charge falls to the ground. It is perhaps needless to remark that the proportion convicted in this mode of trial is rather high.

Besides this test, there is another, called the *Karusortor*, in which a kind of magic bowl figures. This has been specially devised for the discovery of petty larceny. The bowl is 'dressed' with a certain 'medicine' and then handed to a little child, usually a girl, who also has a 'medicine' applied to her hands and legs. With the bowl held in her hands, she is now told to go and find the guilty party. Like the boy with the whip, the child seems to go off spontaneously into a kind of trance, rushing about from place to place until she finally stops before an individual, who is at once haled before the chief for punishment. This punishment may take the form of a fine, a flogging, or a period spent in the stocks. Formerly the culprit

might even have been sold into slavery if the case was a particularly bad one."

Herr Ewald Falls, in the record of his travels in the Libyan Desert,¹ gives a good deal of information about Arab customs and superstitions. He says: "In the desert, at least, faith in God is strong and living, although the boundary line between faith and superstition is not always clear. There are many relations with the spirit world, and especially the evil spirits and the devil, the Afrite. Those evil spirits form the chief source of income of the Fiki, the man who can read the Koran and exorcise spirits and heal the sick with verses from it. The wise Fiki is summoned; he is told everything, entertained according to the means of his host, writes a verse of the Koran on a scrap of paper, which is sewed up in a little linen or leather bag and worn as an amulet. The price of this assistance is according to the possessions of the seeker of it, a small sum of money or natural produce.

The Fiki, a name by which the teacher of the Koran is usually designated, is generally a wanderer, a Maghrabi, an Arab from Tunis, Algiers, or elsewhere in the west. His passage from the Koran, which is sometimes written on a stone or a fragment of pottery, is called Heschab. When he treats the sick or plays the *hakim* (doctor), his first question is usually, 'Who has bewitched him?' or 'Who has written anything for him?' For the power of the Heschab influences even the absent.

Spirits and devils dwell in forsaken spots in the desert and wherever ancient ruins of any extent are found. The magic lakes of the *fata Morgana* are

¹ See Bibliography, 37.

'devil's water,' and are generally called *sraf*. Wind-spouts, which nearly always follow in the wake of the chamsin storm, and make an impression of grandeur if they can be observed from the beginning throughout their progress (often in serpentine curves), as was possible from the excavation buildings in the city of Menas, are called 'spirit winds.' I was taken to half-ruined cisterns where I could 'hear' the spirit. A stone was thrown down, and bats or pigeons buzzed or fluttered about in the depths.

I will only allude here to some among my many experiences which show the bedouin belief in spirits. One evening our cook, Eluani, scared and pale, entered the summer tent we were then occupying and reported that there was an Afrite close by. We had sent him to make a round and see that no unauthorized person was loitering in the excavated city. I was desirous of at last making acquaintance with a ghost, and asked what he looked like. He said a shadow had just passed him, and then a light shone in front of him, and that it remained fixed in one spot. I took down my gun, but Eluani forbade me to take it, as an Afrite must not be approached with a *bunduk*. As I always carried a revolver, there was not much risk, and I followed him to the spot. It was in the basilica of the Emperor Arcadius. As we approached we really saw a little bright light in the midst of the ruinous blocks of limestone. I approached carefully, recognized what it was, and boldly grasped it. The light instantly ceased, for the lampyris, a fairly big firefly, was caught. I had caught the ghost, went home in triumph, and entered one of the tents where numerous persons had assembled, all eagerly curious. Eluani told the story ;

I opened my hand, showed and explained the creature, and asked : ' Now do you still believe in your Afrite ? ' But I withdrew, crestfallen, when I was answered with all seriousness : ' Effendi, the Afrite was actually there, but it changed itself into an insect, and if you had tried to kill it you would not have been sitting here with us in the tent. '

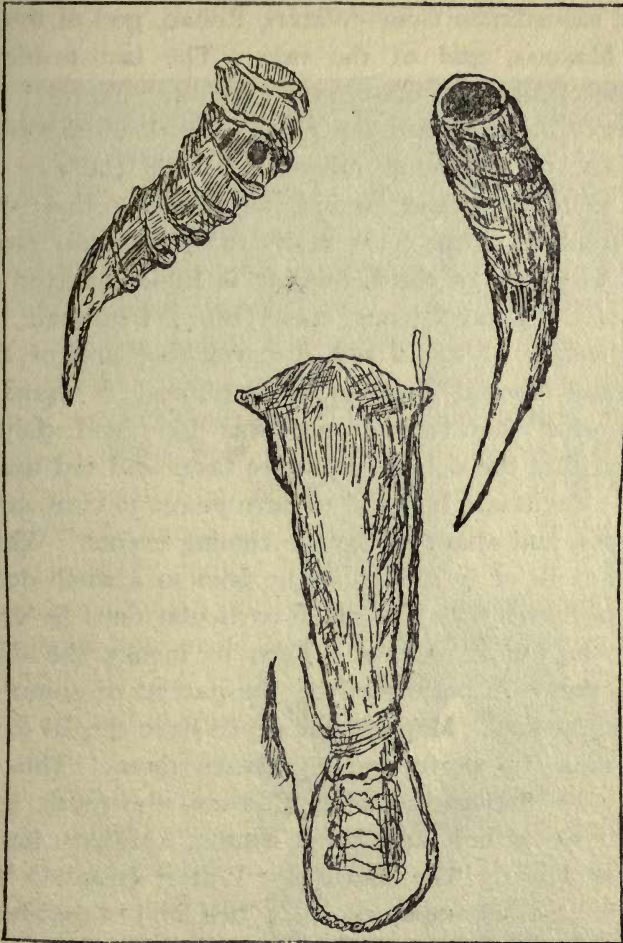
The following story illustrates how it was with the ghost of the city of Menas (Afrite Bumna) before our arrival and before the discovery of the sanctuaries. A bedouin sheikh named Schuchan had pitched his tent near the holy city. He and his sons avoided the sea of stones under which the holy city of the desert lay buried as far as possible. But during the winter months fine herbage grew on the numerous mounds of ruins, which Schuchan's camels eagerly sought as food. It thus chanced that one evening the bedouin unthinkingly took the shorter road through the stones in order to look after his herds. Suddenly, a few steps in front of him, he saw a bearded man with a pale face, who looked out motionless from among the fallen blocks of stone. The son of the desert managed to preserve his coolness when for the first time he saw the apparition so often talked of round the evening fire. He took up a stone with a threatening gesture, and called to his sons, who were looking after the camels near by. But before the help arrived he began to hurl big blocks of stone at the ' devil of Bumna. ' And when the young men came up and assisted with all their might, the ghost vanished, and was seen neither the next morning nor ever again—at least, until the day when Schuchan showed the memorable place to the Frankfort excavators, and with

