

TEN YEARS'

WILD SPORTS

IN FOREIGN LANDS

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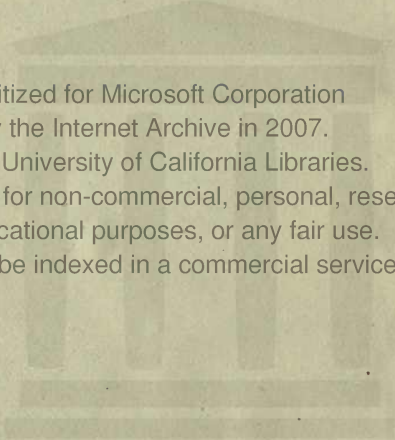
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TEN YEARS' WILD SPORTS
IN
FOREIGN LANDS

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TEN YEARS' WILD SPORTS

IN

FOREIGN LANDS

OR, TRAVELS IN THE EIGHTIES

BY

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PREFACE.



THE exploration or adventure, which I have included in this volume of my travels, will at least serve the purpose of comparing the different countries described from a sporting point of view, from the fact of their having been the experience of a single individual, within the short period of a decade, and partly in the intervals of a military service which included a campaign. If from a literary point of view the chapters appear to be of varying, and I hope increasing merit, that fact must be ascribed to the different epochs at which they were written. Some have been condensed from my contributions to certain periodicals with the kind permission of the Editors, such as those of *Land and Water*, *The Alpine Journal*, and *The Field*. I can at least claim for them the advantage of strict fidelity to fact, and of having been mostly penned upon the spot.

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TEN YEARS' WILD SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS; OR, TRAVELS IN THE EIGHTIES.

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN NORWAY.

Salmon Fishing at Baeverdal—Sea-fishing—Red Deer still-hunting on the Island of Hitteren—A lucky Stag—Another Misadventure—Mosquitoes—Trout Fishing on the Flats—How we sent Venison home—Small-game Shooting—Securing a Hind under Difficulties—Deer on the Island of Tusteren—An Adventure in Trondhjem.

ON arrival at Christiansund we exchanged ourselves and belongings from the good ship *Tasso* into a steam-launch called *Lincoln*, which we had hired for 18 kr. to take us to a river called the Baeverdal, which was reached late in the evening after a few hours' steaming, on the 25th of July. I had just left Sandhurst and expected to be "gazetted" in October and receive Her Majesty's Commission in a line battalion. Besides hoping to catch a good many salmon we had also undertaken, on behalf of a friend, to endeavour to settle a long-standing dispute between him and some of the native proprietors of the river over an old fishing contract. The fir-clad mountains were mirrored in the still waters of the little fiord, which became gradually more contracted as we proceeded. After we had continued blowing our whistle for some time we at length succeeded in attracting attention, and a Norwegian put off from shore in a diminutive boat

which soon landed us with our numerous boxes and cases of provisions.

Seated in the midst of all this luggage was to be seen our "talk," or interpreter, whom we had named "Ferguson," after Mark Twain's courier, for he owned an unpronounceable Norwegian name. Carts and carriages having been summoned we soon arrived at the farmhouse where strangers were usually received. It happened that certain wedding festivals were in progress, which we wisely declined to participate in, knowing how much beer and "aquavit" we should be expected to swallow, for the tossing and heaving we had sustained on the rolling German Ocean caused us an imaginary sensation that the solid earth itself was still moving like a vessel beneath us. Two hours later my friend was rushing along the bank of the Baeverdal trying to keep up with a salmon at the end of his line which was making for some rapids, and next moment I had the pleasure of gaffing a fish for one of the most skilful fishermen who ever threw a fly. It was a fourteen-pounder, and, curiously enough, the heaviest of any of the forty-six fish we landed during the next four weeks. My companion kept to the fly the whole time. After landing eighteen fish during the first fortnight, the river fell and he scarcely moved another fish afterwards. I therefore became an exponent of the use of the worm as bait, and proved its superiority under certain conditions by capturing the remaining twenty-eight. The following will show what I mean. It was customary with us to leave off

fishing on Saturday evening at six, when the Norwegian Sabbath commences, and to fish again on Sunday evening at six, when it ends. This usually took place in the best pool on the river, close to the house, in presence of the greater portion of the inhabitants, numbering some fourteen souls. One Sunday my friend, after trying the whole pool twice carefully without raising a fish, turned and spoke jocularly in Norwegian. "The next performer will now oblige the company with a worm." In a few minutes I had taken two salmon from the same pool.

Our best day on the hills above the house gave us eight and a half brace of ryper or ptarmigan, shot by walking them up without dogs. After these tramps we generally spent the next day in a boat on the fiord, when fifty whiting-pollack were often brought back, besides cod and whiting, and one or more white-throated or red-throated divers, which were carefully skinned. My fishing line was once broken by a large fish which had seized the bait, immediately after which my companion had a bite and wagered it was the same fish. Hauling the line in we found an enormous cod at the end with my broken line dangling from his mouth.

On August 1st we visited a small lake among the mountains, one of the sources of our river, and caught fifteen trout in half an hour weighing almost exactly three-quarters of a pound apiece, besides shooting some ducks. We walked back for some miles in heavy rain and made up our minds that it was more

fatiguing to walk in rainy than in fine weather. The day after the rain I hooked nine fresh-run salmon in one small pool near the sea, gaffing and landing five. One day, while crossing a steep face of rock, I slipped with rubber boots on and fell into a deep pool in the river, laden with a heavy bag of brown trout. I recovered my rod from the bottom of the pool next day, having been obliged to let it sink in my efforts to reach the opposite bank by swimming.

After quitting Baeverdal I joined a friend, son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Denman, at Christiansund, on the *Tasso*, which landed us on the long flat island of Hitteren, on which we had leased from some farmers the right of shooting red deer over their land. Norwegian red deer have generally finer horns and are heavier than Scotch red deer, one having been killed by my brother on the small island of Tusteren, a short distance to the south of Hitteren, weighing when cleaned nearly thirty stone. The talk "Ferguson" was sent round by a rough cart road to Strom, while we walked across the island to the same place to the hospitable roof of old Egensen. Next day a note from our interpreter arrived, written in very bad English, asking for more ponies, and stating that he "tank plenty bandy up de hill." He meant trouble, not brandy. At Strom we agreed that whatever foreign matters might be present in the milk and *fladbrod* that the interior of a boiled egg must necessarily be uncontaminated.

On the 31st of August we walked to a small hut

called Stromsdal, which had been built for deerstalking purposes, packing up our belongings on ponies, and next day *megot tidlig*, before daybreak, we were "still-hunting," or creeping silently through the woods on the chance of coming on a stag. I had handed my rifle to the Norwegian who was with me to hold for a moment, and unknown to me he had moved the safety bolt, rendering the trigger immovable. In a few moments we suddenly came upon a *Krone yort*, one of the most magnificent stags I ever saw, browsing quietly within twenty yards of us in an open glade of the forest, so noiselessly had we approached. Over what followed I draw a veil, for the remembrance is painful, the struggle with the safety bolt with cold hands, the crash in the underwood, and—he was gone.

Yet once again he was seen. P—— had just arrived and was out early. Having passed through a wood, he was ascending an incline to obtain a view of a hollow beyond. At this moment his rifle, which was resting on his shoulder, from some unknown cause went off, and this same stag, so the Norwegian declared, was seen making tracks in the dim distance, having been alarmed by the report of the rifle, which was a single-barrelled one, nor was there time to reload. My friend declares he was carrying the weapon "at the slope," and that nothing was in contact with the trigger. Nor was the third of our trio left without mishaps, for on one occasion a cartridge missed fire, and on another the mechanism of the trigger went wrong at a critical moment. After

this the animal shifted his quarters and was not seen on our shooting ground again, though we never ceased to hope that his head might grace one of our ancestral halls, and so he may still be roaming over the barren lands and through the forests of Hitteren, unharmed.

During August it had rained every day, and it is worthy of remark that the 1st of September was cloudless, and hardly any rain fell during the month. Consequently it was too dry for wood-stalking. A few days later we left for another stalking-hut called Varli. The luggage on this occasion was dragged across the hills on sledges, though there was no snow on the ground. By this method much heavier loads can be moved by one pony than if they were "packed." The mosquitoes rendered the first night here one of agony and made sleep impossible. I have rarely seen them in greater numbers since, even in Lapland or the backwoods of Canada. We found ourselves compelled to return to Strom immediately without attempting to hunt. But after a rainstorm we came back once more and found these pests less numerous than before. When not after the deer, for we each took our turn stalking, I usually fished for trout on what were known as "the flats," or barren swampy ground covered with innumerable small lakes and streams. One evening I came to a lake where the trout were congregated at one end. I had not hitherto done much, but without moving five yards I caught seventy-five, averaging half-a-pound apiece.

As darkness was coming on, and I was sufficiently burdened for a tramp of some miles back to camp, I thought it prudent to stop fishing, otherwise I might have caught far more than I could carry. Fishing occasionally at odd times I caught altogether five hundred trout in three months.

On the 18th of September we packed and sent away six haunches of venison, separately done up in crates, to six different friends at six different places in the United Kingdom. Not long after this my friends left for home. After a stormy passage of more than double the usual length, they found on landing at Hull that in some inexplicable way the whole of the venison, weighing some twenty stone perhaps, had reached the same fortunate recipient. Embarrassed with so much meat, he was yet filled with admiration of the generosity of the sender, and of Norway as a game preserve. Every one within ten miles had venison for dinner for days after. It was supposed that the labels bearing the addresses were, with the one exception, washed off by rain or by some storm in the German Ocean.

On the 25th of October, snow and ice covering the ground, I also crossed the island like my companions, on my way home, after having shot quite a number of woodcock and blackgame, which had become plentiful on the commencement of the cold weather. On my way I shot a hind for food. When first I saw her she was feeding, and although up wind soon became conscious of my presence, and ran behind the

trunk of a tree, from which she gazed for a considerable time in the direction in which I was crouching without daring to move. She then became convinced that some danger was threatening her and started off, but stopped once more for an instant just on the crest of a hill, as deer often do, giving me time for a fortunate shot in the neck. As this occurred on what was not our ground, and as the steamer was to pass early the following morning, I felt in considerable difficulties how to secure the venison. Having struck upon the little harbour where the steamers call, more by good luck than anything else, just before dark, I fortunately found one of our own men from Strom there with the sledge in which he had brought my luggage, and by promising him a share of the venison I induced him to accompany me about midnight, with the sledge, and to promise not to mention the fact to the others. After a long search we at length succeeded in finding the quarry, which I had covered with boughs of trees to keep off birds of prey.

We might have been spared the trouble, as old Christopher did not call me in time either for this or the next steamer the following morning. A terrible revenge was wreaked upon him for the same offence on another occasion by two sportsmen, for they blew him up with gunpowder placed at the back of the grate. It seems that they had both been seized with the same idea, and, unknown to each other, had both placed powder there. The result was an explosion that kept the family occupied for some days in a series of minor

surgical operations of extracting bits of coal from his posterior person. At this time of year the belling of the stags was continuous. By means of "calling" or imitating the sound they make, one of the largest stags ever shot on the island had been obtained (I believe by my friend, Admiral W. R. Kennedy). Numbers of deer had died during the preceding winter (1880) and their carcasses were constantly found on our shooting ground, but especially on the east coast of the island.

Not knowing how to occupy my time till the next steamer sailed, I took a boat and rowed over to the proprietor of the island of Margaree, whom I found employed in frothing-up in a tub the blood of a cow they were killing, for the purpose of making cakes. He wanted 10 kr. to beat the island for us in search of grouse or ryper, which extortionate demand I refused, but sent "Ferguson" ashore to make inquiries, who presently came back and reported that such a thing as a ryper had hardly ever been seen on the whole island.

On my way to England I stayed three days on Tusteren. On the first day no one could be got to go with me, as they said the last Englishman walked so fast that he had even tired out the blacksmith. On the third day, after driving a deep-wooded valley where we had heard a stag belling and seen tracks in the snow, and which being sunless was unbearably cold, nine stags were reported to have gone over the fyeeld. This I hardly credited, as we had beaten the whole

over twice, but was compelled to ascribe it to a desire on the part of the inhabitants to please by inventing an agreeable fiction.

I must describe one other adventure in Norway. I had just returned from a river called the Orkla, and was in bed in an hotel in Trondhjem with a cold. My interpreter, a useless fellow whom I had just paid off as not requiring his services any longer, had previously informed me that a farmer in the valley of the Orkla had telegraphed to the Politikammer or Constabulary that he had not received a sufficient sum for the hire of his pony. I found on calling, that no such telegram had ever been sent. My presence had been required for purposes of identification, as soon after the landlord, knocking at the door, announced that "five policemen" wished to speak with me. Secure behind the rampart of my eiderdown coverlet I bade him show them upstairs, and in clattered three of the police with the sworn interpreter and the town clerk of Trondhjem. Some portentous-looking official papers were unrolled and read aloud, which informed me that I was required to pay a thousand kroners or suffer arrest. I had been mistaken for another Englishman who had made a contract with some of the Orkladal farmers for the salmon fishing in their river, and owing to their continuing to use nets, contrary to the stipulation, had thrown over the whole arrangement.

On my return to England I received a telegram at Hull ordering me to join the Berkshire Regiment at Gibraltar.

THE ISLANDS OF SARDINIA AND CORSICA.

Fever—Cagliari—Rough Weather—Terranova—Tortoli—Lanusei—We start on a Hunt for Moufflons—Camp—Driving the Game—Unruly Natives—The Rope Trick—Return to Cagliari—Earl of Mayo—Game Laws—A Successful Chase—Trout Fishing in the Flumendosa—Antiquities of Sardinia—Salt Lake Fisheries—Snipe Shooting—Oristano—An Amateur Sculptor—Tunny Fishery—Wine—Mullet Fishery—Corsica—Shooting—Sea Fishing.

THE Island of Sardinia suffers from the stigma of a bad name. In the time of the Romans it was held to be one of the unhealthiest of their colonies. Cicero writes to his brother, who, for his sins, was located in the north of the island: "Take care of your health; although it is winter, remembering that it is Sardinia." It is the same now. The tourist who tells such of his friends as know the tradition about Sardinia that he is going thither will be advised to make his will before he sets forth, and to prepare to be carried off by the "intemperie" (as the fever is called by the Sardis) within a week or two after his arrival.

But, in truth, it is only in summer and autumn that the lowlands of the island can be called unhealthy, and even then it is more salubrious than many parts of Italy, and year by year with cultivation, drainage, and the planting of eucalypti in the marshes the country is improving.

Cagliari, the capital in the south, is quite charming, for its sea view across the gulf towards the mountains of Pula, for the boldness of its rocky site, for its ancient sepulchres in the neighbourhood, its museum of anti-

quities (including a multitude of Sard idols), for its delightful public gardens, and its ancient Roman amphitheatre, carved out of the solid rock, facing the sea.

One of the curiosities of Cagliari is its saline, or shallow salt-water pools, used for the extraction of the national supply of salt. The salt itself is stacked in portly pyramids below the town, bordering the "stagni," and the convicts, in their red caps and striped cotton pants and blouses, may be seen laboriously towing heavy barges of this salt by the canal into the sea, whence it is shipped to Spain and elsewhere.

The other chief towns of Sardinia are Sassari, in the north-west; Iglesias, in the south-west; Oristano, among the marshes in the west; Nuoro, in the centre, among the mountains; and Ozieri. At Iglesias the lead mines are very extensive.

We left Cagliari one Monday in February, 1884, in a coasting steamer for Tortoli, about one hundred miles distant, on the east coast of the island, where we hoped to arrive about midnight. The party consisted of M. de Casanuova, Mr. Hore, and myself. Soon after starting, however, a pretty stiff gale came on, before which we ran, not unpleasantly, till we found peace round the point of Capo Carbonaro, the south-east corner of Sardinia. We were informed by the captain that, unless the wind dropped or shifted to the south, he would be unable to land us. Although we held a special "prolongation" from the préfet, we had four clear days only for "la chasse aux moufflons."

We were accompanied by a Sard interpreter named Meloni, who besides his native language, namely Sard, knew but a few words of Italian, and described himself as "gran cacciatore e preparatore d'animali diversi." The wind obstinately continuing to blow we found ourselves next morning at Terranova, having passed our destination without having been able to disembark. As we were passing Tortoli during the night, I went upon deck and found the steersman gesticulating, and altogether it was clear that "something was up." At last I found that the wind had extinguished the binnacle light. I lost no time in bringing assistance, when, upon re-lighting the lamp, the ship's head was found to be pointing north-west, or nearly straight ashore, with land not more than four or five miles distant.

At the little inn called "Locanda l'Avvenire," at Terranova, we passed the time pleasantly enough, excepting during the night, when some late arrivals commenced thumping the floors with what sounded like ponderous brickbats, apparently annoyed at finding the best apartments already occupied; finally we left in another steamer of the Florio Company for Tortoli once more, which was reached at midnight, after calling at Orosei and Siniscola. We then drove for two miles to the village, while some bullock carts were hired for eight francs to take the luggage on to Lanusei; and, after sleeping in an inn for a couple of hours, we left at six o'clock in the morning for the same place in a small diligence which goes thither

daily, taking five hours. We found the village most picturesquely situated upon the side of a mountain, about two thousand feet above the sea. We were kindly received by the préfet and by an Englishman living here in connection with some mining enterprise.

Meanwhile, as we intended starting as early as possible in the morning for our camping ground among the mountains, arrangements had been made with the hunters and beaters to pay them five francs a day for each horse and man, the man to beat if necessary, and two francs a day for a man without a horse.

After great deliberations, on the following morning the men, most of whom were collected outside the inn where we had taken up our quarters, demanded five francs a day each, independently of the horses. Their food and wine of course we had to provide; and this for twenty men for three days, as well as our own and the baggage, had been packed upon eight horses. Their demand, of course, was purposely made when everything was ready for starting, while we were already two hours behind time. Acting upon advice, and without showing the least impatience, we proceeded to remove the loads from the horses ourselves, and to declare our intention of returning, offering however, four francs. We also offered five francs to each man if a moufflon was killed.

This at once had the desired effect, and things having been amicably arranged we proceeded on our way, reaching our destination the same evening.

The spot we chose for our camp was a lovely one, in a valley lying east of a curious tower of rock on the summit of a mountain, resembling a ruined castle on a gigantic scale, marked "Perdaliana" in the maps, shut in by steep hills on three sides, which were clothed with myrtles, arbutus, and other plants. Our tent was shadowed by a huge ilex with charred trunk and gnarled roots. Having deposited the baggage safely, and left three men in charge of the animals, we proceeded to drive for moufflons. For this purpose about twelve guns were placed along a ridge that we had passed *en route*, about fifty or sixty yards apart, the Sardis giving themselves the most likely places, while five men made a circuit, and turning when about seven hundred yards distant, walked back towards us, yelling at the top of their voices. This drive was productive of no results. We then had three more beats in different directions, near the same spot, but nothing was seen.

As we advanced through a glade where the evergreen oaks were exceedingly thick, about half a mile from camp, and close to the head of the valley where we were to begin the last beat for the day, we came upon three old male moufflons, but several of the men being in the direct line I was unable to fire. This was the first sight we had obtained in Sardinia of these wild sheep, of which during the next three days we saw nearly fifty. I believe these interesting animals may be seen in England. Several have been sent to the Prince of Wales by H.M. Consul at Ajaccio, while at

Monte Carlo some are in captivity, young moufflons being frequently caught in April.

During the evening the men amused themselves by shouting impromptu solos in turn before a huge fire, some laudatory of ourselves, some possibly otherwise. Their chief theme seemed to be that the Englishmen next year might return and pay them for another hunt and give more wine.

The wine and bread, of which very large quantities had been brought, it was found impossible to apportion without causing a mutiny. The amount was intended, and was amply sufficient, to have lasted three days. But what with camp followers, who made their appearance towards night, and the drunken proclivities of the remainder, horses had to be sent several times for fresh loads of wine and provisions from Lanusei.

Next morning the sun had long been above the horizon when we left camp for the summit of the hill above.

On reaching the ridge a wonderful panorama was seen spread below. Long rows of cliffs of basaltic formation were crowned with forests of evergreen oak. The intense clearness of the air made any attempt at judging the distance hopeless, and brought into contrast the intense black shadows under the ilex-trees and the light colour of their foliage. During this beat, which was the best we had, I saw a great number of moufflons. But during the whole of our operations an immense amount of time was wasted in endless and incomprehensible discussions among the

natives. At last ten guns were posted round the head of the valley, the wind blowing straight across, and thus giving the game scent of those on the windward side.

In about an hour and a half the yells of five beaters commenced, all being apparently at the bottom of the valley at first. Soon a large herd of moufflons ran down into a wood at the bottom, and back past the beaters, who were doing their work very badly, and were unarmed. Five other moufflons came straight up the side of the hill towards one of the Sardis, who fired and missed, causing three to turn down again.

What appeared to astonish our Sardis more than anything else, on the following morning, was the fact of our bathing in the stream, the external application of water (or internal, when wine is to be had) being distasteful to them. Being by this time thoroughly convinced that more annoyance than sport was to be obtained from these drives, the beaters beating worse each successive time, all four of us, including Meloni, remained behind in camp, while the natives, after eating, retired to renew the chase, and were successful in shooting a red deer, which was a welcome supply of meat.

In the evening we instructed Meloni to inform them that if an Englishman was bound with cords, however securely, he would immediately free himself. I was then fastened to the roots of an ilex-tree, some distance from the camp fire, by hide thongs, after which they all made their way slowly back, leaving me, as they imagined, a prisoner; but to their amaze-

ment they found that their supposed prisoner (who had frequently performed the "rope trick" before) had managed to reach the fire in advance of them, and was calmly seated in front of it, apparently buried in meditation. Never shall we forget the looks of horror, by the light of the blazing logs, on the faces of that crowd of ruffians, at what they thought a supernatural translation. Next morning we quitted Perdaliana. After four or five hours through a lovely valley we reached Gairo, and were put up by the mayor. He gave us dinner, which he cooked mostly himself, after some delay, which was compensated for by an astonishing number of courses, and enormous oranges from Mitis. On the opposite side of the valley, in which flows a tributary of the Flumendosa River, is perched a remarkably situated village named Alasso. Eventually, after an exceedingly cold journey of twenty-four hours, in a diligence, we reached Cagliari once more. The only event that afforded us any amusement by the way was a certain native on the outside of the conveyance, who gravely seated himself upon a bag belonging to a middle-aged priest, the owner being in the interior of the coach, and judging by the loud crackings that ensued was committing serious injury to the contents. When we drew his attention to the fact he replied, "Far niente," as much as to say, "No matter." We subsequently found that Meloni had given half our venison to one of the consuls, and had taken the rest himself, all of which we thought proper to cause to be returned to us.

During this tour in 1884 I was thus unsuccessful in obtaining a head of one of those wily and much-sought-for animals, the moufflons or wild sheep peculiar to Corsica and Sardinia, excepting one presented by a native hunter.

Next time, however, in 1885, in company with the Earl of Mayo, the expedition was a successful one as regards these peculiar animals. It would be desirable to begin at the beginning and describe how the moufflon is to be found, and where, as on these sort of expeditions the start is often the most difficult part. First of all, moufflons are only to be found in any numbers in the eastern and central portion of the island—Gennargentu and neighbouring ranges. During the day they keep themselves concealed in the woods, which consist mostly of ilex or evergreen oak, or in the maquia, which, averaging four feet, completely conceals them. The only chance of finding them in order to stalk them is when they feed at sunrise. The country is excessively dry and stony, and the animals themselves are wilder than the average Rocky Mountain sheep. The usual and most successful way of hunting these animals, then, is by driving, which, to make sure of killing, requires from fifteen to twenty guns. One of the large wooded valleys is chosen which lie around Gennargentu, and the guns line one of the side ridges, and more especially the crest above, should the wind serve, for the moufflon is in the habit, when disturbed, of seeking higher ground. Never more than four and often only three men enter the

valley on the opposite side to beat, and make up for small numbers by great noise. All this makes the game very wild, as often as not they break back, and the chance of any particular gun getting a shot is very small. The largest bag I ever heard of, was a party of twelve guns getting four sheep, six deer, and some boars in five days. Red deer are found on the same ground as the moufflons, and usually break downhill. No fallow deer are found near Gennargentu. These used to be found in the south-west corner of the island, near Pula.

October is the best time to hunt the moufflons, but is not so healthy as December. After October, in the mountains, it freezes every night, though the days are warm.

The game laws in the southern half of Sardinia (the province of Cagliari) differ from those in the northern (the province of Sassari). In the former all shooting ends on the first day of February. In the latter partridge may not be killed after the last day of December, but everything else up to the end of March. The best moufflon ground lies in the southern province. As a matter of fact, the game laws are not enforced. The greater part of the moufflons are killed in April (when they have young) by the shepherds, who all carry guns, and who remain near the coast with their flocks during the winter. Pigs—semi-wild, and resembling the wild boar, which also abounds—are found all the year round in the mountain forests, and are frequently shot in mistake for the latter. Snipe

are abundant in marshy localities. Twice with three guns we have killed over eighty couple in a few hours.

In Corsica the game laws are much more strictly observed than in Sardinia; but every year the authorities are becoming more strict in the latter island with regard to their observance. Except in the towns, and with regard to exportation, the regulations as to the killing of wild animals are, and always will be, but a dead letter, and for this reason, that in the mountains and smaller villages almost all the natives carry arms. In addition to the ordinary licence, there is one to carry arms for purposes of self-defence, and with or without this licence almost every one goes armed. The labourer going to his vineyard to work in the morning carries with him his gun, for the private feuds are innumerable, like the "vendetta" in Corsica between individuals; and between certain villages there is much ill-feeling.

As in Corsica, so in Sardinia, there are a few outlaws, who live mostly in the mountains. There is nothing to be feared from them. On one occasion when the English servant, on another when I myself was alone in camp, parties of rough-looking men made an inspection of the tents. The first-mentioned presented a six-shooter at them, upon which they made off. On no occasions should large sums of money be shown. Though there are "black sheep" everywhere, the Sardis may truly be characterized as quiet, hospitable, and gentlemanly.

On our arrival at Cagliari from Tunis licences had

to be taken out, and in the evening we left for Tortoli, on the east coast of Sardinia, by the small coasting steamer, from which place the Syndic of Tortoli kindly sent us on in his own carriage to Lanusei. At this place the Syndic (Cav. Gaviano) had been particularly obliging on a previous occasion, and Lord Mayo now presented him with a magnificent carpet from Kairwan, the sacred city of Tunis.

Most of the camp furniture required can be bought in Lanusei. The nearest place for moufflons from Lanusei is the forest of Tricoli, but, being equally near to the town of Gairo, it is much hunted. This forest lies west of Lanusei, and shortly before our arrival a herd of upwards of forty of the wild sheep were seen.

On the following day a start was made with seven horses and several men towards Perdaliana, the extraordinary rock previously mentioned and forming, next to Gennargentu, the most striking object in the landscape of this part of Sardinia, and from which the ancient Phoenicians must have copied their "nurhags," with the ruins of which Sardinia abounds. Near this, camp was pitched, and, as we had determined not to drive or beat the country at first, the men were sent back to Lanusei with the exception of two. As I mentioned in a previous letter, they are excessively unruly, and threatened to have a hunt on their own account before they returned, which we had considerable difficulty in preventing them from doing.

Next day at sunrise the mountain of Perdaliana was ascended and carefully surveyed. During our absence from the camp a small herd of about eight moufflons passed within fifty yards of it, pursued by dogs belonging to some hunters of Gairo, who came up shortly after. The moufflons stood for a moment in a cluster while Bernardo, one of the men, fired at them. The following day no moufflons were seen in the morning, but at mid-day, with the assistance of the dogs, some five or six were dislodged from a small wood in a gulley to the east of the rock of Perdaliana, and, later on, three more from the Samela and Sanougi woods towards the west. Next day a Mr. Wood, a mining engineer, one of the few Englishmen resident in Sardinia—with the exception of the officials of the railway company, which is English—came from Lanusei with a large number of beaters and dogs, and the large wood of Letini was beaten, which lies between Perdaliana and the Flumendosa River, the guns being on the ridge above the wood. Three red deer broke down hill and crossed the Flumendosa, followed by all the dogs, who returned soon after, excepting a terrier, who came back next day. Shortly afterwards three ram moufflons came and stood in the maquia, near the Earl of Mayo, only the splendid curved horns being visible. He secured one of the ram moufflons with a shot which passed through the spine, and subsequently through one of the horns of the animal, which now decorate the ancestral hall at Palmerstown. The remaining

two disappeared into the wood, and were not seen again.

One of the chief attractions of the landscape round Perdaliana is its intense solitude. From the mountain summits not a single human habitation is visible, and the only sign of life is the distant smoke of the charcoal-burners' fires, who threaten soon to annihilate the ancient forests altogether, with which at one time there is no doubt the whole island was covered. The mountains are cut and seamed with watercourses and covered with cistus, myrtle, erica, globularia, and arbutus, forming the maquia of Sardinia, and the maquis of Corsica, and called by the Sardis tufera, leone, ilichi, murmuru, and murdegu. Most of the deeper gulleys and all the valleys are filled with dense woods of evergreen oak.

Our next move was to the guard-house of Mr. Wood's lead and silver mine of Oreddu, half-a-dozen miles from the hamlet of Villanova Strasaile, on the road from Lanusei to Nouro, and situated on the Flumendosa River, under the shelter of a steep hill, wooded to the summit and visible from an immense distance. Here it was even colder at night than at Perdaliana, the rising sun revealing both dogs and horses covered with hoar-frost.

The first day's work consisted in beating the wooded gorge of Astilasso, high up under the snows of Gen-nargentu, which was stated not to have been disturbed for five months; then a wooded valley farther west, called Seugarguri, where Bernardo, who was posted

close to an affluent of the Flumendosa at the bottom, succeeded in killing a hind. Next day's hunt consisted of two beats, both in the direction of Lanusei; the first a treeless rocky valley called Samatta-su-Leone, and next, the wooded valley of Terralci. On the way five of the wild sheep were started from the bed of a stream, and from Samatta-su-Leone three went in the wrong direction, pursued by the whole of the dogs.

The Flumendosa and its affluents, as well as the Coghinas, the Tertinia on the east coast, and most of the other streams, swarm with trout, not large, but excellent eating, and of which a small sackful (one hundred and thirty) were easily caught with fly next day in the Flumendosa, which, as before mentioned, flows near the Orredu mine, and were taken into Lanusei. Some days later I ascended Gennargentu, sleeping at Lansenusu, a mine lower down the river, where I expected to find a guard-house, but nothing excepting the walls remained. Two Sards, brothers, hired with the horses, made incessant difficulties, as they wished to go to the Cantoniera of Bonamela, whence in fine weather horses can be ridden to the summit, but owing to the amount of snow on the north side of the mountain, I knew from previous experience on Monte Rotondo in Corsica that the ascent on that side would be difficult. The mountain is usually ascended from Laconi or Fonni on the west side. An interesting and hitherto unattempted expedition would be to follow the course of the Flumendosa, which takes its rise from the snows of Gennargentu, to the sea at

Muravera. Owing to the nature of the country, it would probably be impossible to use horses the first part of the way. The start might be made from Aritzu, reached from Laconi, or from Lanusei, reached by the new road from Cagliari to Muravera, where the river has lately washed away the large stone bridge. This road as far as Monte Acuto passes through as fine scenery as any road in the island—a narrow gorge with grotesque rocks and tremendous granite precipices covered with luxuriant vegetation of beech, larch, and oak, and competing in grandeur with the gorges of the Chiffa and of the Issa near Algiers, or even with the famous Chabet-el-Akhira, also in Algeria, between Bougie and Setif. Chirra Castle, which is passed on the road, seems quite unknown, unless mentioned by General la Marmora in his great work upon Sardinia. Below it, and in an inaccessible position on the face of the cliff, are passages hewn in the rock, perhaps like the Giants' Tombs (*sepolturas de los gigantes*), of Phœnician origin. Of the latter there are but few visible in this part of the island.

In the hundreds and thousands of "nuraghe," or mysterious erections of stones, which belitter the island, an imaginative man might see a superb supply of ready-made fastnesses for rogues and vagabonds of the brigand type. Whatever the first purpose of these "nuraghe" (whether temples, or tombs, or sacrificial altars, or fortresses), they stand now simply to puzzle our wits. In the interior are invariably found chambers, sometimes three stories in height. As we go

down to Cagliari by railway, dozens of their broken towers are seen from the train. A herd of goats may be browsing in the broad shadow of one of them. Lounging against the low dilapidated entrance of another may be seen two or three Sard shepherds, bronzed like the stones of the nuraghe itself, under its cloak of orange lichens, with their guns on their shoulders, and their wiry little horses cropping the thistles hard by. Or it may be a festa morning, and the nuraghe on the skirts of the village (with a broad panorama visible from it) are trysting-places for the lads in their best goat's-hair jackets, or for the lasses in all their inherited bravery of gold chains and bodices of brocaded satin.

The main salt lake fisheries of Sardinia are those of Oristano and of Cagliari, though round the island are a few smaller ones of the same description.

Round the Gulf of Oristano are four large lakes, all of which I visited; but, as the fisheries are all conducted on the same principle, a description of one, Cabras, will suffice.

The town of Cabras was reached early one morning in a broken-down conveyance—the best to be obtained—with an order from Cav. Egisio Carta to his head fisherman, Luigi Lioniglia; the distance from Oristano being about five miles. A boat and men were procured, with a Sard called Giovanni Loi, who, after a great deal of trouble and exertion, would take no further payment than a cigar. These lakes swarm with wild fowl of all sorts, especially coots, and a few

flamingoes. They are tamer than at Cagliari, where they are continually hunted. The natives never shoot snipe, as they dislike getting wet, and also are unable to hit them.

The fishery is situated on three streams, which converge and flow from a lake into the sea. A mediæval tower has been converted into a dwelling, and around it are the reed fish traps. Barriers of upright reeds, with half-inch intervals, have been erected in various positions, having doors, and suited to the varying depth of water in the stream, the Tirse (which is one of the largest Sardinian rivers), the water here being brackish. The fish, as they descend, are admitted through V-shaped openings in the fence, placed at intervals of ten feet, into large compartments, that are capable of being closed when there are enough fish inside. The depth varies from 1 foot to 4 feet. In these compartments the fish are either speared or netted by fishermen wading in naked, or else are driven into a smaller enclosure called the death-room (*camera del morte*), whence they are extracted by hand or scoop nets. There are yet smaller chambers than the *camera del morte*, used when, owing to floods, there are but few fish, about a yard square and with the usual funnel to admit the fish, out of one of which I saw scooped crabs (some edible), sardines, eels, soles, large prawns, and a fish like the carp called *lupo*. Over each barrier is a reed house for the guard or watcher. The sardines fresh from the water resemble young herring. The Cabras boats are quite peculiar, and resemble a shoe

more than anything else. They are rowed in the English way, while the Cagliari rowers face the bows. Farther south lies the S. Giusta Lake and fisheries, and last of all, those of Mercedi, each with a village peopled entirely with fisherfolk, by far the finest looking of all the natives of Sardinia, the women being comparatively handsome. The contrast between these and the agricultural part of the population is very remarkable.

The old Roman city of Tharrus is within half a day's ride of the town, and here the enterprising stranger may well expect to pick up a few intaglios and numismatic treasures. Quite apart from more bulky archaeological spoil, Tharrus contests with Pula and S. Antioco, the honour of being the richest quarry of antique relics in Sardinia, and the museums are full of inscriptions and sculptuary from this old city by the sea.

Snipe may be got at Terranova, and near Musei, and at Ardara, at which latter place I was accompanied by a small French *chasseur*, who called his dog by blowing a large horn for it, and applied to it the epithets, "brigand" and "assassin," and afterwards fed it with eggs.

Oristano is healthy all the year round; but prior to the completion of the aqueduct bringing water from Bonarcado, on Monte Ferru, it was deserted in summer. Even now the natives assert that eating the larger and coarser of the grey mullet gives fever.

Oristano is not magnificent like Sassari, which in its public buildings strives, with complete success, to

humble Cagliari, its rival for centuries; but it is full of old-world fragments. The girdle of its walls, many centuries old, may still be traced among the mud-built cottages which now surround its better buildings. It has a pleasing cathedral, a surprising number of old churches, and if any one should be desirous of enjoying a hearty laugh, let them visit the garden of Signor Vandolino C——, just outside the town. The landlord of the hotel insisted on taking me there one afternoon. Close to the entrance is a bust of *Pio Nono* (*rotto*—rotting away, as my guide explained). The paths are lined with busts of Sardinian celebrities of both sexes on pedestals, and there are some of enormous size of the late King Victor Emmanuel—on the whole the queerest specimens of amateur modelling ever seen. An olive-tree in the garden, called Elleonora's (the Guidichessa of Arborea), measures twenty-two feet in circumference round the trunk.

Before leaving the subject of sport in Sardinia, I must mention the tunny fishing. This lasts from early in May until the middle of June, though at the northern fishery of Asinara, off Porto Torres, it is protracted until the end of June. No one who enjoys a little excitement should lose the chance of being present at one of the slaughters, as they are called, which take place on an average every other day during the season. The three large fisheries are those of Porto Scuso and Carloforte in the south, Bosa off the west coast, and Asinara.

But for the man who does not care to go out to sea for several miles in a little boat (a necessity at Asinara) to view this sport, the Carloforte "tonnara" may be recommended over the others. Here the net is set between the mainland of Sardinia and the islet of S. Pietro, about four miles to the west, and the intervening water is often as calm as a small inland lake. The ladies of Carloforte make pleasure parties for the slaughter; their husbands and brothers attend to the sails and oars, while they sit gaily on every available square foot of space in the boat, and, with their parti-coloured parasols aloft, glide over this summer sea to an accompaniment of songs.

And wine in Sardinia is so cheap! That of Ogilastra, which seems to me supreme, costs a penny a pint, and a tumbler of luscious Muscat costs no more.

Trout abound in some of the mountain streams both of Corsica and Sardinia—for instance, in the Tavignano in the former, and in the Flumendosa in the latter island.

Although the Corsicans assert that the finest sea fishing grounds in the Mediterranean lie round Corsica, yet larger catches than at any station round this island are made in the vicinity of some of the great salt lakes of Sardinia. I am writing this letter from Cagliari, the capital of the latter island, where enormous numbers of grey mullet are caught in curiously-shaped traps placed in the openings that connect the lake and the all but tideless sea together. Long lines of flexible reeds are also to be seen stuck

firmly into the mud in the lake, with a line baited with young mullet on which eels are caught. The fish from this lake, and from the still more extensive ones at Oristano, have made the fortunes of numerous individuals. The Sard eel-spearers, in flat-bottomed boats, in their picturesque dresses of black and white, are an interesting sight.

In both islands a license to carry a gun is legally necessary, though the native sportsmen rarely possess the former. On my first arrival at Ajaccio in Corsica, the landlord of the Hôtel de l'Europe secured for me the services of a native *chasseur*, who carried his gun and my own through the crowded streets in perfect disregard of the officials whose business it is to ask for these *permits de chasse*, explaining after, with a significant gesture, that no Corsican was ever asked for one. This reckless sportsman was accompanied by a spotted dog, which, during the day, killed a hare, to his master's great delight. Most of the land in the vicinity of Ajaccio is cultivated and nominally preserved, though hardly any game is to be found upon it owing to its being shot over by almost every one possessing a gun. During our wanderings that day, when near the high road, the sudden appearance of a mounted official caused my friend to sink down into the high grass, dragging me with him, till the noise of the horse's heels had died away.

Even Ajaccio is not wholly free from Mediterranean fever, to which the residents especially are more or less subject. During the construction of a portion of

the railway line to Bastia, the workmen suffered severely until the planting a grove of *Eucalyptus globulus* counteracted the miasmatic exhalations. Corsica is a land of strong wines and strong waters. The wines from the interior are specially potent, while the waters of Orezza should, in some cases, be taken only by medical advice. Living, except in certain cases, is most inexpensive—a dinner at Vivario for example, near Corte, consisting of five courses and a bottle of wine, cost me less than eighteenpence.

Poor as the Mediterranean is in its yield of fish, good catches are made round Corsica, many of the inhabitants being fishermen by trade. Most of the larger fish are taken by long lines at night, and only in certain places. A line that I put out in the bay of Ajaccio one night, with fifty hooks carefully baited with pieces of octopus, when visited early the following morning, was found to have taken nothing but a small conger.