difficulty they made him understand that his Afrite was a valuable white marble statue, which he had entirely destroyed. Later on we found the pieces.

If on that occasion the devil of Bumna played the future excavators a bad turn through the destruction of a marble statue, it once unconsciously did them a great favour. A 'sain,' Abd el-Kader, the same in whose honour the first station of the Mariut Railway is named, came to Bumna soon after the rising of Arabi Pasha, and induced by the splendid building material lying about, wanted to erect a Zauja and a mosque. Naturally he sought to procure water and to put an ancient cistern into working order. Then one evening the Bumna Afrite warned him not to dig farther. But Sidi Abd el-Kader did not heed the mysterious voice, and the next day his slave was found dead in the cistern. He was killed by a falling block of stone, but everybody saw the hand of the Afrite in the event. The slave was named Abd er-Rahman, and came from Fessan. He was buried on a hill of the city of Menas, and the inscription on his tomb is now in the Frankfort Museum."

Captain Craster, in his book on Pemba,¹ the Spice Island of Zanzibar, gives the following details of the native superstitions. He says: "I discovered that there were two tribes of devils in Pemba—the Geni and the Kibwengu, the former ranking first in the social scale. The Geni came to Pemba with the Arabs, and are generally to be found near the sea-coast. Subian is the king of the Geni, and is also the god of healing. Makata is the second of the Geni, and the head slave of Subian; his special duty is to protect

¹ See Bibliography, 24.



MEDICINE-MAN'S STOCK-IN-TRADE.

The little skin bag at the end of the horn with stones inside is for rattling under the wizard's garment to represent the speech of the evil spirit concerning the sick man. The horns are for catching the blood of the sacrifice to be smeared on the patient. There is no idea of administering medicine.

the home from enemies. In addition to these there are three subordinate Geni—Watari, Rohan, god of the sea, and Mavoua, god of the rain. The last resides at Maziwe Island, off Zanzibar.

The Kibwengu are the native spirits of the island, and are to be found inland. During the day they hide in holes in the ground, but at night they sit on the branches of the trees, ready to drop on any passer-by. The king of the Kibwengu is Rubamba, and next in order of precedence come Bure, Pentakula, and Kumbwaya. I could not discover that any of these possessed special qualities or attributes. I asked the boys what their appearance was like, and they all agreed that the devils had white faces and red beards.

The devils are believed to have power to cure various diseases, and also to influence coming events. When a native is ill or in difficulties he goes to a witch-doctor, and the latter tells him which particular devil he should apply to for a remedy. Then to invoke the devils' aid a dance is performed by the patient or suitor and his neighbours. Many of the devils have special dances that must be performed to invoke them. Thus the dance for Subian is called Kilatubi, the music being played on a bell and three drums. Makata has no special dance. The dance for Watari is called Tari, and is also accompanied by a bell and three drums. Dances are never performed for Rohan and Mavoua, but songs are sung in honour of the latter. The dance for Rubamba is called Kirubamba, and is accompanied by only one drum. Bure and Pentakula share a dance known as Uganga. Kumbwaya's dance is called Ukumbwaya, and the proper music is made by striking together two small blocks of wood.



MAGICIAN WRITING A CHARM ON A SAUCER.

To face p. 322.

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And of all these dances the only one that I saw performed was the Ukumbwaya. Three men, naked except for a small kilt of dried grass, grovelled on the ground on their knees and elbows, each one holding in his hand a cow's horn stuffed full of brown roots. But I could not discover what plants the roots belonged to or for what purpose they were ultimately used. Standing round the three men were a number of women, whose faces were painted with white stripes and dots, and who chanted monotonously and clapped their blocks of wood together.

I was able to watch them only for a short time, because as soon as I was observed the three men jumped up and fled into the bush. After some difficulty I caught one of them. The interpreter spoke to him in Swahili, but he showed no signs of understanding ; then one of the women came forward and spoke to him in a language that none of us knew, and the man answered in a shrill, stammering, falsetto voice in the same tongue.

I spent some time talking to the man, the woman translating ; but I could get no intelligent answers from him, and I came to the conclusion that he was an idiot. But a few days later I met the same man walking through a clove plantation dressed in a clean white shirt and wearing a red fez with a black tassel. He stopped and spoke to us in excellent Swahili, and made many shrewd remarks, but denied all knowledge of the dances in which he had been performing. No doubt on the previous occasion he was speaking in the language proper to the dance, for all the performers must speak only the language of the tribe with whom the dance originated."

The power of the Ju-Ju in Nigeria is illustrated in this account of Mr. J. D. Falconer's experience of it¹: "The Kudu Valley, which is largely uninhabited, forms a sort of game reserve between the provinces of Bauchi and Muri; and as we went along the hunter entertained me with tales of his prowess in hunting the bush-cow and the wart-hog and the other denizens of the forest. Elephant and giraffe are both fairly common, and we found the tracks of the latter frequently crossing our path. Neither, however, is hunted by the natives; for the story goes that once a man trapped and shot a giraffe, and soon after his body swelled up and his skin cracked and split and he died in the greatest agony. Hence the natives believe that these larger animals have been endowed by Allah with the *magani*, or marvellous power of killing their destroyers, and so great is the power of this superstition that it is sufficient to prevent even their bravest men from attempting the capture of these lords of the forest.

I had heard at Bashar that galena had at one time been mined in the bush somewhere near the spot which I had now reached. The story, indeed, was that in the palmy days of Bauchi, Yakubu, the great king, had founded a mining settlement called Kerrem near the place where the galena was dug. During his lifetime extensive operations had been carried on, but after his death the pagans of the hills closed the road, sacked the town, and filled in the pits; and although they were afterwards severely defeated, the mines were never reopened, for Yakubu alone knew the ju-ju rite which had to be performed before the galena could

¹ See Bibliography, 54.

be successfully extracted, and with his death the ju-ju had been lost and in its absence no one was brave enough to begin working the lead again. I had found the king of Bashar, although professedly Moham-medan, strongly imbued with the idea of the efficacy of this ju-ju, and now his son professed entire ignorance of the site of the ancient workings. He said, however, that he would make inquiries for me amongst the hunters of the neighbouring hamlets, as some of them might possibly have stumbled upon them in the course of their wanderings in the bush after game. In a short time, after consulting his fellow-settlers, he returned to say that he believed that if I were to go to the adjoining village of Pai the headman there would be able to direct me to the spot. I set off at once, accompanied by my host ; but when we reached the village its headman in turn likewise professed entire ignorance of the whereabouts of the ancient workings. He was obviously lying, but it was equally obvious that he feared the power of the ju-ju more than the displeasure of the white man. This was disappointing, but, happily, a sick man who was sitting at the door of his hut and who had overheard the conversation, apparently thinking that the ju-ju could do him no further harm, spoke up and said that he knew where the place was and would send his boy to show me the way. This assumption of responsibility apparently cleared the air, and the frowns departed from the countenances of the villagers, some of whom followed me, cheerfully shouting out directions to my youthful guide whenever he seemed to be in doubt as to the way. At length in a patch of low scrub and undergrowth, where formerly had stood a busy town, we

came upon the line of ancient pits, now almost levelled with the surface and all but covered by the coarse bush-grass. Fragments of galena and other ores were scattered about the surface, and after collecting a few as samples I retraced my steps to the camp, pleased that I had at last fathomed the mystery of the ancient mines."

The Eskimos, like almost every other people under the sun, possess some form of worship, and believe in a spirit world. Mr. W. Tyrrell, in his book on the sub-Arctics of Canada, says¹: "He believes in the existence somewhere of good and evil spirits, which govern and control this world. The Great Good Spirit (Cood-la-pom-e-o), they believe, dwells in an upper world, of which the sky is the floor; but the evil spirits, governed by their chief (Tornarsuk), dwell in a world beneath ours, which forms a kind of roof over the world below. The earth and this under-world are connected with each other by certain mountain clefts and by various entrances from the sea. The spirits of those who meet with violent deaths go to dwell with Cood-la-pom-e-o in the upper world; but for those who die from other causes there is a place prepared below in the land of plenty with the evil spirits.

These latter deities are supposed to have the greater power of the two upon earth, and consequently their favour is sought and to them supplication is usually made, though over certain forces, events, and circumstances the Great Good Spirit is supposed to have control. For example, he is believed to be the deity governing the frosts, so that in the fall of the year,

¹ See Bibliography, 20.

when the ice is insufficiently strong for hunting purposes, his favour is invoked.

Communication with the spirits is usually held through wizards, or *angokokes*, who are looked upon as wise men by the people, and are appointed to fulfil this function. They are ordained for their sacred calling when youths, and as a distinguishing mark of their profession wear upon their backs a string of ornaments, mostly made of seal or deer skin. These are given them at the various places visited by them in recognition of their office. The *angokokes* are appointed because of their qualifications. There may be a number of them in the same community, but some rise to much greater distinction than others.

These wizards are said to be taught from youth by one of the deputy chief friends, named Tornat, and some of them are supposed to have great power with the spirits.

At times, when the people are threatened with famine, or are in distress of any kind, the *angokoke* is requested to intercede for them. Supposing it is food that is wanted, he arranges for an interview with Tornarsuk, the chief of the devils. In order to do this the *angokoke*, accompanied by one other man, goes down to the water's edge in the early morning at the hour of low tide. Here his companion binds him in a doubled-up position, so that his knees meet his face, and lashes him up with stout thongs so tightly that he is unable to move hand or foot. In this helpless condition his companion leaves him, with his walrus harpoon lying by his side and the rising waters lapping at his feet. What immediately follows only the *angokoke* knows ; but I have been informed by the wizards

themselves—and it is fully believed by the Eskimo people—that the devil comes to his rescue and releases him from his bonds, but at the same time seizes the harpoon found on the ground and thrusts it through the angokoke's breast. The point projecting through his coat behind, and blood trickling down in front, the excited wizard rushes up from the shore to the village, trailing behind him the harpoon-line. He bursts into the first igloe in a frenzied condition, snorting and blowing like a walrus. As he enters all sharp tools are quickly put out of sight, so that the angokoke may not harm himself with them, and at the same time water is sprinkled on his feet. This done, he bounds out of the igloe, and as he does so the occupants seize the harpoon-line trailing behind, but are not able to hold him, for he is as strong as a walrus.