A day may pleasantly be passed catching the numerous elegantly and variously coloured fish with which the rocks and shallows abound. One morning in December I rowed across the bay. A wicker basket filled with shrimps was sheltered under a seat from the somewhat too powerful rays of the sun. On reaching a long ridge of submerged rock we dropped a heavy stone secured by three fathoms of rope. Every crevice of rock or morsel of gorgeously-coloured weed was visible through the clear water. Two long cane rods, with each three yards of line, a yard of gut,

and a medium-sized hook, with a piece of lead as a sinker, completed the outfit. Shrimps are soon put on a hook. The only necessity was to cast as far as possible, and let the bait sink. This was followed by an instant nibbling. Not once was the same species of fish landed twice in succession. I had just taken the hook from the mouth of a small crimson and blue fish, and was in the act of lifting into the boat one of the very brightest pea-green colour from nose to tail, when an exclamation from the boatman showed me that he had hooked something unusual, which turned out a 3lb. octopus, which we had great trouble in killing by repeated stabs after it had explored every corner of the boat—a squirming mass of arms each 18 in. long. A species of small white fish may be caught in great numbers in the harbours, but are not much esteemed as food.

Young fish like whitebait, with immense quantities of enormous sea-slugs, are frequently the only result of careful hauls of the net. Pilchard, tunny, and anchovy, prawn, lobsters, red and grey mullet, turbot, and other fish are taken in places round both islands.

With regard to banditti or brigands no one need be afraid of them in Corsica ; and the same might be said with equal truth of its neighbour, Sardinia, where an enforced sojourn in the mountains while an ear or some other portion of anatomy is sent to one's friends as a sample, with more to follow, is a thing unheard of at the present time.

FLY-FISHING ON THE OSTRAL DAL RIVER, SWEDEN.

Lake Siljan—Posting up the Ostra Dal—Trout-fishing at Sarna—A Native Angler—A Surveyor—Fishing at Foskran—Successful Angling at Hellsjöfors—Alone—A Maniac—Lake Rogon—Elk.

THE following account of a fortnight's travel in search of sport upon the Ostra Dal River will serve to show that recommendations of sporting localities in guide-books are often too vague to be of much practical benefit until the angler discovers the particulars for himself.

The text in question ran as follows, and would have been correct with regard to the river of my choice, had those words been added which are printed in italics :—“ Among the best waters for trout and grayling are the Messna and Laagen, which fall into Lake Mjosen, the Storsjö and Foemundsjö, (*the highest portions of*) the Ostra Dal Elv and other streams falling into Lake Siljan, in Sweden.”

Lake Siljan is a large expanse of water situated near the centre of southern Sweden, and boasting of railway communication at its eastern extremity. The Ostra and Westra Dal Rivers unite and form the Dal River, which joins the Gulf of Bothnia at Gefle.

We were at first quite without information as to where the angling commenced, but soon learned that pike abounded in the lake (Siljan) and that a few trout could be caught with cross-lines, while the captain of

the steamer pointed out to us, among the cargo on board, a barrel full of the most gigantic earth-worms I ever beheld, being almost as long and thick as adders, for the purpose of baiting night-lines. It was obviously hopeless to attempt any angling in or near the lake itself. The shores were somewhat densely populated with villages, being moderately elevated, and partially timbered with forests of pine.

From the western end we followed the Ostra Dal River by carriage along the post road, from the point where it flows into the lake, for two whole days without finding any angling worth our stopping for, putting up the first night at Elvdal and the next at Sarna, the last posting stage being a long one of thirty-six miles from a hamlet called Osen.

Up to this point the Ostra Dal consists of a broad, clear, shallow, rapid stream, containing pike, notwithstanding several falls and rapids. At Sarna, in the neighbourhood of some lakes formed by the river, the best angling for trout and grayling was said to commence.

Next morning we embarked in a boat upon these lakelike stretches of the river, accompanied by the landlord of the *keskievari* or *skyutstation*, also armed with a rod and well-chosen flies mounted on fine gut. A native sportsman has a boat and small fishing lodge some distance down the valley, but otherwise the banks of the stream are quite without human habitation. But just where the river leaves the lakes aforesaid is naturally a great fishing place from Sarna,

and the method used is to anchor in mid-stream with a heavy stone tied to a long rope, and shift position occasionally down the current by raising the stone for a moment, and continuing the process as far as a swift rapid some half mile lower down, the ascent of which would be troublesome. The boat is then poled up stream again and the process gone through once more. Big trout are never caught here, and our bag by the evening amounted to a little over forty trout and grayling, mostly of diminutive dimensions. Most of these, however, were caught in a tributary stream which just at this point flows down from the northward.

The next day we resolved to explore this stream farther and ascertain whether higher up it might not offer even better angling prospects. We, therefore, made across the forests with a guide, with the idea of striking upon it about ten miles higher up and making our way down to the old spot once more, where some falls and deep pools promised at any rate a certain amount of fish. It became evident, however, that pools were quite the exception, and that every part was almost of equal depth, and equally fishable, without any indication as to where fish might be lying in such a wide area of angling water.

At last, a fine-looking pool was reached, which yielded, to our surprise, only a couple of fish; and a short distance lower down another pool brought the same result; the explanation was not long in presenting itself, for we suddenly came face to face with an

elderly native peasant almost as tall and attenuated as the long rod he was bearing, accompanied by three women, carrying fishing rods and a bag of worms, which explained the unwillingness of the trout in rising to the fly. He informed us that for twenty years he had fished this stream, accompanying the remark with a liberal pinch of snuff from a large horn box. Upon this we said that after trying the next small pool we should return to Sarna. Having thus overtaken and passed these native anglers and being therefore enabled to fish in water which they had not previously disturbed with their worms and string, a trout or a grayling rose to nearly every cast, until the sound of a heavy step behind and the splash of a heavy line and a worm in front of the flies we were manipulating informed us that nothing more in the shape of sport could be expected unless we could prevent this disagreeable elderly peasant from scaring the fish in the remaining part of the river. One might readily have judged, from his facial expression, that to bid him remove himself and his rod would have been the surest manner of inducing him to remain just where he was, and thus give us time to fish over the coveted piece ahead.

“Ga bort!”

“Ya skall ga hvar jag vill,” was the reply, as plump fell the long horsehair line again in the eddy. The stratagem had proved successful.

We had now remained long enough in the rustic hamlet of Sarna.

The choice in continuing the journey lay between

descending the wild portion of the Osra Dal Elv, partly by boat, as far as the falls, and afterwards on foot to the main road, and thus returning once more to civilisation; and crossing the mountains into Norway. We chose the latter alternative, and the next day found us at Idre Kapell, the end of the *landsvag*, or post road, and the commencement of the *skogvag*, or track, which eventually dwindled away into nothing. Near at hand on the north stands a solitary mountain, Stadian, offering the prospect of a limitless panorama, and frequently ascended. The river at this point becomes subdivided into numerous smaller tributaries, each stocked with an abundant supply of fish.

The *nearest* way to civilisation, without involving a retreat by the way we had come, consisted in reaching, in a day and a half's march, the southern extremity of Lake Foemundsjo, on which it was said that a small steamer had just been placed, which would bring us to the post road at its northern end. This end, however, by mountain valleys never before traversed throughout by any traveller, might be reached by attaining first the large and secluded Lake Rogon.

A surveyor engaged on charting the portions of forest belonging to the Crown, with a party of men, was to set out the very next morning for the hamlet of Foskran, a day's march in this latter direction, and we determined to accompany them, having secured a porter to carry our luggage upon his back. The surveyor's maps, which he kindly allowed us to copy, were found invaluable.

One or two fishes were caught upon the way up, wherever the road approached the stream, and also at two points where some considerable rapids made a series of pools, and at other likely spots; but it was evident that this was the fishing ground for the dwellers at Idre. The higher one advanced, the more replete with trout, mostly of small size, did the river appear, until nearly sixty were added to the bag with the assistance of the surveyor, who had found a long rod and worm hook, with the usual horsehair line, lying about near one of the huts, and having procured the necessary bait, was using it with great success.

The small house, however, was most uncomfortably crowded, and would have been unbearable when the remainder of the party arrived, for the apartment was already full of the surveyor's men, who occupied themselves in sitting mutely in every available position and staring blankly at those who happened to be opposite to them. It was but half a Swedish mile (about three and a half English) to Helsjofors, a log house at the confluence of the Storan and Hagaan, into which the river now divided. It could be accomplished, moreover, by boat up a pretty winding stream. The former stream was the larger, but without human habitation, while the latter headed not far from Lake Rogon, and boasted, besides, of two log-houses, where, doubtless, fresh guides might be procured. Just before arriving at Helsjofors a lake of moderate size was crossed, in which after asking my permission to delay for the purpose, for the night air

was cold and damp, the boatmen laid down six long nets, making fast one end to the shore. The men rowed out at daybreak to examine and take in their nets, but there was nothing whatever captured. Meantime I had landed, at the inflow of the Hagaan, twelve of the finest trout I had hitherto seen in the Ostra Dal Elv or its tributaries, with lake trout flies, scaling just under a pound a piece.

Two log-houses or shanties now lay ahead of us, both named Hagadalen, one distant twelve English miles, and the other six miles farther, and beyond them a wild and unknown tract of uncertain breadth, and about which there was no information except that a house, whether inhabited or not, existed near Lake Rogon, but perhaps twenty or even fifty miles across the frontier from the upper of the two hamlets. A quick march of three hours along an ill-defined track, across wooded uplands, mounting ever higher and higher, and enjoying at each step a wider view over the seas of forest and ridge, plain and mountain, which gradually unrolled themselves, brought us to the lower of the two shanties rejoicing in the name of Hagadalen.

Not a single human being was visible. The bearer of the baggage stated that he must at once return, and insisted with equal certainty that the inhabitants were not far distant and would surely appear before night. And depart he did, after making a meal of whatever he could find to eat. We were now alone for a period of uncertain duration. He had assured

us that the family (of whom it consisted he could not tell) were out haycutting, but we found subsequently the scythes in an out-house. True, the ashes in the large grate still possessed a faint supply of caloric, but there was no bread (*flad-brod*) or cooking utensils visible, denoting the probability of the inhabitants having gone for the day to some distant hut or saeter on the mountains. The stream had dwindled into a mere brook too small to invite any one to angle. To sleep was the only remaining resource. It was with a sense of relief that some hours later we woke at the sound of a woman's step upon the threshold. We offered to pack on our own backs the whole of our luggage and afterwards row the boat, if she would only guide us at once to the upper farmlet; but some washing of clothes had to be finished first, which meant two hours occupied in boiling and beating the different articles.

At length we were able to embark in an exceedingly small and almost perfectly circular boat, reminding one of those craft known upon some parts of the Thames as "cockles," and with an unconquerable propensity to spin round and round instead of advancing. The lake crossed, a short march brought us to the edge of another, on the far side of which could be dimly discerned a log hut and some out-houses—the outposts, not of civilisation, so wretched were they, but of human habitations, on the natural frontier between Sweden and Norway. The lofty fjelds overhung the lake, which reflected their steep, bare slopes.

For what seemed a long period we remained, the woman and I, shouting and howling with the best of our vocal powers, making wood and mountain ring, and waking the wild echoes, till to our joy we saw a boat put off from the distant shore and soon found ourselves in the farm hut which we had seen.

It was yet light, though past midnight. The wind had increased, and was now howling round the dismal dwelling with a force that caused it fairly to shake. Nor was the interior more inviting. An old man, so wrinkled and withered as scarcely to resemble anything human, was endeavouring to pacify his son, a maniac, with a very repulsive-looking bowl of sour milk.

The dreadful cries of the madman seemed strangely in harmony with the howlings of the storm. The adventure was decidedly of a romantic character.

When a start was made next morning with the only abled-bodied inhabitant as baggage-carrier, the maniac had been tied in a chair with ropes as a precaution, but was indulging in the most startling gesticulations, and it was with a full sense of relief that we turned our backs upon the hut and commenced the long march over the frontier into Norway, till, after a hard climb, the wild expanse of Lake Rogon could be discerned from the summit of the divide glittering in the distance far below. Lake Rogon is about thirty miles in length from east to west, and fifteen in breadth, of irregular shape, and surrounded on three sides by high mountains.

Although an inhabitant of the hut at Hagadalen for twenty years, our guide had never even seen the hamlet which we knew existed somewhere about the centre of the farther side of Lake Rogon—a long march, as one could see, of apparently twenty miles, over three distinct ranges of mountains which intervened. The lowland lying along the border of the lake was exceedingly rough and stony, and composed of aggregations of ancient moraines, rocks, and boulders, heaped up in the forms of ridges and pyramids. In addition to this, the lake sent out long arms and bays like miniature fiords, which it would have been necessary to circumvent. It was evidently better to keep to the higher ground, though the weather was wild and stormy; nor did he know what a certain prominent wooden beacon signified situated immediately over Hagadalen—such is the ignorance of the peasantry in these out-of-the-way districts—and which was evidently the point of meeting of the boundaries of Norway, Jemtland, and South Sweden; moreover, though

Strong as an ox, and ignorant as strong,

he had never travelled westward as far as the next habitation of human beings. The lower parts of the range were remarkably stony, and hardly a blade of grass was visible. In place of grass the ground was covered with a thick layer of crisp, lemon-coloured moss, which gave a wintry sensation and resembled a coating of yellow snow upon everything far and near.

Late in the evening we struck upon a small fishing-house upon the bank of the Lake Rogon, containing boats and nets, and hence there led a well-marked pathway which conducted us to four log houses called Kaarinsjon, for that we found was their name, amid pouring rain. This was the only human habitation in the vicinity, and the next lay thirty-five miles distant upon the shores of the long Lake Foemundsjo.

Lake Rogon in an angling capacity was disappointing. It swarms with large pike. True, we bought from an old man that evening a fine two-pound trout for half a kroner, which he had netted that day. But the next day the rod brought us in nothing, though it was sedulously employed while we journeyed to the distant end of the lake in a boat, halting for an hour for dinner, and putting up some ryper from the rocky shore. The water is as clear as glass and paved with enormous rocks and glacial *débris*, forming a succession of huge subaqueous caverns. Nevertheless, we saw a sight that to meet with we would gladly have travelled double the distance.

Where a brook enters the lake in a small circular bay we had landed with fly-rod, to secure, if possible, a dinner. The wind was blowing freshly from in front, and some bushes behind made it a work of art to throw the flies successfully farther than a yard or two. One smart pull from a good fish we got, however, and no more, and at the same moment a large pike made several plunges through shallow water in pursuit of some small fry. Not far distant

from this spot the boat had to be hauled a short way overland and re-launched on a succession of small connected lakes, until it was finally dragged ashore for the commencement of the long and tiresome march on foot which was to bring us, in eight or ten hours, to the Foemundsjo and civilisation.

The ground was covered with elk tracks (*Cervus alces*), to such an extent that I could not forbear constantly shading my eyes in search for one of these animals, for the sun was low and shining just over the trees from the north-west, in which direction we were proceeding.

Two men from the last hamlet had come as guides (for a strong wind upon the lake had rendered it impossible for a man, singly, to row a boat against it to the westward) taking everything between them upon their shoulders, in the leather wallets or knapsacks usual among the peasantry. Now they suddenly stop, being considerably in advance, and we all sink to the ground, for the crackling of birch branches is heard in front, and some large mass can be discerned in the direction of the rays of the setting sun, making its way directly towards us, down the wind. It is an elk! Never before have we seen one. We have no rifle, and these animals are, at present, out of season. Its enormous antlers can now be seen, still in the velvet. It resembles the pictures of elk one has often seen, and we attempt to get out a sketch-book. It makes a hopeless subject, however, never remaining for more than a moment in the same

attitude, and being, also, partly obscured by the trees intervening. It occupies itself in tearing down and devouring the young branches of the birch. The men are getting impatient, and talking in quite an audible tone to each other, but as we have no gun, and may not shoot if we had, this is of no consequence. Yet the huge animal has evidently heard nothing. Meantime the mosquitoes have become such an intolerable pest that it is necessary to keep rubbing one's hands and face, which are being venomously punctured as though with the pricks of minute and numberless needles tipped with poison. Their trumpeting in the vicinity of one's ears makes it impossible at last to hear the movements and noises made by the elk. We know that these must be considerable, for occasionally one hears a crack at the breaking of some large branch, making a louder sound than the humming of the myriads of the *mygg*.

It now occurs to us that this may be the reason which is also preventing the elk from hearing our movements, though he could plainly see us if he turned his head.

This suspicion becomes so much like certainty that we can fancy we discern the cloud of mosquitoes which must be hovering about his large ears, so near is the animal to us now, not more than seven yards away. Suddenly more crashings are heard behind, the first elk looks round, and now we see another following with rather finer horns. The breeze shifts a point. In a moment more we must be discovered

by our scent. The moment has arrived. The leading elk suddenly stops and starts back with uplifted neck. Both stand for a second motionless and then dash away with headlong speed, throwing up earth and stones and breaking branches in their wild retreat.

The same night we reached the Foemundsjo, and the next morning the high road, where I was able to find a carriage to take me into Roraas, which is on the Christiania Trondhjem Railway.

TROUT-FISHING IN SWEDISH LAPLAND.

Remarkable Position of a Trout-hook—How to reach Lapland—I cross the Divide—Commence Angling—Wonderful Fishing—Another Lake—Children left to themselves—Netting—Following the Seddvastrom—A Waterfall—The Seddvajaure—A deserted Hamlet—Duck Shooting—Lapp Witch at the Ringselet—Plenty of Trout—Gaikvik—Swallows and Gnats—Great Horn Lake—Angling at Arjeploug—Large Trout—Grayling—Fish-trap at the Mill—The *Furia Infernalis*—The Udjaure—Monstrous Trout—Fishing in the Shellefteo—The Rapids—Bastusele—More Rapids—A lonely Settler—The Umeo—Angling in the Great Umeo Lake—Char—Remarks about Touring in Lapland—The Lapps—A Wolf Hunt—Grouse in Lapland—Reindeer.

WHATEVER may be the reason which causes Swedish salmon to disregard an artificial lure, the Swedish trout has no such scruples. He considers (till he has tried it) that the very rudest apology for a spoon bait is good wholesome food. On one occasion I actually caught one that already had, firmly fixed in his interior, a brass hook. This hook was an inch and three-quarters in length, and eight and a quarter inches of twisted wires were fastened to it. The last three inches trailed from his mouth, and seemed in nowise to inconvenience him, for he seized my spoon bait with great ferocity, and was found to scale just seven pounds.

This brass hook and its appendages lie before me on the table, and once formed part of a long line, laid in the Shellefteo River. In some Swedish rivers the trout fishing is good from source to sea. In others jack abound. But above the zone of the fir and pine

char became numerous, and trout are found in incredible numbers; but since their dimensions are only moderate, and gaining the upper parts of the rivers necessitates a long and tedious journey, they will form no strong attraction to the angler. In some of the lower waters, where the volume of the stream is heavy, correspondingly large trout are to be caught.

Perhaps the best way to reach Lapp fishing is to take a Wilson steamer to Gothenburg, and the rail to Stockholm, whence a coasting steamer lands the traveller at the mouth of any chosen river, where a comparatively large town is nearly sure to be situated.

But I had decided to cross Lapland from the North Sea to the Gulf of Bothnia. Taking steamer, therefore, from Hull to Trondhjem, I there changed into a coasting boat, and reached Bodo in about a fortnight after leaving English shores. I thought it would be an interesting journey to follow the Shellefteo River from its source to the sea, and therefore journeyed from Bodo inland by the Junkersdal to a point upon the main Swedo-Norwegian divide named Markness, close to which was situated one of the main sources of the river. I found it consisted of a diminutive log hut high up on the great watershed between Norwegian and Swedish Lapland, and the stream that flows past it may be called the source of the Shellefteo. During the journey towards the sea, a distance of several hundred miles, I made it a rule, partly for food and partly for sport, to fish all the streams connecting the inland lakes together, while my luggage

was being carried across from one rickety, swampy boat to another.

I was using a small twelve-foot rod, and not particularly fine tackle, yet I caught so many fish that by the time I had arrived at each lake my arm was quite tired, and the bag nearly full, with occasionally a supplementary supply on a string. On leaving Markness with my two luggage-bearers in the morning, the way, as far as the first lake formed by the river in its course, lay through a sledge road in the forest.

While crossing the lake the rod was put together and an olive dun and a red palmer, to be piscatorially accurate in my description, tied to a medium cast, which I allowed to trail behind the boat with twenty yards of line, partly to straighten it, and partly in order to wash off it some tar and lard application that I had been obliged to put on my face and neck to keep the mosquitoes at bay.

Now, I must admit I rather expected to have caught a dozen trout in as many minutes without much trouble before the end of the lake was reached; but if any one thinks that the trout struggled and fought which should seize the flies first, because those flies were masterpieces of modern science, and because a line had never been thrown in that lake before, they are much mistaken.

I had not yet learned that Lapp lake trout were only to be caught in the shallow water at the edge; but *there* in almost unlimited numbers. We were

rapidly approaching the end of the lake, where the river overflowed, and I had almost sunk into a profound melancholy at the thought that we should have to subsist on dried reindeer meat and barley bread, when a series of sharp tugs at the line announced the first lake trout of the season, and a very fine one he proved to be.

Landing quickly, I directed my Swedish bearers to proceed with the luggage to the next lake, where we expected to find an old boat drawn up, which would enable us to cross and suffer less fatigue than if we were to follow the shore on foot.

The connecting stream between the two lakes was but a hundred and fifty yards in length, and, by the addition of numerous small tributary streams, had become a very different one to that at Markness. Indeed, it would hardly have been possible to cross it now without wading breast high. Changing to a drawn gut cast, for I was determined to know the worst at once, and using a green midge and a fly with an orange body, I cast with a long line into the middle of the current where it left the lake. The result was a violent tug and the departure of the cast and flies.

Putting on a much heavier cast I tried again, and landed eight large trout, which brought the scale down at two pounds each, while thirty smaller ones were dropped into a large sack before I consented to leave, which was in half an hour. The next lake was many miles in extent. The small farm hamlet where I was to pass the night lay a good Swedish mile down

the north side. Birch-covered promontories ran out into the lake in all directions, while

The woods sloped downward to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

On the south-west the mountains rose in broken masses, the highest covered with snow.

A soft haze peculiar to these regions filled the air, making the distance indistinct, and adding to the perfection of its loveliness. Numerous rocks, stones, and islands projected above the surface, giving one an impression that there were many more below which might make navigation somewhat dangerous.

Down this lake we drifted, therefore, before the wind for many English miles, till the little log hut came in view. Here no one was to be seen except some children, left to take care of themselves while the settler and his wife were away hay-cutting. As there was apparently no trout stream near, I could find nothing to do except to lie on the grass and watch the children killing sparrows. Holding a long branch upright with a bunch of twigs growing at the end they advanced slowly and stealthily on their prey, which were usually feeding in the grass and mistook the children possibly for a new species of moving tree, until the branch descended suddenly on the ground with a swish. The next proceeding was the return of the two inhabitants—a man and boy, who immediately started off in a boat with their trout

nets. I had forgotten to tell them that I had abundance of trout in the hut, or they would doubtless have saved themselves that trouble. However, fish food was never thrown away or wasted. What was not eaten at once was invariably salted down wherever I happened to be, for netting, of course, can only be carried on during the summer; and it is quite exceptional to find any other method adopted than netting for the capture of trout or any other kind of fish by the Swedish settlers in Lapland. These nets are in forty-yard lengths, four feet deep, and the mesh will only admit trout of a pound in weight, so that the capture of a trout over that weight, and more especially by such an unheard-of thing as a rod, was looked upon as quite an extraordinary event, without a parallel in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Next morning fourteen trout were taken from the nets laid over-night. Every little lake and pond that is deep enough, and has a stream, holds fish of some sort, and out of some forty-three different settlers' hamlets in which I passed a night, I can recollect none without the indispensable net. The journey was resumed in the morning in a boat to the end of the lake, and the luggage left to be conveyed by the man and boy across the hills to the next one. Then I shouldered my rod and followed the course of the river, here called the Sedd-va-strom, being the Shellefteo River under another name. Above the Great Horn Lake there are only trout and char, but in that lake and below it are fourteen different sorts of fish, and some

of the trout no doubt run very large, but these latter seem to prefer the lower end of the lake. In that part of the river which I was now engaged in following, are several falls up which the trout cannot go, and consequently the fishing was not so good. In saying this I am supposing that the larger trout remain in the great lakes during the winter, and make their way up or down the rivers when the latter are thawed and freed from ice.

Most of Lapland is well within the Arctic circle, the cold during the winter is excessive, and the amount of uncongealed flowing water in the rivers very small indeed.

At this point in the river, namely some forty miles above the Great Horn Lake, I lost several fine casts with flies, through striking fish too hard in the heavy current, and only succeeded in landing a few small ones. At one of the falls the water converges into a deep tunnel, which it has worn out for itself in its bed of rock, and the whole river, massed into one grand body of water, shoots out into space amid clouds of rainbow vapour, and, describing a splendid curve in the air, falls thundering into a deep pool. The large lake, where we expected to find our next boat (after passing several smaller lakes), is called the Seddva Jaure (*jaure* meaning lake in Lapland). The boat, when found, had evidently not been used all the summer, and the cracks had to be plugged with tar and tow, which we had brought with us for the purpose. This lake is seventeen miles in length, and

the shores are, as usual, thickly wooded, for almost the whole of Sweden is one vast forest. In Norway, on the other hand, only twenty per cent. of the country is covered with timber. On arrival at the little log-house on its shores, the inhabitants, as usual, were found away haymaking, nor did they return till the following evening.

So, on the departure of Forstrom and his son, the fourth of the series of my guides and attendants, I was left to shift for myself. The first thing to be done was evidently to support the system, which meant catching fish, for there was not an atom of food to be seen in the house. Not supposing that anything could be got with certainty in the lake, I took a small boat found lying on the beach and rowed up a long bay, where, from the configuration of the hills, I considered there would be a stream. I was not mistaken, but as it was very broad and shallow at the mouth, I ran the boat ashore, and making my way with some difficulty through a thickly tangled forest of birch and pine, came upon a large pool several acres in extent. Stationing myself at the inflow I let the line float out slowly.

Keeping it taut, though the sun was shining brightly and the mosquitoes exceedingly annoying, I succeeded in half an hour in catching twenty-five trout, of which the five largest taken together weighed five pounds and a quarter.

Having caught enough for two or three meals I returned, and lighting a fire proceeded to broil the

five largest, not forgetting to cut the heads off and take out the intestines. Two ptarmigan were treated in a similar fashion, so as to be ready for breakfast. After a fresh search I at length succeeded in discovering some barley bread, so that on the whole I enjoyed a tolerably good dinner, and after lighting a pipe I again explored all the cupboards and various shelves in the kitchen, but could only find some cold porridge. Then I went to bed—that is, lay on some sheepskins, feeling like Alexander Selkirk on his desert island, and so passed the night. Next day I went to catch more trout in the same stream, but on the way, thinking they might take in the lake, though there was not a breath of wind and the sky perfectly cloudless, I let out twenty yards of line with a couple of flies, laying the rod on a seat in front, while I rowed slowly along near the shore, suspecting that nothing was to be got over deep water. Next moment the rod flew off the seat, for a big fish was “on.” Having no landing net, I was obliged to row ashore with one hand, holding the rod in the other, and in five minutes had manœuvred a fine fish on to a sloping stone, and thence into the boat, scaling just two pounds by my weighing machine. Two more of a pound and a quarter each were got before I reached the stream, where about twenty, large and small, yielded themselves up to the allurements of a brown and grey palmer.

After returning to the house, I saw five ducks feeding within shot of the shore, diving for the weed

at the bottom. They appeared peculiarly unreasoning animals, all diving down together instead of leaving one of their number on the surface to keep watch. Marking a tree near their position, I made a wide circuit till I was opposite to the place where I judged they were still feeding. Peeping cautiously, I observed them in the same place, but evidently on the *qui vive*, for the evening was remarkably still. As it was particularly important to secure some animal food, the last ryer being eaten, I disregarded the agonising tortures caused by a swarm of mosquitoes and remained perfectly still, till, recovering their composure, they dived again, when by making rushes, and stopping as though turned into stone when they came to the surface, I arrived within convenient shooting distance, and, getting their heads in a line, discharged the right barrel of my gun and immediately "sent on the left." The result of this momentous "shot for the pot" was four fine wild duck, while one flew across the lake untouched. Late in the evening the inhabitants, consisting of two men and a woman, returned, and, with unassumed nonchalance, expressed not the smallest sign of any astonishment at seeing a stranger, to them strangely dressed, seated on their bed.

I made known my wants in the best Swedish I could muster, and next morning pushed on in a leaky boat with the two men southwards and eastwards down the Seddvajaure, a sound craft being quite exceptional, as altogether I crossed thirty-nine lakes and shot

fifteen rapids, and only found one boat that "refused" to leak. At the extremity of the lake the Seddvaström (*strom* meaning river) rushes into a deep pool, where I hooked and lost a finer trout than any I had hitherto seen, bearing out my fancy that the farther down this river one journeys and the larger it becomes, the heavier are the fish. Out of this pool the river sweeps down into the Ringselet Lake, where there stands a collection of Lapp houses, or rather hovels. The only representative of the race was a Lapp woman, with long, lank hair, and yellow, shrivelled and hag-like skin, looking like what an old writer on Lapland calls "one of the Lapland witches, formerly of such fame in the north." The ground was strewn with deer-sledges, birch bark, pony sledges and reindeer horns. Inside the witch's hut were all kinds of implements for holding, churning and skimming milk. But she was a good-humoured old thing, so she was presented with a dozen trout, and as we departed she ran along the shore waving her conically-shaped red cap, and not looking where she was running, till she disappeared suddenly into a large hole, making it seem as though she had vanished head first into the earth. I was relieved to see her rise again none the worse, and laughing gaily until we had passed from sight.

Before finally departing from the Ringselet, as the collection of houses called Gaikvik was but five hours distant, I returned to the river, to the same point where, after losing the large trout, I had quitted it. Here the fishing was certainly brisk, and I should

not be exaggerating in saying that as I stood on a stone projecting into a long turbulent pool of snow-blue water, every cast which fell not less than seven yards distant was followed by a dashing rise; and in half an hour with a couple of flies (I think a red and black palmer, though anything else might have done equally well), a sack held by one of the men was filled with thirty pounds weight of all sizes, from half a pound to a pound and a quarter by scale. With half-a-dozen ducks these formed quite a decent load for one man. When fairly hooked the play of these trout was most determined, here, there, and everywhere in a moment, now leaping a full yard out of the water, now boring down among the stones. I had no landing net, and to save time landed them by walking away from the water when their frantic rushes permitted, and thus persuading them gently towards some stones in shallow water, instead of winding up the line in the usual method on the reel, and so losing time by having to pay it out for each fish afresh.

About this point the Arctic circle was crossed, and some miles lower the Shellefteo River reaches the Great Horn Lake, where grayling are found. Heavy trout up to twenty pounds in weight are sure to lie at the point of the river's inflow into the lake, but ascend they cannot, for it descends in a series of cascades.

At Gaikvik I was presented with dried skins of fishes from the lake which I had professed myself curious about, and which are used to clear coffee

with. The Horn Lake contains the following fish, all of which, except the roach and bullhead, I either caught myself or saw caught. They are as follows:—the great lake trout, the brown trout, perch, pike, char, eel, gwynniad, carp, bullhead, roach and grayling. Above the fir zone only trout and char are found, and above the upper birch region all fish life disappears.

The dull rush of the rapids at Gaikvik, where the big fish lie, some miles away, is indistinctly heard. In the same direction we catch a glimpse of the extraordinary wooden church called Lofmock, without a parson or any signs of life, except when some Lapps come in the winter with their reindeer sledges across the lake to worship (and to get drunk, unfortunately also, on *vodki*). After getting some wild duck and trout cooked, and some coffee, I left Gaikvik, with its four red-coloured log-houses, soon far behind. It is in reality a place, compared with others, of the first importance. Under all the eaves were dozens of swallows' nests, while the birds themselves darted and soared round and overhead after the myggskrank (*Culex pipiens*), and the knotten (*Simulia reptans*), and the hya, and the *Ceratopogon pulicaris*—well (bother scientific names), after gnats and midges of various descriptions as found in Lapland.

From the middle of June to the end of August is the reign of the mosquito throughout the whole of Lappmark and Finmark and many other places on both sides of the Arctic circle. Hutchinson, who

journeyed up the Luleo to Quickjock and then returned as he had come, says it was a continual fight with them the whole way, "our hats and nets were stained with blood." Several thin ones crawled through the meshes of our veils, though the maker had warranted them small enough, and some actually forced their way through a tiny hole in the crown of my hat punched for ventilation.

When crossing a bog between certain rapids there seemed some uncertainty as to whether, between the yielding soil and the remorseless onslaught of the mosquitoes, one was likely to be soonest buried or eaten alive. When one has not covered one's face with tar and lard the tortures of the vampires felt like a close rain of darts dipped in venom. The Lapps smear their faces sometimes with an unctuous mixture of tar and milk; but in either case the remedy is almost as unpleasant as the disease. As we proceed the phlegmatic and thick-skinned Swede slaps himself, swears violently and wishes the mosquitoes anywhere out of the world, dropping his oars for the purpose of greater expression, and then rowing for a few strokes harder than before to make up for the waste of time. But custom is a second nature, and one even gets accustomed to mosquitoes and every other annoyance. The sun had long set when we started, but a deep orange glow filled the northern sky. An intense stillness reigned, broken only by the monotonous plash of the oars as we rowed on hour after hour down that great northern lake, rounding one head-

land only to find another precisely similar beyond it; but the mosquitoes turned all this voluptuous quietude into unbearable suffering.

At about twelve o'clock in the arctic midnight-day we roused a good couple from their sheepskin beds at the little farm of Hogheeden, having at length reached an habitation of human beings, such as it was. They were "poor but honest," and bore well-marked Lapp characteristics on their ugly but good-natured and homely features. Next day this man and his wife rowed me down to Arjeploug, pulling all day as hard as they could.

I angled on the way down for three hours with spoon bait and phantom; but as the fish are only to be got in shallow water and in certain places, nothing came of it.

About midnight we reached Arjeploug, the chief town of the province, which boasts a church and post-office, a wind-swept collection of Lapp hovels and red log-houses. The Lapps were away on their usual summer peregrinations. Their huts lay scattered in chaotic confusion, as though stranded by a receding flood. Many of them lay almost upon their sides on the rocks, built like boxes, and not fastened in any manner to the soil, probably for purposes of transport.

After some delay, and a great deal of hammering on wooden doors, one of the most aristocratic families woke up, and were kind enough to admit me, and put me up in two really nicely furnished guest rooms. The other two rooms in the house were

the kitchen and family bedroom, where five girls, four boys, three women and one man were stowed away, but how or where they were enabled to find sufficient room for themselves, or why they preferred being so crowded together, when abundant space was available elsewhere, I was quite unable to determine.

I must now describe the three days I spent in fishing with my host, a Lapp-Bonder, or Swedish settler in Lapland. The morning after my arrival I went out, accompanied by the whole of the family, and stationing myself on the rocks on the banks of the river near the village, and opposite to a large island, I fastened on to half a length of coarse gut two trout-flies known, I believe, as a grey gnat and a yellow palmer, using my twelve-foot green-heart, and captured a large grayling "before I knew where I was." This must have been the exact spot where, forty years ago, a party of three English enjoyed splendid grayling and trout fishing. I was pleased to learn from "P. S. W.," who, writing to the *Field*, states having seen two letters of mine in that paper describing Lapland travel; and that they, too, passed through Arjeplog coming from the Windel River. It appears since then no one had angled at this spot, or, perhaps, anywhere else in the Shellefteo.

Letting out five yards in the strong current, grayling after grayling was hooked and fought hard, spreading out its iridescent fins and jerking desperately at the line until each in its turn was laid in triumph on the stones. The family fished with the other rod, a salmon

rod, and for some hours made a sad muddle of the business, but managed to get lots of fish on to the bank notwithstanding.

I found my occupation sufficiently absorbing, as it was the first grayling fishing worthy of Lapland that I had met with ; but a glance over my shoulder showed me half the family engaged in wrestling with the large rod like one man, and getting almost the best of the contest, but producing in the process the, to me, most excruciating sounds, at times like the cracking of a whip, at other times like the whistling of a gale of wind, as the bending top described a semicircle in the air.

However, in a couple of hours the bag had reached the agreeable dimensions of twenty-six grayling, nine of which, tied together, weighed 14 lb., and ten trout of only moderate size. Work was struck about midday to allow of preparations being made for a most successful day on the morrow on some of the other connecting cataracts between the two lakes, for the Great Horn Lake is joined to the one below it by seven distinct and separate parallel rivers. All fish not used at once were carefully scraped and salted down in a barrel.

It was pleasant to know that nothing would be wasted—that every fish would be of use—fish that their coarse appliances could not bring to bag in large numbers, but which was simply a question of time when using the English tackle I had with me.

Next day we took a good luncheon of eggs, tunnbrod, reindeer meat, goats' milk, cheese and butter, and rowed across the lake in splendid weather to the

first of the rivers which join the Horn Lake to the Udjaure. Then we ran the boat ashore on to some rocks, which the Swede, Edholm, declared was the best place of all for the largest trout (stretching his arms as wide as they would go by way of illustration). But as the sun was blazing and every stone on the bottom visible, I decided to try first lower down, where, after a long rush of turbulent water there lay sparkling in the sunlight, a large pool, covered with white bubbles, and at least thirty yards in breadth and sixty in length. The narrow rush at the inflow was a splendid place for letting out without any trouble a long line with a spoon bait attached, for any one not an adept in the art of casting a bait in orthodox manner, so after letting the line run as far as to what I judged was the head of the pool, I walked slowly down, but considerably slower than the current, to keep it spinning. I was rewarded by a violent jerk, and when I wound up the broken line it became evident that the spoon was firmly fixed in the jaw of some monstrous trout, and was sailing about the pool between heaven and earth, like Mahommed's coffin.

Meanwhile, Edholm fished with the other rod and a large fly of the palmer sort. His angling consisted of violent efforts, accompanied by a loud swishing sound of the rod and line cutting the air with immense violence, quite audible a hundred yards away, and usually having the result of propelling the fly about a yard and a half.

My large trout refused to be tempted further, being apparently quite satisfied with capturing my bait, and

after trying for half an hour longer I changed to a couple of trout flies, and soon began to be busy, playing two pound and one pound grayling, and small, dashing trout, into the landing net, which one of the young Swedes held to receive them. It was getting on for luncheon time when Edholm came up and said he had something to show me which must be seen before eating; so, going back to the boat, we rowed to the next pool, a hundred yards away, and after following a path for a short distance, came in sight of a substantial log house in the middle of the river, built on great fir piles and connected by a stone weir or dam with the shore. Below the dam the river was steep, broad, and stony.

This, then, was the object of our search, and one that all the party looked forward to showing me with such impatience. It was apparently nothing but a common flour-mill, consisting of a funnel-shaped turbine, down which the water rushing turned a wheel and caused the heavy millstone to revolve.

While I was wondering what a great flat chamber, built out on to the river bed below, meant, and through which the water percolated, Edholm unlocked the door, and letting go a heavy lever, stopped instantly the flow through the turbine. Then with our combined efforts we threw open a great trap-flooring, and a sight was presented to my astonished gaze that I shall never forget.

I can see that mill-stream shining,
As when I saw it last.

The water within was boiling like a gigantic caldron.

To and fro, with their backs out of water, terrified at the noise and light, splashed and darted a dozen great fish, seeking in vain some escape from their wooden prison. When there were yet eight or ten inches of water it ceased to subside, and a large, murderous-looking four-pronged and barbed salmon spear was brought and the following fish speared and deposited with some trouble, ponderously wriggling, in a large hamper. First some large carp and gwynniad, then a splendid trout of ten pounds, according to my weighing machine (which was all it was marked to register), with a dark greenish *Salmo ferox* appearance, much spotted with black. Then two sea-trout-like silvery fellows of five and a quarter and four pounds respectively, and several smaller ones. After this we opened the turbine again and went to luncheon. While grayling were being fried in a frying-pan over a wood fire by the boys, Edholm and I began our meal on raw carps' roe and salt as a *hors d'œuvre* resembling caviare.