The magician then enters the next igloe, where a like performance is repeated, and in the same manner the round of the village is made, but none is able to hold the excited man. Having completed the round of the dwellings in the village, he returns to the sea-shore, where it is said he is again met by Tornarsuk, who extracts the harpoon from his breast and assures him that the prayers of the people shall be heard, and that plenty of walruses shall be sent to satisfy their hunger.

Whether or not Tornarsuk is as good as his word I can only conjecture, but the poor Eskimo pagans have great faith in the intercessory powers of their angokoke.

Intercession is sometimes made to the Good Spirit, and, as before, the angokoke acts as intercessor ; but

instead of going to the shore he is bound in an igloo and left there by his people. While still in this bound condition he is said to ascend through the roof of the igloo and to meet and hold communion with Cood-la-pom-e-o ; and, having arranged matters with him, he returns to earth, re-enters the igloo through the door, and reports the result of this interview."

The natives of the Uganda Protectorate have many curious superstitions, some of which the Rev. A. L. Kitching describes in his volume on the peoples of this part of Africa.¹ He says : " Apart from the regular acts of propitiation practised from time to time as occasion demands, there are innumerable little trifles of superstition which enter into every department of daily life. If a dog runs up on to the roof of a house in Mwenge, that house must be at once vacated and not again occupied. In Patiko if you wish to make your hens lay plenty of eggs you take half a dozen egg-shells, pass a small stock through them, and plant them above the doorway of your house. Among the Teso if a potter finds his pots are cracking unduly in the baking he at once takes steps to counteract this tendency by throwing into the hole from which he digs his clay a young chicken.

Many of these superstitions gather round the dread of the ever-threatening lightning flash, so destructive to life and property in all tropical Africa. If a village in Patiko has recently suffered, ropes made of twisted grass, like English hay-bands, are strung from peak to peak of the houses throughout the circle of dwellings to ward off further strokes. If a person has been struck or badly shaken by a narrow escape, an elaborate

¹ See Bibliography, 21.

cure is performed upon him. A red cock is taken, his tongue torn out, and his body dashed upon the house where the stroke fell. Then the scene changes to the bank of a small running stream, where the patient is made to kneel while the bird is sacrificed over the water. A raw egg is next given to the patient to swallow, and he is laid on his stomach and encouraged to vomit. The lightning is supposed to be vomited along with the egg, and all ill-effects prevented.

Among the Banyoro great dread is exhibited of a house which has been struck by lightning. On one occasion I visited a teacher at one of our out-stations called Kicumu. He took me to see the ruins of a house that had recently been burned out, and explained to me that he alone of all the village had ventured near either during the fire or afterwards. Two women and four goats were in the house when the flash passed down one of the centre posts beside which the women were seated at work peeling potatoes. One of them was torn open down the chest, and both rendered unconscious and unable to fly for their lives. When the teacher arrived on the scene the whole was one mass of flame, in the midst of which were burning the corpses of the women and goats. No one ever approached the ruins except the teacher and his personal boys, and I picked up the knife which one of the women had been using beside the skull of its late owner.

The Teso people make use of bells to exorcise the storm fiend; a person who has been injured by a flash or in the resulting fire wears bells round the ankles for weeks afterwards. Whenever rain threatens—and rain in Uganda almost always comes in com-



A WITCH-DOCTOR.

To face p. 330.

pany with thunder and lightning—this person will parade the village for an hour, with the jingling bells upon his legs and a wand of papyrus in his hand, attended by as many of his family as may happen to be at hand and not employed in necessary duties. Any one killed outright by lightning is not buried in the house, according to the usual custom, but is carried to a distance and interred beside a stream in some belt of forest. Upon the grave are put all the pots and other household utensils owned by the dead person, and at the door of the hut upon which the stroke fell—now, of course, a smoking ruin—is planted a sacrifice of hoes, which is left for some days. It is interesting to note the efficacy attributed to bells and running water, as in some old European superstitions.

Especial dangers are supposed to attach to the birth of twins—a rare event in an African village. For a month or so after the birth no one except the parents is allowed to come near the infants, as it is thought that their breath would scorch and whiten the skin of any other person. The parents are not permitted to pay a visit outside the village, nor any outsider to enter their own village without first performing the ceremony of *abwatarori*. This is carried out beneath the log archway that spans the entrance to every Teso village. The father and his visitor, or host, as the case may be, kneel opposite to one another beneath this archway, and between them is a bowl containing a paste made of flour and water. The father of twins smears some of this paste over his face and breast, then over the breast and face of the other; after this has been duly carried out the visit can proceed with no fear of evil consequences.”

CHAPTER XIX

CAMP FIRE YARNS

THESE stories are of a miscellaneous character. Some are true accounts of thrilling adventure, while others are merely travellers' yarns, the recounting of which has doubtless served to pass a pleasant hour round the camp fire.

The first one has often appeared in various disguises. It is taken from Mr. Clarence King's reminiscences of California,¹ published as far back as 1874: "Early in the fifties, on a still, hot summer's afternoon, a certain man, in a camp of the northern mines which shall be nameless, having tracked his two donkeys and one horse a half-mile, and discovering that a man's tracks with spur-marks followed them, came back to town and told 'the boys' who loitered about a popular saloon that, in his opinion, 'some Mexican had stole the animals.'

Such news as this naturally demanded drinks all around. 'Do you know, gentlemen,' said one who assumed leadership, 'that just naturally to shoot these greasers ain't the best way? Give 'em a fair jury trial and rope 'em up with all the majesty of law. That's the cure.'

Such words of moderation were well received, and they drank again to 'Here's hoping we ketch that greaser.'

¹ See Bibliography, 35.

As they loafed back to the veranda a Mexican walked over the hill brow, jingling his spurs pleasantly in accord with a whistled waltz.

The advocate for law said in an undertone, 'That's the cuss.'