After lunch both trout and grayling were taken with a spoon in the swifter parts, but by far the greater number with fly, including a trout of over three pounds, and when we rowed home in the evening there lay at the bottom of the boat one hundred and sixteen fish, scaling nearly as many pounds. The flour-mill being the property of the lendsman, or chief official of Arjeploug, we left all the fish taken in the turbine at his house, and although I asked, I was unable to obtain the skin of the

large trout, which I wanted to bring to England. Fishing rather farther away next day the bag was seventy-five fish, weighing sixty-one pounds, the largest a grayling of two pounds, with several others running it very close. All were caught with trout rod and palmers or bumbles. The grayling took the fly in a most determined manner, and tried to beat the line with their tails when hooked, and as they have tender mouths, had to be brought to net at once. The trout leaped out of the water as soon as they felt the steel in a succession of bounds, and were then unceremoniously wound up. In fact, altogether, during the two days, enough trout and grayling were caught and salted to form a useful addition to the settler's winter stock of provisions.

Bathing on the second day of my arrival at Arjeplog, in the lake, I discovered that the shallow muddy bottom near the margin swarmed with small red animalculæ, and several long black worms were visible, in appearance like horse hairs, long, thin, black, and resting almost motionless upon the mud. Just as I had made up my mind that these animals must be perfectly harmless, and was about to plunge into the ice-cold water, I recollected reading that Linnæus, the great naturalist, had named a certain worm that he thought attacked him in the water and penetrated his flesh, during his travels in Lappmark, the *Furia infernalis*, or infernal fury. At the same moment I remembered an important breakfast engagement with my friend Herr Edholm, and threw

on my clothes again while I hurried back to the house. Possibly the timely discovery of those harmless-looking leeches to which the great Swede had given so terrible a name, had saved me from an experience like his.

Next day I left for a seventy-mile journey down the Shellefteo to Bastusele.

We slept at a log hut half-way down the Udjaure, and next day left early, the boatman telling me not to fish until we came to a place where there were "*Stora laxor*"—big fish. The place he alluded to was directly above the first series of rapids after the Udjaure Lake, which is also called the Storafvan, or Great Lake. It was a lovely spot. As we floated slowly down upon the outlet, where the great river left the lake, with Olaf, my boatman, resting upon his oars, I felt a double excitement. The first was anxiety to catch some of these monstrous trout that Edholm said abounded here; and the second originated in my remembering that, after catching them, there were four or five rapids to be shot. It was true that the rapids were not very dangerous, not nearly so much so as others we descended later, and Forstrom had been up and down them before. Still they were the first of the kind I had seen, and their dull roar was hardly in perfect accordance with that peace and repose so suggestive of the angler's art.

We were shut in by tall pine-trees, and as the lake narrowed gradually a slight current became perceptible. Blue stones became visible, twenty feet below,

and now and then a great rock broke the surface. The tackle was all ready—a small, glittering spoon with a yard of gut, a short pliant rod, and one hundred yards of line. We were on the bosom of the rapid, within twenty yards of the edge, where the waters toppled over and sank rushing away. This was far enough, so I directed Sandstrom to row up against the current, while I let out the bait with twenty yards of line. In a few minutes the rod made a terrific lunge, and I felt that a fish like a salmon was at the end of my line. In the unexpected suddenness of his attack and the excitement of almost my first really large fish, Olaf had, through sheer amazement, ceased rowing, and we were nearly swept down the cataract, and the fishing prematurely put a stop to. Fortunately, the big fish was well hooked, and made for the lake, whither we followed him, after some hard pulling against the current; and towing him, after a stubborn fight, inshore, trailed him across the stones—a spotted monster just over seven pounds.

We had a long and dangerous row still before us; so there was no rest for the wicked, and, after a moment's breathing time, we were at it again. This time Olaf took care to keep well above the current, while I let out rather a longer line. Hardly had the bait reached the "breast" of the rapid when there was a heavy swirl in the water just where the bait was scintillating, and the whirr of the little trout reel told us that another rapacious victim had attached itself to the lure.

Again and again the same thing was repeated, till five splendid trout of 7 lb. each and one of $5\frac{1}{4}$ lb. lay on the boards, caught so quickly in succession that the first was not yet dead. After this there came a pause, and, as there seemed no more fish inclined to take and be taken, except an occasional grayling, the line was wound up, and our first rapid was shot—quite a short one, but steep, while the sensation was both novel and exhilarating. Half-way down a wave broke on Olaf's back, and he groaned aloud under the chilling douche, but next moment the boat was floating peacefully in a large pool, and we had overcome our first obstacle.

After a rest the spoon was trailed to and fro across the current as we descended, till the little farm of Stromhorn was reached, where two of the largest fish were boiled and one fried, which, after satisfying Olaf and myself, left enough for the farmer's family for several days. Such large fish had rarely been seen by these natives, who seldom use anything excepting small-meshed nets, and very good eating they were—crisp and red like salmon, while Olaf was never tired of explaining the method of their capture. Then we floated down the river to Slagnas, where the good people put us up comfortably for the night.

This portion also of the river proved to be a splendid fishing ground, where I spent a couple of hours that evening, till Olaf got so worried with the gnats, being unable to row and wipe them off at the same time, that, as it was getting late, I mercifully left off. Close by the farm lies a long stretch of still water

ending in one of the most formidable rapids we had hitherto encountered. Just where the still, deep water merged into the cataract I found was situated the fishing.

Its outlet dashed into a deep cascade
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding.

I had hardly let out a dozen yards of line, when what must have been a very heavy fish carried away the little spoon that had hitherto done its duty so well and faithfully. This disaster, which I soon remedied, was due to my being obliged, for want of a better, to make use of a small trout reel, which was unable to pay out the line fast enough. The next essay was more successful, for after two or three preliminary nibbles, at which I struck vigorously without being able to hook anything, a dashing and powerful trout attacked the little glittering piece of metal, and, after a severe tussle, which almost bent the rod into a semicircle, was brought to bank and scaled 5 lb. This fish, in whose stomach, curious to relate, there was found firmly fixed a brass hook, previously mentioned, was the precursor of several others of exactly the same size, but whose play was not so determined as that of this extraordinary fish. It was in apparently good condition. This hook with the twisted wires found attached to it may be seen at Arundel House (The Flyfishers' Club). Examples have frequently been noted of fish caught with old barbs embedded in their mouths. This one was firmly fixed in the

stomach. How insensible, then, must fishes be to pain!

But these Slagnas trout were not so entirely unsophisticated as their easy capture would lead one to believe.

Carl Forsham, who took the boat down the rapids for us the next day, possesses an extraordinary bait, with which he sometimes takes a fish. It consists of an enormous, heavy, double salmon fly made of scarlet feathers tied to a piece of glittering metal, and fastened by thick twine to a short, pliant birch stick. With this ungainly implement he rows to and fro across the current, and when once the great hooks have been driven firmly into the jaw of a trout, the birch stick yields sufficiently to insure its capture.

The following morning we resumed our journey down the Shellefteo River. The roar of the rapid below sounded like distant thunder, or—

Lifted its voice, a muffled, tremulous roar,
Borne on the breeze an instant, and then gone
Back to the regions of the middle air;
The voice as of a nation overthrown,
With beat of drums, when hosts have marched to war.

To avoid the large rocks, and at the same time to prevent the boat getting broadside to the current, constitutes the difficulty generally experienced in descending a rapid.

Below Slagnas a succession of them was encountered, down which we were carried at tremendous speed. Wet weather would have made things very uncomfort-

able. Day after day, however, the sun rose and set in unclouded splendour, or occasionally amid cloud of red and orange hues, or behind dark blue hills and over the mirror-like surface of many lakes, bordered by tall pine-trees standing out blackly against the sky.

Plenty of reindeer, the private property of the Lapps, were seen all the way down upon the banks of the river as we glided past.

On quitting the hospitable hamlet of the Lapp-bonders by whom I had been entertained, and who would take no payment but fish, we floated quickly down the current towards the rapid. On reaching my fishing ground of the evening before, I threw in a salmon fly, and got a pull from a good trout, but soon returned to the spoon, and in half an hour landed three good fish of $2\frac{1}{4}$ lb., and $4\frac{1}{4}$ lb. and 6 lb., and then gave up fishing in view of the more serious business in hand.

The volume of water was about three times heavier than that of the Thames at its usual level. Had there been less, the rocks would have made it too unsafe to descend. Carl Forsham, who was better acquainted with the cataract than Olaf, was to take the boat down, having descended it on previous occasions on a raft.

The boat was run ashore at the head of the rapid, bailed out to ride as light as possible, everything except a few light articles taken out and a false gun-wale nailed on; while Olaf, shouldering my baggage, beckoned me to follow him through the wood. I had enormous confidence, however, in Carl, and was

anxious to descend with him in the boat and observe more closely than I could from the shore his skill and watermanship. After explaining that the boat must be lightly loaded and making various objections to the proposal, he at length consented to take me, and told me to sit well in the centre of the boards on the bottom. As he pushed off, I suddenly experienced an almost irresistible desire to jump out. Next moment the boat was being carried rapidly down towards apparent destruction. As we topped the brink the speed quickly increased, we were violently tossed to and fro, while waves broke in upon the boat, making me gasp convulsively and cling helplessly to my air cushion, which I had filled with air to act as a kind of effectual life-preserver in case of accidents.

A vision of Carl, straining at the oars as we shot within an inch of a tower of water foaming and dashing against an opposing rock, and next moment the danger was over, for we found ourselves floating placidly on the Ledvatnet, with only twenty miles more to row to Bastusele. While we waited for Olaf to come round with the luggage through the wood I captured a few grayling with a couple of small flies, which the large trout seemed not to fancy at all. These Carl took back with him, as there would be plenty lower down.

Below Slagnas, walled in by sombre pines, the great Shellefteo continues a winding course. A last rapid had to be negotiated before reaching Bastusele, whose muffled roar had long been audible. The

great violent stream bore us past terrifying swirls of broken water and roaring, foaming cascades, while Olaf grinned pleasantly, and, by a skilful manœuvre, and just in the nick of time, we always escaped them.

Before we reached Bastusele there was one place where the fishing was so good that I returned all the way to it next day, but was not rewarded in a manner equal to the expectations I had formed of it. This place, which had seemed to me such a likely haunt for the great trout, was a connecting current between two large lakes, thirty yards apart; but as the country was more thickly populated than the regions above, boats were continually passing. The river, whose course I had hitherto followed for over a hundred and fifty miles, from this point runs in an almost uninterrupted course of rapids to the sea.

At Bastusele the settlers fish for the enormous trout, or *Salmo ferox*, which they call *lax* (which means salmon in Norway), with line of the very strongest, colossal rough salmon flies, and a peculiar large spoon they obtain in Stockholm. These great trout are constantly fished for all the summer at the entrance to the rapids close to Bastusele, and are in consequence very shy and wild. There is here quite an extensive settlement. I tried my luck in the usual style from a boat, and, of course, great things were expected of me, and I was even accompanied across the lake to the favourite spot by five large boats filled with spectators.

Olaf had told most exaggerated stories of the

wonderful things we had done on our way down, of the fights with the great stubborn trout of immense size and unparalleled ferocity, and of the magic bait that came from England that no fish could resist seizing. But whether it was that I felt shy at being watched by so many eager eyes, or that the fish became aware of the concourse of people bent on their destruction, and so sent their most valiant champions to do battle with the stranger, or whatever the cause was, the end was a miserable failure.

To my intense mortification I first lost a heavy gimp flight to which I had attached as bait a small grayling, then a spoon bait followed it, and, lastly, another large spinning flight of hooks fastened with gut instead of gimp. These must have been carried away by very large trout indeed—judging by the strength they exhibited during the few moments the ‘attachment’ lasted, I estimated them to be from fifteen pounds to twenty pounds in weight.

After this I had two more “runs ;” on each occasion the fish escaped, breaking the gimp, and carrying with him as a souvenir a triangle of hooks. After this I could get never a touch, and soon gave up. This was certainly very disappointing, but there was some consolation, that though some one or other of the settlers was constantly fishing while I was there, day and night, for the nights were still nearly as luminous as the days, not a single fish was got, or was touched, except the fortunate five which I had lost.

Resisting the attractions of an easier and shorter way seawards to the Gulf of Bothnia by a village some twenty miles distant named Malo, where the post-road commenced, I continued to follow the stream, although it was no longer possible to descend in a boat owing to the numerous rapids, accompanied by Olaf and by Eric Landgren, through thick pine forests, where at every step the ground was encumbered with fallen trees and undergrowth; keeping always beside the river, across stony tracts and marshy ground covered with grey reindeer moss and berries, where the banks were strewn with stranded logs, or at times shooting down on boats belonging to little hamlets on the banks, and descending by this means no fewer than fifteen rapids. Some of these cataracts caused us some painfully exciting work, as the men had not explored them before, and it was necessary to stand up constantly to keep a look-out for large rocks over the crests of the rollers or large waves caused by the current.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, a grating sound or a jerk every now and again caused me many an unpleasant thrill.

An enormous amount of timber lay piled near the banks, apparently cut and left to rot, probably from inability to drag it to the water owing to a warm winter and the premature disappearance of the snow. Such as it is, the timber trade of Sweden seems monopolised by the great merchants of Gothenburg.

At the farm of Ronas we were hospitably enter-

tained by a Swedish settler and his family living twenty miles from anywhere in a clearing in the forest. Their possessions consisted of a house and out-house, four cows, a pony, and a boat and nets on the river.

When the men arrived at these oases in the desert of Lapland there was always a difficulty in getting them away. Coffee had to be drunk several times, which meant roasting, grinding, and boiling it in a brass pot, each time requiring half an hour. Salt and sugar were added, and it was certainly very excellent. I was congratulating the farmer on the fact that coffee took the place apparently of alcoholic drinks, on which he immediately left the room and presently returned with a cup of very strong and nasty *brandevin*, which I was obliged to drink. When we had drunk more than enough coffee he took us down the river to his boat, and I commenced fishing "by special request," in order to supply the settler with some fish which his nets had lately, he said, been unable to procure for him. He had heard long tales of sport from Olaf, and rowed me up and down and across the stream where he thought the best fish lay, while I used a phantom minnow for a bait, in the middle of a long stretch of deep still water, with a rapid below and one above, and tall pines growing at the water's edge. We rowed down stream first, and I let out the phantom (a small blue one) just where the lower rapid commenced, and was soon fast in a good trout. Not having a landing-net or a gaff

we rowed instantly ashore, and, as Olaf was endeavouring to secure the fish with a large knife, he stepped too near the edge and suddenly sank up to his middle in a sort of quicksand of wood fibres and bits of bark.

Finally, after angling successfully for three hours we prepared to continue the journey, having caught nine trout, weighing no less than thirty-nine pounds, and sixteen grayling. After a few days I reached Shellefteo, on the Gulf of Bothnia, and from thence journeyed on foot through the almost pathless forests, sleeping each night in some farm or hamlet, until I at last came upon the Umeo, in which plenty of pike may be caught, but probably no trout until the upper parts of it are reached.

I came upon it at the village of Lyksele, where good quarters await the traveller, but the scenery is tame and the country densely timbered. Some parts of the river seem to hold gwynniard, besides pike. Higher up trout and char abound, as I discovered. Of numerous natives with whom I came in contact, my recollection of a certain old man who rowed me up part of the great Umeo lake will always remain the clearest, for two reasons: one being because he tried to steal my frying-pan, which was carried loose, and the other because his boat was almost the only one met with which did not leak and required no baling out.

After many long days of travel up the Umeo River I found myself at last once more among the high mountains which divide Sweden from Norway, making

my way by long "portages" and by boat back to the North Sea.

I certainly expected splendid fishing at Terna, where several great streams join the Umeo, and which looks on the map as if it were situated in a perfect network of lakes and rivers; but, though I fished carefully for a whole day, I only landed two fish, weighing $3\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; both were taken with the phantom where the Umeo enters the Geutashon Lake. Several Lapps came with me, very small and dirty fellows, wearing queer red caps, who were anxious to be told the price of everything, especially of casts and flies, thinking they could be employed without a rod.

The next day's fishing, which was one of the best I had in Scandinavia, was only obtained after several uncomfortable nights and hard days of travel. Behold me, then, just arrived, dripping from a long day's march through heavy rain, in a log hut at Umefors, on the highest of the great lakes of the Umeo, after plunging through seas of mud, for it had long been dark, and we had wandered from the track.

Instead of the "midnight day," we were soon to have the "midday night," for the light nights of the northern summer had long ceased, and autumn had come on apace. Long before the hut was reached its solitary light—for there was but one other hut within twenty miles—had been seen twinkling through the rain. It boasted but one room, consisting of the edifice itself. However, I was given the best bed and some clean hay. The woman and children slept on two other beds, and the men on hay upon the floor.

The wind and rain came in through the broken window, but no one seemed to mind. The following day there came a heavy gale from the south-west with fresh torrents of rain. Rivulets rushed down the mountain sides. The violence of the wind made it impossible to continue the journey, for the Swedish and Norwegian row-boats are of peculiar build, and in a wind are perfectly unmanageable. If the boat is evenly weighted, the wind drives it broadside. If the bow or stern is highest, that end of the boat is driven round to leeward. I therefore passed my time in fishing, where the Umeo leaves the first of the two great Umeo lakes, and wonderful was the sport. Just as I reached the spot, two large ospreys, fish hawks, or sea-eagles, were hovering over the water, when suddenly one made a dash downward like a stone into the pool, struggling up again instantly with a fish in its talons, whose orange belly showed it to be a char. The bird flew away over the lake with its prize, closely pursued by the other and by a raven, the trio making a great noise.

Beguiled by such scenes as this, only to be seen in wild, lone lands, the time passed swiftly and pleasantly away, until the gale abating allowed the journey to be resumed.

Meanwhile I applied myself to catching fish with a couple of large flies, and throwing the line over a big pool, soon landed thirty-one trout and four splendid char weighing exactly a pound apiece, which took the fly in a manner that was very different to the dashing rise of the trout.

The char invariably sucked in the fly when it was deep down in the water, and then the only indication of their presence was a stubborn resistance, as though the fly had caught on a rock. Then there came a brilliant flash of orange crimson as the frightened fish turned over on its back in its struggles to escape.

Another night was passed in the insufferable log hut, and next day the rain still fell in torrents. The wind however had ceased, so the voyage was continued. Half-way up the lake lie scattered a multitude of islands, leaving in one place a narrow channel, or waist, through which the water swiftly glides.

Here were to be seen hundreds of char, the handsomest, perhaps, and the best eating of all freshwater fishes; they were feeding in the comparatively shallow water, darting hither and thither, in entire fearlessness and disregard of the boat, forming a gorgeous maze of flashing colour with their dark backs and bright crimson bellies—a sight worth coming many a thousand miles to see. Some seemed likely to weigh as much as two pounds. Of course I threw a fly towards them—a March brown with a short line on account of the overhanging trees. At first no notice whatever was taken of it, but soon I had the satisfaction of seeing a char swim up and inspect the artificial thing, and appearing satisfied that it seemed nutritious and good to eat, he opened wide his mouth and gulped it down.

A tightening of the line surprised him greatly, and after a short struggle I was able to lift him into the

boat. In this way seventeen were landed in about an hour, after which we moved on, for many a long mile of the great Umeo Lake yet lay before us to be crossed ere we could reach the hamlet at its farther extremity; whence the following day, partly with pack-horses and partly by carriole, I reached the German Ocean.

Swedish Lapland is inhabited by two separate and distinct races, namely, the Swedish settlers, or Lappbonders, and the Lapps. The first of these two classes is by far the most numerous, and is the one with whom the sportsman will be thrown most in contact. As he travels through or across this part of Sweden, at an average speed of fifteen miles per day, or, if he keeps to the roads, at a speed of forty miles as the diurnal average, he will sleep in their farm-houses and hamlets by night; sometimes in a comparatively luxurious apartment, set apart for guests, if such an one exists, or at other times in the single room which serves as the kitchen, living and sleeping room for the entire family.

By day, as he makes headway towards his intended destination, he will be guided and accompanied by one or more male members of the household who provided him with accommodation, dependent upon the amount of his transportable effects; or even, on occasions when no males of any age are available, by one or two girls or women as his pack-carriers.

It may always be counted upon as the invariable rule, when a start has once been fairly accomplished in any thinly or moderately-thickly populated district

or country, that the traveller will resemble a species of animated locomotive exemplifying perpetual motion. He will never be obliged to stop unless he wishes to do so at some favoured spot where unusually large trout are waiting to be captured by the first allurements containing a hook that has ever been thrown upon or trailed through their virgin waters, excepting the enormous red spoon-shaped machine, or substantial and ponderous wire hooks, which are occasionally possessed by some neighbouring Lapp-bonder. But he can journey on unceasingly, like the Wandering Jew, for ever without even a day's delay, in any reasonable direction, and at any reasonable speed. If his coming is welcomed with simple hospitality, his departure will by no means be hindered, but rather encouraged, in a country where provisions are not superabundant; and if his visit is an undoubted novelty, his presence will also be considered somewhat in the nature of an anxious responsibility. Porters will be requisitioned from every quarter, even the womenfolk, as before mentioned, bearing their share of the labour if it should be necessary. The proper sums to be paid for these various conveniences will generally suggest themselves, with reference to the relative or comparative cost of travelling in that particular part of the country, but whatever the sportsman may deem to be the proper sum will invariably be received without question or anything but evident satisfaction. He will perhaps be the first genuine arrival from the outer world who has been

seen for a long period of many consecutive months, and he must consequently be prepared with such pieces of information as he finds himself able to impart in the Swedish or Svensk language, with the aid of a colloquial phrase-book. But if the tourist in Swedish Lapland is so constantly associated with the settlers, or Lapp-bonders, it is but rarely that he falls in with the Laplanders.

The Lapps, as a markedly distinct and peculiar race, and as living entirely with, by, and upon their tame reindeer (or cariboo), with the exception of the periods when they remain in the neighbourhood of settlements, have always formed an attraction for the anthropologist. At first sight dirt appears to be their most prominent characteristic, and next to that their shortness, prominent cheek-bones, and long, coarse hair. Both men and women are often troubled with nervous afflictions. The women wear leather breeches under their dresses. The Swedish settlers in Lapland frequently intermarry with the Lapps, who are computed more or less wealthy according to the number of their reindeer, a thousand deer being regarded as unusual wealth, while they are also assessed for taxes in this respect. They are inclined, in consequence, rather to under than to over-estimate the number of these animals which they possess. Among the Lapps themselves the most important object taken into consideration on the conclusion of marriage arrangements is the fortune on either side. Love must be satisfied to rank as merely an affair of secondary importance,

and in many cases is not taken into account at all. Many a fine Lapp girl, who has no reindeer, may thus live and die without any Lapp having spoken to her of love, while many a remarkable specimen of ugliness (and this means a great deal) has lovers in abundance, provided she be rich. Not that the young Lapp refuses always to listen to the voice of his heart; but he generally prefers that of reason. The courtship is somewhat troublesome. The lover, if he can be so called, proceeds to the parents of the selected girl, armed with a plentiful supply of spirits and of wedding presents, and states his case at great length, partly in extempore song and partly in speech, and the proposal is rejected or accepted there and then. Being nominally Christians, they are married by the Swedish priests, and subsequently indulge in a banquet of reindeer meat and cheese, washed down with large supplies of strong spirit, to which each contributes a share. No knives or forks are used, and the affair is brought to a conclusion in most cases by what resembles an Indian *pot-latch*, or general drunk, with a promiscuous going to sleep upon the floor. To avoid becoming intoxicated too soon the guests first drink melted fat, with which sometimes their faces are also smeared.

The forests near the Arctic circle, and in the vicinity of the Rif and Lof fjelds, where I fell in with a large band of Lapps and reindeer, are often the scenes of wolf hunts during the winter. The presence of wolves near the herds of deer is always

a source of anxiety to the owners, as their most dangerous enemies, creating great havoc at times amongst the herds belonging to the mountain Lapps. A single wolf, they assert, can kill in one night as many as thirty reindeer, while a band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor. If any wolf tracks have been seen in the neighbourhood of the deer, a watch is constantly kept, consisting of one man and a couple of dogs at the very least, relieved at regular intervals. When the snow has acquired sufficient depth and softness, then affairs are completely reversed, for, instead of the wolf hunting the reindeer, it is generally the Lapp who hunts the wolf.

The alarm being given that wolf tracks or wolves have been seen in any direction within reach of the Lapps' camp, there takes place considerable commotion, as the swiftest runners on snow-shoes prepare for a most exciting chase. The wolf or wolves in the meantime usually seem to discover that danger in some shape or other is imminent, and manage, without loss of time, to acquire a start of at least two miles. But the track which the wolf leaves behind him in the deep, soft snow is so unmistakable and prominent that the hunters can follow it at their best speed without any risk of losing it through not following its every sinuosity, or the detours and windings the animal may have made, prompted by his lupine inclination or the irregularities of the ground. If it wishes to preserve its skin, it must strain every muscle as the chase proceeds, over ice

and stones, and through wild tracts and thick forests, where in cold blood one would experience a difficulty in proceeding at even a moderate rate of speed.

If the wolf has been fasting he is supposed to run faster, and to be able to keep up long-sustained and more enduring efforts than if he has eaten anything lately. His pursuers are no ordinary people. Lapps on snow-shoes are thoroughly in their element; their short stature gives them a decided advantage over the average Norwegian, and in point of mere speed our wolf makes but a poor show.

With the swiftness of the wind this procession of short men in blue or fur coats and sugar-loaf shaped hats, rush through the wood, and dart like an arrow down steep hills and through thickets where a tall person would find himself in difficulty, or jump down ledges several yards in height. During this violent progress the party has become somewhat dispersed. Everyone is making supreme efforts to be in front, for only to the striker of the first blow does the wolf belong, and to him appertains most or all of the honour. The leading Lapp is soon close upon his deadly foe, if matters go right and long stretches of bare or difficult ground have not intervened to give the animal a chance of escaping altogether. He deals it a heavy blow across the loins with his strong, spiked snow-shoe staff, sufficient merely to disable it, unless there are other wolves to be pursued, in which case he kills it outright. Otherwise this operation is deferred until the whole party of hunters has arrived upon the spot. So much

for a Lappish wolf hunt, which, it may safely be asserted, has been witnessed but by few travellers.

The sportsmen and tourists who make their way northwards of the Lofoten Islands during the summer, would certainly in winter find quite a new sensation in being conveyed by reindeer in a *pulka*. Duty or inclination, however, generally calls them southward at an earlier date. Some of the mountain districts which I crossed seemed promising ground for *ryper* shooting, had not the cold weather of the coming winter and the jealous regulations regarding dogs, having prevented the addition of a necessary setter, rendered such an attempt uninviting. In the low flat or forest-lands, however, a moderate amount of grouse were found, which number would probably have been largely augmented but for the above-mentioned provision.

These grouse appeared not unlike the birds known as blue grouse in Canada, more particularly in their habit of perching upon trees, in which position one often discovered them in the first instance.

On the first occasion I fired from too short a range, being in want of meat, and uncertain if any further movement on my part would not have the effect of putting the bird up—or down, perhaps, one ought to say. After the explosion, the distance being deceptive, the bird might have been said to have disappeared so completely as to give the impression of having been struck by a full-sized thunderbolt. A cloud of feathers filled the air, and the best portions of the breast were found adhering to a tree some yards away, and were care-

fully deposited in the game bag. The head, neatly severed from the trunk, was found reposing on the moss below, but the remaining parts had totally vanished, for—

—— the bird

Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.

On the next occasion when these wood-ryper were fallen in with the distance was more carefully chosen. I experienced much the same difficulty in Alaska, with the blue grouse. These birds are exceedingly difficult to find in thick pine forests, and it can only be accomplished by examining each tree separately from such a position that it stands out against the sky, or, better still, so that the sun shall be behind it. These blue grouse, if they should be in the tree, will then be plainly seen. But, since it must clearly be impossible that every tree can be thus examined, owing to its position and that of other trees, much time is often consumed, especially in thick, dense timber, after a most uncomfortable and painful craning of the vertebral column, without the discovery of any game. If, however, a family of these grouse should, after all, be discerned, the whole of them can generally be secured, if care be taken to dispose first of those seated upon the lower branches in regular order upwards. The one seated near the top of the tree will complacently watch the immolation of its relations, turning its head from side to side, until its own doom arrives.

I remarked that travellers in northern Norway and Sweden might find a novel excitement in reindeer

sledging. The cream-coloured deer are considered, rightly or wrongly, to go best in harness. Fabulously long journeys are recorded, and exceedingly lengthy ones have undoubtedly been performed of several hundred consecutive miles in a *pulka*. If the Lapp allows his reindeer to stray away to a great extent during summer, he collects and guards them, as has been mentioned, zealously and carefully during winter, living, as he does, with, by, and off them, so to speak. Their skins form his tent and part of his clothes. He makes thread from the tendons, spoons and other implements from the hoofs and horns, as well as glue. The blood, dried and powdered, forms an important article of his food.

Reindeer give but a small amount of milk, but this amount is unusually rich in consistency, and the Lapp is very chary with it. He makes cheese, but not butter, with it, and the dried venison of the reindeer forms his chief subsistence, which he also trades to the Norwegians in exchange for various luxuries and necessaries, including aquavit, of which ardent spirit he is particularly fond. On first seeing these tame reindeer one is struck by their diminutive size and the miserably stunted and sometimes deformed horns they carry.

The Lapps assert that a reindeer can cause the tines to appear on its horns at any particular spot by rubbing that spot with its foot. In support of this they add that a deer which is blind of one eye will have the horns on that side deformed through its inability to rub the required spots, owing to its loss of sight.

DAYS WITH THE LAND-LOCKED SALMON.

Lake St. John—The Voyage from Liverpool—Birch-bark Canoes—My two French Canadians—Start from the H.B. Post—A lonely Hamlet—Peribonca River—Fighting the Gnats—Grand Discharge—Camp on an Island—Fishing for Land-locked Salmon—A Gale—Lake Kenogami—Black Flies—Chicoutimi—Trout at the Mouth of the Saguenay—Tadousac—White Porpoises.

A PLEASANT week was passed in June with the Hudson Bay Company's officer at the post on Lake St. John, and then I started in a canoe, with two half-breeds, for a spin of fifty miles around this inland sea. I had ample time to dispose of, while waiting for some friends, and this was the programme that naturally first suggested itself. I had photographed, from every possible point of view, the inert relicts of the Montagnais tribe, who were camped alongside the "store," before starting on my voyage of circumnavigation. There was absolutely nothing else to do, for it is a wearisome, monotonous country, this northern portion of Quebec Province, with wild sombre flats and vast forests that stretch away in every direction, dense, impervious, gloomy, and oppressive.

This lake, however, of St. John is a very remarkable one, almost perfectly circular, containing a vast body of water, and in shape like a saucer. The Peribonca, the Mistassini, the Ashaupmouchouan, and other rivers, converge into this reservoir, which empties itself into the Gulf of St. Lawrence under the name of the Sague-

nay River. The railway from Quebec to Lake St. John is under construction and will soon be completed.*

The ubiquitous and uncomfortable mosquito was at this very time in his prime; for most Canadians think any one almost insane who, in the month of June, exposes himself to the attacks of this horrible winged scourge infesting the woods of North America unnecessarily and of his own free will.

But in this same month of June something else was in its prime, too—namely, the land-locked salmon fishing in this great solitary Saguenay, that helps to drain the north-east corner of the continent, and carries off more water than any other four of its colleagues added together. I maintain, though I may be mistaken, that the majority of the non-travelling public, rightly or wrongly, hold the opinion, that, for every sort of sport worth having, “there’s no place like home.” When they read piscatorial accounts emanating from some strange and outlandish foreign place, then their interest declines. But I shall not in this instance insult their intelligence by informing them that the Province of Quebec comes under this heading. Rather, I hasten to explain that the Saguenay River is free to the public, although all its tributaries are not, and may be reached in ten days from Liverpool, for an outlay of about £13. Whether it is worth any one’s while to go there for the fishing I will not undertake to say. I simply give my own experiences.

The birch-bark canoe is in many ways an awkward

* The line is now open.

boat, yet it has its advantages. Slender and easily broken, the materials for repairing it are yet to be found without difficulty, for an Indian has only to walk a dozen yards, maybe, before he sees a tree suitable to his purpose. He selects any broad, white-stemmed birch-tree. Four cuts with a knife, and he has enough of Nature's patent flexible waterproof cloth to repair a dozen canoes. This is fastened on with gum and resin, which he heats over the camp fire. There is yet again another advantage. A birch-bark canoe sixteen feet in length, which is of sufficient capacity to accommodate six persons, is capable, when properly weighted, of being paddled by one man; and so light and strong, that he would be able, after emptying it of its contents, to swing it, unaided, on to his back, and, without any difficulty or need of resting, carry it for a considerable distance. I was enabled to purchase, for about twenty dollars, a new canoe, specially made by the Indians for the Hudson Bay Company, and had it carried down and launched on the lake to accustom myself to this new mode of conveyance. Now, an empty canoe is a decidedly ticklish thing for one person to manage. Having, therefore, cautiously pushed it off, I seated myself at one end, which is the only place, excepting the bottom, where one can dispose oneself. The other end pointed to the zenith, the canoe being empty of luggage. This seemed very uncomfortable, and hardly the correct way to work it. Then came a gust of wind, which swept round the elevated end in an instant,

rendering the equilibrium precarious. To get the head to point once more towards the wind was impossible, so the canoe drifted back to shore amid the jeers and laughter of the Indian squaws, while I tried to appear as though I had forgotten something and wanted to land. Thus I discovered that to "paddle one's own canoe" one must kneel carefully in the centre, taking care not to touch the thin skin of bark between the wooden ribs, and that an empty canoe is exceedingly capsizable. After loading up and making a start on our circumnavigating trip I found one could move with confidence and safety, and in a few minutes I was even able to blow my nose without a qualm. One of my two men was partly, the other wholly—though it sounds paradoxical to say so—half-breed. The former was called Thomas Larouche, and was a Frenchman with Indian blood, who had married, and had children by, an Indian squaw. The other was called Olivier Leaunière, and both were related to almost every one within fifty miles of the place. Nothing could exceed their good temper and willingness to oblige. The French-Canadian, as a rule, is easy to get on with, being polite and generous; but I am not so sure I should be willing to depend on him at a crisis, or that one should trust him farther than one could see him. His volatile temperament and easy-going disposition make him a cheery companion.

Quebec and its neighbourhood is mainly peopled by French Canadians, and the region of the Saguenay and

the thinly populated district round Lake St. John entirely so.

Mr. Cummings and his wife waved me a kindly adieu from the shore as we paddled off on our tour round the lake. My luggage was piled in the centre: not very weighty, and consisting mainly of provisions for three weeks, tents, and the usual outfit. I, myself, on a couple of air-cushions, sat on the floor of the canoe, and the two men were seated at either extremity, Thomas steering from the stern, neither his tongue nor his paddle ever stopping for one moment.

So large is its expanse of water, that Lake St. John possesses an horizon like the sea, and, except at its narrowest part, the eye cannot distinguish the opposite shore. The country presents a monotonous uniformity, and is clothed throughout with pine and birch woods; it lies low and level, and no mountains worthy of the name are visible except towards the north, in the farthest distance. The water was a good six feet above its usual level, and as we coasted along the edge, half-submerged bushes appeared far out in the lake, and occasionally the twigs of some hidden tree grated unpleasantly along the bottom of the canoe, making one wonder if some broken branch might not rip up the delicate birch bark skin.

The first river to be reached was the Mistassini.* Near the inflow is situated S. Privé, the most

* Many miles to the north lies Lake Mistassini, concerning which such marvellous reports had been lately spread, as though it were almost unexplored and of enormous extent, by persons ignorant of the fact that it has been surveyed and that the Hudson's Bay Company have had a trading-post there for years.

northerly inland village in the province. It is quite invisible behind the pine-trees, and is probably small and poverty-stricken. A man was engaged in a boat fishing for pike-perch (Fr. *dorée*) with bits of fish, while before camping we managed to get a couple of fair-sized trout with bait. Hardly ever are trout caught in the lake itself, but occasionally maskalonge fall to the angler's lure. The gnat plague, as I have before observed, was at its height. One comes, after a lapse of time, even in this matter, to forget past discomforts. People assert that one can become accustomed to gnat stings; but in the worst places—in June, at any rate—this is impossible.

Next day, at midday, we arrived at a hamlet in a bay of the lake, the only one for nearly twenty miles, and a more lonely and uninviting spot could hardly be imagined. Rarely, if ever, had any one visited these people, except perhaps an Indian or a stray trapper. My wish to photograph the hut, of course, produced much excitement, and the women disappeared into an inner chamber, but not to hide themselves. It did not occur to me at the moment that they had gone to array themselves in their best, but I attributed their proceedings to diffidence, until they at length emerged, looking exceedingly uncomfortable, in tawdry finery that had evidently seldom, if ever, seen the light before. For, indeed, for whom and for whose benefit were they ever to find the opportunity for beautifying themselves? Copies of the photographs have been sent to them from England, probably

to their intense gratification. After this ceremony had been completed, away over the inland sea again we paddled, for I was longing to reach the fishing ground. Close by, the large Ashaupmouchouan River helped to swell the already high waters of the lake. By this river, as well as by the Mistassini, has the country to the northward been reached. But it is a wild, barren land, inhabited only by uninteresting Indian tribes, and attractive neither to the sportsman, agriculturist nor traveller. The Peribonca River had to be made that evening, for, owing to the unusual height of the water, absolutely no dry camping ground was obtainable on the borders of the lake, a state of things quite sufficient to put backbone into the strokes of the paddles, not to mention the hosts of winged scorpions that made life itself purgatory under the quiet pine-trees. My men sang and talked as they paddled along, for the French Canadian is the most irrepressible creature under the sun, and always gay and merry, even under the most sombre and distressing circumstances, always joking and on good terms with himself and all the rest of creation, but hardly ever 'with a penny in his pocket.' As my two men paddled along with a will the Peribonca was reached long before dark, and we found time to fish while searching for a suitable camping ground, and succeeded in landing a pike-perch $3\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., a pike (Fr. *brochet*) of $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and lastly a land-locked salmon (or *ouinnish*) of $3\frac{1}{4}$ lbs., all weighed, of course, by machine.

No more shall be said about gnats; they shall "go

without saying." This shall be the last time they are mentioned. For this night their performances eclipsed all that had gone before.

They are indeed the curse of June and July in Canadian woods, which they render in places all but uninhabitable. Better far the rattlesnakes in Arizona, or the grizzly bears and scorpions in California and Mexico. I had been almost devoured by mosquitoes in Lapland, and was thoroughly armed with carefully wired-out head nets and tar and lard ointment. But the effect resembled that produced by Mrs. Partington upon the Atlantic Ocean, when she tried to keep it back with her mop. Presently we came upon a lumberman's old and ruined cabin, where some dozens of swallows, sworn foes to the mosquitoes, were darting and skimming to and fro, the ground being clear of trees. This was evidently our best chance for any peace or rest.

Thy voice is on the rolling air,
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou fliest at the rising sun,
And at the setting thou art there.

Thy numbers then we may not guess,
And tho' I seem in hand and eye
To feel thy sting, oh painful fly,
I do not, therefore, hate thee less.

My hate involves the hate before,
My hate is vaster passion now,
Though made by God and nature, thou,
I do not therefore love thee more.

I was proud to be able to record that angry cries of

agony from Thomas and Olivier, as comparatively seasoned inhabitants, broke the silence of the evening. I knew, too, that they would be only too delighted to hasten away from the dreadful spot at daybreak. An enormous fire was kept burning all night.

With clothes and veil more or less covered with tar and lard ointment, I fell asleep, and heard, dreamily, through the tent walls, such cries as "Oh! Olivier, *c'est terrible, je n'ai pas dormi.*" The banks of the Peribonca are, in detail, lovely, but from a distance they present a sameness of appearance which is decidedly unattractive.

That same evening we reached the fishing ground, called the Grand Discharge, which is the point where the greater part of the Saguenay leaves Lake St. John in a series of rapids, the home of nearly all the land-locked salmon in the river. At any rate, they are rarely caught elsewhere. The other portion leaves the lake at Small Discharge, four miles to the west.

We selected for our camp an island quite free from winged terrors, lying in the very gateway, in the centre of the great river, past which on each side the current ran with deep, eddying swirls, while half-a-mile lower down, behind a wooded bend, could be heard the first of the series of falls that herald the impassable (without portages) portion of the river.

The backwater swept us round into a sloping, sandy bay, and Olivier jumped out and hauled the canoe gently up. It was a small island, about twenty yards across, without trace of any previous encampment.