A rush, a struggle, and the Mexican, bound hand and foot, lay on his back in the bar-room. The camp turned out to a man.

Happily, such cries as 'String him up!' 'Burn the doggoned lubricator!' and other equally pleasant phrases fell unheeded upon his Spanish ear.

A jury, upon which they forced my friend, was quickly gathered in the street, and, despite refusals to serve, the crowd hurried in behind the bar.

A brief statement of the case was made by the *ci-devant* advocate, and they shoved the jury into a commodious poker-room, where were seats grouped about neat green tables. The noise outside in the bar-room by and by died away into complete silence, but from afar down the cañon came confused sounds of disorderly cheering.

They came nearer, and again the light-hearted noise of human laughter mingled with clinking glasses around the bar.

A low knock at the jury door, the lock burst in, and a dozen smiling fellows asked the verdict.

A foreman promptly answered, '*Not guilty.*'

With volleyed oaths and ominous laying of hands on pistol-hilts, the boys slammed the door with, 'You'll have to do better than that!'

In half an hour the advocate gently opened the door again.

'Your *opinion*, gentlemen?'

'Guilty!'

'Correct! You can come out. We hung him an hour ago.'

The jury took theirs 'neat'; and when, after a few minutes, the pleasant village returned to its former tranquillity, it was 'allowed' at more than one saloon that 'Mexicans'll know enough to let white men's stock alone after this.' One and another exchanged the belief that this sort of thing was more sensible than 'nipping 'em on sight.'

When, before sunset, the barkeeper concluded to sweep some dust out of his poker-room back door, he felt a momentary surprise at finding the missing horse dozing under the shadow of an oak and the two lost donkeys serenely masticating playing-cards, of which many bushels lay in a dusty pile. He was reminded then that the animals had been there all day."

The sea-serpent! Here is a clear description of this celebrated denizen of the deep, as given by Colonel E. Maude in his reminiscences¹: "Captain Richardson, of the brig *Abeona*, has favoured us with a curious and interesting memorandum of his rencontre with the great sea-serpent. He writes: 'On September 4th, in lat. 38° 15' south, long. 12° 55' east, about three hundred and fifty miles west of the Cape of Good Hope, spoke the ship *Seringapatam*, bound for Bombay, all well; same day, about 5 p.m., saw broken water on the weather quarter, and presently the head of an enormous sea monster appeared, about thirty feet above the water. The head was long and narrow, eyes not visible, from the tip of the nose about twelve feet; on each side of the breast, there was a white

¹ See Bibliography, 29.

streak about a foot wide, which I supposed to be his mouth. About six feet from the end of the white streak (or jaw) there was a large hump on his back ; his body at the surface of the water was about the size round of the long boat. Underneath the jaws there appeared to be a quantity of shock [tawny] hair, like the pouch of a pelican—it was of a lighter colour than the rest of the body, which appeared black and smooth. He appeared to be about a hundred and eighty feet long, *as near as I could judge*. The water broke in several places along his body, which I think must have been occasioned by humps similar to the one close to his head. He was about three ships' lengths from us, and was visible for about sixteen minutes. He kept moving his head through the water, keeping way with the vessel, when he suddenly disappeared, and we saw him no more. I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that it was the celebrated sea-serpent which I believe was last seen by the officers of H.M.S. *Dawdalus* somewhere between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena in 1849-50."

An amusing account of a hippo hunt is given by Mr. Richard Harding Davis in the record of his travels in the Congo regions¹ : "It is distinctly a hard-luck story. We had just gone on the bridge for breakfast when we saw the hippo walking slowly from us along an island of white sand as flat as your hand, and on which he loomed large as a haystack. Captain Jensen was a true sportsman. He jerked the bell to the engine-room, and at full speed the *Deliverance* raced for the shore. The hippo heard us, and tried to get back to the river. Captain Jensen danced on the deck plates.

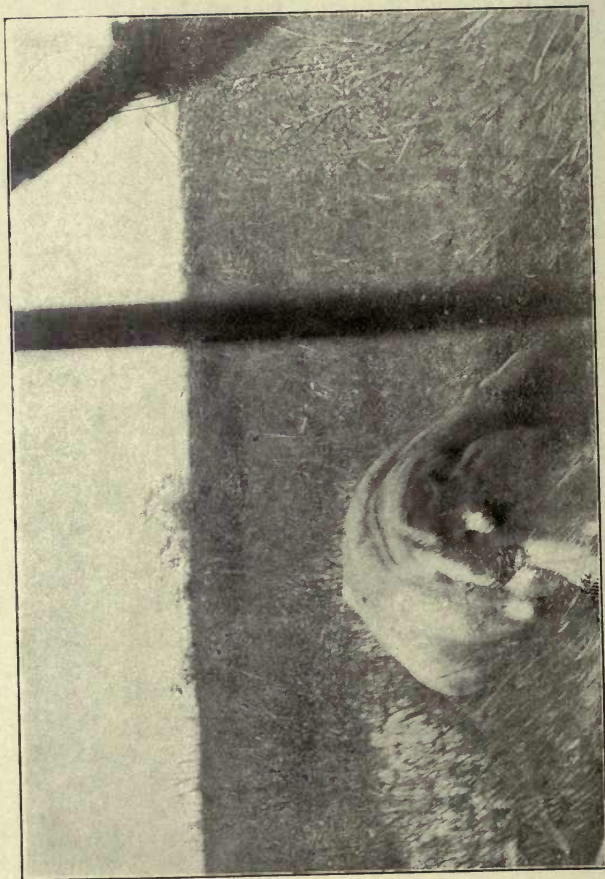
¹ See Bibliography, 16.