Pine and birch growing among moss-covered boulders offered abundance of firewood. Emptying out the luggage, Thomas and I paddled off to try for the famous land-locked salmon, while Olivier stayed to make the camp. Query—Why are these fish called land-locked? The first answer that would suggest itself to a contrarious mind would be because they usually are found where they have free access to the sea, which is actually the case here; but there are, no doubt, exceptions to this. Over the lake in the distance, the shores trended away north and east, and dissolved into a dim line of pine trees. We first commenced in a broad current near the left bank, where it was evidently of considerable depth, and where fish coasting round the lake would first strike moving water, for it lay at the very commencement of the outflow. At this spot almost all my fish were captured, twenty-nine altogether, weighing ninety-eight pounds, as well as eighteen fish of other kinds, in three days' fishing. These last were principally pike and pike-perch, the latter a villainous-looking and ferocious fish, with a mouth like a shark. For an hour the fun was fast and, occasionally, it was furious. We soon found the aforesaid piece of water was the "daisy," and I am inclined to think that not once were the phantoms (for that was what I used) trailed across the current without one, if not both, rods being "delightfully agitated." But Thomas bungled in a most unskilful manner while endeavouring to secure the first victim. I had brought it alongside the canoe—it was a large fish, of

five pounds probably, and as it was leaping and covering us with water, he struck at it and missed it three times with the gaff, and at length touched and broke the line. At first the thought of a capsized canoe and of two men floating down the current, clinging to air cushions, was inseparably connected in my mind with playing a big fish, and especially with gaffing one out of an unsteady canoe. The canoe proved steadier, however, than I had anticipated.

In an hour the gathering dusk of night compelled us to cease and turn the canoe towards the bright fire that Olivier had made on the island, and from which we had never been farther distant than a hundred yards, with six land-locked salmon, the largest five and a half pounds, the others each about a pound less, and two pike-perch (*dorée*), livelier than ever, and snapping their serrated jaws with vindictive vitality. We had but two other touches, and lost one fish—all in an hour.

For three days we enjoyed admirable sport, landing none over six pounds, although they are said to run to eight pounds; but, on the other hand, none under two pounds, besides *dorée* and pike, but no trout. I determined that the next morning we must leave. Olivier had meantime smoked over the fire thirteen salmon under a wonderful shed made of birch-bark to keep off the rain.

“*Homme propose mais Dieu dispose;*” for next day, as we were preparing to start, a breeze sprang up which made it unsafe to embark in a canoe even to leeward

of the island. Great rollers broke upon the beach, and compelled us to move our camp to higher ground, though still under the shelter of the trees. We were monarchs of all we surveyed, or, at least, all we could walk on, imprisoned and quarantined by Dame Nature. Thomas diverted himself by floating logs from the end of the island down the current with a long line and baits attached, which were always swept round and returned by the backwater with most of the baits gone. However, some good fish were caught on baited lines tied to upright poles planted among the rocks. On the evening of the second day Thomas and Olivier managed to get across the narrow channel which separated us from the mainland in order to procure some birch bark to repair the canoe. During their absence the wind, which had lulled, increased, and caused them to hurry back, giving them a most difficult crossing. Next morning it had sufficiently abated to allow us to leave our island, which had been our home for five days, though I had only been able to angle during three.

As we were starting, three canoes, with three men and three boys, came by, on their way, as they informed us, to their summer quarters on the Rivière de la Pipe, and who were able to give us salt, of which we were in need, in exchange for salmon. On the bottom of one of the canoes lay a pike of apparently 15lbs. For some Canadians the inland north-eastern territories—for instance, Labrador—have a vast attraction. But one is rarely repaid, except in fishing,

for any excursion into these uninhabited places. Game of any sort is scarce in the forests. Lake St. John is one of the most accessible of the eastern regions, and is consequently occasionally visited by the tourist, who will soon be more frequently observed when he can make the journey in a Pullman car.

I had to get back to Chicoutimi, which is the 'head' of the regular steamboat navigation on the Saguenay from Quebec. The river was too high and violent to be descendable by canoe, though this may be done in July or when the water is at a lower level than it was at that time. The choice lay at present between the queer four-wheel carriages, like a box on two planks, along the most atrocious road imaginable, and a somewhat roundabout way by canoe. I chose the latter. This was to ascend the Belle Rivière, which is by no means a very lovely *rivière*. It seemed a mere flooded ditch, and cost us more than one day's hard paddling against a turbid current. Along the banks lay scattered a fair number of French Canadian farms, all built after the same model, and all the people terribly poor, because at present they have no convenient market.

Then, after a few portages, we traversed, by canoe, Lake Kenogami, shut in by lofty hills. A lake so long and narrow that, although the length from end to end is thirty miles, the average breadth is less than one mile. A few trout of fair size may be caught here, and I found excellent fishing in what is marked Rivière de Chicoutimi in the maps, though that is not

the local name. Here I first became acquainted with the celebrated black fly, in appearance like a very small, hard and active common house-fly. The bite differs from that of the gnat in only becoming irritating on the second or third day. Providentially they are confined to certain localities. They told me at Chicoutimi of a Scotchman who neglected ordinary precautions, and allowed himself to be extensively bitten while fishing, and consequently two days afterwards was driven almost out of his mind by the feverish irritation caused by these minute and insidious insects. We shot down the lower Chicoutimi, which joins the Saguenay near Chicoutimi, called locally the Rivière du Bassin. The fishing is very poor, as are also the French settlers whose farms line the banks. Stopping at one of these hamlets where a horse was procurable I sent the men back with the canoe and completed the journey by cart. They wished to continue our voyage and paddle down the Saguenay, but I considered the scenery could best be seen from the deck of a steamer. I remained at Tadousac for some days, a watering-place much frequented by the Quebec people and situated at the mouth of the river. The so-called sea trout of the estuary, about which so much is advertised, were, I found, common brown trout from the numerous tributaries of the river. They had found their way to brackish water, and grown out of all knowledge, while they had also become silver-coated and voracious, and lost their coloured spots. No doubt real sea-trout are taken later on in the season, though I

actually saw none. Mr. Joseph Radford, an Englishman, who superintends the Government Artificial Salmon Hatching Establishment at Tadousac, and has a thorough knowledge of the habits of fish in the river, informed me that in July and August the *caplin* (which I believe to be a kind of smelt) ascend the river, coasting along the precipitous shores, and that the sea and hybrid trout follow them. These latter will then, but not till then, take the fly; but, curiously enough, only the small trout will do so. The larger ones must still be fished for with the sand-eel (*élançon*). These sand-eels are caught in miniature staked brushwood weirs on the sand as the tide retires.

Some distance out in the gulf a grampus was blowing and snorting, and attracting by the process a crowd of spectators, for even in the Gulf of St. Lawrence a grampus is not seen every day. At the same time what had seemed to me ever since my arrival at Quebec a most mysterious occurrence was satisfactorily explained. I allude to the appearance of apparently small animated icebergs. Imagine a lump of white opaque glacier ice rising slowly partly above the surface of the sea, and quietly sinking out of sight again, and you have a picture of that curious fish, the snow-white porpoise.

MEN AND MANNERS IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, AND SPORT IN WESTERN CATTLE LAND.

Scenery of the North Platte—Expedition after Trout—My First Antelope—
I am Lost—Friendly Miners—Evening in the Miners' Camp—Thunder-
storms—Antelope Shooting—The Round-up Outfit—In Camp with the
Cowboys—Hunting in Bates' Hole—My First Blacktail—Medicine Bow
Range—My First Wapiti—Herding the Cattle—A Stampede—A
Broncho-buster—Life at a Rancho—Wapiti Shooting—Mule-deer.

THE Platte River, on the banks of which most of the ranches in Central Wyoming are situated, is already too overcrowded, for their own well-being—by cattle.

The scenery, until the impression wears off, reminds those who have seen these treeless plains, of the deserts of South and of North Africa, although in reality very different.

Looking down upon the North Platte River in Wyoming from the high limestone cliffs south of the Union Pacific Railway, an apparent Sahara lies spread below, faintly tinged with yellow from the sage-brush and bunch-grass that grow sparsely over it, and stretching away for leagues as far as the sight can reach in every direction. The blue river and green cottonwood trees lie stretched out like an emerald line, and contrast in an extraordinary manner with the plains, reminding one strangely of an oasis in the desert; but the grass on the seeming deserts afford food for cattle that was unsuspected until a few years ago; in many places this pasturage is get-

ting terribly eaten down, and several stock-owners have been compelled to seek more thinly populated districts elsewhere, and to strike away in the hope of finding good pastures farther north in Montana, and even over the frontier in British territory.

As regards food, too, fresh meat is not often to be had at the ranches, excepting of course beef, and that usually from anything but a marketable steer. Rarely is an antelope killed near at hand, although it seems improbable that they will ever be quite exterminated.

As regards the larger kinds of game, elk are very scarce and almost unobtainable, although deer are tolerably numerous among the woods on river banks.

Some of the plains are alkaline, and excessively dazzling to the eye, and render the streams that traverse them unpotable.

I heard a Westerner enumerate prairie dogs, gophers and chipmunks as the only inhabitants of the "alkali plains," but he might have added rattlesnakes, owls, horned toads, sage hens (the most foolish bird in creation), jack rabbits and coyotes; and on the foothills foxes and antelopes, among the larger animals that one comes across occasionally.

About thirty miles west of this point, on the North Platte River, one reaches the summit of the watershed, or divide, flecked with a few patches of snow, rising to a height of over ten thousand feet, but, owing to the general elevation of the whole country, not appearing to reach that altitude.

From here I made four separate expeditions, the

last being far away towards Colorado. My first expedition was mainly a ladies' camp for the purpose of fishing in the Mallory, a small mountain tributary of Green River. Strange to say, in the North Platte, which flows past the doors of numerous ranches, are found no trout whatever, although it appears to possess every requisite for a trout stream. But as soon as the divide is crossed, one can be sure of finding trout. Farther north trout are found in the streams on the Atlantic side, as well as on the Pacific side of the divide, but here only on the latter. This being the case, we of course went westward for our fishing. Our party consisted of two ladies, two "girls," "Will" (one of the "boys"), "Frank" (the general manager of a well-known cattle company), and myself; and the "outfit" consisted of three four-wheel buggies, and about nine horses.

In our excursion we camped the first night near the divide. Next day Frank described to me the position of the fishing ground, which was to be reached that evening, and I started off alone, upon a salmon-coloured brancho or mustang named Pete, to try and kill an antelope, not intending to lose sight of the outfit if I could help it.

The country became more wooded as I proceeded, the mountains being on the left, and interminable plains on the right, stretching in terraces as far as the eye could reach, beyond the Union Pacific Railway, now fifty miles away. Herds of antelopes scoured across the plains out of shot of my rifle.

At length, however, I was successful in obtaining the necessary supply of meat, by killing my first antelope or pronghorn after a successful stalk; and securing the haunches, I followed the waggon tracks, and soon saw our party some distance ahead engaged in cutting tent-poles, as there were none obtainable nearer the camping ground which they intended to reach under Frank's guidance that evening. This was the last I saw of them that day. Immediately afterwards I stalked and secured another antelope, and now, heavily laden with meat, continued following the waggon tracks till I came to a spot where they had evidently left the road (known as the Cherokee trail), and had turned down to cross a steep gully. The country at this point was very hilly, and thickly covered with sage, while the ground was dry, and therefore showed no wheel marks, excepting at the bottoms of the various small "gulches," where it was damper and softer. I next climbed a hill, or rather I made Pete do so, to his great disgust, but from the summit no living creature was visible, except thousands of antelope, some standing within fifty yards. I was completely lost and the shades of night were falling apace. However, I concluded, as my party must have passed on one side or other of a steep hill in front, that I should there find the missing wheel marks. But fate decided otherwise, for just then I caught sight of two stags, both mule-deer, with, as it seemed, particularly fine horns, the largest of which I determined should be mine, for

the sake of both the meat and the antlers. The animals seemed to have heard something, and had concealed themselves in a small patch of thick bushes, leaving, however, the tips of their horns plainly visible. A high wind was blowing, and it had begun to rain, with heavy thunder. Nothing was therefore easier than to approach them unheard, and I actually got within three yards of where they were standing, and, judging by the horns where the body of the biggest was, fired; when, to my astonishment, with a tremendous crashing, both deer fell down into the bushes, where, somewhat to my annoyance (for I only wanted one) I found both lying dead. Worse still, I omitted, in my ignorance, to "clean" either of them, so that, when I subsequently found our party, they considered the meat useless, as not having been galloped within half an hour.

The horns, too, were equally unserviceable as trophies, as I was annoyed to find that they were still "in velvet." Hurrying back to Pete, whom I had left standing with the rein on the ground, I made for the side of the hill, but could find no tracks whatever, so climbed the hill itself, from the top of which I decided that the outfit must have passed by one of two gulches, towards which I started at a "lope" (for Pete could never be got to go any faster). Rain was now falling heavily, and all traces that might have been left had long since become obliterated. After travelling on for ten miles, and scaring herds of antelope in every direction, it commenced to get dark, and I began to

prosecute a search for a shelter in which to spend the night and to speculate on the chances of the few matches in my pocket being damp, and whether I should leave Pete, as I had no hobbles, with his saddle and bridle on all the time. I then caught sight of what seemed to be a column of smoke rising out of some timber about twelve miles off, and I turned towards it at once in a more hopeful frame of mind. There I arrived at last, and found half a dozen large tents and as many waggons, but evidently, as I could see, not belonging to the party for which I was in search. No one was visible, though horses were picketed all around in considerable numbers. After shouting for some time, several heads appeared at the openings, and I was informed, in answer to my enquiries, that no "outfit" had passed that way. Presently, from one of the covered waggons, a tall bearded man, who was evidently the "boss," shouted what for the moment sounded like "Be off, I say; be off." I soon found he had really said "Get off;" and a longer acquaintance with the West would have taught me that a stranger always meets with the kindest hospitality whenever he stands in need of it, more especially at a Western miners' camp, for such I discovered was the character of the party I had chanced to find camped here.

Many a laugh have I had since with my then host, who I found was Mr. Foote, the well-known saddle-maker of Rawlins, camping out to do a little speculating in placer-mining for a change, and who most hos-

pitably entertained me. "If," he remarked, as we parted, "you forget my name, you'll see it written on your saddle."

Having thus fortunately escaped the necessity of passing the night under the lee of some rock, I felt only too glad to accept Mr. Foote's invitation to stay, while he impressed upon me that my party was lost, not I. I was informed that higher up were many more claims staked out, and that as yet the gold (for these were placer mines) had not been found in sufficient quantities to pay. A large number of miners had arrived during the last few days, and formed a pretty hard crowd, as it is called out West. After supper the talk round the fire was all of reaching bed rock, of disputed claims, of washing and panning out, of quicksilver, staking out claims, and the prospect of finding the "colour" in the surrounding country.

Then came a story from Foote of the cow that strayed away from his friend's ranche into the timber six times, and which he was telegraphed for to track each time at ten dollars a time, and which he found the last time caught up and strangled by the rope fastened to her neck.

One of the miners had on a pair of buckskin pants, which he was wearing and drying at the same time in front of the fire. As they dried, they gradually drew up till he looked as though his knees were bent ready for a spring. "If you're going to jump," shouted Foote, "why in tarnation don't you jump?" Then a well-known *raconteur* was sent for from a set of claims

higher up the river. That night I slept in Foote's waggon and before I left was taken round to see the claims, each with irrigating ditch and boards, in the thick undergrowth by the river.

Next day, with Mr. Foote, after a considerable detour, I at length found my party camped about six miles off. They, too, had been prosecuting a search for me in various directions without success. Mrs. M——, quite the Diana of the West, had been out stalking antelope, and had secured a supply of venison. All Western ladies mount their horses unassisted, and Mrs. M——, besides hunting antelope and other game alone on a mustang, was also in the habit of skinning, quartering, and bringing back the meat herself on her saddle.

A doe antelope used to come regularly every evening to lick at an alkaline deposit close to one of our camps, and was, of course, left unmolested.

Frank devoted himself to fishing, and caught nearly a hundred trout with chunks of antelope meat on a large hook tied to a string. Though not shy, trout were not numerous.

A curious meteorological phenomenon was the regular appearance of three or four thunderstorms every afternoon. When I returned in September, however, to the same spot, these had entirely ceased, and hardly any rain fell.

They seemed to be particularly attracted by the mountain ranges near the divide, since a few miles farther east they hardly ever occurred. The first

peals of thunder began to be heard at about half-past two in the afternoon and the storm arrived from the west, with increasing energy and wonderful punctuality, at about three o'clock. Of course, one generally managed to be in camp at that hour, and always noted whether it was late or in advance of its usual time. It was composed of a succession of smaller storms which succeeded one another without any intermission, and the rain, hail, lightning, and thunder were appalling. Occasionally, though the rumble of heaven's ordnance was almost unbroken, there came magnificent peals of silence. Once also during the night a flash passed into the ground with a simultaneous and explosive clap of thunder, which, judging by the sound, seemed to have struck only a yard or two from the tents.

One of the most violent of these curious storms caught me when I was some distance from camp in the open prairie, far from any shelter. Western horses never will face a storm, and at the most trivial smattering of rain they wheel round at once and stand with their tails to the wind till it is over.

Pete was heavily loaded with my knife and rifle, and with antelope meat, heads and horns, all of which things I knew were "conductors," and thought it advisable to keep away some distance, especially when certain pillars of cloud, from which the lightning streamed incessantly, came travelling up with the wind.

One day, on going to cut some meat to fry for dinner, I found a large frog, about half the size of the

well-known bull-frog, seated in the centre of a piece of raw antelope hide, from which it was catching the flies with wonderful speed and precision with its long tongue, which it darted out with lightning rapidity. It must have caught hundreds, for it appeared quite distended. Perhaps the most wonderful fact in connection with its performance was the manner in which its back, which was yellow, was marked with black by Nature in exact imitation of flies stationed on it, and seemingly answering admirably to attract flies, whether so intended by Nature or not.

On my next expedition, a week later, to the same spot, and with the same object, namely, trout fishing, we were all Englishmen—five of us. The fishing was certainly not so successful, but I easily obtained the full number of antelope heads I had decided on obtaining. On the whole, we were fortunate with the horses, though on one occasion one that was picketed broke away during the night and made for "home," followed by those which were hobbled. All were eventually recovered, excepting one, which turned up some months later, near the very same spot.

I had several exciting stalks after antelope; the others thought fishing preferable. The only antelope I wounded without securing was one which I followed on horseback for over five miles. While out of my sight for a moment it seems to have lain down in the place of another antelope, which I followed for some distance before finding out my mistake. I must have almost ridden over the original wounded one, which

I found again before it had time to seek a fresh hiding place. Seeing it was discovered it got up at once, while I was yet at some distance, and managed to conceal itself in some manner in a crevice; and, though the whole country was comparatively bare, it succeeded, finally, in escaping in a manner I never was able to understand.

The vitality of a full-grown antelope is extraordinary. While cutting up an old buck, the heart continued beating, since the blood issued in spurts from the severed arteries after decapitation; and the fore-leg kept moving after the hams and 'tender-loin' had also been cut off, which last continued to contract for some minutes after separation from the ribs. Great numbers of antelope are wounded without being brought to bag, from the use of the .45 Winchester magazine rifle, which carries a heavy bullet, but the charge of powder is not sufficient for an animal of such vitality. The idea held by some people seems to be as regards hunting antelope, to 'pump' as much lead as possible into the centre of a herd, on the chance of killing a few. Englishmen, however, hold that this is unsportsmanlike. Yet, I have seen an American lady do this, without any idea that it was cruel. Unless hit in a vital part, antelope will not fall, and if they do, frequently rise again.

An antelope on one occasion fell to my first shot, and on my getting within a few yards, rose and made off. I fired two more shots; one entered the centre of each ham from behind, and broke both

legs on each side. Even then it was not possible to cut the animal's throat without another shot through the heart.

After a few days in camp, like a sort of prolonged picnic, with plenty of fire-lighting and wood-fetching, of hobbling, picketing, saddling, finding and driving horses, of cooking, skinning, baking, bathing, fishing, and hunting, we returned to the ranche.

The day before leaving old Jim Baker "turned up," a well-known Rocky Mountain trapper and Indian scout; he was in search of some strayed horses. He informed us that many years ago but little rain fell on the divide at this point, which is sometimes said now to be the cradle of all the storms that cross the continent. On our return journey the buggy broke or became temporarily disabled more than once, owing to the strains to which it was subjected, finally parting altogether from the horses in a ditch. We arrived, however, at length, and found the next 'round-up' camped and on the point of starting, and consisting of several outfits, amounting to a hundred and fifty or sixty horses and nine or ten 'boys,' besides the 'bed' and 'cook' wagons, with the probability that it might return in twenty days. Cooking was in progress, and several 'boys' were galloping after refractory horses, yelling in a good-tempered way. I never saw a Westerner ill-treat a horse for giving trouble to catch or to rope; that he takes as natural. The very oldest and quietest broncho will never allow himself to

be lassoed without doing his best to dodge the descending noose. Each of the 'boys' owns abundant bedding, and a white waterproof tarpaulin or waggon-cover-sheet, which are carried in the bed-waggon. Notwithstanding the admirable climate, rheumatism is exceedingly common in the West.

Sometimes 'the boys,' if unable to get back to camp by nightfall, have nothing better to cover them than the saddle-blanket, while 'Broncho Bill' is fond of relating how he and 'Boney' were once found *sleeping under a barn-door*.

Next day, with a waggon and team and several spare horses, I started to meet a friend at a station on the Union Pacific Railway, after which we both proceeded northwards on a hunting expedition, as well as on business connected with stock-raising.

Although 'Broncho Bill,' whom M—— had engaged as 'hunter,' had not yet turned up, we amassed considerable information relative to the cattle business, and arrived at —— Creek after several days' travel, on our way to join the round-up from there.

The moment dinner at the ranche was concluded we pressed on once more to renew the search after our round-up, which we were well aware was camped somewhere to the north-east and within fifteen miles. The waggon and spare hunting horses had been sent on to wait for us at Point of Rocks, a well-known local landmark. So we harnessed the waggon-horses once more, which had been picketed to graze, and 'pulled out' without delay.

I had been some weeks in the country, and had already secured as many antelope heads as I wished to take away with me, but had not yet 'finished' with the other kinds of game, and, indeed, as regards bear and the wild sheep, or bighorn, could see no prospect of doing so.

My friend, however, had only lately arrived in the country, and as it was, like mine, his first visit, he wished, of course, to secure a couple of heads of the common American antelope or pronghorn, which will, probably, long continue to exist in abundance on the plains; but on the other hand the elk, or wapiti, will have been exterminated like the buffalo, unless heavy licences are made necessary, or a stop is in some way put to the indiscriminate hide-hunting which still goes on; for the laws concerning hide-exportation from certain territories are of no practical effect. I will call my friend, as he prefers it, not by his own name, but by that by which he was known among the cow-boys of the round-up whom we accompanied for some days, namely, the King. The King, therefore, 'started' out with one of 'the boys' after pronghorn antelope.

He was unsuccessful in killing any antelope that day, though he did so later on. I had determined on shooting no more antelope myself, but took turns with 'Boler' (who, in addition to waggon driving, was engaged at forty dollars a month to cook) in driving. Road there was none, though faint tracks of the round-up waggon wheel-marks were occasionally visible

across the sage-brush-covered plain. The country resembled nine-tenths of Montana, Wyoming, or Nevada territories, and may be described in very few words. Imagine, then, little six-inch bushes of sage-brush, with an apparently thin smattering of bunch-grass and other of the sixty varieties of grasses which are said to grow on the stock-feeding lands of the West. Imagine them growing uniformly and scantily over vast and never-ending hills and plains, oftener than not without a single tree in sight or a speck of green to relieve the weary eye, tired with the monotonous grey, and dazzled by the white dusty earth; the air so clear that distance cannot be calculated by the relative dimness of objects, for the farthest are as distinct as the nearest. Soon a cloud of dust rises from behind a distant hill, and we come upon the round-up 'outfit' (everything out West being termed an 'outfit'), a 'bunch' of five hundred cattle (cows, calves, and two and three-year-old steers), guarded by a solitary horseman. A quarter of a mile distant stand two large tents and three waggons, with the smoke of a large fire, and a herd of a hundred and odd horses. We had at last reached Canyon Creek. Among the rest we found the younger of the two C——s, and two other Englishmen, 'doing cowboy,' or 'learning cow-punching;' and, while initiating themselves into the cattle business, thoroughly enjoying the wild, free, stirring, and healthy life. Next day we moved on with the whole 'outfit' to Dry Creek. Not a promising name, but all the same

with an excellent supply of water, where an enormous *corrél* (accent on the last syllable) had been constructed. A *corrél* is a circular enclosure, built immensely strong, of timber, in order to resist the shock of imprisoned herds of horses or cattle. The 'round-up' is the outfit that makes periodical excursions after steers for market about once every six weeks from July to October.

A cow-puncher out on the round-up expects to be employed for about four weeks on the actual rounding-up of the steers or cattle generally, and if he should be wanted to help in 'shipping' the three-year-olds to Chicago, he may expect another fortnight's work. The 'round-ups' follow each other in quick succession. Indeed, one outfit may have 'started out' before the foreman and his assistants have returned from depositing the preceding lot of cattle in the market.

Several different outfits usually join and work together—namely those belonging to the neighbouring ranches, which have, of course, each their own bed-waggon and tent, but may be served by the same cook and cook waggon. The day's work is laid down beforehand, and one day's work is conducted like another, the only difference or variation consisting in the fact that the portion of country worked each day is different, and that in the early part of the season more branding of calves and yearlings is done than during the latter portion. The day's work is much as follows. The whole of the outfit or various outfits

are under the direction of the most experienced of the 'boys,' and work in combination some definite area. The steers that have been collected from it are then sorted out according as they are branded with the brands of the different ranches and driven into the respective main bunches or herds, which are, of course, as well as the horses, guarded night and day, the night-herding forming the hardest part of the cowboy's work, and the one which he dislikes the most. Our waggon was not ready to leave until several hours after the round-up waggon had pulled out, the rendezvous being at Dry Creek. The King, with Frank, 'started out' to renew their pursuit after the wily antelope, while I rode ahead of our own outfit (which consisted of waggon and team, as our two spare hunting horses were being herded and driven with the round-up horses). And it was well that I did so, for a more difficult place for one man to find, across the bare hills in the deceptive atmosphere, could hardly be imagined.

Occasionally I heard a distant shot, and almost invariably a few antelope (which were excessively numerous) would appear scudding across the horizon, from the direction of the shot, the bucks at their heavy, lumbering, yet active gallop, the does with an airy fleetness, and both like the wind.

We pitched our tent some distance from the round-up tents at Dry Creek, as the early rising and horse-catching and the changing during the night of the 'boys' whose turn it was to herd the steers or

horses, were all noisy proceedings. The horses are 'rounded-up,' and each man catches the horse he intends riding first, at a very early hour, and this is the occasion for much noise and 'language.' There were a hundred and twenty horses for the use of ten 'boys,' only one of whom was a boy in the actual sense of that term. My friend, the King, had mainly come out, as one of a board of directors, to write a report on the prospects of the cattle business generally and of a local company in Wyoming Territory in particular, and was, therefore, amassing information.

Within a mile of us lay one of those extraordinary natural 'bad-land' formations which are so common in Dakota and eastern Montana, known as Bates's Hole, which I visited alone on my Mexican mustang, Pete. This remarkable place used in the early winter to swarm with large game, which were easily—far too easily—killed, and constituted a standing attraction to scores of hunters who were glad of the opportunity of laying in a supply of meat so easily.

I need hardly say that at present, owing to the hide-hunters and indiscriminate slaughterers, game of any sort, always excepting antelope, has become exceedingly scarce. The ground, as though in proof of their former profusion, was littered in every direction round the edge of this depression with the shed horns of elk or wapiti. Picture a deep valley or chasm, with a tolerably flat bottom, that appears to have sunk or subsided a thousand feet below the surrounding country, fifty miles in length and fifteen in width.

Four or five streams flowing far below one, as one stands on the brink, can be traced for forty miles by the stunted cotton-wood and other trees that fringe their banks, making them appear like green serpents winding among arid alkaline hills. This vast 'bad-land' depression is filled in every direction by every kind of bizarre peaks and variously-coloured, sugar-loaf-shaped mounds and grotesque limestone *buttes*, worn and fluted into pillars and odd shapes by denuding rains. Bates's Hole lay before me, and from the point where I had first struck the brink or brim this wonderful spot appeared spread below like a vast map. On the north it opens upon and is bounded by the North Platte River near its junction with the South Platte. But not a head of game was to be seen anywhere, and a prolonged and scrutinous examination with the binocular revealed only stray 'bunches' of cattle. The King, with one of the boys, had started to 'fetch a trail' round the wooded cliffs that bound the edge of the Hole in search of game, and saw a mule-deer, but without a chance of shooting. My ground, therefore, lay in the opposite direction, and I determined to make for an isolated mountain that rose steep and abrupt and almost bare of timber near the brink of Bates's Hole.

Passing on my way several bands of cattle, which stared stupidly and then 'bunched up,' like wild animals who had never set eyes before upon a solitary horseman, I at length turned up a steep gully and followed a game-trail, or, more strictly speaking, a

cattle-trail, intending to skirt one of the curious ledges or parallel layers of limestone, so commonly found throughout Wyoming, along the sides of river valleys, and which extend unbroken sometimes for hundreds of miles.

I had got pretty quick by this time at 'spotting' game, and reined-in Pete before my head and shoulders had well topped the brow of the first slope, for on the crest of the next one, well defined against the sky, rose the horns of a fine blacktail or mule-deer. The animal was lying motionless in the meagre shade of a dead red-cedar, and its head was turned towards the sound of footsteps. Pete was still below the brow of the hill, and the stag had not yet seen anything but my head and shoulders. Throwing the reins on the ground, in which position Pete would have remained without moving during the whole day, I cautiously descended and wormed myself into view and brought the rifle to bear upon the stag, which I expected would rise and make off. But after waiting a considerable time, and seeing that the animal, which was almost exactly the colour of the ground, showed no signs of moving, I prepared to fire. It was so perfectly motionless that, had it not been for the horns it would have been almost undistinguishable. I judged the distance to be a hundred yards. The effect of my shot was electrical. I can only describe it by saying that the spot where a fine mule-deer had been lying was vacant long before the sound of the shot had died away.

I had time to note, as the animal disappeared over

the sky-line, that it shook its head in a most unusual manner, or, at least, in a way that I judged to be unusual, this being the first mule-deer I had encountered. I found, when two hours later I succeeded in killing the animal, that my bullet had passed through one of its ears, which accounted for the head-shaking. At present there was nothing left but to examine the ground for traces of blood and to continue upwards on Pete towards the summit. On my way I saw the stag still mounting the hill far away to the left.

Close to the top, unsuspected and invisible from below, I came upon a few small pine-groves in sheltered hollows, with pools of water, and looking such a likely place for a deer that I unslung my 'Express' and approached on foot. Appearances were not deceptive, for almost immediately several fawns and hinds ran up the hill followed by a stag. At my first shot the stag turned down, showing that I had hit it, and came straight towards me, but halted in the timber, in which it was quite invisible.

I next caught sight of it some distance off making down the hill through another part of the cover, and fired four more shots without any effect but that of hastening its movements. The hinds, which I 'had no use for,' had meanwhile passed away over the summit of the mountain. The stag was evidently badly wounded, and had made for a small wood below. I took plenty of time, for, cruel as it may be, a wounded deer should never be closely pressed. If left to itself

it lies down, the wounded limb stiffens, and it can be more easily approached. Leading Pete down towards the wood below, I left him and continued as before on foot with the greatest caution. I arrived in time to see my victim labouring slowly along, and limping down hill with the greatest difficulty, looking for some hiding-place among the bushes as it passed. At length it found one to its satisfaction, and instantly threw itself down. I was in full view, and afraid to move until, after turning several times to lick its wounded quarters, the antlered head sank slowly to the earth, and I ventured to creep onwards. My object was to make a circuit and get below it, and it was lucky that I did so. I had carefully marked the spot, and as I neared it from below I saw my stag among thick undergrowth apparently dead, so, making bare the hunting-knife, I laid down the rifle and seized it by the horns. However, the prize was not yet mine, for the deer was by no means so defunct as it appeared. Shaking its head violently, and in doing so alarming me considerably, it scrambled to its feet, and commenced to make off at a wonderfully improved pace down the hill.

Not much more remains to tell. I had time to seize my rifle and roll it over by a well-placed shot behind the shoulder, and then found, to my astonishment, as I was decapitating it, that I must have made its acquaintance in the morning, for through the right ear was a small round freshly-cut hole, just the size of my Express bullet:—

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
 Gored with many a gaping wound.
 Fate demands a nobler head,
 Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Next day I went alone as usual, on a broncho named Button to the Medicine Bow Range, the thickest timber within reach of camp, and which would have been thought the likeliest spot for elk, had it not been that 'the boys' had brought word that they had found a camp of the ubiquitous hide-hunters. After a twelve mile gallop, or 'lope,' over an endless plain, a wooded valley was entered and the higher ground soon reached. Here were clusters of great pines, and delicious grass slopes, which gave a park-like appearance as though some landscape-gardening had been accomplished on a vast scale with detached rocks and clumps of undergrowth, while across the open spaces came distant views of the North Platte River and various nameless ranges that lie south of the Sweetwater. There were plenty of tracks of deer and of either cattle or elk, for it is difficult at times to distinguish one from the other, and for many hours I peered, with rifle always ready, among the forest trees, sometimes leading Button, and at other times riding. About midday, on mounting to the brow of a ridge, I came in full view of a steep wooded slope on the opposite side of the valley. Along the top of the ridge ran a long, buttressed limestone cliff, along the base of which grew the tallest of pines.

Leaving Button out of sight, I settled down to search for some sign of life with my binocular, and soon caught sight of what seemed the head of a deer; and presently saw signs of there being a large herd.

Descending, therefore, and leaving Button tied to a tree in the valley below, I rapidly climbed the hill on the opposite side. A high cross-wind was blowing, and the ground was admirably suited for a stalk, for just below the herd of wapiti ran a low limestone cliff, up which I soon scrambled, and peering cautiously over the edge, found my first elk in full view—a whole band of them.

They formed a lovely picture, and to my delight were barely fifty yards distant, making any chance of missing out of the question. Quite twenty were in sight, and I knew that at least as many more must be lying where they could not be seen.

A more beautiful sight could hardly be imagined, with the dark green fir-trees and dazzling white limestone cliff behind, while the elk lay in all kinds of positions, some lazily flicking off the flies, some occasionally rising to stretch themselves. But though I waited anxiously for an hour and a half, no bull-elk, as the stag wapiti are called, appeared. I felt it would be excusable, for the sake of venison, to shoot a hind or 'cow-elk,' as they were the first I had seen. I therefore picked out the largest and lightest coloured, supposing that she would most probably be a barren one, and fired. At the shot they all 'bunched up' and galloped off down the hill in a cloud of dust,

excepting the one fired at, which followed the others a short way, then turned slowly down towards Button, and I found her lying dead close to my horse, in a dense piece of timber. It occupied me for exactly an hour to take the whole hide and as much meat as the broncho could carry, and to pack them on the saddle, and I reached camp four hours later. Next day, the 'round up' left to drive the steers to the Union Pacific Railway, about eighty miles distant, for shipment to Chicago, so our horses had to be caught out of the round-up herd, as well as the others for the morning's work. The morning horse-catching is always a scene of wild tumult. When a man sees the horse he wants he rushes forward, whirling his lasso over his head, and seeking an opportunity for throwing it, while the whole herd revolves madly round and round the corral.

When a horse is lassoed, or 'roped,' as the Western phrase goes, he generally becomes quiet, and allows himself to be saddled and bridled without any trouble, and will stand for hours if the reins are merely dropped over his head to the ground. All the 'boys' take their turn at herding the cattle, which are generally about a mile from the camp. Sometimes a stampede takes place. The last occurred 'right here,' and was caused, according to 'Boney,' by the 'boys' using bear-grease to smear their lariats; then the appearance of a dog 'settled it.' The next minute the ground fairly trembled under the tread of the frightened brutes. The night was pitch dark, and the sound of the flying herd the only guide for the

pursuers as they tried to 'head them off.' That night half the steers escaped and were probably 'rounded up' with the next lot the following year. Those that were headed and driven back, stampeded again and again, till horses and cattle and men were thoroughly tired out. At times a heavy storm or an unusual noise will have the same effect; but once shipped on the 'cars,' these Western cattle become quite tame. During the journey to Chicago from Wyoming or Montana they suffer from thirst, but do not eat much. It is well known that advantage has actually been taken of this fact to increase their weight by giving them salt, and thus causing them to drink more greedily.

Though the 'round up' departed, the King and I were obliged to wait, with Boler (the cook), for Broncho Bill, whom the King had engaged as his hunter. (He turned up in a very lucky manner just as we were 'pulling out' from our next camp, we having given him up.) Shortly after the departure of 'the boys,' a well-known Westerner camped near us, known as Missouri John, with four hundred and thirty horses and two 'boys,' who had brought the 'outfit' from Oregon. One of these 'hands' came and sat down by our tent, and informed us that the boss was going to pasture the horses here for the winter. When he had departed, Boler said, in a mysterious manner, that he was "the bad man wot come from Texas," because the 'round up' cook had told him that one of Missouri John's 'boys' had "shot four or five men 'way south." Still, we found "the bad man wot come from Texas"

a pleasant enough fellow in camp, and an admirer of my Express, or "English cannon," as he called it, which "would shoot through a mountain and kill on the other side;" and one evening, when he said he "was broke completely up," having got entangled in the lasso with which he had 'roped' a vicious 'broncho' in the 'correl,' I was able to patch him up again with opium liniment. This horse-breaking (called in the vernacular 'broncho busting') is often rough work. In the presence of Missouri John's horses our own half-dozen had to be kept hobbled or picketed. The boss left in his buggy the next day. His two 'boys' usually 'correlled' the herd every morning, and some were invariably missing, and had to be hunted up. Indeed, the Westerner, whether he be in the stock or horse-ranche business, is for ever having to hunt up strayed horses.

He also invariably is, or assumes to be, ignorant of the exact number of horses he possesses, even when none are supposed to be missing.

But Broncho Bill, whom the King had engaged as hunter, had not yet found us. Any one who is 'liable' not to be able to find his way back to camp among the confusing hills and forests or on the plains where there are no prominent landmarks, usually engages a 'hunter,' to whom he often has to pay six dollars a day. The hunter's duties consist in 'riding around' to 'show the country,' and in always knowing the shortest way back to camp. One day I rode up on to a broad table-land overlooking Bates's Hole, to 'snake'

or drag home behind Pete a pair of the largest cast elk antlers I could find, with which the ground was strewn. While engaged in so doing a thick fog, which had been threatening, descended, and I had to find my way for many miles by compass, which one should never be without in such places. The camp was situated at the edge of an enormous stretch of prairie, twelve miles broad and at least fifty in length. At the south end was situated Shirley Basin, an equally unlovely and treeless waste, hollowed out in a vast depression. On the north side the plain was bounded by a nameless rocky range, and on the west by the Medicine Bow—a timber-covered range; and on the east by barren hills, on the other side of which lay the famous 'hole.' We shortly moved our camp to Medicine Bow, where Broncho Bill, at last, found us out, and after a few days' journey, arrived at our most southerly ranche after fording the North Platte and Medicine rivers, and crossing the Union Pacific Railway, at the commencement of September.

Before starting on our final hunting expedition, we remained a day or two at the ranche to rest the horses and lay in fresh supplies of oats and provisions, while we employed ourselves in the routine occupations that are necessary where no servants are kept. Stray horses had invariably to be searched for. In the early morning the vicinity of the 'correl' is indicated by clouds of dust, and the sound of Western oaths and of trampling horses, while through the

dust-laden atmosphere may be seen, occasionally, a lariat whirling round and round.

Towards breakfast or dinner-time some one strolls in and commences to fry something, while one of the 'boys' is sure to be brushing his teeth with one of a pile of toothbrushes lying on a shelf. The 'boys,' especially if they come from the East, are often practically facetious, but never unpleasantly so.

The latter part of our journey towards Colorado, after we had once started, was characterized by absence of any trail whatever, by a short snowstorm, and by the admirable way in which the team drew the waggon over some exceedingly awkward crossings. We were soon fortunate enough to find ourselves camped in the vicinity of a band of elk, and for the first time heard that wonderful, weird, awe-inspiring bugle call of the bull during the running, or rutting, season, which, once heard in the lonely forests, can never be forgotten. Wapiti are scarce now, though not many years ago bands of many thousands were commonly met with, and as commonly slaughtered wantonly, uselessly, and in cold blood. The result is that now they only exist in a few districts; while, at the same time, they are constantly changing their resorts, and thus become very difficult to find. Nothing is easier on a windy day, when a bull elk or stag wapiti is 'calling' in the timber, than to walk up and shoot it.

The only excitement consists in getting sufficiently near to see whether the antlers are worth the trouble

of carrying away. On a still day the animal hears one approaching, and will almost invariably stop calling, and make a circuit to get wind of the noise, should it not have actually seen the hunter. We only wished for a limited number of wapiti heads, which we obtained without much trouble, and at the same time without much sport, though the magnificent forests and lonely plains, combined with the splendid climate of the summer and autumn months, made every moment of the day intensely enjoyable. Shortly afterwards an outfit of hide-hunters pitched camp some miles off, and a little later the wapiti ceased calling, for the remnant seemed to have taken their departure. Both my friend and I still wanted, as hunting trophies, at least three heads and antlers of the mule-deer, or blacktail. We secured the three, all of which I shot on the very last day of our expedition. To find the mule-deer we decided that it would be best to 'pack' with six horses into the wildest tracts of that portion of Colorado. The way lay through deep ravines, encumbered with fallen timber, on each side of which the forests for hundreds of square miles had been destroyed by fire, a very common occurrence throughout North America. Camp was made by a most unusually picturesque tarn in a wood surrounded by some of the wildest cliff scenery imaginable. As we were on the point of starting the following morning, the King got a kick from one of his hunting horses, which necessitated Broncho Bill's being sent back to where the waggon had been left for medicines and

provisions, as he found it impossible to move. Three days later we were enabled to return to our old camping ground, and thence to the Union Pacific Railway, and so home. On the very last day of our using the pack-saddle outfit, I secured the three mule-deer I had been wishing for so long. The first was caught sight of standing within the edge of a distant wood, just as I was drawing up to an antelope (for we were in need of meat). One shot sufficed. An hour later we were riding across some patches of peculiarly high sage brush, on an open plain, when suddenly there sprung up in front of us two stags and two hinds, or bucks and does, as the Westerner styles them. Springing off Pete, I dropped both stags, which were running close together, with a couple of lucky shots, having thus bagged altogether five black-tail.

A VISIT TO THE MONASTERIES OF MOUNT ATHOS.

The Custom House at Constantinople—Seizing my Books—Women excluded from Mount Athos—Females of other Sorts—The Tourist at Mount Athos—My Voyage—Karies—I am presented to the Holy Synod—Disadvantages of having an Interpreter—Libraries of Mount Athos.

FIRST I should like to state what travellers may expect on arrival at the Sultan's capital, who may not be aware of the extent of the system of bribery and corruption which prevails in all parts and offices of the misgoverned country of the Turk, and which reaches to such a pitch that it has become an organized institution which must defraud the revenue of a considerable sum, but constituting the sole salary of the individuals connected with the various Custom-houses who have to deal with travellers' effects on their arrival at Constantinople. Having nothing whatever liable to duty, I thought it unnecessary to offer bribes to prevent an examination of my luggage taking place, and allowed matters to take their course, as the traveller naturally would on arrival in London from the Continent of Europe. The whole of the books in my possession were carried off to a small office connected with the Custom-house at Galata, and I was informed that in two or three days I must return to receive back any that the censor of literature (Cacavas Effendi) considered fit and proper to admit—the rest to be confiscated. On my return at the expiration of

the prescribed interval of time all were returned to me with the exception of two well-known English guide books in red covers—one to the shores of the Mediterranean, the other to Turkey—and I was told to come again in two days, as the two guide books in question required more careful examination. After the lapse of the two days the Effendi informed me that he feared he would have to forfeit the obnoxious volumes, as they contained passages injurious to the Turkish Empire. At the cost of several packets of cigars and a good deal of flattery I got him to return me the two books upon the assurance that I was leaving Constantinople the following day, but not until he had torn out the offending pages, from which he allowed me to cut the particularly unpleasant passages in order that I might “get them altered.” I was informed that I was most unusually fortunate to recover the volumes. The passages in question are as follows: “The country is pervaded by a sort of feudal system. There is indeed a judge whose duty it is to administer justice; and a Governor who is head of the police. But the doings of these people are largely controlled by their pecuniary interests: they hold their offices for short periods, and endeavour to make them profitable. The people, therefore, are compelled to look elsewhere for protection.” And again: “Turks never purchase wives; they buy these girls as their servants, and are allowed by Turkish law to make them their concubines.” The following passage made him extremely angry, al-

though he admitted it to be true: "It should be remarked, however, that infanticide is extremely prevalent, and not punished by law." And the following: "According to Turkish law, the succession is vested in the eldest male of the Royal family. Formerly, as a matter of policy, all males of the House of Osman, other than the sons of the reigning Sultan, were murdered. This cruel practice has been for some time abolished."

It is difficult to understand how the following, referring to an historical event on the Island of Chios, could be obnoxious: "The Capitan Pasha soon appeared with a powerful fleet, and an army of fanatical Moslems was ferried across and let loose upon the unfortunate island. Then commenced the work of destruction. The island was given up to indiscriminate pillage and massacre. The Archbishop and heads of the clergy," &c. And one more, perhaps the most crucial of all: "The rapid progress of the European nations in the arts of war at length drove back the tide of Turkish conquest, while internal demoralisation has now brought the Empire to the verge of extinction." One ought to remember that the Turkish Government do not pay all official salaries with wonderful regularity, and that the officials in question feel bound to recoup themselves somehow. I met with several English who had suffered from the depredations of the censor, having been deprived of such unlikely books, among others, as "Don Quixote" and a French grammar and a dictionary. Anyhow, tra-

vellers should conceal their guide books, or make use of the silver key to the Golden Horn.

From Constantinople I went direct to Mount Athos, which is well worth a visit. Steamers run weekly to it from Constantinople, and a short description may prove interesting.

All the monasteries are rich, and some exceedingly so. They neither expect nor wish for any recompense from the traveller commended to their hospitality by the Patriarch of the Greek Church at Constantinople; nor is payment ever received from Russian kalmuk or Turkish pasha, from English milord or Grecian peasant. A letter from the Archimandrite in London, or from our Legation at Constantinople, secures the necessary letter from the head of the Greek Church, and assures to the bearer treatment and reception accorded to travellers of distinction. If he should come supplied with tobacco and photographs of men and women (especially the latter) who live in the unknown outer world, he will cause much innocent delight to the venerable fathers.

One of the most astonishing features of the Holy Mountain is the rigid manner in which the female sex is banished from the sight, but not, it is to be feared, from the thoughts of the worthy old ascetics. They still tell of the time when two wives of officers of the British fleet landed by special permission at the port of Lavro, and caused some astonished "brothers" to fly for shelter within the convent gates, pursued as they thought by devils in the garb of angels of light.

Women are not the only exiled creatures ; the females of all domesticated animals are banished from the sacred promontory as effectually as though they never existed. And thus do the monks seek to separate their minds for ever from the world, by removing women and all appertaining thereto from their cognizance. But it seems almost certain that the means defeat the end in view. Woman, though lost to sight, is to their memory dear. Seen through the haze of recollection, the faults are toned down, and women must exercise an assailing power on their memory, and especially on their imagination, that no abstinence or midnight services can lessen.

But the good fathers are not able to cope with the females of all living things, for there are present the females of pigeons, rats, and fleas—whole families of the latter from all the Russias, both the Turkeys, and from all parts of Greece and Syria. In consequence of the rats, the monasteries abound with tom-cats, whose discordant cries vex the doleful ear of night, and of the traveller. In fact, he will find male poultry and dogs, male asses and horses, and a town without women and without noise—namely, Karies, the capital.

The monks of Athos are dressed in black robes, and wear high, brimless, felt caps, over which a black cloth is thrown. They glide about the ancient convent passages in a ghostly manner, wearing noiseless felt slippers. The attendants told off to minister to the wants of guests—who come like angels' visits—are exceedingly kind and attentive.

There are two kinds of monasteries. In the Koinobite monasteries they never eat meat, property is held in common, and the Hegumenos has supreme authority over the monks. In the Idiorythmic, where they seldom eat meat, the Agoumenos is head, and everything is at his disposal. Of one thing the traveller may be sure, that he will meet no other tourists at Mount Athos.

The traveller on arrival at each monastery, if he is provided with a letter from the Patriarch, will be received with most sumptuous and old-fashioned hospitality of the Middle Ages; will be entertained with almost regal pomp on the plainest fare and good wine; will be lodged in the best rooms or the best guest-chambers of the monastery, fitted up with divans in Oriental style and hung round with quaint prints and pictures of monastic life, sometimes startlingly contrasted with flaring coloured worldly drawings; or sometimes queer old-time woodcuts of rows of unhappy monks ascending one by one a ladder into heaven, from which some are being dragged by devils with long grappling poles and thrown into flames below, while close by rows of mitred bishops are unconcernedly celebrating religious rites. But four pictures the traveller will almost invariably see—namely, of the Emperor and Empress of Russia and the King and Queen of Greece; while occasionally a shrine, before which burns a perennial lamp, like the vestal fire constantly renewed, will illumine his chamber in a ghostly and dim manner during the long watches of

the night, and will sometimes serve the useful purpose of keeping away the rats, with which the convents swarm. Generally his windows will overlook and sometimes overhang the Ægean Sea, supported by picturesque wooden beams, or will look out over vineyards or over mountain torrents or wild rocky scenery, above which looms the splendid sharp peak of Athos, too often swathed in vapour, rising so steep and precipitous that the snow in winter cannot cling to its sides. The services commence almost every night at midnight and last till morning, and on the eves of feast-days—which comprise a third of the days in the year—the services commence considerably earlier. On these days in monasteries of a certain class they have two meals and on other days only one—but rarely, if ever, any meat. So, about midnight he will be waked from his slumbers by the queer, quaint, musical, distant beating of the sounding-board, called a simandro, which will produce a lulling, magnetising effect upon his senses. The sound, uncanny in the extreme, is used to arouse the monks to their nightly services. Now near, now far away, its musical, rhythmical cadence sounds across the vaults and passages of the old monasteries and at length dies away, to be renewed at regular intervals until “morning doth appear.” Or, on the eves of the feast-days aforesaid, dedicated to some supposed saint, he will hear the harsher sound of the convent church bells. Should he follow the monks into the church where the central services are held (for there are as

many as twenty-five churches or chapels, and sometimes more, in each monastery), as he undoubtedly will, in the first two or three monasteries he enters, he will see a sight at once picturesque and solemn, painful and interesting. All are built on the same principle, and decorated in the same way. A dimly-lighted, domed, cruciform building; painted, frescoed, and hung with pictures, brass pendants, candlesticks; and walled with tall black pews, in which loll, recline, half standing, half sitting, rows of old, black-robed, white-bearded, half somnolent monks, who all night long will take up one by one with monotonous intonation the rolling chant. He will be conducted to a conspicuous seat, where, in a worldly check tweed suit, he will feel strangely out of place. He will have the advantage of being in a lighted part of the chapel, while the corner whence he had hoped to observe unnoticed is bathed in the deepest gloom, and the disadvantage of not being able to escape without exciting attention. He will possibly have a struggle to maintain an unmoved countenance when he sees all the inhabitants of the monastery, monks, caloyers, servants, priests, pressing forward to kiss a little picture of the saint, whose *festa* it may be on the morrow, or bowing forward to sniff as much as possible of the holy fragrance of the incense which the acolyte comes round swinging before each of them in turn, or in turn prostrating themselves many times in succession and touching with their foreheads the pavement before the high altar.

The high pews look uncomfortable, but are not so in reality. Some of the seats double back on hinges and form a high rest. If the occupant goes to sleep, these sometimes turn down with a considerable noise. This once took place close to where I happened to be seated. The old man to whom it had occurred because he had dozed off to sleep, being ashamed that such a thing had been seen by a stranger, tried to delude me with the idea that he had done it on purpose, and insisted on my turning my pew down in a similar, though more deliberate manner. To please him therefore I did likewise, as though it offered thus a more convenient and comfortable chair.

All night long the monks will continue at their devotions, and when morning dawns the relics and vestments will be shown him; the former kept in wonderful boxes and cages of mediæval filigree work, and treated by the monks with an odd mixture of superstitious devotion and contemptuous familiarity; and he will gaze on the thousand-year-old mosaic floors, on the rarely used throne of the Archbishop, and the numberless small pictures of the Byzantine age of painting. Nowhere in Europe can such a collection of goldsmith's work be found, as these relics present.

The traveller may, if he pleases, hold a continual reception from morning till night. Unless he stations his dragoman at the door, it will never be closed for more than a few seconds. Occasionally he may escape, but he will sometimes be found out and

pursued. He will be required to prognosticate the future, and to give his opinion on political questions. He will be required to shake hands many dozens of times during the day, as it is supposed to be an English custom. In fact a little druggist at Karies who knew a few words in foreign languages shook hands with me over twenty times a day. He was sent for on every occasion when any communication had to be made to the monks, on my return to the capital, relative to my departure. He was called to interpret to some Archbishops, and to the grand council, and shook hands all round in honour of the Englishman. He shook my hand every time I entered or quitted his shop, and finally again when he came to supper, though I had seen him on the doorstep the moment before. To such an extent will an Englishman be called upon to shake hands in the East, because he is supposed to be given to the practice to an equal extent in his own country. He jabbered a few sentences of what sounded gibberish, and then said, "Je parle l'Anglais, vous voyez, très bien ;" so I concluded that it must have been intended for that language. I assured him that he possessed an enormous talent for languages, which delighted him exceedingly.

I generally found the monks willing to submit themselves to be photographed, though some wished to keep crossing themselves during the operation, as though to ward off some malignant influence ; on one occasion two old monks the day following the deed

declared that they must have sinned, and that I had been the cause of it, in that during the hours of darkness they had seen visions and heard music sent by the evil one to tempt them.

A good many partridges are shot on the backbone or summit of the middle portion of the peninsula. Needless to say, they are not for the worthy fathers, whose most stimulating diet usually consists of dried fish from Scandinavia, but for that of the lay servants, who are nearly as numerous as the monks themselves. Occasionally fresh fish is caught all round the peninsula, when the sea is calm, and some favoured monasteries enjoy a regular though small supply. At the monastery of Eviron I once dined with the Abbot and Archimandrite off a large fish of about seven pounds. The first course consisted of the head, the next of the body, and the last of the tail—all three cooked in different ways, and washed down with the good red home-made wine made by the monks.

Most of the ground round the sides of the peninsula that descend more or less rapidly to the sea-shore, is so thickly overgrown as to make walking almost impossible, except in the vicinity of the different foot-paths or mule tracks between the various monasteries which appear not to have been altered from the time that they were first engineered during the Middle Ages. Their surface is paved with large round stones, and the interstices are washed away by rains. The unnecessary windings and aggravating ascents and descents

cause half a day to be consumed in reaching a convent not over a mile distant in a straight line.

At the monastery of S. Paul almost all are Cephalonians, and, consequently, once under the British flag. Of these the greater number are British patriots at heart. The monks of Athos regard with equally little confidence both Russia, who supplies them with the greater part of their pilgrims, and Turkey whose tributaries they are; for one of their chief anxieties is for their possessions in Macedonia.

Altogether there are said to be upwards of three thousand monks on Mount Athos and as many lay servants, and the number of monasteries is twenty-two.

I left Constantinople in the small steamer of the Greek Courtgi Company (which runs alternately with the Turkish Company's boat), and reached Daphne—which is the port of Mount Athos—after a fine passage not always to be expected in the Ægean during winter. There was an English passenger besides myself, namely, Lloyd's agent at Constantinople, going to Salonica to map out the exact position of a wreck. There was also a Persian gentleman, who, according to his own account, was pursuing about the Singitic Gulf one of his own cargo boats, which had not turned up when expected, manned by Greek sailors, the most erratic and independent of mariners. Before arriving at Daphne one coasts along the west side of the Holy Mountain, which rises rugged and precipitous, and rears its sharp point over six thousand

feet above the blue Ægean. Five huge monasteries are passed, resembling each a mediæval fortress, placed like an eagle's nest among the vast precipices and rocky gorges of the mountain, and altogether one is impressed with the belief that Mr. Towzer's remark in his "Highlands of Turkey" is nothing removed from the literal truth, that the scenery on Mount Athos is scarcely equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by any in Europe. On landing out of a boat full of black-robed, hairy, and very much unwashed monks, I had to deliver up my Turkish passport to a Turkish officer, who promised to give it back in an hour; but next morning I found he had gone to Karies, whither I followed on a mule, to deliver my letter to the Grand Council of the Monastic Republic—a ride of four hours over the backbone of the promontory, disclosing grand views of Imbros, Lemnos, and Samothrace, all mountainous islands.

At Karies I presented myself immediately before the Holy Synod, and probably committed many ludicrous mistakes in Eastern etiquette. I found only a few members of the council present, who consisted of ten or twelve very venerable-looking old men, only one of whom knew any words of any European language but Greek. All wore the longest and whitest of beards. After inscribing my name in the visitors' book, where the only other English visitors' names were those of Canon Farrar, Dr. Magrath, Messrs. Riley and Owen, and Dr. Lansdell, a large tray

was brought in, having on it small cups of black coffee and of spirit, a dish of jam, a glass jar containing pure water, and a pile of spoons. I felt quite uncertain what to do, but eventually drank up a cup of coffee and one of spirit, the first of which I should have taken last, then took a spoonful of the jam, which I defiled by putting the same spoon back into it and which should have been taken first to promote, I suppose, thirst; and finally crowned my misdeeds by drinking up the water which was intended to be used by each one for depositing his spoon in after taking a mouthful of preserve. But as similar formalities were repeated on my arrival at each monastery I visited, I soon learned the correct way. The good old monks, moreover, pardoned my mistakes, and soon wrote out the necessary circular letter to the monasteries, which I visited in succession, spending a night or more at each. I usually sent on the letter and luggage ahead, before entering the convent, where, on my arrival, the guest chamber and a meal were found ready prepared, and the tedious ceremony of coffee-drinking and reception by the Archimandrite was avoided. This was inflicted upon my dragoman, who bore it bravely for a few days, but at last declared, perhaps as the result, that he was ill; so I sent him back to the port of Daphne to await the returning steamer to Stamboul. This occurred at the convent of S. Dionysio. I found, however, that I was far better off without him, for if any monk spoke Italian or English he was always brought forward as interpreter, while my very igno-

rance of modern Greek protected me against interminable political discussions. His unpicturesque form usually obtruded itself in the foreground of the most admirable views, while his observations profaned the most romantic places. I could not venture to be anything but perfectly polite to him, lest he should make matters unpleasant in some way. He was the cause of my being talked about in an unknown tongue on all occasions, to my own entire exclusion from any share in the conversation. The next day, however, he returned, saying that he had been misinformed about the steamer, and that he was going to accompany me again; but, on the whole, I had found a dragoman to be a mistake, and the next boat took him back to Stamboul, notwithstanding his vehement protestations.

After procuring the necessary circular letter, in modern Greek, to the different monasteries, I set out with a couple of mules for the baggage, and commenced my round of visits with Russikon, where I spent the night, attending part of the services performed in its two churches, one in Greek, the other in Slavonian. Thence I visited Xeropotamo; the remarkably situated monastery of Simopetra founded by St. Simon the hermit in the thirteenth century; and that of S. Gregorio.

In the large guest-chamber of the latter monastery, as in several others of the monasteries, a lamp is always kept burning in front of a shrine. I was much amused at the conduct of an old monk who greatly

coveted a photograph of a Moorish woman which I chanced to have among others ; he therefore, having directed my attention to some object visible from the window, placed it, as he thought unobserved, within the folds of his dress, where I allowed it to remain. I next visited S. Dionysio, S. Pauvolo (where, owing to the weather, I remained for three nights), and thence to S. Lauro, the largest of all. In this monastery, which is a Koinobite one, the library, according to Curzon, contains about 5,000 volumes, of which 4,000 are printed and are mostly on divinity, and 900 written on paper and 100 on vellum, comprising Aldine classics, Anthologia, Homer, Hesiod, works on botany, liturgies, books of prayer and divinity. Some are folios of the works of St. Chrysostom and other Greek fathers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and copies of the Gospels of about the same age.

Other monasteries have libraries of similar character.

Many of the monks used to insist on detailing all their symptoms to me. This was especially the case at the next monastery, of Caracalla, where the last thing I saw as I turned to look back at the building, a hundred yards behind me, as I quitted it next morning, was one of the old hypochondriacs standing at the portal, with his mouth yet wide open and tongue protruded for my inspection. Thence I went on to the monasteries of Iveron, Stauroniketes, and Pantokrator ; and thence back to Karies to obtain the

requisite permission to quit from the Turkish Aga. I found him making a pile of cigarettes for the day's consumption, and lying by his side was that remarkable instrument so common in Mount Athos. It resembles a long soup-ladle, and is used for—well, for scratching one's back.

The next day found me tossing on the *Ægean*, on my way back to the Dardanelles.

ALASKA, THE GREAT ICE LAND.

Why I wished to go there—Southern Alaska, and How to reach it—Winnipeg—Banff and the Devil's Lake—Victoria, Vancouver's Island—The *New York Times* Alaska Expedition—Game of the Pacific Coast—The Journey Northwards—Chilcat—Icy Bay and Muir Glacier—Sitka—The U. S. and Mount St. Elias—The Position of Mount St. Elias—Fishing and Shooting—The Voyage North in the U. S. Man-of-War—Appearance of Mount St. Elias—Yakatat and its Indians—Curiosities—Icy Bay.

IN March, 1886, I left Liverpool in one of the Allan line steamers bound for Canada, with the intention of visiting and exploring that chain of gigantic peaks which fringes the coast of the North Pacific, lying partly in the North-west Territory of Canada and in British Columbia, and partly in Alaska, and, if possible, of visiting and ascending Mount St. Elias, which is not only the highest mountain in this chain, but also the loftiest peak in North America, being no less than between 19,000 ft. and 20,000 ft. in height. I had an additional inducement in doing this, which lay in the fact that no one but the Yakatat Indians had ever landed at the foot of Mount St. Elias, no white man had ever visited and described the country and inhabitants since the early navigators, Tebenkoff, Beecher, Bering, Cook, and Vancouver, had sailed along the coast; and as it rose direct from the ocean at its foot to the elevation aforesaid, it promised to present one of the grandest sights in the world; and in this latter hope I was not disappointed.

Alaska is one of the loneliest lands on earth. By right of geographical position it should belong to Canada, for it consists of the north-west corner of the continent; but twenty years ago the United States Government purchased it from Russia for a comparatively small sum of money, which has since been amply repaid to them, not only by the lease of the Prybiloff Islands to the Alaska Commercial Company (with the right of killing thereon 100,000 fur-seals yearly), but also from its salmon fisheries and gold mines.

Had Alaska become a British possession I doubt if its resources would have been so quickly developed to their present extent as they have become under the sway of the star-spangled banner, owing to the enterprise of the Americans, and their priority of establishment upon the Pacific coast, and their greater facilities for communication by sea with their Arctic province from the ports of San Francisco and Portland.

I have elsewhere given a more detailed description of my nine months' visit to Alaska.* So much has been written about the Canadian Pacific Railway that I may well omit altogether that portion of the journey as far as Victoria on Vancouver's Island, the chief town among the few in British Columbia. This

* See "Shores and Alps of Alaska," by H. W. Seton Karr, F.R.G.S., &c. (London, S. Low & Co., 1887); *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, May, 1887; *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1887 (Chapman & Hall).

province is no longer a distant or inaccessible portion of the British Empire. She is now within a fortnight's journey of the Mersey.

The Pacific Coast Company's steamers now traverse weekly, starting from San Francisco, that great sea-river or island passage behind the barrier of islands which fringe the whole coast from the south-west extremity of British Columbia as far north as the fifty-eighth degree of latitude. This is a charming and most picturesque excursion for those who dread the open sea; but it must be admitted that, after a time, scenery which consists exclusively of steep mountainous islands covered with dense forests of pine does become monotonous, though farther north it is varied by an occasional glimpse of a snow-peak or a glacier. Some of the finest scenery lies in the inlets of British Columbia, which the steamers, being American, pass by, and leave unvisited and unknown, calling only at Olympia and Victoria, and thence proceeding direct to Fort Tongass, at the southern extremity of the British-Columbian Alaskan boundary, near the mouth of the Nass River.

I will only mention that on the journey from ocean to ocean by the Canadian line I remained a few days at Winnipeg to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Wrigley (of the Diplomatic Service, but now Governor of the Hudson Bay Company), who made arrangements for me to visit a ranche of half-breed cattle near, where were to be seen the "last of the buffaloes."

Round Winnipeg the appearance of the country is flat and low, broken up into brown and green grass patches, small lakes, bogs and irregular clumps of birch and maple following the course of the Red River and Assiniboine.

In spring most of it is under water. In summer a mirage plays along the junction of land and sky that we associate with African deserts, raising the trees and distant farmhouses till they appear to be standing in lakes of water. Settlers are few round Winnipeg, though it is the commercial capital of the North-West. The great farming and also the great grazing district of Canada lie farther west.

The smooth level grass makes a road almost unnecessary. Trees raised above the ground by the mirage kept deceiving us, and appeared like buffalo or cattle until the brown herd was seen, which allowed us to drive up into far closer proximity than most Western steers would do. It is proposed to turn some hundreds of cattle out with them, and allow them to run together. So far as they have interbred hitherto, the result has been interesting. Numerous half-buffalo cattle may be seen, whose "robes" give promise of becoming superior to the true buffalo "robe" in softness of texture, in variation of shade, in distribution of hair, and less inclination to the too great woolly development of the wild buffalo skin. These skins would, under these circumstances, should the experiment prove successful, fetch at least as much as the old "robes," which now cost over four

pounds. The meat is worth more than ordinary meat in Western markets, namely, about five-pence per pound. The progeny of the male buffalo and the cow exhibit plainly marked characteristics of both parents. The short, thick horns of the male are modified, and approach about half-way towards those of the female parent in conformation and size. Similarly with regard to the thick mane and forequarters and relatively small flanks of the buffalo; most points hold a midway development, and likeness to both dam and sire is pretty equally divided. The whole herd is supposed to number about sixty head, but only twenty were visible in our actual vicinity. Some distant specks were discernible upon the horizon. The distance was too great to allow us to decide whether they were not horses, and time too short for us to approach nearer.

Just here no houses were visible as far as the eye could penetrate over the shimmering plains, and we imagined ourselves transferred to twenty years back, and the lazy animals before us yet unacquainted with man. But something indefinable marred the picture, and reminded us of the poor Indians we had just seen languishing away in the penitentiary from pure curtailment of their liberty. Close by, a pintail duck flapped from her nest in the grass as though she were unable to fly, and actually caused the horses and carriage to be turned in her pursuit till we discovered the deception. Of course we left her nest undisturbed.

We just had time, in returning, to examine the interesting economy of the prison, which is admirably managed; also the bear-pit, with a couple of black bears, which Big Bear, the Indian chief, who is still a prisoner, is deputed to look after, as well as the piggery, assisted, perhaps, by Poundmaker. We then saw two young moose, which Mr. Betson is breaking into harness, the size of ponies, in an extensive loose-box in the stables. Their eyes glared and shone in the obscurity in a strange manner, while they uttered a peculiar moaning noise. They would not allow us to pat them, though their education is progressing rapidly.

Some kennels ranged round the yard contain dogs, and some of them coyotes or wolves, chained up in every respect like the dogs, and one of which now has a litter of whelps by a colley.

After Winnipeg I stopped at Calgary, which is the headquarters of the Canadian cattle-raising industry, and made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Cochrane, Mr. Thorburn, and many of the leading "ranchemen;" also at the Canadian National Park at Banff, whence I made an expedition alone to Devil's Lake, a weird, solitary, deep sheet of water environed and embosomed among high mountains, steep crags and appalling precipices, and abounding in enormous trout, of which, some weighing over thirty pounds, have since been captured by line; then at a place the very antipodes in name and aspect—Golden City—where the Columbia flows through a valley of celestial beauty

between lofty ranges which have the qualities of both grace and grandeur.

When I reached Victoria on Vancouver's Island the *Ancon*, bound for Sitka, Alaska, was already alongside the wharf. After coaling we steamed direct, as before stated, for Fort Tongass. I had not been long on board before discovering that two Americans were among the passengers, and bound, like myself, on an exploring expedition to Mount St. Elias and the alpine regions of Alaska. The wish to have the honour of being the first to explore the great peak and the glaciers round it had occurred simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic, for this party, as I found, had been equipped and sent out by the proprietor of the *New York Times* (Mr. Jones), and consisted of Lieutenant Fred. Schwatka, leader of the American Search Expedition to King William Island, in quest of relics of the Franklin Expedition, and of Professor W. Libbey, of Princeton College, New Jersey. We joined forces, and the result was mutually advantageous in many respects.

The journey resembles in some characteristics the voyage along the west coast of Norway, though in British Columbia and Alaska the channels are more narrow and intricate, the mountains as high, and the forests denser. Good mountain-goat hunting can be had by ascending the Skeena River, where some English sportsmen (Mr. and Mrs. Turner and Mr. R. Wilson) recently obtained eleven trophies in a fortnight of the curious white long-haired creatures, half

goat, half antelope. As we gradually reached higher latitudes night disappeared, the approach of midnight was only indicated by a subdued kind of twilight which permitted one to read, while night and day the steamer continued to wind her way among the islands, some of which are of very remarkable shape. One of the most curious examples of the shape which an island can assume is that one named Kow Island, lying to the west of Fort Wrangel, to which the Coast Survey could find no other comparison whereunto to liken it than that of a heap of entrails strewn and scattered upon the ground, and it is undeniably true. The next place at which the steamer stopped to call was Fort Wrangel, at the mouth of the Stikeen River, which was discharging volumes of cold muddy snow-water into the sea. This place is celebrated for its trees carved by the Indians with their armorial figures of monstrous deformity known as totem-poles. After this we passed Wrangel Straits, where some glaciers are situated, which bad weather prevented our seeing, but in the afternoon it cleared up, and some of the snow-fields and glaciers of Southern Alaska became visible as we passed an arm or fiord named Taku Inlet. We soon reached Harrisburg or Juneau, a mining settlement. Immediately opposite is situated the largest gold mine and stamp-mills in Alaska; the ore averages from nine to fifty dollars a ton, but the quartz is easily pulverised, and supply said to be inexhaustible. We next threaded a long narrow arm walled in by steep rocks and glaciers,

which at the end divides into two branches, named Chilcoot and Chilcat, after the Indian inhabitants. This is the last and highest portion of this curious archipelago and island-studded shore. North of this the stern Alaskan coast stretches out for hundreds of miles, without harbours or shelter except at Yakatat, uninhabited, untraversed, and unknown, composed of chains of some of the most gigantic peaks upon the globe.

This was our work which lay before us. It stirs the blood to be pioneers in a region such as this.

This Chilcat inlet and river is the only way to the source of the great Yukon River, which my friend and fellow-traveller Schwatka had lately visited and followed to Behring Straits.

The steamer next turned southwards, and after passing Icy Strait visited Glacier Bay to give us a chance of seeing the southern verge of the great frozen regions which lie to the northward, partly under the British, partly under the American flag. This bay is so called from the large number of glaciers which here reach the ocean; in front of Muir Glacier the water is deep, and the *Ancon* was able to steam close up under the cliffs of ice, which rise up like a vast, broken, marble precipice, showering down icebergs from its green and glasslike fissures. Six months later the *Ancon* was wrecked in this very spot; though I was a thousand miles away to the northward at the time, yet most of my effects were on board, and got wet in consequence. This glacier is

small compared with others I saw, and which we named, situated near St. Elias, and especially one which I named Behring's Great Glacier, near Cape Suckling, south of the Copper River; yet it is by no means small, as the following measurements show. At one point the glacier is 10,664 ft. wide; a solid stream of ice 5,000 ft. in width and 700 ft. in depth is continually entering the sea, and when the measurements were taken it was moving at the rate of 40 ft. each day. Not a tree can be seen upon the bare ice-polished mountains surrounding it.

In a westerly direction, under the rays of the evening sun, we could descry the summits of the following grand peaks—of Mount La Perouse (11,300 ft.), Mount Lituya (10,000 ft.), Mount Crillon (15,900 ft.), Mount Fairweather (15,500 ft.). Here is an easily accessible range of unconquered mountains for the Alpine Club. We were bent on a worthier enemy, namely, one 19,500 ft. to 20,000 ft. in height.

This would be a good opportunity for a few remarks on the exact position,* topographical and political, of Mount St. Elias, which I did not lay enough stress upon before the Royal Geographical Society. This, the highest mountain on the continent, belongs not to the United States, who have wrongfully claimed it, but to Canada. The former have removed it (on paper) several miles west of the

* See *Alpine Journal*, November, 1888, and subsequently. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

international boundary line, which was declared by treaty to be the 141st meridian of longitude.

Vancouver, the eminent navigator and surveyor, in his travels, states that the length of time he had remained within sight of these two very remarkable mountains—meaning Mount Fairweather and Mount St. Elias—had afforded him many opportunities of estimating their height and for observations for ascertaining their situation. That of the latter he gave as lat. $60^{\circ} 22\frac{1}{2}'$, and E. long. $219^{\circ} 21'$. Not only does Vancouver give this position for the great peak, but his observations are very closely confirmed by the other navigators.

As a first step towards appropriating the highest mountain on the continent—I don't say it was not done in good faith or on strict scientific principles—the present head of the U.S. Coast Survey at San Francisco (namely, Professor G. Davidson, who is a most respected friend of mine) was lucky enough to discover that the best place on the map for Mount St. Elias was exactly in lat. $60^{\circ} 22' 6''$, and W. long. $140^{\circ} 54'$ (or dreadfully close to the frontier), which is, as stated above, on long. 140° , this being farther west than Vancouver's position by fifteen minutes of arc and farther south by twenty-four minutes. This *southing* as well as this westing helped to make Mount St. Elias more American than before, because the frontier by the treaty was to run from the 141st meridian parallel to the coast at a distance from it of ten leagues, except when the summit of the water-

shed came within that zone, in which case it was to follow that. This position was then incorporated in the U.S. Coast Pilot of Alaska.

Before making another jump—and this time clear across the boundary—St. Elias waited for the next edition of the volume above-named, and finally alighted in lat. $60^{\circ} 20' 45''$ and long. $141^{\circ} 0' 12''$. Some San Francisco papers lately stated these facts; but when I landed there from Alaska in 1886, though they professed to desire information, they informed me that any such claim of depriving the United States of Mount St. Elias made through their columns would inflict an injury on their reputation and adversely affect their circulation.

Soon after leaving Glacier Bay the steamer reached its destination, Sitka, the chief town in Alaska, beautifully situated in a bay about thirty miles across, bordered by mountains from four to six thousand feet high. Twenty years ago, when Alaska was yet part of Russia, Sitka was the headquarters of the Russian Trading Company, and their great timber-built sheds still attest the solidity with which they were constructed.

The U.S. steamship *Pinta*—named, I suppose, after the vessel of Columbus—had orders to take our Expedition along the dangerous piece of coast as far as Yakatat Bay, close to Mount St. Elias. But owing to want of coal Captain Nicholls was unable to start for another fortnight; so I occupied the time first by a fishing and hunting excursion to the extinct volcano

called Mount Edgcumbe across the bay (which we made 3,060 feet in height), and then to a salmon river situated in another part of Sitka Sound.

The party (which the local paper—where is a local paper *not* to be found in the United States?—described as “young gentlemen in search of the picturesque in Nature, who evidently mean business, though it is all for pleasure”) consisted of three Americans, two Frenchmen, and one Englishman.* The result of it all was half-a-dozen little Virginian deer—which on some of the islands are very numerous, some eagles, any amount of salmon and black bass, and an unlimited supply of fun. Forest fires, which lay waste areas of great extent in British Columbia and in many parts of the States, are unknown on this portion of the coast, owing to the dampness of the climate; the forests are consequently so dense as to render locomotion almost impracticable; and the luxuriance of their growth and that of the various mosses and lichens which love dampness is quite sub-tropical in character.

On the morning of July 10th, 1886, the Mount St. Elias Expedition embarked on the U.S. warship *Pinta*—a glorified tug-boat, which bore us safely to our destination, while the good-will and hospitality of her captain and officers made up for all deficiencies in her construction; and after all, so long as no gale

* Prof. Libbey, Messrs. Higginbotham of Chicago, Seton-Karr, Visconte de la Rivière, and M. de la Sablière, and three Sitkan Indians.

came on, she was equal to doing all required of her, which merely consisted in frightening the Indians into a state of loyalty. Next day the last of the sheltering islands was left behind, and we enjoyed a magnificent view of Mount Fairweather at some distance from the coast, a glittering ice-pinnacle from sea to summit, 15,500 feet in height.

Early the following morning, as I stepped on deck, we were steering towards the village of Yakatat Indians situated at the entrance of the large bay called Yakatat or Behring Bay. The atmosphere was cloudless, and brilliant with the transparency of sunrise. At a distance of about sixty miles rose the great snow-covered dome-like pinnacle over whose praises the early navigators had grown so enthusiastic, rising above a coast upon which none but an Indian had ever set his foot, and which had attracted me hither from the shores of England—a vast mass 20,000 feet high, festooned with ice, a frightful pyramid, the like of which exists not elsewhere on the globe, and to whose top no living man shall ever climb.* Imagine that you see a mountain of ice, snow, and rock twice as high as Mont Blanc as seen perhaps from Chamounix, rising from the sea; that is the

* A party, consisting of Messrs. E. H. and H. W. Topham, George Broke, and William Williams, the latter an American, and connected with the Alaska Commercial Company, all of them being members of the English Alpine Club, left Victoria, B.C., on June 5th, 1888, to attempt Mount St. Elias, on which they attained a height of 11,000 feet, and returned after a series of exciting and perilous experiences.

appearance presented by Mount St. Elias ; or cover Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Great Britain, with ice, and place it on the top of Mont Blanc, like Ossa upon Pelion, and the total height thus attained would fall short of the *actual* height of the summit of St. Elias above the *ocean at its foot*.

After dropping anchor opposite the Yakatat village, we waited in vain for any sign of life. The entire tribe had seen the warship coming and had fled. They had had previous experience of her when she had come to demand the surrender of two Indians who had taken refuge here after having murdered some white men. After a great deal of patient waiting, however, an old blind medicine man—as we judged by his long uncut hair, made his appearance ; and by means of our boy interpreter, it was explained to him that we wished to hire the services of half-a-dozen strong Indians and two of their largest canoes.

To make a long matter short, it is sufficient to say that after a great expenditure of time, three Indians were induced to accompany us, but no canoes could be had, although the *Pinta* waited here with us for five whole days. Before the expiration of that time the tribe had gained confidence in our pacific intentions, and the empty houses became as if by magic repleated with a score of swarthy families, and we were able to negotiate with the chief in person, and to exchange our “trading material,” which we had brought in place of money, for Indian native curiosities of various kinds, after an immense amount of hag-

gling or "chin-music." These curiosities consisted of baskets manufactured out of roots, dyed and plaited into various designs, charms, bows and arrows, carved walrus tusks, and wild goat and sheep-horn spoons. But the greatest treasures of the kind were obtained by one of the officers (who requested me not to make known his name in case the Indians might get wind of it). It is the custom when a medicine man dies to bury all his belongings, charms, and "medicines" with him in his grave, which is a large wooden structure. From one of these he procured two sacks' full of the most extraordinary implements, comprising masks, rattles, and grotesque images, with which evil spirits were exorcised, a shawl of leather trimmed with sea-parrots' bills, and a crown of wild goat's horns. Meanwhile we revelled in wild strawberries, which grew in great profusion, in clams, and in wild fowl, which were abundant along the shore.

We also made the acquaintance—to our great surprise, not expecting to find a white man—of a young Swedish trader. He informed us that in a month a small schooner would call and fetch him away. He expressed himself as pleased to see the man-o'-war, because the Indians had lately behaved towards him in a threatening manner, and he had told the medicine man that a warship would soon arrive to chastise them unless they mended their manners. Our timely arrival had thus acted as a corroboration.

At length in the evening of July 16th, we weighed anchor for Icy Bay, a point considerably nearer to

St. Elias than Yakatat, with three Indians on board, but no canoes. The United States navy, however, in the shape of Captain Nicholls, came to our rescue by offering us the use of one of the large boats belonging to the vessel, which after we had landed would enable us to return to Yakatat, there to await the return of the *Pinta* in September.