'Shoot it! shoot it!' he yelled. 'Gotfurdamn! schoot it!' When Anfossi and I fired the *Deliverance* was a hundred yards from the hippo, and the hippo was not five feet from the bank. In another instant he would have been over it and safe. But when we fired he went down as suddenly as though a safe had dropped on him. Except that he raised his head and rolled it from side to side, he remained perfectly still. From his actions, or lack of actions, it looked as though one of the bullets had broken his back, and when the blacks saw he could not move they leaped and danced and shrieked. To them the death of the big beast promised much 'chop.'

But Captain Jensen was not so confident. 'Shoot it!' he continued to shout. 'We lose him yet! Gotfurdamn! schoot it!'

My gun was an American magazine rifle, holding five cartridges. We now were very near the hippo, and I shot him in the head twice, and once, when he opened them, in the jaws. At each shot his head would jerk with a quick toss of pain, and at the sight the blacks screamed with delight that was primitively savage. After the last shot, when Captain Jensen had brought the *Deliverance* broadside to the bank, the hippo ceased to move. The boat had not reached the shore before the boys with the steel hawser were in the water, the gangplank was run out, and the black soldiers and wood-boys, with their knives, were dancing about the hippo and hacking at his tail. Their idea was to make him the more quickly bleed to death. I ran to the cabin for more cartridges. It seemed an absurd precaution. I was as sure I had the head of that hippo as I was sure that my own was still

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THE HIPPOPOTAMUS THAT DID NOT KNOW HE WAS DEAD.

To face P. 337.

on my neck. My only difficulty was whether to hang the head in the front hall or in the dining-room. It might be rather too large for the dining-room. That was all that troubled me. After three minutes, when I was back on deck, the hippo still lay immovable. Certainly twenty men were standing about him ; three were sawing off his tail and the women were chanting triumphantly a song they used to sing in the days when the men were allowed to hunt and had returned successful with food.

On the bridge was Anfossi with his camera. Before the men had surrounded the hippo he had had time to snap one picture of it. I had just started after my camera when from the blacks there was a yell of alarm, of rage, and amazement. The hippo had opened his eyes and raised his head. I shoved the boys out of the way and, putting the gun close to his head, fired point blank. I wanted to put him out of pain. I need not have distressed myself. The bullet affected him no more than a quinine pill. What seemed chiefly to concern him, what apparently had brought him back to life, was the hacking at his tail. That was an indignity he could not brook.

His expression—and he had a perfectly human expression—was one of extreme annoyance and of some slight alarm, as though he were muttering, 'This is no place for *me*!' and without more ado he began to roll toward the river. Without killing some one I could not again use the rifle. The boys were close upon him, prying him back with the gangplank, beating him with sticks of firewood, trying to rope him with the steel hawser. On the bridge Captain Jensen and Anfossi were giving orders in Danish and Italian,

and on the bank I swore in American. Everybody shoved and pushed and beat at the great bulk, and the great bulk rolled steadily on. We might as well have tried to budge Fifth Avenue Hotel. He reached the bank, he crushed it beneath him, and, like a suspension bridge, splashed into the water. Even then we who watched him thought he would stick fast between the boat and the bank, that the hawser would hold him. But he sank like a submarine, and we stood gaping at the muddy water and saw him no more."

A thrilling story of an adventure with a tiger is told by Colonel E. Maude, an Indian Mutiny veteran, in his reminiscences of India¹: "While at the hills I met Captain Elliot, the A.D.C. of his Excellency the Governor of Bombay, a very keen though reckless sportsman, who had a miraculous escape from literally the very jaws of a tiger when out shooting with his friend Captain Rice (who saved his life), as graphically related in the latter's book on 'Tiger-shooting in India.'

Elliot told me the story. He said that he had wounded a tiger, and wishing to follow up the 'pugs,' descended from his perch on a tree—a most risky and highly dangerous action—and was looking for the traces of blood when suddenly the tiger, with a tremendous roar, sprang upon him from higher ground. Instinctively he threw up his rifle for protection, which providentially saved his head, and the animal, seizing him by the arm, carried him off as a cat would a mouse! Captain Rice, who was a man of great nerve, calmly levelled his gun, but was at first unable to fire, Elliot's head being in the way; but, seeing it droop, he fired, and by a splendid shot killed the tiger, and found

¹ See Bibliography, 29.

it stone dead, with poor E., who had fainted, lying beside it ! On his recovery a litter of branches of trees was improvised by the beaters, as well as another for the tiger. He told me that long afterwards he was haunted with the horrid vision of this striped monster, from whose jaws he had so narrowly escaped, being carried for miles alongside of him, and he too weak to say anything ! He eventually went home on sick certificate, but his arm was much shattered and bent. One would imagine that after such a fearful experience he would have given tigers a wide berth ; but, on the contrary, on his return to India after his recovery, he swore eternal enmity to tigers generally ; and learning that a terrible man-eating tigress had appeared in the Kolnar Valley below, and that she had killed and eaten many of the inhabitants of a village there, which had become nearly deserted, and that Government had offered a large reward for its destruction, he at once organized a tiger-shooting party, and persuaded my chum and myself to join it, making altogether five of us, while our friends pronounced the affair a most foolhardy undertaking.

We started about the middle of May, and made Elliot our captain, I being appointed interpreter, from my knowledge of Mahrattee ; and we secured the best *shikarees* (huntsmen) possible. We rode to the village of Tamba, and on our arrival there learned that our friend the feline enemy had killed a man the day before, and, while we were encamped, had carried off a poor woman during the night within rifle-shot of our tent. This tigress was described to us as an enormous beast, with a long, lanky body, without a particle of hair on her back ; and the natives were in such terror of her that they offered up daily sacrifices to propitiate her.

We arrived at the place said to be haunted by this monster, and our beaters, of which we had a large number, being duly posted, as well as ourselves, by our captain, I found myself placed in one of the most tigerish-looking places I ever saw, with only my double-barrelled Westley Richards rifle to defend myself with and a spare gun carried by a native, who was hiding behind a tree and who would doubtless bolt when danger appeared !