Early next morning anchor was dropped in the so-called Icy Bay, which in reality was no bay at all, opposite to a spot indicated by the Indians as the best, but without shelter from the almost ceaseless swell on which the ship rolled uneasily. The breakers were thundering upon a steep shore composed of sand and shingle; beyond these were visible the tree-tops of an extensive forest, and beyond the forest a long white line of ice, which gradually approached the sea on either side, enclosing the trees as it were in its icy arms, till glacier and ocean met and formed a long frontage, extending as far as the eye could see, of arctic cliffs. The task we now had before us was to land our stores, which comprised several boat loads. After delaying for some hours in hopes of the surf abating without observing any improvement, Lieutenant Emmons succeeded in reaching the beach on the crest of a huge billow, paying out rope from a small anchor which he had dropped as an assistance in putting off again.

ALASKA, MOUNT ST. ELIAS AND PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND.

Icy Bay—Bears and other Animals—The Start—Quicksands—A lost Explorer—Gigantic Glaciers—Our final Attempt to reach the Summit—A Battle with the Surf—Death of Three Indians—A Schooner arrives—I leave the Others and voyage Northwards—A Hunter's Home—Sea Otter Hunters—Drunken Indians—Estuary of the Copper River—Our Life at Nuchuk—The Trade in Furs—Myriads of Salmon—Game of Prince William Sound—Voyage to Kodiak—A Fearful Tragedy.

WHEN the *Pinta* finally steamed away with a farewell whistle and left us to our fate, cut off from all the world, we could barely summon sufficient courage to pitch the tents and stow away our provisions under shelter. I could realise the feelings of an Alexander Selkirk. A vague anxiety, like some unquiet foreboding, oppressed me at the thought of the Pacific surf. If it rarely became more peaceful and less formidable than it then was, our attempt to leave when the time came might be fraught with disaster. But meanwhile we could comfort ourselves with wild strawberries, which dotted the sward in millions, some nearly an inch in diameter; and with gazing on the tracks of bear, some of which impressions were quite recent, and measured 14 inches in length by 8 in width, crossing the sand-dunes in every direction, varied by the smaller footmarks of foxes. The Indians, too, casting care to the winds, went out with clubs and a gun after seal, to gorge themselves on the blubber, and as we had no objection to fresh meat, I insti-

tuted a pursuit after wild swans, with the professor in a diminutive "dug-out," which we had purchased at Yakatat. These birds were evidently newly fledged, and kept circling about a large lagoon in the forest; altogether a couple were secured. Besides the three Indians, we had brought two miners from Sitka, one of whom "started out" after bear, without success, though later on he killed three.

Since the day of our arrival at Yakatat we had not enjoyed any further glimpse of Mount St. Elias, but now the great peak gave signs of casting aside its nebulous envelope, and appearing to gladden our eyes with a sight of its magnificence, and to oppress our hearts with the magnitude of the task we had undertaken. The clouds commenced shifting uneasily, like side-scenes at a theatre preparatory to a change. When it finally emerged in all its glory, we were disappointed to find how far off it still seemed. Seals also delighted us by appearing upon the beach, close to camp; over fifteen hundred are said to have been killed in three days in Yakatat Bay, and after observing the ease with which the Indians had procured them here, it was not difficult to believe it.

The following morning the party left camp for our first march in the direction of Mount St. Elias, each one carrying packs of about sixty pounds' weight, leaving the professor in camp to follow us the next day, when the Indians should have returned for supplementary loads. We first crossed a small, ice-cold, muddy river; one of the Indians transporting me on

his back, and finally depositing me in a sitting posture in eighteen inches of water ; but Mr. Schwatka, who weighed eighteen stone, was landed quite dry upon the opposite side. We then crossed a fine expanse of sand on which strawberries were growing in great profusion, and came upon a great river over six miles in width, and of a shallow, rapid character. We were now compelled to follow the bank of this stream, and spent the remainder of the day in terror of our lives, now stepping gingerly over the undulating surface of some vast quicksand, in the utmost trepidation lest it should give way beneath us and engulf us within its slimy bosom, now wading some rushing affluent of an almost freezing temperature ; camping at length on some gravel below the ice-cliffs of a glacier, thankful that our day's work was done. It was a cruel, repulsive, gigantic river, fit offspring of the vast glaciers which cover the entire country, with the exception of one or two verdant spots. Its waters were swift and of a milky thickness covered by a dark oily scum. Close to the spot which we had chosen for our camp, it issued from under the ice-cliffs from a thousand openings ; two great glaciers advancing from opposite directions had met each other and buried between them this mighty stream, leaving nothing visible but an expanse of broken ice of enormous thickness, and hushing its murmur to a deathlike stillness. Higher up and nearer to St. Elias, this river comes again to the surface. The glaciers around were of huge thickness, entirely covered for some

miles by loose stones and moraines, which in turn were densely overgrown by shrubs and fir-trees offering an exceedingly difficult obstacle to progression. The following day the Indians returned, and the day after brought up the rest of the party.

On the 22nd the whole of us resumed the march together. Curious sounds emanated from the glaciers, crackings which appeared to travel for great distances around us, mingled with the distant rumblings of avalanches. Hitherto we had been moving through the forests and along the margin of the great river in the beaten track of bruin, for the brown bear is the road-maker of Alaska ; a sense of his presence continually oppressed us ; we were always expecting to meet him on his own narrow pathway which he had made for himself. When I first beheld him our rifles had been left behind, he was browsing upon the luscious skunk-cabbage and resembled an animated rick. I suppose he was of the species known to traders by the colour of the skin as a St. Elias grizzly, of a greyish white, and said by the Indian hunters to be exceedingly dangerous when wounded. All his life is spent among snows and glaciers, hence his polar characteristics. Bears as a rule are difficult to find owing to their powers of scent, though it must be allowed that it would not be necessary that their sense of smell should be very keen in order to "wind" an average Indian in his blanket. When they *are* caught sight of on the Alaskan mountains they are usually going *or coming* like a locomotive, as

though in either case they could not make tracks fast enough. On one occasion we were enjoying a mid-day siesta on the ice when we were startled by a ridiculous series of noises, commencing with an avalanche of rocks and stones from the moraines as though dislodged by a bear walking past, and ending up in a loud whirr of wings, making the lieutenant's heart dangle in his throat, when we saw not a bear, or an eagle, but a beautiful little iridescent humming bird, the very last thing in creation we should have expected to find in a land of glaciers. We soon found ourselves marching upon solid ice. The terminal moraines of these glaciers were of enormous extent—veritable mountains of loose rocks 8 to 10 miles in breadth, and underneath them lay the glacier ice from 3 to 600 feet in thickness. One glacier we named the Great Agassiz Glacier, another the Great Guyot Glacier, another the Tyndall Glacier, and another of enormous area situated, as previously mentioned, farther north, Behring's Great Glacier, as that portion of the coast was the first portion seen by him after quitting Behring Sea. A large lake we named Lake Castani, after the president of the Italian Geographical Society.

On the 23rd of July we lost the professor, but found him again on the following day. The Indians showed signs of insubordination. On the 24th we camped in a small patch of timber near the edge of the glacier. Close by, some reservoir in the ice had burst its bounds and the rush of water was carrying away

everything in front of it, deporting rocks and displacing icebergs as though they were straws. We had kindled bonfires to show our whereabouts to the lost explorer, while the glacier itself was advancing and burying the forest. Everything, including the very elements, seemed leagued together in destruction. The professor was unable to proceed farther. Next day was spent in traversing the great Tyndall Glacier. Here my boots gave out, but after a delay of half an hour I managed to patch the rent with the "tongue" cut out of one of Mr. Schwatka's boots. Our camping place that night was our last and highest, and consequently our coldest. Next morning, at the early hour of half-past four, John Woods (a miner), Mr. Schwatka and I roped ourselves together in the order given, and taking Esquimaux coats of reindeer skin, scientific instruments and the whole of the remaining provisions, started with our ice axes to attack the peak. At three in the afternoon Mr. Schwatka gave in; he was thoroughly out of training and weighed no less than 18 stone, or 250 lbs. as he called it, and was in a most alarming condition from repeatedly getting chilled on the ice while in a state of perspiration. I have since been assured by experienced climbers that if a snow-bridge had given way beneath his weight, the rope with which he was attached to us must have broken or Woods and I would have been dragged after him into a crevasse. Soon afterwards I sent Woods back to attend to my friend, and at seven in the evening found I had

reached a height of 7,200 feet on a spur of St. Elias, though not actually on the main mass. The entire country was almost entirely composed of glaciers; their area *where they are almost perfectly flat* cannot be less round Mount St. Elias alone, and included between Cape Spencer, the Pacific Ocean, the Copper River, and a line drawn parallel to the sea at a distance of 50 miles, than 10,000 square miles, or including all the ice within this area, than 17,000 square miles. Excepting Greenland these glaciers are the most extensive in the world outside the arctic or antarctic regions.

On the 30th of July we found ourselves back again at Icy Bay. The boat was hauled down the beach and packed with the baggage; by midnight we were all ready to start. We numbered nine persons, and found it as much as we could do to move her seawards on the underwash of each succeeding wave. We discarded boots and coats. The water felt freezingly cold, and was almost fresh and sweet enough to drink, owing to the huge volumes poured into the ocean by the melting of the surrounding glaciers. The surf, as might have been expected, appeared enormous; a few yards from land the water was deep, and the waves, therefore, broke only when they had arrived close in to the shore. Presently a huge roller advanced towards us like a wall of water, the foam rushed under us and caused us to gasp for breath. Now was the moment. Exerting our strength, we rushed the boat down upon the retiring flood. We were now nearer

to danger than before. Some water had even entered the craft, which seemed glued to the sand. Now—now was the time again! Nine voices yelled in chorus. Next instant every one was smothered from head to foot in foam. We seemed like madmen having a nightmare. Behind us was starvation, in front of us was death. Every one seized some package and bore it back to shore. Fortunately the matches were dry. So ended our first attempt to leave Icy Bay. Next time we made the attempt the surf had calmed a little, and we succeeded two days later, but at the cost of abandoning some of our packages of least value. The moment was certainly a critical one; but the surf was more regular, and we were able to select the moment for the last rush with certainty. From the sea Mount St. Elias looked magnificent. Our deserted tent showed up white against the black forests, which contrasted in turn against the glaciers beyond. For miles and miles we skirted the ice cliffs of the Great Agassiz Glacier, surrounded by quantities of seals in the thick white water, and reached the Yakatat village once again by sunset. They crowded round us, men, women, and children, without offering to help us; their faces painted black and red with a mixture of clay, grease, and blood, and with charcoal. On the 4th of August the traders' schooner arrived, of twenty tons burden, and they offered to take us to Kaiak Island, farther north, whence we could take a canoe to Prince William Sound, and thence reach Kodiak, and eventually California, by sailing vessel or small

steamer of the Alaska Commercial Company. I accepted their offer, being anxious to visit the country farther north. The others preferred returning by the *Pinta* when she should come. A large proportion of our time was meanwhile consumed in trading with the Indians for "curios," a large amount of both patience and "chin music" being absolutely necessary. Some fireworks were exhibited, and the strongest man among the Indians wrestled with John Dalton. But while we were thus passing our time in dissipations of this harmless character a tragedy was in store. We could see that for some reason the Indians were now avoiding the neighbourhood of our camp. A fiendish series of noises was continually audible in the village, mingled with the howlings of the horrible Indian dogs. Unable to restrain our curiosity, we set forth in a body to find out what was in the wind, and were horrified when we discovered the truth. The old blind medicine-man was plying his loathsome trade, with every manner of accessory calculated to heighten the effect. It seemed that three Indians were at the point of death, and many others seriously ill, having made and eaten bread with arsenic, which one of the Indians had taken from among the articles left at Icy Bay by one of our white men, supposing it to be baking-powder. We endeavoured to induce those who had swallowed the poison to swallow an emetic, though the chief would not allow any of his own utensils to suffer contamination by the sick. Those who did so recovered; three who refused our aid,

and preferred trusting to the *shaman*, died, and were subsequently cremated. Our position would have been exceedingly critical, and the Indians might have exacted a bloody retribution from us, had they not been aware that the dreaded gun-boat would shortly return.

We frequently visited the sick, and the medicine-man's mode of procedure was so peculiar that it deserves a word of description. In the centre of a large Indian hut, by a fire, lay one of the sick, a man, on his back. His naked stomach was being rubbed by women with their saliva. Around were grouped in a wide circle some Indians making a monotonous noise with tom-toms. By the side of the sick man crouched the shaman in a state of nudity, excepting for a discoloured loin-cloth, and shining with perspiration and grease. An assistant was engaged in blowing over him a cloud of young eagles' down, which naturally adhered to his skin, covered as it was with fat. The effect produced by this process was very remarkable. He kept shouting and swaying his body in time with the tom-toms, occasionally placing some charm upon the patient in the shape of a rattle or a figure of a man, rudely carved, and having upon its chest an enormous frog with a tongue protruding from its jaws, and inserted into the mouth of its victim.

Soon afterwards I set sail for Kaiak in the small schooner, manned and owned by two Swedes. The others returned safely, if uneventfully, in the *Pinta*, which came for them in due time. My own

adventures, however, were by no means over. The distance from Yakatat to Kaiak is about one hundred and eighty land miles, which we accomplished in five days, keeping within a mile or two of the land, without mishap or adventure. While off the coast eighty miles to the west of St. Elias, near Cape Suckling, I discovered an exceedingly large glacier, apparently about thirty miles in breadth, which by right of discovery I named Behring's Great Glacier. The early navigators mistook the true nature of these stupendous fields of ice, La Perouse describing them as "snow lying upon a barren soil, unembellished by a single tree," and "a plain totally destitute of verdure."

On the voyage we fired a large number of shots at seals and sea-otters, and on August 14th we reached Kaiak, a small island separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, which these Swedes had chosen for their remote and solitary home. To my surprise I found a woman here, Nils Andersen's wife, and learnt that on the mainland two other Scandinavians had lately built a log hut and intended to pass the winter hunting.

I spent a fortnight with these self-appointed exiles in their lonely home, and learnt a good many facts from them relative to their life and the habits of the sea-otter, in the pursuit of which they gain their livelihood. This remarkable animal, so far as I am aware, carries the most valuable coat of any other living thing, except an occasional black fox whose

skin may command a fancy price. It bears a fur unmatched for softness, colour, thickness, and durability. Their capture is generally effected by means of nets laid during the winter near their haunts in the water, generally some surf-swept rock which can only be approached during intervals of calm. When two are taken in the same net they invariably kill each other, and are so powerful that they are able to carry nets, leads, and all with them to the surface of the water in order to breathe, being warm-blooded air-breathing animals. The Indians, on the contrary, hunt this animal as a rule only during summer, and instead of guns or rifles prefer bows and arrows, the latter with detachable barbs. It was not from any love of solitude that these Swedes had sought this remote and savage spot, but owing to the number of rival white sea-otter hunters near their last place of residence—on a small island named Gusina, near Bellkoffsky, a trading post at the extremity of the Alaskan peninsula. Nils also informed me of facts about seal-skins of which I was previously unaware, namely, that fur seal-skins are dyed best in London by a certain firm, where they are consequently sent from San Francisco, the secret never having been discovered.

After passing a fortnight on the island, I prepared to continue the journey—this time in an Indian canoe—to Prince William Sound. I was to be accompanied by two of the white men, who it seemed were returning to Sweden for a last visit, as they

declared, to their native land. Two Indians and a squaw assisted to paddle, one of the former being a medicine-man and owner of the canoe, which was a fine new one of great size and beauty carved out of a single tree-trunk. The first night was spent in camp at a small settlement of most dissolute and drunken Indians known as Martin Point, situated near a promontory at the corner of the delta of the Atna or Copper River. Our medicine-man was obdurate in refusing to proceed any farther that day, being determined with his squaw to join the crazy inhabitants of this wretched village in the *pot-latch* or debauch they were celebrating with a vile spirit they are able to distil from sugar. While this festival was proceeding I sallied out and was fortunate enough to slay a bear. He was apparently engaged in looking for fish in a stream, and I was able to plant an express bullet in a vital part behind the shoulder which instantly proved fatal. In the morning the shaman had hardly recovered from his drunken orgie when we started, having found it necessary to hire two more Indians to assist in transporting the canoe over the bar into the estuary of the Copper River. The whole tribe appeared to be still in a half-drunken condition, but fortunately amiably disposed towards us. We next crossed part of the tidal lagoons of the Copper River delta, pushing the canoe before us when the tide was out, like an unwieldy sledge over the black slippery ooze, finally camping upon a little island. A semicircle of graceful peaks and glaciers surround

the delta of this curious river. Two more nights were spent in camp in different picturesque coves, where we found abundance of salmon, a description of which fish as seen in Alaska must be reserved for Nuchuk, which we reached on the fifth day.

Nuchuk, or Port Etches, is a solitary and remote trading post of the Alaska Commercial Company, situated in a noble bay on Hinchinbrook Island, in Prince William Sound, whither the Indians resort from the surrounding districts in order to dispose of their furs to the white agent. A schooner, bringing the winter supplies, was due, and might have arrived any day; but we had a weary wait of no less than eight weeks before she appeared. This interval I spent in short expeditions of different kinds, not venturing to absent myself for more than a day or two at a time. The trader, who had been selected for the post by the Alaska Commercial Company, was a Yankee skipper, apparently of middle age, an autocrat, whose word was law amongst the little community, which consisted of half-civilised Chugamutes, some of them half Russian in blood. All were professed Christians, and close by the trader's house stood a very diminutive wooden church, built after the Russian style, to which they regularly contributed and in which they regularly assembled for worship, which was conducted with much superstitious genuflection. The trader himself never entered the building. The priest was a little Alaskan Russian, called Nicolai, half Indian in appearance. He cooked the trader's meals and kept

the kitchen tidy and "loaned" his young daughter to be the trader's temporary wife; but he himself lived in a separate house with his own wife. Her little brother and sister and an Indian boy called Gustia were the other inmates. Of course my two Swedish companions were well known to the trader.

The life of this man, varied by the biennial visits of the Company's schooner, thus resembled that of an employé of the Hudson's Bay Company, excepting that the English Company insists that its store-keepers, who have to lead a lonely, autocratic life, shall all be married men accompanied by their wives.

The trader had instructed a few of the Indian men and girls in the mysteries of the quadrille, and several of the boys played the accordion fairly, and we passed several evenings with these diversions, first in the house of Vanga, brother of the second Indian chief, who had removed his stove and door to afford room for the dancers, then in the huts of Peter the Shekaizik, or second chief himself, and of Pavil the Tyoon or chief. Tame wild duck, goats, geese, and children, and a medley of non-dancers, occupied all the available corner-room, and formed one of the most peculiar scenes I have ever witnessed. Of course the trader, the two Swedes, and I, had to dance repeatedly with each and every squaw, excepting when two of the men danced a *pas-de-deux* so energetically as to sway the house with their leaps and caperings. Words of command were repeated by the trader for each figure, such as "sides forward and back, one

lady over," or "grand right and left with double swing." This latter was rather a complicated convolution for the Indian intellect, and invariably ended in hilarious collisions.

And then the supper! One's hat, of course, was never taken off. The refreshment was a collation of "pilot-bread" and strong tea, and what appetites we had! Men first, *ladies* afterwards. So much for our evening dissipations.

When the money was all gone the whole tribe would start out for a sea-otter hunt, if the weather was fine, after filing into the church for the priestly blessing on the expedition, without entering their huts again. The bows and blood-painted arrows are immensely strong, and I brought a number with me to England. For each sea-otter skin, large or small, whatever its value might be, the trader paid them a fixed price. The pursuit of the animal, its exhaustion, and its death, have been fully described by Petroff ("United States Tenth Census"). The value of a good skin is now about £20. They are becoming scarcer gradually, and in all probability will soon be almost unprocurable. The value has varied from 10 dollars in the time of the Russians up to 200 dollars, or £40. From 1870 to 1880 the Company bought 40,283 sea-otter skins for 60 dollars each from the native hunters. By becoming acquainted with new luxuries and new wants, the Indians become more assiduous in procuring skins.

Let me describe a day at Nuchuk as a sample of

my life there during the fifty-four days we waited for the wished-for schooner.

I have determined to go out on a salmon-spearing expedition, but meantime a couple of Indians have arrived to trade from Tateekluk, a little Indian village in P.W.S., in their bidarky. This is a beautiful canoe to hold three, made of seal or sea-lion skin. They wear coats of whales' guts or bears' guts, which are tied to the rim of each circular opening in the deck, in which they sit. The paddles glitter in the sunlight as they shoot shorewards like an arrow, and leaping out carry the craft above high-water mark, and take from the interior a bear's hams, a heron, a "silver" salmon, some wild goats' meat, and a bundle of furs—sea-otter, land-otter, red and white fox, mink, marten, beaver, musk-rat, and lynx. These are sold for trade dollars to the trader, and are soon paid back again in exchange for tea, sugar, flour, tobacco, cloth, and various other articles. Presently I leave in my bidarky, with an Indian, for the nearest river, about three miles distant. Tied alongside are our spears, the barbs loose, and secured to the shaft by a thong. The river is a shallow little stream, only four inches deep in places, but crowded with "hog-back" salmon, the only kind "running" at this time of year, except a few "red" salmon, a much superior kind for edible purposes. There are four other kinds named and known to the traders in these parts. First, the "chavicha," or king salmon, six feet long, and weighing about one hundred

pounds; next the "silver," the "steel-head," and the "dog" salmon. In many parts of the stream the backs of the fish are above water as they struggle across the gravel in their efforts to ascend, with an immense amount of splashing. Some are covered with patches of white, like fungoid growths, but which are really wounds and scratches. Here, in one little rivulet, is fish enough for an army. The bank is carpeted with dead bodies of salmon, and the stench is appalling. In the deeper parts long processions swim up and down without any fear of the canoe, in which I frequently, when the tide was in, ascended the river for a considerable distance. There was no difficulty, and very little sport, in spearing as many as one wished. Throwing out a spoonbait or hook fastened to a few yards of rope, for my rod has been lost long since, I can feel the whole line borne up and prevented from sinking by the mass of fish, and drawing it in slowly, am sure of catching one by some portion of his body.

Near the traders was a small Russian bath-house, which every one used in turn on a certain day of the week, generally the last.

In the commencement of October flocks of wild geese came flying southwards and eastwards in myriads, and on the 9th there came a fall of snow.

In January the sea-lions arrive in Prince William Sound, and the seals in May. Throughout the winter the numbers of wild fowl to be seen is something fabulous. With an old trade-gun I shot large

numbers, and we almost existed upon them, varied by wild sheep, wild goat, bear-meat, and salt pork, and on berries of different kinds.

Having given up the schooner as hopeless, I endeavoured to persuade some of the Indians to accompany me to Kodiak in canoes, but none would undertake that perilous journey. Suddenly, on October 16th, the schooner arrived, and a week later I found myself at St. Paul, Kodiak Island, after what seemed to me a terribly dangerous and fearfully stormy passage. This small settlement is the headquarters in this part of Alaska of the Commercial Company, though the main portion of their business is carried on upon the Seal Islands.

A few days later occurred a tragedy of the most desperate character. It was the last day of October, and the following morning we were to sail for California, across nearly two thousand miles of stormy ocean in the stormiest time of the year. We were seated at a long table at the evening meal, Mr. Ivan Petroff on my right, another white man opposite, at the foot a storekeeper, and at the head of the table the general agent of the Company, who was to sail with us on the morrow. A fearful explosion suddenly filled the apartment with smoke, covering the table with fragments of broken glass and china. The general agent fell back dead in his chair, and another man fell down mortally wounded, and then rushed from the room streaming with gore. The broken window showed that some one had fired a shot from without.

It would be needless to dwell upon the painful character of the occurrences on the succeeding day ; how we searched the place fruitlessly for the suspected criminal—a Russian.

Two days later we set sail, bearing with us the wounded man and the corpse of the murdered one. May I never have such another experience in a ninety-ton schooner ! How the winds blew ! Oh ! the horror of that passage, with a delirious victim, a corpse, and a drunken and abusive captain for companions. For days together the wheel was lashed, and we lay, with hardly a stitch of canvas showing, hove-to in furious hurricanes of wind, shut in below with the stench of the bilge-water. How thankful I was at last to arrive at San Francisco, after a passage which seemed a lifetime, but endured in reality for just fifteen days !

GREAT RIVERS OF FINLAND.

Journey to Copenhagen and Stockholm—Voyage to Helsingfors—Uleaborg
—Fishing in the Iijoki—Fishing in the Kemi—Fishing in the Tornea—
Fishing in the Uleo—How to reach Finland.

THE storm which reached the shores of England on the 19th of May had caught us as we were leaving Hamburg; had pursued us across the North Sea to Copenhagen, making that picturesque town a very damp and windy one; had succeeded in curtailing our stay there and blowing us across the straits to Malmo, and had rendered even the snug Swedish railway carriages incapable of excluding the raindrops on the windward side; and was finally blowing a whole gale as we waited on the Norrbro at Stockholm, undecided whether to embark upon the very diminutive steamer, which was to cross that same night to Finland, or no. The wavering balance of inclination at length kicked the beam in favour of a boat at least four and a quarter sizes larger, sailing the next day direct to Helsingfors. The wind departed, together with the smaller of the two steamers, leaving a universal calm, the same evening, annoying and beautiful to contemplate. A slight acquaintance with the archipelago of the million islands which divides the twin Gulfs of Bothnia and of Finland, into which the Baltic bifurcates, would have informed one what a wonderfully intricate and

protected route is followed by these little boats, until the settled calms of midsummer embolden them to venture across the open sea. The inlets and outlets of the Mälars, with its fiords and islands, in the vicinity of Stockholm, are dotted with numerous charming châteaux placed near the water's edge along this tideless sea, each one with its small bathing-house and boat-house snugly sheltered amongst the forest trees, the country seats of the merchants and inhabitants of Stockholm and of Upsala. In the very centre of the entrance to the Bothnian Gulf lies the large straggling island of Oland, surrounded by such a vast number of smaller islets of multitudinous dimensions and shapes, that ordinary maps are content with barely indicating their existence, while some have given even that up as hopeless, leaving the traveller to imagine that the open sea stretched itself out rockless and unbroken from the Swedish coast to the mainland of the Grand Duchy of Finland.

When we see such an overwhelming number of islands fringing the coast of such a flat country as Finland, we may expect the interior to contain a corresponding number of lakes within a small area. Never was this rule, if rule it be, so abundantly carried out as it is in Finland.

Through this maze of projecting points the steamer wound her sinuous and changing course, pointing now north and now south, but generally somewhere near due east; with a southerly breeze just fresh enough to make an overcoat desirable, though not necessary,

and with a cloudless sky overhead, lighting up the brilliant colours of the rocks, overgrown, where they formed but an islet, with lichens, and scraped, flattened, and planed down by prehistoric ice, but covered, whenever their dimensions were worthy of being called those of an island, with an abundant supply of small timber and shrubs. Tall cairns of stones, painted white to make them conspicuous, marked out the course, varied in the case of shallows and of sunken rocks by what reminded one of brooms. Here and there was seen some fishing hamlet with its natural harbour, while now and again one felt the ocean swell through some opening in the barrier of reefs and islands, as the effect of the late gale. After calling at the Russian customs post upon an outlying cluster, where seals are placed upon the hatches, and passing within sight of Hango, situated upon a long promontory, we arrived at Helsingfors in the evening, which is the capital of Finland, with numbers of exceedingly fine buildings, including a Parliament house, university, cathedral, and several theatres and churches, with very extensive fortifications.

His Excellency the Danish Minister to Russia, who was on board, disembarked to go on by rail to Petersburg, reminding me at parting that if the salmon refused the artificial fly in the rivers which flow into the Gulf of Bothnia, they were sometimes taken with it in the Vuoksa River, which enters Lake Ladoga at Kexholm, not far from St. Petersburg, and on which some English residents in the capital have formed a fishing

club, with a club-house just at the exit of the river from Lake Saima, the salmon being taken below the celebrated Imatra cataract afterwards mentioned, and the larger trout above. In the public gardens at Helsingfors a military band was playing in a kiosk opposite a large café. Rows of stout countrywomen were to be seen seated and listening to the music, while almost every second male seemed to be in uniform—broad-shouldered peasants, soldiers in long cloaks, naval and military officers, and students with white caps. The only daily through train to Uleaborg, the present terminus northwards since last year, of the Finnish railway, a two days' journey, left Helsingfors at eight in the morning, so we had barely time to buy a most excellent and detailed map of Finland, with almost every house, stream, and path given, and far superior to the Russian chart, which we had already seen in London, its title being—"Jernvags och reskarta ofver Finland; I. J. Inberg." The line will be completed later on to the Swedish frontier at Torneo, and will then reach to within a few miles of the Arctic circle; at present the difficulty is the bridging over of two enormous rivers, the Ii and the Kemi. The Uleo at Ulu, or Uleaborg, has already been spanned by a magnificent iron bridge.

One might well imagine oneself in Sweden while traversing the southern part of the Grand Duchy of Finland, once one of the possessions of the Swedish Crown. Swedish is still universally understood and generally talked, and most of the theatrical repre-

sentations are given in that language; while the wooden houses, barns, and hamlets are shaped and built after the true Swedish type. If the forests seem to be endless, they are at least beautifully varied, and by no means merit the term monotonous, and are without any traces of the forest fires, so far as I have seen, which have wrought such damage in America; growing more sparsely, and rendering walking so much easier than in Canada, where an almost superhuman effort is necessary to penetrate the dense undergrowth, at least in summer. Here the woods of spruce, pine, and birch are broken into exquisite glades and open spaces, carpeted with moss and heather, and generally giving some distant glimpse of a lake shining in the sun, or some broad valley fenced off into fields and moderate-sized holdings. Fairly good roads lead in almost every direction, and regular communication by means of small steamboats is kept up on all the large lakes. Such is the Finland of to-day. The people of the north, said Voltaire, have an especial liking for the wines which nature has denied to them. That the inhabitants of Ostermyra find an excellent substitute in the ale and the vüna, or corn brandy, of the country, was evident at that town, where the train stopped for the night.

Our next attempt at finding a good hotel was at Uleaborg, where a quiet night's rest seemed hopeful at first sight at a small inn, the splendid new Societetshus not being quite ready for the reception of visitors, and which, in appearance, at any rate, is

quite equal, curious as it may seem to say so, to any hotel in Europe.

At our modest inn an acquaintance of the train turned up who could speak a word or two of English, making the usual reference to the useful Finnish or Swedish vocabulary quite unnecessary. It was now ten o'clock in the evening, and the sun was still shining brightly when we retired to bed, having closed a door leading into the next room, where a deep and evidently serious discussion between three was being carried on. One is supposed to hear everything which goes on in a wooden house, even a person's thoughts. Our friends in the adjoining room were evidently holding an all-night sitting of a more wordy and party character than even the British House of Commons, and their voices mixed with one's dreams, until at six in the morning nature rebelled, and we awoke. Judging by the sound, personal violence might have been expected to ensue at any moment. The emphatic "Ya! ya!" or affirmative adverb, was followed by as emphatic a negative, accompanied with heavy blows upon the table and a torrent of words, sounding all the more conclusive because their meaning was unknown.

The end was near at hand, and when we next awoke to consciousness the sunlight was gleaming brightly through an open window, while it could hardly be said to have really set; and a girl was standing at the bedside with such cream and coffee as only Swedes and Finlanders know how to make. It

was past midday before the two-wheel cart from the posting station was at the door in readiness for a start northwards on the excellent road which skirts the coast. There was much to see at Uleaborg, which must be deferred till our return. The post-boy was evidently The Fat Boy, who kept nodding until eventually the reins fell altogether from his nerveless grasp, and we had to drive ourselves. The only fear was of passing the next post station, or *keskievari*; but just as we were about to rouse the sleeping one he performed that office for himself, and henceforth kept very wide-awake till a fresh cart and pony and another boy took us on past the Vuorittanjoki, an exceptionally clear river, most of the rest being porter-coloured from the peat bogs, to the great Iijoki or Ii River, close to another *keskievari*, where we decided to stay the night.

Across the whole breadth of the Iijoki, a distance of about one-fourth of a mile, runs a double line of Finnish salmon traps, with the exception of an opening on one side to allow of the passage of boats, and through which, as we watched, there floated with the current an enormous raft of timber, about sixty yards by forty, skilfully steered by long sweeps at either extremity, and loaded with barrels of tar, there being barely sufficient room to allow it to pass through the opening.

Being without a so-called interpreter, who is often an unspeakable nuisance, one fares but moderately well with one's phrase book, which rarely gives the

particular word wished for, and which is not the dialogue of every-day travel, but partly imaginary. Finnish being a most discouraging language to attempt to grasp, we experienced some difficulty in making it understood that we wished at once to fish with a rod, and found afterwards that it was not the farmer we were addressing. He was understood to reply, "How much shall it be?" The next morning, however, the real owner made no difficulty about rowing us for half an hour or more across the current while we trolled with a small phantom below the weirs. It was a pure experiment, and we had not struck upon the right spot, for nothing resulted except the capture of a sea trout and a small jack. It was hard rowing against the powerful stream, while the wind was too chill to make sitting cross-legged upon the bottom boards of a boat agreeable, blowing, as it seemed, like a blast from the frozen wastes of the White Sea.

It was a long day's posting which now had to be accomplished. Hitherto the road had been admirably good and almost level throughout, with a hard, sandy surface, but beyond the Iijoki it commenced to become more hilly and considerably rougher, and, to make matters worse, the travellers immediately preceding us had taken all the carts which boasted springs, making it necessary to endure over more than one stage the most abominable jolting, and a matter for thankfulness that everything breakable had been left at Uleaborg. The character of the conveyances varies at every

stage—sometimes a first-rate pony with a heavy or worn-out *karrit* or cart, and the next stage the reverse. The change at the end of each stage is performed with great celerity, rivalling the putting-to of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. One has just time to write one's name and destination in the *dag-bok*, and to pay the last driver or *kytipoika*, before finding everything ready for a fresh start. After a considerable interval, the Semijoki was crossed in a ferry-boat, being a river the size of the Thames, or half that of the Iijoki—shallow, rapid, very dark in colour, the banks thickly inhabited, the houses being like continuous small villages. The next stage took us to the left bank of the Great Kemi River, and enormous is the volume of water which it contains, with numerous inhabitants upon both sides of it.

The post road continues to Tornea and Haparanda in Sweden, and also follows the Kemi River from this point upwards to Rovaniemi, a distance of eighty versts, or a long day's travel, at which points the stream bifurcates into the Kemijoki and Ounasjoki. Two post roads hence lead to Kemijarvi, or the Kemi Lake upon the former branch and Kittila on the latter, about eighty miles distant, up to which point salmon can ascend. The Arctic Circle, or latitude $66^{\circ} 32' 20''$, passes a mile to the north of Rovaniemi. Here the houses are better built, and the people richer than in southern Finland. Just at this point, overlooking the forks of the river, is the hill, Ounasvaara, a few feet lower than Aavasaksa, to which so many people travel

about June 22, in order to see the sun at midnight from the summit; without, however, actually being within that mystic circle, to which Ounasvaara is closer and as easy to reach.

With a nipping, eager air of unusual frigidity for the time of year at Torvinen on the Kemi, as the station is named, a good fire was found necessary in the great Russian stove, and a dish of the usual excellent Finnish veal formed our dinner. The cold north wind calmed down during the night, which was a quiet one. The road up the Kemi was much finer than the somewhat monotonous drive along the coast, with the swiftly rushing, immense river on the left-hand side. But some twenty miles up, the effect of some travellers ahead of us—who it was hoped would have been almost at their destination—began to make itself felt, and at the next keskieväri nothing was obtainable but a springless cart and an animal to match. No boat could be procured, the river being too rapid at this point to ascend. Nothing was left but to return and fish for salmon and sea trout at the ferry, where a farmer's family installed us in their house, which contained but two rooms, one of which they reserved for my use. Their own sleeping-places, a dozen in all, were made pell-mell upon the floor. Before, however, going to bed we succeeded in taking with a phantom minnow in a short time, from the Kemi, just in front of the house at the main ferry, four salmon, a sea trout, and a pike, weighing respectively 11 lb., $10\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 7 lb., $6\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 5 lb., and 4 lb. There was

some interest shown as we started, and as the tackle was handed round for inspection by the river side; but when, almost immediately, the first fish was hooked then the interest became excitement, and there gathered an assemblage, and as we drew shorewards the excitement became enthusiasm, with shouts of "Kala, Kala!" as the first *lax* or *lohi*, which was the biggest of the four, was coaxed near the land, lashing the water into foam where it shallowed under the bank. I thought the most intelligent looking Finlander might be trusted to use the gaff, and so threw it on shore from the boat, at the same time drawing in the fish towards him, and an unexpected use he made of the unhappy instrument. In the hurry of the moment, and regardless of my shouts of "Ei, ei!" (no, no), he appeared to take the gaff for a hammer, and struck downwards upon the exhausted salmon with all his might, until the top with the crook broke off short and flew into the Kemijoki, and the spare tops in the hollow interior came forth, and were broken off short in like manner. He next seized the line with both hands, and attempted to drag the fish by means of it on to the bank, which he succeeded in doing, as the hooks were secure. By waiting for the water to clear the things were recovered, but we decided to reserve the gaff in future for our own use. The Kemi is, as I have said, a very rapid river, and at this particular point the small Akkunnusjoki joins the main stream, and the force of the water is broken by an island, and also by one of the many

salmon weirs or traps, similar to those on the Iijoki, and probably on all the rivers of Finland. These weirs are formed of a row of stakes planted crosswise, built in a long line across the current, and having the interstices filled by smaller piles and sticks to prevent the passage of the salmon, except through square holes, in which are placed contrivances resembling lobster pots. From one side are also stretched nets, to increase the inducement to enter. The priest at Kemi has a right to a tithe of the salmon caught in his parish, and the editor of the *Uleborgs Tidning* has informed me that he has this year sold that right for 12,000 marks, or £480.

Within the shelter of the weir and the island the current moved but two miles per hour, but was disturbed by every boat crossing or ascending the river. Bang! rush goes the reel. Here he is again; only a sea trout this time, embarked without going ashore; then three more salmon, and, after a long pause, the pike. The large ferry-boat, with a horse and cart on board, has grounded on a rock in the best fishing ground, and scared the remaining fish away. A salmon fly upon our other rod was totally rejected, though I am informed that they will take a fly later in the season, in July and August, in the Uleo and other rivers.

Three hours, and a change of pony and cart, take us to Tornio, with Herr Hermanson, the assessor of the district, as our companion. He lives at Maikila on the Kemi, and, like most people in unfrequented districts, is pleased to see travellers. The small

Kaakanajoki was crossed near the post station, and trout flies tried on it ineffectually, probably owing to its containing pike, but salmon are caught near the mouth.

At Tornea we were on the Russian frontier. It was the beginning of June, and as yet there were no mosquitoes. Small villages occur in close succession upon both banks of the Tornea. Across the river is the Swedish town of Haaparanda, and no less than four large churches can be seen in different directions. We found that salmon had not yet commenced to run in any numbers, but that the river was full of sea trout, for which the natives had learned to troll with large-sized "blazers," which they get from Stockholm.

We drove ten miles up to Kokkola, where all the world was angling with the aforesaid baits for lohen pojka, or sea trout, and very successful some of the natives were, carrying large sacks half full of five-pounders; the net fishing not having as yet commenced. The Tornea is about the same size as the Kemi, and, at present, a few feet above its usual level. The Muonio and Tornea, which meet at Paijala, are both navigable from the interior by row-boat, with the exception of a few rapids; but those near Muunioniska can be safely descended by boat, in which one can travel thence to the ocean, or, more strictly speaking, the Gulf of Bothnia, which is almost a fresh-water lake, so little salt is there in its waters.

Good post roads exist for a certain distance upon both the Swedish and Russian banks, and up the latter we drove with a capital pony and cart, through picturesque hamlets, to where we were to have middag off sea trout, black bread, and curds with our friend the District Assessor; after which we caught endless numbers of grayling from the shore, which are confined principally to the rapid portions of the river, as though to escape the pike which exist elsewhere; we were then rowed to and fro by a man who seemed thoroughly to know his business, as he doubtless did, and caught a sea trout; the natives' boats could be seen in every direction as they trolled for the same species of fish, other persons being similarly occupied from the banks, and if the water had not been so much fished, we should doubtless have caught a larger number.

The atmosphere of northern Finland is indescribably bright and clear. If there were any mountains in this intensely flat wooded country, sufficiently high to be visible, one might discern them from afar. Eighteen continuous hours of a burning sun, reflected from a dazzling surface, made one feel like a column badly papered of a blood-red colour. Cool seemed the evening air as we drove back at midnight, with the orb just below the horizon due north; blowing upon the inflamed surface, which had been exposed to its malign influence, like a breath from an iceberg; which perhaps was the reason the *skjutspojka* dropped the reins and allowed the pony to meander

at its own will along the track, at a steady five miles an hour, for the brown face of the boy had also been burnt a shade and a half darker since the morning.

I now wish to describe the sport and travel we experienced in the southern portion of the country nearer to St. Petersburg, which is, in other words, the south-eastern corner of the Grand Duchy of Finland. But first we travelled from Uleaborg up the Great Uleo River, and across the interior of Finland to the Russian capital. I will only say in reference to the Uleo as a salmon river, that excellent angling, both with fly and bait, can be had upon the upper portion below the large Uleo lake, provided one is there at the proper time, which everyone agrees in saying is August and the first half of September, up to the date on which the fishing closes, which is the fifteenth. The railway, which has now been completed to Uleaborg, is the most northerly connected railway system in the world, and it may not be out of place to remark that English is spoken by almost all the educated persons at Uleaborg, many of whom are old sea captains; there are also plenty of persons who will gladly act as interpreters for a very modest sum.

The price of an angling permit for the season for salmon, upon the angling portion of the river, has hitherto been ten marks, as fixed by a committee of the peasants themselves, to whom the right belongs. The first twenty-five miles of the river upwards from Uleaborg can be done in a small steamer, which leaves daily from Muhos, where the above-mentioned licence

can be had, and which the long Pyhakoski rapid causes to be the head of navigation. Of the four English anglers who had preceded us in former years no less than three have been earls, and the fourth a well-known politician. If the records are to be trusted, the latter obtained the best sport. Travellers to Finland should avoid arriving there by way of St. Petersburg, for two reasons: because the pleasantest and most interesting route is that by way of Copenhagen and Stockholm, and the most direct is by sea from Hull or London to Abo and Helsingfors; and also because guns, &c., cannot be taken through Petersburg without detention or payment, or both. There is less of such officialism in Finland, which is at heart a Swedish country.

THE HARAKA CLUB.

The Vuoksa River—Imatra Falls—The Haraka Fishing Club—Marvellous Trout Fishing—Weights of various Fish—I capture Two Monsters—Arrival of the Grand Dukes—Extracts from the Club Journal—Fight with an Eighteen-and-a-half Pounder—Fight with a Seventeen-pounder—Two Monsters at Once—I am entertained at Helsingfors—Lake Paijanne—The Kalkis Fishing and Shooting Club—Fishing in the Kymmene—Heinola—Fishing at Koskeniska—Tammerfors—Fishing in the Kumo—Steamers to Finland—Passports—Fishing License for the Uleo—Remarks upon Travel and Sport in Finland—Lake Systems of Finland.

THE Vuoksa River drains that large area of lakes which comprise the water system of south-eastern Finland, leaving Lake Saima, and running a short course into Lake Ladoga, from which the Neva leads into the Gulf of Finland. Not far from the exit of the Vuoksa from Lake Saima is the village of Willmanstrand, connected by rail with St. Petersburg and with the Finnish main line at Simola. Just at this point there is treble attraction, the angling portion of which, namely, the most remarkable trout fishing imaginable, I will describe last.

The first object is the Saima Canal, by which one can travel to the lake from Wiborg; the second, the Imatra Falls, as engrossing and impressive in their own style as Niagara. The Vuoksa is quite a large river, but it is here compressed into a narrow chasm ten yards in width, inclined at a steep angle, and rushes with overwhelming force into a large circular pool, raising mountains of water which rise and fall

and change in ever-varying shapes. There is no spray, and one can stand close at hand and realise that the struggle between the two opposing currents is carried on with a display of violence never to be estimated, from the contemplation of which one can hardly tear oneself. The last of the three attractions near Willmanstrand is the wonderful piece of trout fishing (presuming one has a ticket for the same, to be secured at St. Petersburg only by private influence), rented from the peasants by some English residents in the capital, and styled the Haraka Club. The part of the river referred to comprises half the pool where the Vuoksa leaves the lake and two pools below, with the intervening rapids. The remaining half of the lake pool is the property of Gen. A——off, who has built a large house and a “fishing box” on the shore; not far removed from it stands the Haraka Club, which enjoys some advantages of situation. The club, however, of which the General is a member, have the right of fishing over his half of the pool, which is some three or four hundred yards in length.

The club was founded about 1875. In 1876 nothing remarkable occurred in the way of sport, though Mr. J. Mitchell* in sixteen days caught 104 trout, the following being the greatest weights of single fish: 9lb., $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 12lb., 5lb., $18\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and 17lb. In 1877, Mr. J. Murphy,† in forty-eight hours, landed nine trout, weighing in all $139\frac{3}{4}$ lb., the largest being

* English Consul-General at St. Petersburg, and brother of the English Consul-General at Christiania.

† Dentist to His Majesty and the Imperial family.

a great lake trout of 21 lb. Mr. H. landed in three days eight fish weighing $86\frac{1}{2}$ lb., of which the largest weighed $15\frac{1}{2}$ lb. The total number of great lake trout, or *Salmo ferox*, caught in 1877 was 107. In July, 1878, the following note is found in the journal: "Messrs. J. and T. M. and Mr. C—i killed thirty-five *lokhi* (*Salmo ferox*) weighing 331lb. English, the latter fishing one day and a half and the two former three days. More fish might have been taken had not anglers had a surfeit of sport. The foregoing score is unprecedented in the annals of the club." Total in 1878, 140. Some of the trout are bright coloured like land-locked salmon, and are called Saima fish; others are dark-coloured trout thought to have come up from the river.

In 1879, on July 4, Messrs. T. G. G. and J. M. caught trout of the following weights in pounds: 13, 8, 17, 10, 5, 10, 5, 12, and 20; and on the following day of 19lb., 17lb., 10lb., 12lb., 18lb., $16\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 12lb., 10lb., 10lb., 8lb., 8lb., and 7lb. The next day three rods landed trout of 10lb., 17lb., 15lb., 11lb., 8lb., $21\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., 12lb., 11lb., 10lb., 8lb., 6lb., and 8lb.; and next day T. G. G. and J. M. fish of 20lb., 10lb., 10lb., 13lb., 13lb., 11lb., and $5\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and the same day two other rods of 18lb., 12lb., $11\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 18lb., $17\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 17lb., 12lb., 9lb., and seventeen smaller ones of 15lb., the weather being "detestable, not a gleam of sunshine during four days, cold wind, and plenty of rain." The next day the same two rods landed trout of 16lb., 12lb., 10lb., $9\frac{1}{2}$ lb., $9\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 8lb., 8lb., $13\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 13lb.,

21½lb., 22lb., the thirteen-and-a-half pounder being foul-hooked in the shoulder and giving a long fight. On the 13th, two rods landed fish of 8lb., 14lb., 18lb., 20½lb., 9lb., 13lb., 14lb., 17lb., 17½lb., 19lb., and 24lb., the last being the largest *Salmo ferox* up to the present time. The next day the same two bagged fish of 15lb., 9lb., 10lb., 12lb., 12lb., 11lb., 11½lb., 2½lb., 2½lb., 18lb., 18lb., 11lb., 12lb., 12lb., 14lb., 21lb., 6lb., 13lb., and 9½lb. On July 22, Mr. J. Murphy landed trout of 17lb., 17lb., 14lb., 11lb., 7½lb., 7½lb., 8lb., and 6½lb., making in all a total weight for the day of 88½lb., and the next day 72½lb., and the 25th, 84½lb., the largest trout weighing just 20lb. The total for 1879 was 336 lokhi, or lake trout, weighing the enormous amount of 2,895lb., all caught fairly with rod and line, besides smaller innumerable trout and grayling. With regard to the baits used, the phantom was often preferred, but the fly was frequently successful, and small baits with a large single hook or two, made of the skin of a small fish frequenting the lake in shoals.

In 1880, after many good days, we find that A. E. A., on July 11, caught lokhi of the following weights: 20lb., 16lb., 14lb., 13½lb., 11½lb. (caught in the rapid), 11lb., 10lb., 10lb., 10lb., 10lb., and 8lb.; and the same day and place, H. M. A., of 7½lb., 16lb., 13½lb., 9lb., and four weighing 6lb.; and C. G., of 7lb., and two weighing 3lb.; and E. T., of 10lb. and 9lb., and three weighing 4lb. The total for 1880 was 300 great lake trout averaging almost 13lb. apiece,

and ranging from 5lb. to 23lb. In 1881 the total was 190. In 1882 the total was 124, averaging $10\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each, and 613 smaller trout, weighing 697lb., and four grayling, and nineteen other fish, weighing 19lb. In 1883 twenty-seven lokhi were caught, weighing $277\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; 268 trout, weighing 348lb.; twenty grayling of $18\frac{3}{4}$ lb.; and one perch of 1lb. In 1884, eighty-two lokhi, weighing 1081lb., of which 339lb. were taken in three days; 420 smaller trout, weighing 357lb.; and sixty grayling, weighing 73lb. In 1885, forty lokhi, weighing $471\frac{1}{2}$ lb.; 587 smaller trout of 669lb.; and forty-seven grayling, of 30lb. In 1886 forty-nine lokhi, weighing 547lb.; 353 smaller trout, weighing 401lb.; twenty-two grayling weighing 17lb.; and twenty other fish, weighing 10lb.

The falling off of the fishing since 1876 was due to Gen. A. building his house close alongside the pool, blasting rocks, and towing beams. Once again it seems to be recovering its former quality.

It was under the auspices of Mr. Murphy, who has perhaps caught more of these leviathan trout than any one else, and who was one of the founders of the club, that we arrived at Haraka in a small steamer from Willmanstrand, or, more strictly speaking, at Vuoksenniska, one evening to try our luck in this wonderful fishing-place, so wisely secured to themselves by the Englishmen and Scotchmen of St. Petersburg, including our august ambassador. Mr. Murphy had already arrived the evening before, and had soon

caught two monstrous trout, which were brought out from the ice-house for my inspection, where almost any number of the large trout can be kept for a long time in readiness for the members to take back with them to the capital. They can also be kept alive in a large enclosure, or sort of aquarium, at the landing-place.

The upper part of the lake pool is deep, with a slow current from the great lake, and the lower part shallower, where the water gathers accelerated speed as one approaches the rapids proper. Here we were soon fast in two enormous trout in rapid succession, both of which broke away with bait and all after a short connection, owing to our using too stiff a rod and too fine a single gut trace. The last fish showed his fine proportions by a succession of leaps above the surface, and was estimated by the Finnish boatman at 12lb.

In the evening, provided with a different rod, we landed two *Salmo ferox* of 18lb. and 14lb. respectively, after a Homeric battle of the most exciting nature. The boatman estimated the weights of both correctly, on sight, to within a pound, so we felt confident that his estimate of the lost one was also not far wrong. Mr. M. was equally fortunate, his two trout, however, scaling a trifle less. Nor was the Finn less excited than were we, his hand shaking to a most astonishing extent when he lighted the soothing pipe after gaffing both fish in a most dexterous manner, which showed long experience, for he was one of the peasant owners of the water from whom the club has leased the sole right of angling.

It should be stated that, at the same time General A., who is a most agreeable and accomplished Russian, had three boats out, making five boats in all on the small area of water composing this one pool, which were constantly passing and repassing one another, the baits being at times below or beyond the neighbouring boat, which might be crossing the current immediately below.

The three other boats, however, were not so fortunate. The next day we thought it right to leave, as the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Vladimir of Russia were coming on the day following to stay with Gen. A. for three days, to try their luck with these great trout of Finland, as they had never before enjoyed anything of the kind, in order to allow them a fair chance.

The following extracts are taken indiscriminately from the early journals of the Haraka Fishing Club :

Sept. 29, 1876. This records the breaking of the bad spell under which my fishing this bout has unfortunately laboured, while it also casts a roseate hue over this autumnal leaf. At 4 A.M. on this particular Friday I issued forth with Johann Haraka, full of faith and hope, and, after a not reluctant wakening, armed with a Totness minnow, from which I had carefully removed the paint. On the first turn from "grayling point" I suddenly experienced the delightful sensation of a big tug, my rod slipping a little through my hand. In a moment I struck upwards from the butt and wrist, and then came the whirring of the reel, which, as every angler knows, is the true

music of the waters. The boat was worked gently down in a semicircle to the quiet bay on the other side, while the fish as steadily followed, keeping below in the deep and making several very violent rushes. It was still dark, so that when I landed a little below "grayling point" I could not see the inclination of the line nor estimate the distance of the fish from the shore. Suddenly, however, he appeared on the surface some fifteen yards away, and, with a swish of the tail, turned his prow down and cut the water with a vigorous effort to escape. He had line enough for any purpose but that, of which he soon appeared to be convinced, and, resigning himself to his fate, came back heavily and moodily to the gaff. The gloom was still so great that Johann was obliged to bend down and peer over the surface of the smooth water to perceive his prey, which showing at last his great dorsal fin and tail and bulky form near the pebbly beach, received the *coup de grâce* at the hand of the gillie, who, unable to raise him altogether, forcibly dragged and deposited the noble fish in safety. He was well hooked in the tongue, extremely broad in the beam, and of that dark mahogany colour, with great black spots, which betokens one of the two species of trout which obtain in Saima Lake. He seemed spent and was rather thin in body, but five hours after capture he weighed $18\frac{1}{2}$ lb. His form is artistically delineated on the balcony floor next to Mr. M.'s 16 and 14-pounders.

Making another turn lower down, I had the good

fortune to seize another lovely Saima trout, of silvery hue and 3lb. weight, from the semi-still water just above the drop of the rapid opposite. This fish showed great fight, and so long and so strong were his runs that Johann cried out excitedly. This fish took out a great deal of line, and came to the same spot to be gaffed, game to the last. My astonishment and Johann's were great when on gaffing him it was observed that his size was so different to what we had imagined. Mr. M. caught all his fish with a perfectly white Totness, whereas I have used a coloured or discoloured one.

This evening Mr. C. and myself sallied forth at 5.30 P.M., as it was getting dark, to try the Haraka water. Mr. C. had delayed somewhat on account of Paulo Haraka's extreme obstinacy. The man insisted on going out with C., and C. still more strongly insisted to the contrary. The result was that C. put out in a boat with Anti, Paulo at first prohibiting the use of his boat, and then demanding *roba* for it. He then pursued C. on the water, following him and crossing his line twice, when my man Johann remonstrated with him. While I was shouting across the water to C. my reel sang out, and I landed one of those 3lb. silver Saima trout which give as much play as a ferox. Soon we glided across once more for the last *utkerta*, and came to the bay just above the boats, and just as the turn of the boat was bringing my minnow round with a swing it was seized and engulfed in the voracious maw of what Johann suggested was a pike ;

but I said, "No, Johann, thou errest; for a *lohi* has me, or rather I have a *lohi*; for lo! does not the supple rod bend like the willow in the gale, and my line run out as fast as I can pay it to the monster which is pulling at it?" Johann, piercing the darkness with his eyes, noted the appearance of the rod, and heard the crink, crink of the reel, and uttered an excited "Ja, ja, un *lohi*!" and worked the boat to shore, where the fish came heavily in after several severe tugs and splashes betokening large dimensions, and then bored under the boat, into which Johann dexterously pitchforked him. As we had guessed, he bore down the scale to exactly 17lb., a splendid male mahogany ferox.

July 14. Went out and picked up four fish—15lb., $13\frac{3}{4}$ lb., 14lb., and $10\frac{3}{4}$ lb.—lost one large one, which was fairly on his side, by the man laying hold of the line to gaff him. I did not swear once, but the man did; he was thoroughly ashamed of himself. Next morning a fish of $11\frac{3}{4}$ lb., and one of $16\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and, soon after, one of $9\frac{1}{2}$ lb., then one of 21lb., then one of 9lb., which last was the gamest I ever killed, and full of fight. Next followed fish of $9\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 16lb., 9lb., 7lb., and 15lb.—a very fair bag; gross weight $161\frac{3}{4}$ lb. in all, of which the greater part were killed in the forty-eight hours.

July 17. Up early and did nothing. Weather unfavourable; thunder growling in the distance. The evening turned out fine at last. Mr. C. opened the ball with a $13\frac{1}{2}$ lb. trout; then Capt. H. and Mr. W.

walked into two fish each. I only got one $5\frac{1}{2}$ -pounder; I suppose my luck was worn out. It was great fun to see three or four fish being played at the same time; the fun promised to become fast and furious. It was all over in half an hour; I remained until 2 A.M., but not a touch.

Yesterday morning had an exciting scene about nine o'clock. Hooked a big fish above the house; he headed for the rapids; no stopping him. The headstrong brute went floundering down. The row he made brought out the whole household like a swarm of bees. Had on a Totness on single gut, and the line got under the branches of a fallen tree, when Mr. H., who is full of pluck and good nature, stripped in a jiffy and jumped in, holding on with one hand, and, with an axe in the other, lopped off the offending branches. In spite of the force of the current, the fish was getting spent, when crack went the line about eighty yards from the bait. Mr. C. very kindly put me on my legs again by lending me a new hundred-yards line.

July 27. Got here on the 15th of July, and a jolly time we had of it. A reference to the register will show that our sport for the first week was quite unprecedented; up to the present moment I have killed twenty-seven lokhi and numberless trout. Last night, at 10 P.M., I killed a monster of 22lb. He was three inches shorter than my brother's *Salmo spurio* of 21lb., and he measured $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches round about the dorsal fin. At first I thought I had got hold of a stone;

but he soon showed play, and gave me a good deal of trouble for nearly half an hour. My brother and I could have killed a good many more lokhi ; but as we had thirty-five of them at one time in the cellar, we desisted. The fishing at Sitola and the Kuldán water was likewise very good. I think it very evident that the fish have increased in number since the water has been preserved. I think that the dark trout which we catch with black spots—none red, and with similar spots on the dorsal fin—is the *Salmo spurio*. Hence my brother has, in my opinion, mistaken them for salmon.

April 13. Arrived here at 3 P.M. with A. in a sledge, with excellent roads all the way except a small part of the first stage. Found our drawing-room two feet deep in chips and shavings, which we proceeded to clear away, and had fires made up and things put shipshape in no time. The house was certainly frightfully cold, with snow all round many feet deep. Before proceeding to fish we had to dig the boats out of the snow, oars likewise ; but, notwithstanding the frost, the fish took well enough the first day, the wind being south, right up the falls. I had not been out very long before a lohi of 13lb. took my bait, and immediately after one of 7lb. (a Saima trout).

Aug. 15. This day I have caught nothing—that is, no leviathans, having only got about one dozen smallish fish with the fly, and even these have not been rising well. Wind up stream, showers in the morning, and fine for the rest of the day. The cry is

still, "*Ei sui et kala*," with the variation, "*Ei ole kala, pallio paiva*," and a conversation is carried on which neither party understands, which reminds one of the story of the meaning of metaphysics, when "twa men palaverin thegither could nae onderstand ane anither;" or what the stockbroker was informed—that "rods was up, but fish hasn't riz."

Monday, July 26. A. G. took nine trout in the pool between 6 and 8 A.M., largest 3lb. I began operations at 10 A.M., and by 12.30 had landed and lodged in the aquarium in prime condition, three lohi, of 13lb., 11lb., and 9lb. At 4 P.M. began operations at the Bodisco Falls. The rod I held in my hand was almost immediately tugged at by a trout of at least 12lb., which I began to play—*i.e.* to prevent him rushing down the falls. I had scarcely had him on five minutes before the reel of my second rod announced the presence of another lohi and a much bigger one than the first. The distance was great, the boat was almost at the edge of the fall, and Junka insisted on going down the latter. It was as much as I could do to prevent the sturdy Finn from carrying out his intentions. With a rod in each hand, and a big lohi at the end of each, my condition was indeed almost helpless. The crisis soon came. First the lesser trout broke the traces of my line, and said adieu with a graceful flourish of his tail, and then the second betook himself to the innermost recesses of a pile of rocks just in front of the falls; and, after allowing me to suppose he was still there (Junka said

he weighed 20lb.), I had the mortification of discovering that I was only playing the rocks above referred to. I rescued my line and my minnows intact, and the only trace of the conflict was the presence of tufts of stone moss on my traces and line. This ended my fishing this day, much to Junka's disgust, who cannot understand why I should have preferred sacrificing two lohi to endangering our lives by shooting the Bodisco Falls.

It would be interesting to know when and where such remarkable trout-fishing has been excelled or equalled.

We left Helsingfors, the chief city of Finland, in July, on our last fishing tour, intending to embrace the south-west corner of the Grand Duchy. We found that an article which we had written on angling in Finland had been translated from the English and re-published in some of the Finnish newspapers, having given, apparently, a good deal of satisfaction to the Finlanders, though we had endeavoured to be as impartial as possible. We were entertained, in consequence, before leaving Helsingfors, at a banquet in the pretty Brunns Park, by Mr. Sundman, whose admirable "Fishes of Finland," painted and lithographed by himself, can be seen in London—among other places at the Fly-Fishers' Club. He is now engaged upon the birds and eggs of Finland, with the latter of which two subjects he finds more difficulty than with the fishes to obtain the delicate variations of tint. Some of the fish from which he made his drawings he caught himself, but generally kept several persons employed

bringing fresh specimens of the particular species he happened to be engaged upon.

Lahtis, or more properly Wesijarva Station, four hours from Helsingfors by train, was reached about midnight. This line is continued to Uleaborg, and is the most northerly railway system in the world. It is intended to prolong the line round the head of the Gulf of Bothnia and across Swedish Lapland to the Norwegian coast, at a point opposite to the Lofoten Islands; and with this idea the line has already been thrown across the Uleo River by an immense iron bridge. Lahtis lies at the southern extremity of the great Paijanne Lake, the longest lake in Finland, and if memory serves, the largest; or, more strictly, it lies near the end of the lake connected with it by a canal.

A small steamer, or rather two steamers, started at two (and four) in the morning for Jyvaskyla; a twelve-hour trip amongst the most picturesque rocky islands, rather higher than we had hitherto been accustomed to see in Finland, the flattest and at the same time the greatest lake country in the world. At Jyvaskyla, the great lake trout, up to 25lbs. in weight, used to be caught with rod and line and also netted, but since the last few years, on the establishment of a paper-mill, these fish have deserted this end of the lake; at Haapakoski, however, near by, where a timber merchant has some extensive buildings, and who speaks English, a few *Salmo ferox* are taken. We were informed that they were being constantly angled for by the natives, and, in consequence, did not go there,

though a steam launch runs twice daily from Jyväskylä. An expedition in search of fresh angling grounds, or rather waters, which we were strongly advised to take by Herr Hintze, who edits a small sporting monthly journal called *Sporten* at Helsingfors, consists in posting from Jyväskylä to Sumiainen, forty miles north; thence by steamer across to Vütasaari (four hours) and onwards west across a lake to the neighbourhood of Huopana. Instead of this we returned half-way down the Paijanne Lake to Kalkis, where some native sportsmen of Helsingfors have a "Fishing and Shooting Club" (the latter part, however, of the title being ornamental) as if in imitation of the preserved water on the Vuoksa River belonging to the club of English and Scotch anglers of St. Petersburg, and where there exist the most noteworthy facilities for catching the great lake trout (*Salmo ferox*) with the wonderful record of past sport previously described.

At Kalkis the Kymmene River flows from the Paijanne into some small lakes to the eastward and forms some rapids half a mile in length.

We were provided with an invitation from the Kalkis Club through its president, who possesses a *Sport Magazin*, or shop for sporting appliances, in Helsingfors, looked after by an Englishman.

Two members of the club also arrived at the same time, and we commenced fishing the same evening. The peasants are paid altogether only £12 a year for the exclusive right of trout fishing on the above-

mentioned portion of rapid, but 1,000 marks (£40) yearly is paid to a bailiff who is intended to prevent poaching. Two regular boatmen are also kept. A large room is fitted up with a row of iron bedsteads, and the walls support numerous rod-racks and devices for drying the fishing lines after returning. Our meals were brought in by the bailiff and his wife, who both entered the room together, one behind the other, in the most impressive and imposing manner, bearing the smoking dishes of potatoes, trout, or canned deer meat, both being exceedingly plain, stout and short Finlanders.

Wild strawberries were to be had in profusion, and by sending to the landing-place, where children usually brought baskets of this delicious fruit for sale on the arrival of the steamer, we managed to get plenty.

The two sportsmen from Helsingfors spoke Swedish, like most educated people in Finland, and were exceedingly kind and polite, not understanding English; and as we do not speak the former language so well as we would desire to do, the conversation, though most voluble and long-sustained, was not understood thoroughly on either side. They fished in a most skilful manner, using the best English tackle. They preferred fishing mostly in the rapids, and landed some thirty fair-sized trout that evening, which were deposited in a tank to live till they returned to Helsingfors. We were less exacting on our boatman, and remembering that the great trout (two of which we had lately caught of 18lbs. and 14lbs. each) in the

Vuoksa are taken just where the river leaves the Saima Lake, we fished in the same way as before. Three exceedingly large pike (or possibly the same fish) made off with three of our baits in succession, the first time through too rough handling, and on the next two occasions by its having apparently swallowed the entire apparatus and brought its teeth in contact with the gimp.

The next day it blew a whole gale of wind, to such an extent as to make fishing impossible, raising the most formidable waves, and having, as we heard, broken up some timber rafts and set thousands of logs adrift upon the Lake Paijanne, half the river becoming discoloured with mud from the washing of the water on the shores. In the evening it moderated and allowed us to add some sixty trout to the *stue*, mostly got with small Blue Phantom, which is the best bait for Finland, as it most resembles the small fish which are so numerous in the lakes and form the chief food of the trout, pike and other fish, called *salakka*; and a large *sik*, or gwynniad, of 3lbs. taken on a large spoonbait.

These rapids, like those of most navigable rivers in Finland, are bounded on one side by stone walls, to enable the boatmen to drag their boats against the stream, as on a kind of tow-path. Small steamers pass the Kalkis rapids by means of a short canal, and by this we descended the river to Heinola, of which we had heard the most encouraging accounts in the way of sport from one who knew the country as it was

some years ago, though we omitted to ask him that most critical and important question, namely, whether he had himself visited the place.

There is a sensible current at Heinola, where the lakes once more contract, though it hardly amounts to a rapid. However, where there exists a stream there one may expect *Salmo ferox*, provided they frequent the lakes from which it issues. But at Heinola the advent of steam launches and increased traffic have caused the fishing to deteriorate, coupled with the important fact that fishing at Heinola seems to be the chief amusement of the small population, who are continually and for ever trailing baits to and fro for pike, for rarely is a large trout caught now, and as the boatman and every one else remarked, the fishing was not worth troubling about. It was a fine evening and almost every boat in the place was in use; those that were not occupied by a family party (who were sure to be dragging a bait behind for pike) were engaged in perch fishing. We rarely saw in Finland such a large percentage of anglers, which is saying a great deal, for rods and lines are common property.

At last a small perch gallantly sacrificed itself for the reputation of the place and took our minnow, though it must be allowed that our boatman was hardly sober, and when we indicated by a wave of the hand the course he was to take, would generally row hard in the contrary direction and foul the line upon the bottom. It was a pleasant evening, and every one who had nothing better to do was on his way to catch

perch with worms. We came suddenly upon the local watchmaker round a corner, and thought he was burying stolen property; but no, he was merely gathering bait, and any human being seen in the distance was sure to be stepping riverwards with a rod. Down the river we proceeded again, in a steam launch, at five next morning, eight miles, to Koskeniska, where a rapid, as the name implies, prevents further progress by steam.

Koskeniska, with its couple of flour mills, and few straggling log hamlets, looked as if it would surely not be suffering so much from over-fishing as Heinola. Nor was it—yet we caught no *Salmo ferox*, but the Kymmene offers no such wonderful angling for great lake trout as does Lake Saima. Two pike were caught in the half hour we tried, after which, with lake trout flies, fifty-five trout, up to one pound each, were taken at the edge of the rapids, to the admiration of the natives.

After a Russian vapour bath—for it was Saturday night, or the Finnish bath night—we stood once more near the platform of one of the mills. The miller and his man had also been trolling for *Salmo ferox*, but without success, and the former was like the miller of the Dee, who cared for no one, for he came and “plied his angle” immediately in front of us, though to be sure it was his own mill, and he raised his hat as though in apology for scaring away the trout we might otherwise have captured.

From this point the river can be descended in a day to Iittis, shooting five rapids, one only not being pass-

able at the centre of the stream, the boat having to be poled down near the edge.

The distance from Lake Paijanne to the sea by the river Kymmene is 155 versts (one verst being about a thousand yards) with a drop of 247 feet. There is one waterfall only, near the sea, at Hogfors, but salmon can ascend by another branch of the river, to a point above the railway line, where there are some steep rapids which prevent their passing. A large amount of salmon are caught in traps placed along the edge of the river, especially at Anzala, twenty versts from the railway, the estate of Prince Menshikov. The angling for salmon, for which permission would be readily accorded, would be fairly good if the right kind of bait were used, though we had no time to investigate the river further, and the only English we met who had done so had not been successful during their passing visit beyond taking smaller fish of other kinds.

We next took train to Tammerfors, which is the Manchester of Finland, owing to there being five large manufactories of different kinds; one large cotton-mill employing four English overseers, and a flax-mill employing one Englishman. The only one we saw and spoke to knew absolutely nothing of the country round, not even the name of the river whose water-power supplies the means, in summer, of working these mills, though he had been here for six years. But perhaps it only implied that his attention had been so centred upon his business that he had found none to waste upon any external objects.

The immense water-power, which is formed by the Kumo River flowing from Lake Nasijarvi to Lake Pyhajarvi, generally runs low in winter, and steam has to be used. But meanwhile it was flowing in full force. A few miles distant the Kumo River, or Kokemaenjoki, issues from the Pyhajarvi and is one of the best salmon rivers in the country. The best part of the river is the lower portion, near Biorneborg, or Pori, in Finnish, but the salmon can ascend past Tammerfors to the very head-waters of the stream. We made a rapid visit with a horse and cart from the *keskievari*, or post station, along an excellent road to Nokia (thirteen versts), where a certain Mr. Brahkel owns part of the fishing rights, and where the river proper first commences.

It was nearly midnight when we drove up to the door of the pretty villa built upon the hillside, and found that the gentleman was in bed. However, he was not long in rehabilitating, and then rowed the boat himself, while we fished in those portions of the river which we conceived to be the best, and in those places where he himself generally caught most salmon and salmon trout. Six had been taken the day before, but two fish would be considered a fair day whenever it was thought worth while to angle. The larger fish of 30lbs., or thereabouts, are not found to ascend the Kumo beyond the lower lakes, 6lbs. or 7lbs. being the average weight at this point. It has been decreed that salmon under a certain size be returned to the water. It is not to be supposed that the peasants

carry out this rule. Our bait had not been long in the water before it was seized by a good fish, and we soon landed an *id* (whatever species that may be), as we were told, though it resembled a *sik* or *gwynniad*. This was our last attempt in Finland at angling, which I did not feel it proper under the circumstances to prolong, as the proprietor himself was wielding the oars and it was already the early hours of the morning. The same afternoon I arrived at Abo on my way back to Sweden.

On the whole, though so seldom visited by foreigners, I had found Finland an exceedingly pleasant country for the tourist. The mosquitoes are almost entirely confined to the northern portions of the country. As regards travelling, small swift steamers are numerous both in the interior and on the coast. One can reach Petersburg for six guineas from England by sea, or for about eight or nine if one goes by Sweden.

A steamer leaves Millwall Docks every Friday, and Hull every Saturday, for Gothenburg. Steamers leave Stockholm for Abo and Helsingfors on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, and for Helsingfors and St. Petersburg Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, the way being entirely sheltered by the numerous small islands in the gulfs of Bothnia and Finland. Finland is essentially a Swedish country, and the arrival at Abo or at Helsingfors is attended by none of those inconveniences and annoyances which one meets with in the Russian capital. Guns can be taken into Fin-

land without detention or payment; but had better be left in Finland to await one's return if a visit to St. Petersburg is contemplated, but there is no very large amount of small game discoverable. Passports must be given up at the steamboat office in Sweden when booking, and are asked for again at the hotels in Russia. From what we heard about Russia before starting we thought of procuring parchment documents, if cast iron was not available, which would resist the anticipated handling by officials, and might with impunity be stamped, pricked, punched, dog's-eared, pulled, signed, rumped, and examined. During a tour of two months, however, through the Grand Duchy, this essential paper was not called for more than three times, including arrival and departure; nor was any objection made to the gun.

Finland has a tourist club, and the agent at Uleaborg writes to us as follows:—

“I am very glad to hear that you had good sport. Here has been since you left an Englishman of the name Smith; he was an angler of the very best; he did get a good deal of pike (*gädda*) and *harr* (*grayling*), as much as 30 or 40 in a schort times; it was a pity that he did not have his salmon rod vith him. He said that he had heard that salmon angling was not tolerated, and it was true; you recollect what trouble we had to get you a license. Now, it is different. I was at the meeting of the schareholders of the salmon fischery in the river Uleo, the 2nd July, at 11 A.M., and there I did my best to get a dicession about the

angling of salmon. The following is the result of my exertions:—License to angle for salmon in any place in the river 100 marks. Item below the 1st catsch 20 m., the salmon to be returned to the fishermen; but above the raati, or 1st catch, the fish is the property of the angler, except those salmon that are 1,500ft. below the 2nd, or Muhus cotsh. My reason to propose the license that high was, that if 10 or 20 marks was the prise for angling, anybody, both Bill and Joe, should begin to angle for salmon and spoil the game altogether; was I not right in my opinion?

“I have been offered £10 for Lalli, but I can not part with it for any money. The dog is descendant of dog and wolf (*canis domesticus* and *lupus*).”

The length of the Uleo from lake to sea is 101 kilomètres, and its total length 30 Swedish miles (180 miles). From 1871 to 1875 the average catch of salmon annually was 19,300lb. In 1877 and 1878 the catch was 65,100lb.

Pretty and generally fairly good roads are found between all the towns, while those near the coast are usually the smoothest and best engineered, and would be very good for bicycles, though not for tricycles. The cost of posting is sixteen *penni* (ten *penni* being equal to one English penny) per verst, a verst being roughly a thousand yards. Posting stations are found everywhere, and there is never any delay as in Scandinavia; but one sometimes has to travel for a stage in a cart without springs, but this

only occurs in the most out-of-the-way places. The posting being cheap, it will not increase the expense much to pay the drivers well, and 50 *penni* (5d.) per stage will be thought very handsome.

On arrival at a station, after an average stage of 13 versts, the tourist enters his name in the *dag-bok*, and immediately finds that everything is ready for a fresh start. The stations are clean and beds always procurable, with eggs, rye bread, milk, and cream in abundance. The corn brandy and beer of the country are found everywhere and considered good.

When I state that Finnish waters swarm (throughout the length and breadth of the Grand Duchy) with pike, it will be understood that trout-fishing is only obtainable in places; but those places are particularly good ones for trout. Nothing in the shape of camping appliances is needful, as houses exist everywhere without exception where the most enterprising angler is likely to find his way, excepting in the extreme North, where the mosquitoes are as conspicuous by their presence as they are in the remaining and greater portion of Finland by their absence. This absence of the *culex* is a boon which can only be appreciated by experiencing the opposite. More especially is to be recommended the steamboat service on the marvellous chains of inland lakes.

The ramifications of the different watersheds in such a flat country as Finland, and a country at the same time with so many small undulations on its surface, are somewhat confusing, and even the

largest maps (that of Inberg, Helsingfors, being good, but a larger one exists) present such a mass of lakes that to pick out courses of rivers is like translating a cypher. The lake system of Central Finland drains through Lake Paijanne, the longest lake in the Grand Duchy, by means of the Kymmene River, into the Gulf of Finland; the northern and western portions, by means of innumerable rivers, into the Gulf of Bothnia, including the Uleo running out of the large lake of that name, and the Kumo flowing from the Nasi and Pyha lakes near Tammerfors; lastly, the eastern portion, or Saima lake system, is drained by the Vuoksa into Lake Ladoga.

The railway extends from St. Petersburg up to Uleaborg, lying in lat. 65° N., the most northern line in the world (not counting as railway communication a portion of line built for mining purposes near the Luleo), and has branch lines to the following towns on the way north:—Willmanstrand, with steamboat connections all over E. Finland; Wesijarvi, with steamboat connections over central Finland; Helsingfors the capital, Hango, Abo, Wasa, and Gamla Karleby.

KASHMIR AND THE HIMALAYAS IN MID-WINTER.

My Intended Journey to Thibet—Passports requisite—Peshawar—Hawking—The Lesser Bustard—Murree—Crossing the Jhelum into Kashmir—Ghari—The New Road—Hunting at Oorie—Voyage to Surinaggar in a *Dunga*—The Inhabitants—I start for the Sinde Valley—Following Kashmir Red-Deer in deep Snow—I kill a Stag.

ON the 12th day of January, 1888, I quitted the gate of India, as Peshawar is styled by the resident officials there, and returned by the wearisomely slow train called the mail to Rawal Pindi, with the intention of spending at least six months in the regions of Kashgar, Yarkand, the range of the Thian Shan Mountains, and the habitat of *oves Polii*, which great hunting-ground no English sportsman has had the opportunity or the courage up to the present time to visit for sporting purposes, in quest of Marco Polo's wild sheep, whose horns sometimes exceed five feet in length, and of which a specimen may be seen in the British Museum.* It will be made clear on perusal why I returned from thence, or, rather, from the Happy Valley, in a little more than one month from the date of leaving Pindi. Have you ever experienced the uncomfortable sensation, the awkward feelings of the individual who has failed in accomplishing his announced intention?

* My friend the Hon. George Curzon, M.P., informs me that I may make an exception in regard to this statement in the case of Mr. Little-dale, who lately visited and hunted on or near the Great Pamir, having obtained permission with very great difficulty. The late General Prejevalsky also shot some of these animals.

These feelings were destined to be mine.

The lips of the Viceroy had spoken the words "Good sport to you, and a pleasant journey;" Lieutenant-Governors and Chief Commissioners had told their friends that an Englishman had started for the wilds of Chinese Turkestan to startle the world by "coming out" in some unexpected place. To cross the prescribed limits of travel in the direction, for example, of the great plateau of the Pamir, or, in other words, to pass beyond the territories of the Maharajah of Kashmir, requires the special permission of the English Government and the passport of the Chinese authorities at Pekin. The acting Foreign Secretary at Calcutta had replied to me personally and by letter, that it was undesirable under the present relations between the Chinese and British Governments to request such a favour for any one excepting under very special conditions; while the Kashmir Resident had written, very considerately, in a postscript, "It is hardly necessary to tell you that you will not be allowed to pass the delimited frontier;" the Tibetans too were not likely to accord a friendly welcome at this time to an armed Englishman, while at another point on their frontier the military expedition through Sikkim might appear to be threatening to violate the sanctity of that mysterious city called Llassa (with its Sanpu, Irrawaddy, and Brahmapootra rivers riddle, which is still continuing to be a matter of conjecture to geographers), and even to annex Thibet itself. But a wise Government is never averse

to avail itself of the services of independent travellers who are content to pay the greater portion of their own expenses, and for whose personal safety it need not hold itself responsible, which is a matter of more importance.

Even under these discouraging circumstances I might still have visited the Pamir. Our admirable Intelligence Department, whose headquarters are at Simla, had it yet in their power, through the politeness of the Chinese authorities, to offer me the requisite passports, as well as one from our ally, the Amir, to which they were prepared to add the gift of the necessary presents to the native chiefs of the turbulent hill tribes, if I would make an attempt to examine the passes from Kashmir over the ranges of the Tsung Ling and Hindu Koosh, leading, broadly speaking, towards the basin of the Upper Oxus.

Whether the advance of Russia from this direction in particular is to be feared or not, I am not disclosing any secrets when I say that further information concerning the mountain passes in Chitral, Wakkan, and from Sar-i-Kol, and of the attitude and disposition of the inhabitants of these parts towards the Russians and towards the English is urgently required, as also of the region marked Kafristan on most maps, which was suggested to me by Lord Napier of Magdala shortly before leaving England, as a country of which we know almost nothing. Nor is there any attempt to conceal the fact, that the intended visit of the Viceroy to Kashmir about this time was in connection

with the future occupation of Kashmir by British troops, of the railway which it is intended to build, and of the road which was being rapidly constructed from India to the Maharajah's capital.