As we advanced we beat the jungles in every direction for three or four days, with the additional noise of tom-toms and fireworks to drive her out ; but though we came across her 'pugs' and even went into her lair, where we saw plenty of bones, human and animal, yet we never succeeded in catching a sight of this diabolically cunning brute. We attributed our want of success principally to the fears of the huntsmen and beaters that some serious accident might occur from the well-known ferocity of the tigress, and our being nearly all novices, and also to a superstitious dread of feeling that it was hopeless to destroy her, as she bore a charmed life. I am glad to add that this proved false, for some time later another party was more fortunate, and she was eventually killed, to the great joy and relief of the inhabitants."

It is usually said that possession is nine points of the law. Dr. John Macgregor¹ tells a good story of an old lawsuit between cannibals, in which proof of having eaten his rival was sufficient evidence to secure the verdict. "Cannibalism has now almost entirely died out among the New Zealand Maoris, but it is only quite recently ; and I am not sure that it is quite

¹ See Bibliography, 43.

dead yet in some of the remote mountain recesses, though it has been for the most part abandoned in favour of pigs and potatoes, of which there are great quantities in New Zealand. The ancient usage of *coir a glaive*, or the 'right of the sword,' prevailed among them in all its purity and brutality. And the strongest plea of possession was when the conqueror had eaten his unfortunate victim. A recent lawsuit in New Zealand has brought out this fact with painful but clear conclusiveness. There are large tracts of land still entirely possessed by the aboriginal Maoris, and inherited in the usual Maori fashion. Of course the present law has abolished the 'right of cannibalism,' but has naturally no retrospective effect. Well, lately there has been a dispute about boundaries and the legal possession of property between two Maori magnates. The possession in dispute did really belong to the complainant's father. During a certain event in question he cross-examined the defendant, and one of his questions was, 'And where was my father then?' The defendant drew himself up and haughtily replied, 'Well, I don't know where the whole of him was, but a good portion of him was inside *here*!' proudly percussing his stomach with his fingers. As there was sufficient evidence that the defendant had really eaten the complainant's father there was nothing more to be said, and the poor complainant lost his father and also his case, for the man who had eaten his father had every claim to all his heritage. Nay more, according to some cannibal nations, including perhaps the Maoris, a man who is eaten perishes there and then, without any chance whatever of reaching the 'happy hunting grounds'; and I think that the Maori complainant should have left his case alone."

Mr. W. C. Scully tells the following yarn in his reminiscences of South African life.¹ "At the end of the sixties no Zoological Garden contained a specimen of the South African ant-eater. I do not know whether any such institution contains one now. However, a very liberal price was offered for a live specimen. This extraordinary creature is almost strictly nocturnal in its habits, and is consequently extremely difficult to capture. One day a man with whom I was acquainted was riding through the veld a few miles from his camp. To his surprise he noticed a large ant-eater. Mindful of the reward offered, he sprang from his horse and seized the creature by one of its hind legs.

The ant-eater has hardly any means of defence, its formidable claws being used solely for digging. But its strength and its digging powers are almost beyond belief. In sandy soil one will bury itself in a few seconds. In this instance the captor had to exert all his strength merely to keep the animal above ground. He was, in fact, only able to do this by means of continually shifting his position, a process involving constant and exhausting effort. He bethought him of the rein fastened to his pony's halter. With great difficulty he loosened this, and tied it in a noose around the ant-bear's loins. But matters were not improved; the digging went on more vigorously than ever.

At length he realized that it was impossible to prevent the animal from burrowing out of sight. One expedient remained. The pony had a long and bushy tail. He doubled the end of this, and securely fastened the rein to it. Then he hastened to his camp for the purpose of fetching a spade and calling people to assist him.

¹ See Bibliography, 13.

On returning a strange spectacle met his view. The pony was sitting on the ground, erect, after the manner of a biped. Its head was in the air, its hind legs were extended horizontally, its fore legs were waving impotently up and down. The ant-bear had carved its way deep into the bowels of the earth, gradually but relentlessly dragging the hapless pony down until its posterior parts hermetically sealed up the burrow. It was, in fact, only the smallness of the latter which prevented the animal from being completely buried. Eventually, however, the rein snapped, and the pony was thus released from a durance probably unique in equine experience."

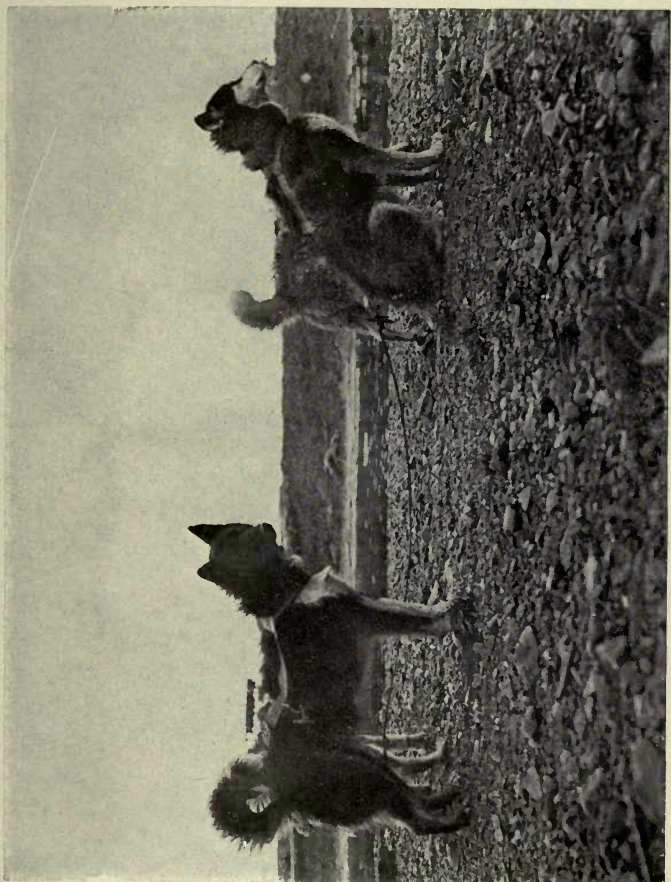
Here is a thrilling story of an elephant with six ears and three trunks. It is told by Mr. Broadwood Johnson in the record of his travels in Africa.¹ "Elephant-hunting is no light sport, needing all the skill and nerve and endurance a man possesses. A native hunter, engaged by the king, once told me in Kabarole of a thrilling experience he had just passed through. He had come unexpectedly on the body of an elephant, which he thought must have been wounded by some other hunter and have fallen down dead from exhaustion. The appearance of it amazed him very much, as it had six ears and three trunks! Having carefully observed it, he advanced with his knife drawn to operate upon the tusks. To his intense amazement and horror the beast got up. The hunter threw himself flat in the long grass, his heart going pit-a-pat-pat in fear of discovery, as he graphically described it, all in a quiver of excitement at the bare recollection of it. The elephant seized the rifle which was being

See Bibliography, 5.

carried by his helper and twisted it into corkscrew shape, and then, snatching up the man who had been carrying it, hurled him to a distance and killed him, and then made off. My friend Zedekiya, poor man, adventurous as he was, had come home to rest his nerves."

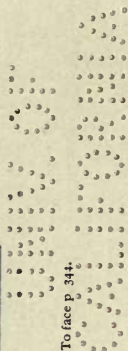
Sledge dogs, such as those used in the Arctic expeditions, are very near akin to the wolf. The following amusing story, related by Mr. Vanderlip in his volume of travel in Siberia,¹ is striking evidence of this. "We were off with a dash and a happy howl of mingled dogs and village children at one in the afternoon, and that night we spent at Chrisoffsky's village. The next morning we were off again in the grey light at seven o'clock, up the bed of the Ghijiga River. The third day out we neared the yourta of a wealthy Tunguse magistrate. At four o'clock in the afternoon the dogs suddenly broke into a swift run, and we knew they had scented something that interested them. We soon perceived that we had struck a deer trail, and that we were nearing an encampment. We turned a bend in the road, and there, a hundred yards ahead of us, saw the cause of the dogs' excitement. A team of reindeer were running for their lives. Their Tunguse driver was lashing them with the whip and urging them on with all his might, for he knew as well as we that if our dogs overtook them before the camp was reached, we seven men would be utterly powerless to prevent the dogs from tearing the deer to pieces. Chrisoffsky put on the brake with all his might, but it had not the least effect. Our fourteen dogs had become wolves in the turn of a hand, and no brake could stop them. There were many stumps and other obstructions along our path,

¹ See Bibliography, 26.



SIBERIAN DOGS.

To face p 344.



and my driver had great difficulty in preventing a smash-up. For a short time the deer held their own, and, in fact, gained on us, but before the yourta came in sight we were gaining rapidly. While we were still at some distance the people of the village, warned by the cries of the dogs, comprehended what was the matter, and arming themselves with sticks and spears, came running toward us. As they came on they spread out in a fan-like formation across the trail. When the terrified deer reached them they opened and let the team through, and instantly closed again to dispute the passage of our dogs. Chrisoffsky was in no wise minded to let these natives club his dogs and perhaps injure the valuable animals, so he resorted to the last expedient. Giving a shout of warning to me, he suddenly, by a deft motion, turned our sledge completely over, landing me in a snowdrift on my head. In this position the sledge was all brake, and the dogs were forced to stop, leaping in their harness and yelling like fiends incarnate. I sat up in the snowbank and laughed. The other drivers had followed our example, and the struggling tangle of sledges, harness, dogs, and men formed a scene that to the novice at least was highly ludicrous. The drivers and the village people were belabouring the dogs, and the entire herd of reindeer belonging to the village were escaping in all directions up the hills."

Mr. Harry Whitney has many good stories to tell of the Eskimos, one of which, though rather horrible, will serve to show the high value placed upon a piece of meat.¹ "Illaabrado's kooner was visiting at one of the other tupeks when her children set up a cry which

¹ See Bibliography, 7.

took her back to her own tupek at a run. Presently I learned the cause of the commotion. Upon my arrival at Etah I had presented each of the Eskimo women with some musk-ox meat and fat, and one of Illaabrado's dogs—a fine big fellow—had raided her tupek in the kooner's absence and devoured the greater part of her share. The children, entering in time to catch the dog in the act, raised the alarm. These food delicacies the kooner had no intention of losing. By way of punishment to this particular dog, and as an example to the canine population of Etah in general, she beat the animal soundly with a barrel stave, first securing him with a rope tied in a slipknot around his neck. Then it was that, the dog taught his lesson not to steal again, the other dogs duly warned against it by example, and her duty fully performed in these respects, the kooner displayed her resourcefulness. She passed the free end of the rope over a ridge-pole of the tupek and pulled until the dog at the other end could barely touch his hind feet to the ground. Then she tied the rope and walked away, leaving the animal suspended.

'What are you going to do?' I asked.

'Get the meat,' she answered laconically.

When, ten minutes later, she returned, the dog was dead. She lowered the carcass, dragged it out upon the ice, cut it open, and removed the much-chewed fat and meat which the dog had swallowed. While she was engaged in this the children brought her pails of seawater, in which the recovered delicacies were placed, and washed piece by piece. Thus recovered and cleansed, she displayed them to me with much pride, remarking, 'Just as good as ever!'

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