It appears a strange thing in the eyes of a new-comer in India what valuable, and at the same time what worthless, servants are found among the natives. No man can exist in a state of constant exasperation. Yet anger, or an imitation of it, seems to be the most effectual method of extracting any unusual amount of work from the latter of these two classes of servants. But among our civilians in the Imperial service, and especially among those who have lived long in India, and hold any responsible position, a self-restraint and politeness is invariably observed towards their native servants, quite at variance with the description I have heard several American globe-trotters give of our treatment of the natives of India (namely, that, as a nation, we govern India admirably, but not so as individuals), because this is a class of Englishmen with which they are not brought into contact.

These remarks about Indian servants are made with the object of saying that my servant belonged to the former of the above classes of retainers; he had remained for nearly three years with the Afghan Boundary Commission, in the service of the now Deputy-Commissioner of Peshawar, who had kindly lent or "loaned" him to me, as one would say "out West," and he had a disposition which was perfectly angelic, and never quarrelled with other servants—a most important

merit. He was, moreover, a Pashawari; he had been anxious to bring with him a man whom he described as a relation, who was willing to accept six rupees (8s.6d.) per month and find his own food, and act as a coolie. This man, however, who was a heavy, powerful Afghan, gave me the impression of being a runaway Pathan or Afridee from some family blood feud; and, without any special reason, except that he had given vent to some expressions of which I could not approve, I dismissed him on the second day of our march into Kashmir at the resthouse, or dâk bungalow, on the banks of the Jhelum at Kohala, where the Maharajah's territory commences. There are more murders, most of them of the nature of the vendetta of Corsica or Sardinia, within the districts of Peshawar, than in any other part of India, and special laws have been in force for many years. Peshawar is full of men from the independent tribes beyond our boundaries, who have fled from the vengeance of their wives' or their own relatives, for our Arms Act is enforced very strictly, and here they feel comparatively safe, yet not daring for years together to sleep near any light, for fear of getting shot at. In fact one might almost fancy oneself in the Emerald Isle. Such a man was this, or such he seemed, and I was glad when after weeping copiously he at length took his departure for Peshawar, and only little Kassim Ali Khan remained with me, and my seven Kashmiri coolies, whom I engaged, as mentioned below, at Murree, and who were going to carry my effects upon their backs all the

way into the Happy Valley, eight days of marching ; for they lived near Baramoola.

Before quitting Peshawar our Deputy-Commissioner, who, as I might remark in passing, is unusually learned in Persian and the difficult Pushtoo language, organized a hawking expedition for my benefit after *oobara*, or florican (a species of the lesser bustard). Though not exactly in the direction of the Kyber Pass, yet the best ground lies somewhat in that direction ; we drove for miles across the flat cultivated country which surrounds the city, and which in spring is one mass of peach blossoms, towards a portion of the ranges, now clad in winter snow, which surround the valley of Peshawar. The carriage was left at one of the frontier guard-posts ; then we mounted our horses, and rode for miles over barren stony tracts, followed by the *sowars* and various old men and turbaned followers, carrying the hawks hooded, and we fell into various ditches, but never saw a bustard. When the *oobara* is first sighted, one of the hawks is unhooded, the game is flushed, and the hawk pursues and darts down upon it from above and strikes it. The game now probably alights and defends itself from the hawk, which sweeps down upon it repeatedly, and eventually grapples with it and kills it ; and if the carrier soon comes up, the bird is quickly hooded before it injures the game, and another *oobara* is looked for. But a considerable amount of hawking is carried on by the natives round Peshawar, not only after the noble game we were in

quest of, but after sand-grouse, partridges, and even crows, choughs, and corbies, and no success was our lot that day.

Before leaving Peshawar, I visited, like all other tourists, the shawl-merchants, where rich embroideries and stuffs from the looms of Kashmir and Afghanistan are spread out for one's inspection. I also visited the native city, and finally was much interested in watching the Deputy-Commissioner trying a case of wife-murder committed under the most atrocious circumstances, a crime by no means unusual in the district. Hence I went by rail to Rawal Pindi and reached Murree, the Summer Hill Station, within a few hours' drive, perched upon the summit of a wooded hill nearly 8,000 feet above the sea-level, and commanding a splendid view southwards over the misty plains of India, flat-looking like the ocean, and with rib-like ridges of Himalayan foothills running down into them like the mountains round Ben Lawers descend into Loch Tay, and also northwards over valleys in which the Jhelum flows invisible amid snow-clad ranges, most of them higher than any in Europe. I found Murree totally deserted except by some of the natives and one solitary European, who was starting a new hotel for the summer. Snow lay in patches on the shady side of the mountain, but the regular fall of snow, which generally occurs at this time of the year (January 14), had not yet taken place.

Arrangements were made with the *tehsildar*, who is the native official to whom in India one generally

applies for coolies, or for camels or baggage-horses, as the case may be, to provide me with men to act as porters. This route by Murree and by the valley of the Jhelum River into Kashmir is the only one available at this time of the year, and is never closed. Next day the toilsome height to which we had ascended to reach Murree was all undone by a long and gradual descent of twenty-two miles to the Jhelum, which here flows partly opaque and exactly the colour of jade or a greenish blue, between rocky walls which expand into the bare, lofty sides of the encircling mountains, partly terraced by cultivation, and dotted here and there by the almost invisible mud houses of the inhabitants. From the frost of Murree we seemed to have returned to the warm plains of India, with its genial sunshine.

Here I made myself at home in the *dâk* bungalow, which was exactly like all other *dâk* bungalows, with its boards of dusty rules hung up "for the observance by travellers using the bungalow," and its list of prices to be paid to the *khansama*, or native in charge, such as:—Breakfast, with one side dish, one rupee; eggs, per dozen, two annas (twopence); and its bare bedstead and bathroom, with hard mud floor. Here is the village of Kohala, and the narrow iron bridge for foot-passengers, which I crossed next morning, following my seven coolies and Kassim Khan, and was able to boast that I was at last in Kashmir. From this point a good carriage road follows the left bank of the river for a distance of about forty miles to Ghari, at so

uniform a gradient that a railway might be built upon it as it stands. Hence to Oorie a short break occurs, after which the road is completed the whole way to Surinaggar, the capital. It being yet early in the year, carriages or horses were not procurable, but from the commencement of the season in April the facilities offered by the new road will have completely eclipsed the long and tiresome, if somewhat more wild and picturesque, paths over the Pir Panjal and other passes leading into Kashmir from India.

Instead of following the road and the river, both of which pursue a somewhat circuitous course, and make a very acute bend at Domel, from west to south-east, we turned in the afternoon and followed the broad bed of a mountain torrent, at a place marked Faroora in the maps of the trigonometrical survey, following the example of the numberless coolies carrying packs of merchandise between Surinaggar and Murree, whom one meets staggering along for a mere pittance under the most enormous and back-breaking loads of a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds in weight, bandy-legged from years of such pack-carrying, and bearing a wooden instrument, shaped like the letter T, upon which every few yards they lean the weight of their load, which they lower by straddling the legs wide apart, until it rests upon the head of the instrument. Like most short cuts, the wisdom of taking this one was open to question, for it was, after all, but a rough mountain track abounding in steep ascents and dreadful declivities.

When we had reached a spot at a considerable distance from the high road, the coolies thought it a good opportunity to lay down their loads and demand a promise of extra pay and *backsheesh*, which it became necessary to put a stop to once and for all in a very energetic manner, with the assistance of Kassim, and caused them a vast amount of surprise.

On such occasions as this, I found the benefit of having a good servant who would back me up in my dealings with the coolies. It was amazing under such circumstances to see this little man, by no means physically strong, and suffering moreover from fever, deliberately smacking the face of a gigantic muscular porter who might have crushed him had he dared, to make him resume his load.

Even with the aid of the short cut it was evidently impossible to reach Ghari before dark, and camp had to be pitched high up upon the mountain side, where a stray cow, none of the bovine race being permitted to be killed within the Maharajah's dominions, would inspect the tent somewhat too closely for the safety of the erection; and there might be seen the Himalayan vultures, who were never out of sight, wheeling like black specks among the crags, while the shouts of the goat boys might be heard echoing through the still air of the valley about sundown. The Jhelum is not seen again by this route, until one arrives nearly vertically over it as it rolls almost two thousand feet below, when its course opens out to view valley beyond valley, and nullah beyond nullah, the few trees that exist

being confined entirely to the slopes facing the north, and the hills being without snow below an altitude of five thousand feet. The fine new bungalow at Ghari is yet incomplete, and the old one exceptionally bad, excluding neither wind nor water; and here the chief engineer, who has contracted for the construction of the new road, is endeavouring to carry the latter under a curious ridge which completely blocks up the flat portion of the valley, in a most provoking manner. Just as we reached this obstacle, after making a start from Ghari for the fourth day's march, the engineer himself galloped up to superintend the work. A letter from the Kashmir Resident brought many kind offers of hospitality from Atkinson Sahib; but the annual snowfall was even now overdue, and we hurried on, like the hero of the song, "Excelsior." Mahseer are caught in the Jhelum, but it was too cold at present, as I was informed, clear though the water was, and low, making it a simple matter to clamber down and reach the shelving strand of many a jade-green whirlpool. The floor of the Jhelum Valley is cultivated wherever sufficiently level to permit of irrigation, and the river itself has hewn a deep and winding pathway, through which it rushes, crossable only here and there by means of a few rope bridges, each one consisting of three cables, one on either side, and one below to walk on, connected by a few cross pieces, and exceedingly dangerous to any one affected in any degree by giddiness. Where no such bridge exists, the natives tie their clothes in a bundle, with the exception of

the loin-cloth, which the inhabitants of Hindustan never remove even when bathing, and paddle themselves across upon an inflated skin. Through the base of every branching valley on either side tributary streams, dry now, but swollen rivers in autumn and at the melting of the snows, have cut channels so deep that only when one has to toil up and down their precipitous sides, can one realise their profundity, and long, long detours will the new highway have to make in consequence.

Being winter this was the only road into Kashmir, and numerous were the native travellers one met, most of them ready with a respectful salute and "*salaam, sahib,*" or "*salaam, hadji;*" some were with their women-folk, but most of these latter went by the less-frequented path, upon the opposite bank, closely veiled, where long files of the fair creatures could sometimes be discerned following the winding path along the hill-side, mounted on ponies, and generally bright with colour, while the men were always wrapped in white, or in the dark grey shawls of Kashmir.

The next two days' marches differed but little from the rest. The travellers' bungalows, or rest-houses, built by His Highness for travellers, are at an average distance apart of about twelve miles. In the short winter days it was not found convenient to make double marches in one day, but I was made aware of the fact that only if I remained behind the coolies, and at a considerable distance from them, did they travel fast and well. Once or twice I shot a wild

rock pigeon, and once a chikor, which resembles the red-legged partridge; on another occasion one of the enormous vultures, which were always discernible overhead, came sailing past within a few yards, and was greeted with a discharge of No. 6, at which he closed his gigantic pinions and sank like a mere huddled and shapeless mass of brown feathers, down, down far below into the rocky bed of the Jhelum. One of the coolies was sent in search, and the wings taken as trophies; but unfortunately blown away in a snowstorm three days later, after having been carefully taxidermised.

Six days of marching from Murree brought us to Oorie, where two young engineers, who had contracted for a portion of the road, had taken up their quarters in the dāk bungalow, well supplied with cheroots, Murree beer, and comforts of that description not generally obtainable. Work was not progressing, for cold weather appears to paralyze the energies of the coolies, excepting the dark, long-haired men from Baltistan, and the ruddy, Mongolian-featured inhabitants of Ladak (both provinces of Kashmir), who receive higher wages because they do more work than the others. The skin of a little chamois-like *tahr*, dreadfully mutilated by an Express bullet, hung outside the door, and I yielded to an invitation to stay and devote the morrow to the chase. The valley at this point widens out; timber recesses wind back into the main ranges, and make it hard to guess through which valley the Jhelum finds its way; the

peaks on the right bank culminate in the Kajnag (14,445 feet), which great range still harbours a few—very few—of the gigantic goat (*markhor*) and the great red deer of Kashmir (*barasingh*). It was late next morning before we started to climb the mountains. Once we halted while the so-called shikari or huntsman searched for traces of a bear supposed to haunt a certain rock. I wore, for the first time, the far-famed grass shoes of Kashmir, about which I had heard so much, and put them on over shooting boots, that they might, if necessary, be discarded, with the result, however, of greatly increasing the toil of ascending.

Rope made of coarse, strong grass, twisted together, is procurable everywhere, and can be made up into sandals by any one—for all the world in Kashmir wears this species of foot-covering—at a cost of about two for a farthing; and digitated socks of wool or leather, costing two annas (twopence) a pair, are worn with them. The rough surface of these shoes retains a wonderful hold on smooth rock faces, frozen and compacted snow, and steep slopes slippery with long dry grass. But in winter, except on the roads, English shooting boots are best, for mere socks soon get saturated. For example, a few days later my shikari and coolies suffered greatly from the snow, two of them being frost-bitten while I was stalking some *barasingh*.

Grass shoes made in almost identically the same manner, and of a similar if not identical species of grass, are worn universally by Japanese of the peasant class.

Next day the march to Rampoor was a long one, as was also the succeeding one to Baramoola, which was made in falling snow. At the latter place is the commencement of the Valley of Kashmir, and also of navigation on this portion of the Jhelum. The travellers' bungalow is still in ruins, never having been restored since the earthquake; so I took refuge from the storm in the only possible place, short of pitching camp, the native houses not being inhabitable; namely, in one of the floating habitations in which I was now to continue the journey to Surinaggar, occupying four days. Unnumbered blessings did one mentally rain down upon the sacred memory of those early Italian missionaries (curiously the Kashmiris are named the Neapolitans of the East), who have the credit of having introduced the Italian *scaldino*, here known as a *kangri*, among the inhabitants of this place. Never during winter is the true, lazy inhabitant of this happy valley to be seen, if he is seated, without this cherished instrument beneath his clothes, and diffusing from its mysterious place of concealment its genial warmth. They are also credited with having caused the Christian symbolic letters I. H. S. to be struck upon certain of the current silver coins of this Mohammedan country, one of which hangs on my chain as I write. The snow continued to fall for three succeeding days; the coolies had been paid off and had decamped, and our progress across the Woolar Lake and the river to Surinaggar was slow, owing to the strong current,

partly punting, partly towing, the rather unwieldy craft.

Kassim Ali Khan followed in a smaller boat behind, which formed the kitchen; and at meal-times, which signified the uncertain periods when I was assailed by pangs of hunger, and shouted for *hazri*, *tiffin*, or *khana*, the two were brought together, and dishes might have been observed passing from one boat to the other, whilst a diffused odour of cooking brought an uneasiness to the kites, hawks, crows, vultures, and even eagles, whose number was legion. At other times several of the latter, five in all, were shot with my Express as we came upon them noiselessly, seated on the snow near the bank, looking out for some chance morsel or dead fish carried down by the current, the rest of the country being shrouded by 2 ft. of snow.

Very attractive in summer time to our officers from India are these *dungas*. Although as a rule they are exceedingly dirty inside and out, yet they offer a cheap and convenient moveable habitation in which to wander among the waterways of this happy valley, stopping to camp wherever fancy may dictate. A *dunga* is a long punt, 30 ft. in length by 6 ft. in width, completely arched over from end to end by thick rush matting; so cold, however, in winter that I had to pitch a small tent in the interior and live by candle-light. A portion of this space is divided off and inhabited by the boatmen, generally speaking two in number, their wives, and any number of children, with an exceedingly scanty amount of food, manners,

or clothing, who assist at a very early age in towing, punting, or rowing the boat, and are counted as able-bodied members of the crew in the very modest payment which the Maharajah's rules require one to make for the different trips possible in various directions from Surinagar.

I found the air warmer at the capital, but decidedly chilly, and the aspect picturesque, but wintry, for snow lay upon the overhanging roofs of the wooden houses. The quarters set apart by His Highness for married officers and their wives visiting the locality are the best of the various travellers' bungalows, but even the others I found to contain two stories, a most unusual circumstance.

One of the chief shawl merchants appropriated me even before I had arrived at the city, for he came out with his boat to meet the *dungas*, and thenceforward—I only stayed for two days—kept ward and watch over me that none of his competitors might tempt me with cheaper wares, for which I was not sorry, as, in addition to various little attentions which he paid, such as lending me a bedstead, and treating me to a breakfast *à la* Kashmiri, none of his opponents ventured within sight.

The inhabitants, old and young, were mostly dressed in warm white woollen shawls or clothing. The river winds sluggishly through the town, spanned by many wooden bridges, and walled in by tall picturesque houses resembling Swiss chalets. The streets were decidedly the dirtiest I had ever seen, more so

than Constantinople, Jerusalem, Teheran, Peshawar or Canton. Whenever I stopped a throng at once collected and stared in a timid kind of way as though I were dangerous. This annoyed me so, that after finishing a rapid sketch from one of the bridges, during which interval a large crowd had assembled, I suddenly gave a spring and a yell which had the effect of sending them flying in all directions, half of them sprawling on the ground in their fright.

There existed at the moment no other British tourist within the Vale of Kashmir. For the purpose of stalking and procuring a specimen of a stag *barasingh*, or Kashmir red deer, I decided the Sind Valley to be most convenient; these fine animals (with horns far larger than Scotch red deer's, and yet smaller than those of the American species) are apparently becoming more and more scarce each year; this Sind Valley, however, as well as several other portions of the country, by order of the Governor, were being kept for the Viceroy, who was expected on a visit here in April, and the inhabitants were forbidden to fire a shot therein. A *purwanah*, or order, from His Excellency the Governor was therefore necessary, which was soon obtained, especially as I explained that I should feel satisfied with a single head. I refrained, however, from inquiring what other game the Viceroy was expected to hunt than *barasingh*, since by the month of April the stags would already have shed their antlers, and no excuse for shooting them would then exist. A shikari was next engaged,

of which class there was a wide choice, together with the two *dungas* and some camp coolies. The preparations were soon complete, for they were concluded after buying a few tins of provisions and a large supply of rice for the men.

By starting the same evening and travelling all night by water we reached Lake Manasbal by sunrise, said to be the prettiest lake in the valley of Kashmir, but now the surrounding landscape presented nothing to the sight but a dazzling waste of snow. A few more coolies were soon collected on landing, and the march commenced, which was to take us to the middle portions of the Sind Valley, where the Chittingool and Wangat ravines or *nullahs* were situated, after which I intended to leave the choice of the exact locality for the final camp to the shikari. This individual turned out to be so noisy, unreflecting, and talkative to the coolies that it was difficult to place one's reliance upon his judgment, and I decided for myself that Wangat looked the most promising *nullah*. It had been in sight from the Lake Manasbal; but it was the afternoon of the next day before we entered its mouth, for the snow was now over three feet in depth, though we were generally able to find some track, previously made by some inhabitant, and leading us in the right direction.

The previous night we had pitched camp at the hamlet of Woosan, not in immediate propinquity to the houses, for that is always resented by the inhabitants as though the visitor wished to pry into their habits and discover all their secret manners and

customs, when, in reality, he desires nothing of the kind. The three tents—a large Cabul tent, a servants' tent, and a *tente d'abri* by Edgington—were put up under the shelter of a large banyan-like tree, on a spot which happened to be bare of snow, while on three sides—north, east, and west—the gigantic peaks, all snow-white, which surrounded us, showed their smallest details almost as plainly as at mid-day, under the radiance of a full moon, each of the scattered pines and the thicker forest slopes standing out so blackly against the snow that one could easily imagine *barasingh*, ibex, and all the other species of game moving about beneath them.

The people belonging to one of the farmhouses at the entrance to the Wangat valley (which is wrongly marked Kanknai in the map) had lately sighted deer high up among the snows, and in that direction the shikari thought it would be best to go. Deeper and deeper grew the snow, through which there was a narrow track made by some coolies carrying loads. Now, the footsteps of a coolie in the snow, or, for that matter, anywhere, are exceedingly short ones, as we experienced to our pain in returning along the high road after heavy snowfalls; each following coolie steps precisely in the other's footmarks, which results in a chain of hard, round, sunken pits just too far asunder for one to take two in one's stride, and yet so near to each other that the process of following such a path day after day and hour after hour is intensely fatiguing, as when a long-legged volunteer has to keep step

to a band which is playing a march in short, quick measure ; and yet to overstep these footmarks resulted invariably in plunging two feet—sometimes more—into the snow. A deep ravine had to be passed, and then higher wound the pathway up the mountain-side until we seemed at length in the very heart of a likely-looking hunting country, and came, rather to my surprise, upon a house of the usual type, inhabited, as Kassim stated, by a Pathan. These houses have the walls frequently partly built of stones and rudely plastered with mud ; the flat roof consists of beams and planks covered thickly with earth, and over that a coating of hard mud, in which a small opening allows the smoke to escape. All round the snow was over three feet in depth, and the track we had been following led up to the door. I concluded that my own tent would be pitched upon the roof, which consisted of a large expanse of brown mud, and the only place free from snow, and that the men, who at the last village had all been anxious to sleep in the native houses, would make themselves warm and comfortable within the low, but rather large structure. Not so, however. Warm enough it was within, even to suffocation, and bitterly cold without. But the Pathan happened to have a wife with him, and therefore no one could enter, so the tents were all pitched upon the roof, while I calculated how many persons would be injured or what the sensation would be like if it should give way and precipitate us into the house below upon the top of the solitary couple within.

Overhead towered the peak called Kotwal (14,271 feet in height), while the slopes which faced northwards were forested over with cedar and pines as densely as can be imagined, the slopes facing the south being, as I have also observed elsewhere, almost completely denuded of trees.

In the morning, long before the break of day, the shikari went along the base of the *nullah* to search for tracks of deer, but I have reason to believe that the old man did not venture far. To me, however, with his son and two local coolies, were apportioned the burden and heat, or, more strictly speaking, the bitter cold of the day—that is, of the night rather, for the full moon was yet high above the mountain peaks when we set out to clamber along one of the ridges which led upwards towards the summit of Kotwal. At eight o'clock a herd of deer was sighted ahead of us on the ridge by one of the coolies. For a long time I was unable to distinguish them, and, when I did, was surprised to find how small and diminutive they appeared, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere and the large size of the cedars under which they were standing, apparently nibbling a scanty sustenance off the twigs and branches which were left uncovered by the snow. So deep was the snow, and so much of the powdery consistency of flour, that a full hour elapsed ere we reached the place without exposing ourselves. The air was as still as death, and not a sound was heard from all the vast ranges of mountains which lay around, but occasionally a mass of snow would fall

from some branch with a low hiss and a thud. The animals had winded us with their keen powers of scent, or had heard us, and the deep lane they had made behind them showed them to have left somewhat hurriedly. The track they had ploughed up led downwards into the forest on the opposite side of the ridge to our camp, and caused me to reflect as to how in the world we were to ascend again through such deep snow if we once left the ridge, until I remembered it would be possible to make a circuit round the mountain from below; so down we plunged along the deep rut left by the *barasingh*, and very soon the same coolie sighted them again. Making signs to the others to remain motionless, I followed on alone, partly glissading, partly clambering, and endeavouring to keep a tree between myself and any of the deer who might be looking in my direction, and at the same time to prevent the snow from choking the muzzle of the rifle. To find the antler-bearer required a little patience, but before long a lucky shot secured my first (and only) *barasingh* trophy. Unfortunately, while this was taking place, both the coolies got frost-bitten, but not seriously. This fact, combined with other circumstances, and that the object for which we had journeyed hither had been accomplished, left no further reason for remaining in such a cold and uncomfortable encampment, and it was without consciousness of much regret that I turned my back upon Kannan, while I even allowed myself to indulge in a yearning for the warmer plains of English India.

A SPORTING EXPEDITION INTO BICKANEER AND THE BORDERS OF THE GREAT DESERT.

The Start—Drawbacks to stalking Antelope in cultivated Plains—Sirsa—
Ludhiana—Faridkot—A Maharajah's Ideas of Sport—Native Villages
— Peacocks — We put up at Ghusaniana — Driving Deer — Game
numerous—Successful Stalks after Antelope.

ASTRIDE upon a grey Arab pony belonging to our Assistant-Commissioner at Sirsa, I followed my cavalcade, consisting of a couple of camels and two armed and mounted horsemen belonging to the tehsil or tehsildar's office, as we emerged from the Commissioner's compound on Feb. 14, 1888, and wound our way through the square walled town of Sirsa, with its straight streets crowded from end to end by gaily dressed Sikhs, obstructive bullock carts, camels, and native vendors with their wares spread out upon the roadway. I was anxious to visit one of those unfrequented and favoured districts of India where the inhabitants had not experienced much contact with Europeans, and which I was informed abounded with game of various descriptions, that I might have no difficulty in securing, in the limited period of time at my disposal, three or four specimens of antelope and deer. Excepting in the preserved country of the Nizam, the Guikwar, and one or two other of our Indian potentates, it has become a very difficult matter anywhere in the vicinity of any of the lines of

railway to find any game at all, or any single black buck, much less a herd, which will allow a European to approach within shot, unless he consents to the most undignified methods of procedure, such as by imitating the dress and manner of a native agriculturist who is pursuing his ordinary avocations in the fields, or by crouching in a country bullock cart and dexterously slipping out behind at the proper moment unperceived by the buck, all of which, being merely different ways of deceiving the game in an unfair manner, besides being troublesome to carry out where game is scarce, fail in giving that sense of genuine sport experienced by the deer-stalker or the fly-fisher. For these reasons I was bound for Bikaner, which lies within the confines of Rajputana, generally marked upon the maps as the Great Indian Desert, which appears as though it should be the home *par excellence* of the Indian antelope and allied species of deer. This sandy, mostly level, and comparatively dry tract stretches along the left bank of the Indus as far as the river Sutlej, which is the easternmost of the five rivers of the Punjab and joins the first named.

I had selected Sirsa as the starting-point, almost at haphazard, and yet partly because it was situated upon the new Ferozepur-Rewari branch of the Rajputana-Malwa railway, and boasted of a refreshment room and other conveniences at the station, besides a bungalow of the C.S. Officer above alluded to, who was kind enough to assist me. On the other hand, as

a considerable number of Europeans connected with the railway resided in the locality, it was not surprising to find that game had become exceedingly scarce in the neighbourhood, though without, of course, affecting the wide flat region thirty miles to the south, for which I was bound, and bordering upon the Great Desert. Of other districts, Ludhiana offered some attractions in the shape of numerous official bungalows, which are conveniently situated in regard to shooting, besides the fact that the populace were more inclined to regard a sportsman with tolerance, or even complaisance, which is not the case in other native states around—for example, Faridkot, although I had made the acquaintance a short time before of the Maharajah of this state, as well as of his eldest son, who had expressed themselves as anxious and willing to organize an exhibition of hawking for my benefit, and would of course have given me every opportunity in their power for large game shooting. I was credibly informed, however, that this meant being continually attended by the Maharajah's people, whose only idea of antelope shooting would perhaps have been that of surrounding, and firing, possibly rather at random, into a herd, without any notion of stalking them beyond the method previously alluded to; while the opinions of the fanatical population with regard to sport would have rendered it unadvisable to dispense with the Maharajah's protection.

The country through which we rode the whole day was of an intensely level character, half of it con-

sisting of cultivated fields, divided either by a trench or by hedges of thorn loosely piled together, forming a very effective barrier against the herds of goats and camels which were discernible here and there. The remainder of the area was composed of *bir*, or uncultivated land covered closely by patches of loose scrub of a thorny character, about four feet in height, and sufficiently dense to conceal the small deer, which became more and more numerous as we advanced farther and farther from civilisation and from the railway. The different villages were situated at an average distance apart of about four miles, and the whereabouts of each village was invariably marked by a grove of large trees—the only ones in the landscape. These villages were all of the same character, and a description of Ghusaniana, where we were compelled to pass the night, owing to the distance we had already travelled, will serve as an example of the remainder. After hunting the following day, at a distance of about ten miles beyond Ghusaniana, I found it convenient to return and pass the second night there also. The different camel tracks consisted entirely of sand, and the sandy character of the soil, as well as the flat bed-rock, which was frequently observed blown bare of covering by the breeze, showed how precious was every drop of water. The vicinity of a village was also marked by the deep excavations made for water for the cattle and camels, generally containing a limited quantity of thick, muddy liquid. Around this supply of precious fluid, and all about

the village, were invariably strutting hundreds upon hundreds of peacocks and peahens, never harmed by the inhabitants, yet no one's property, their gorgeous plumage contrasting markedly with the dry, barren country and the squalid nature of the mud-houses; and mingled with them were thousands upon thousands of ringdoves, so tame as to alight almost within reach of one's hand. On one occasion we stopped to rest the camels for a few moments under the shade of one of the large trees, which, as previously mentioned, invariably marked the site of a village, while the men procured some water. I had been wondering at the unusual absence of the accustomed flocks of peafowl, until presently there was heard on every side the squalling, as it seemed, of cats, which I now found proceeded from numbers of the gaudy creatures, who were perched upon the branches of the trees immediately overhead, and were thus protesting at our arrival having disturbed their usual mid-day siesta.

Occasionally fierce-looking inhabitants of Rajputana were encountered, riding swiftly trotting camels, and resembling in appearance Arabs of the African desert. It was long after sunset that we entered the gate of Ghusaniana, the officials of the tehsildar having ridden on ahead to get things ready. The town was walled in, not by earth or masonry, but by something far more effective, namely, an enormous hedge of the same impenetrable brambles with which the fields were divided. The houses were formed entirely of mud, and seemingly without any fixed model—each

being of different shape and plan from all the others ; but the whole forming several winding streets interspersed by trees. The inhabitants differed in appearance from those of other parts of India, more resembling the Arab tribes, as before stated, with finely moulded limbs and features. A kind of a large gateway had been prepared for our reception, with a charpoy and some firewood. It formed an archway over one of the streets, and the opposite portion of it was large enough to contain my horse as well as to afford sleeping accommodation for some of the men ; while the result of having sent the armed followers on ahead of me was that a plentiful supply of milk and butter was awaiting my arrival.

Next morning I started for the chase, taking the two camels with several of the men, and a local guide, and riding the grey horse myself. Before we had gone far I found that my two capacious water bottles had been forgotten, filled with weak tea, and so necessary in such a country as this. This was soon remedied, and before long a herd of deer were seen in the centre of a large field. Halting the horse behind a thick mimosa out of sight, and leaving one of the camel-drivers to hold it, I advanced on foot with my rifle, with the two camels, keeping them carefully between myself and the herd. Instead of approaching directly towards the game, the drivers were directed by signs to pass the animals at a distance of 150 yards on the far side of the hedge of thorn, at which spot I seated myself on the ground out of sight of the

animals, the wind also being favourable. Seeing me stop, the camel-drivers very nearly spoiled the whole arrangement or *bandobast* by stopping also, and it required the most vigorous gesticulation to cause them to move quickly ahead, preserving their original direction, before the game should take alarm. Being still within sight of the drivers in their elevated position, but not of the game, I was able by signs to direct the course of the two camels, so that by making a wide circle they might reach a point on the far side of the field, and then drive the game towards me, which I hoped might leap the fence at some place within shot of my position. This was exactly what occurred. The band of deer halted for a moment after taking the fence, giving me time to pick out the finest pair of horns, to aim just behind the shoulder of the bearer, and fire, securing a lovely specimen of chinchahra.

Game now commenced to be exceedingly numerous; deer were to be seen in every direction, and bird-life in the form of partridges, sand grouse, pigeons, occasionally a bustard, damosel cranes, and other species were observable frequently. Cultivation, on the other hand, became less frequent, and we soon entered a large bir with a slightly undulating surface stretching south as far as the eye could see. Almost immediately I caught sight of a large herd of the beautiful Indian antelope feeding in a wide open space, and containing several fine bucks among their number.

From the extensive view obtainable off the back of one of the camels, it was evident that no inconvenient

antics or manœuvring of the forces was required; the ground offered every facility for a stalk. No difficulty was experienced in getting within shot of a fine specimen and planting a bullet just behind the shoulder blade from a distance of about one hundred yards. Seeing the animal bound away as though unhurt, I blew the whistle, which was the signal to let loose the deerhound, strong enough to pull down single-handed a wounded buck. There was no need of the dog, for after running to a considerable distance, the animal fell dead. The next opportunity was offered by two bucks which had been observed remaining in the same place fighting obstinately for upwards of an hour. On leaving the horse and camels out of sight, and attempting a stalk, one of them was suddenly encountered unexpectedly as we came to the top of a hillock. It is hard to say which of us felt most surprise, the antelope or myself. This shot also was successful. On my now riding southwards, as though I wished to continue the chase, the camel-drivers protested that we were far from home, and that it would be wiser to return, as the load of meat was heavy. One more trophy, however, I desired, and, not supposing that the Moslems would eat the meat of these animals whose throats had not been cut before death, in the orthodox manner, I set them all to work with knives, decapitating, skinning, and removing the choicer portions of the venison for myself, leaving, as I thought, for the vultures, who were already discernible in the blue vault above us, nothing but the

trunks. I was amused, therefore, to find them desirous of these unclean carcasses for their own consumption, when they understood that otherwise they would not be required. Numbers of deer were visible on the way home, but all of them took alarm when yet half a mile distant at the sight of the grey horse, excepting a small band of three, which I viewed before they were conscious of any danger. A slight undulation in the sand allowed me to get within two hundred yards of them, and a fortunate shot brought down another fine male chinchahra.

IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, AMONGST THE WILD WHITE GOATS OF THE CASCADES.

Victoria—Nanaimo—A Mining Population—Comox—My Irishman—Hiring Indians and Canoe—Crossing to Texada—A successful Pioneer—Start in our Canoe—Mountainous Scenery—Swimming Deer—Mountains of Bute Inlet—Death of a wild White Goat—Terrible Precipices—Home of the Goats—Difficult Mountaineering—Granite Mountain—A wrecked Crew—Chart of the Coast—Waterfall—Our Camp at Fawn Bluff—We meet a Tide Rip—Angling for Salmon—We kill another Deer swimming.

My camping outfit lay piled in a corner, not of the luggage-van, but of the baggage-car, in the more correct Continental phrase, attached to the daily train of the only railway line, recently completed on Vancouver Island, between Victoria and the great carboniferous deposits round Nanaimo—the splendid mines of coal which will always be the island's principal source of prosperity and wealth.

A train starts from each end of the line at an early hour of the morning, and completes its journey in four hours, at an average speed of twenty miles an hour. The construction of this railway, on which the traffic appears insufficient to pay the working expenses, was encouraged by the Canadian Government, with the intention of aiding the "opening up" of the district. The line was built by Mr. Dunsmuir, the coal millionaire, and proprietor of the above-mentioned mines. He is now the owner of vast tracts of forest lands, under which lie hidden many a great seam of the

same coal, stretching far away to the north along the eastern coast. The railway curves and winds as it proceeds, walled in by encompassing conifers of comparatively overpowering height, mingled with a proportion of lesser trees of stunted growth, standing amid thickets of wild roses in blossom, alders, willows, and oaks, the latter appearing to be confined to this extremity of the island; otherwise the journey seemed monotonous, offering few attractions, but a considerable saving of time compared with the route by sea.

It happened to be Saturday night when I reached Nanaimo, and, moreover, the mining population had lately received their monthly wages. Unfortunate is the visitor who has unknowingly arrived at Nanaimo at such a time, and is compelled to become an occupant of one of the hotels for want of any other place to go. I found that it was only a step from the railway station to the Royal Hotel, which was said to be the best, in front of which I was deposited for half a dollar by a waggonette and a fine pair of horses, which had attended the arrival of the train—probably because the horses were for sale. The rooms were exceedingly diminutive, about 10 ft. by 12 ft., divided from each other by plank walls, which “offered no impediment” to the passage of sound. Men with heavy boots and loud, gruff voices, entered and quitted their respective rooms at various hours of the night as they returned from carousing, the mines not being in operation on the last day of the week.

I had "struck" Nanaimo on one of its "off" times, Saturday; and, moreover, at the commencement of the month, which is paytime, when dollars are wonderfully plentiful, and are, unfortunately, mostly spent in drink and gambling.

The row of inns and bars in the main street were thronged with a "hard" crowd, loud-voiced, coarse-featured, and dressed "up to the nines," whatever that may mean; others were lounging with a kind of studied and conscious aimlessness in the centre of the street or "side-walks," which were paved with boards, with an "eave-'arf-a-brick-at-the-stranger" sort of manner, so embarrassing to a solitary visitor. A new-comer would scarcely guess from their appearance that these men were coal-miners.

At Nanaimo village, or city, as its inhabitants doubtless think of it, comfort or refinement is unknown. Everything is sacrificed to the acquisition of the all-powerful dollar. The inns (called hotels) are bad, and the food worse. Its dwellers are men of the type which builds up and develops a new country.

No Chinamen were visible. Since the terrible explosion which occurred in the early part of the year 1888, none have been employed in the mines; only as cooks or launderers, or in some similar capacity, do they now find work.

Dollars are to be had in plenty for a moderate amount of labour (a sum equal to ten shillings may be earned by a few hours' work in the mines); and as I heard it described by one of the miners them-

selves, their time is divided between the mines, the bar, and the card-table.

Inhabited though Nanaimo is by such a class, it is not exceptional to find that all the various religious denominations have taken root, and, as is generally the case in every settlement of moderate size in this country, the little churches or chapels belonging to the different bodies form very conspicuous objects in the landscape. The next day was Sunday; all the shops were closed, but access was obtainable to all the drinking-bars by a side door. Several times daily a detachment of the Salvation Army appointed to this place, consisting of two men in uniform with a drum, marches through the principal streets, hitherto without having attracted any following, or, on the other hand, without having been molested.

The departure of a small tug-boat called the *Rustler* (the term "rustler" denoting an energetic person), by which I intended to reach Comox, a settlement about sixty miles farther up the coast, was quite uncertain, and might have occurred on Monday or the day after. This made it necessary to remain in Nanaimo until the time and date of departure should be made known. Eventually it was decided that the tug was to leave on the Tuesday; so I spent Monday in the woods fly-fishing on the Nanaimo River, about eight miles distant, with the object of getting away from the town. But the water was low and exceedingly clear, the sun bright, and the salmon had not yet commenced to run.

On either side of Nanaimo are situated two small Indian settlements or villages. Owing to the readiness with which employment can be obtained at high wages on the spot, it was advisable to defer procuring and hiring Indians or canoe until Comox was reached. Here also, but in a lesser degree, similar conditions hold with regard to Indian labour. Under no circumstances, as a rule, can the Indians of the Pacific Coast be depended on with any degree of certainty to work when they are wanted to; their acceptance of any employment offered cannot be definitely counted on. Money is not a necessity to them, and their fancies and inclinations are variable and uncertain. In this respect they differ largely from the savage of the interior. It thus became impossible to predict whether two reliable Indians would be procurable at Comox or not. It was necessary to have a white man to fall back on in case of necessity. White men rated themselves at a prohibitively high figure, such as \$40 for a fortnight "and all found," and similar valuations. Eventually an Irishman was found willing to go for less; he was taken as far as Comox, where Indians were engaged, who proved to be of a class so much beyond my expectations and so intelligent that it was found best to dispense with his services, and he was therefore sent back. They were certainly very expensive, costing about £1 a day besides their food, but I was informed that a large canoe with two Indians could rarely be obtained for less. New coal seams on other portions of the Dunsmuir property have already

been discovered near Comox. Work has been commenced there, and lines of railway almost completed, several miles in length, connecting them with the shore.

At eight the following morning I quitted Nanaimo on the steam tug, without feeling any pangs of regret. The Irishman had been "shipped" on board, and was regarded by the captain, for some reason, with great antipathy. As before mentioned, I found it unnecessary to take him beyond Comox, and from there he was sent back in the steamer, somewhat to his disappointment, as he evidently expected to have an easy time of it for the next fortnight. Comox was reached after a pleasant run of eight hours up the coast of Vancouver's Island. The sun was hot and the day nearly cloudless, but a pleasant breeze ruffled the surface of the water. The coast scenery is decidedly attractive. It was settled that the steamer should leave Comox again early the following morning for the iron mine on Texada Island across the strait, which allowed me the late afternoon and evening to conclude a bargain for two Indians and a canoe—if they could be found—if I wished to avail myself of the steamer in being towed across the Straits of Georgia, for which service I was to pay the sum of \$7; which, however, I considered preferable to the chance of being caught by a gale of wind in the straits while far from any shelter. I was, therefore, delivered over into the hands of "Joe," an old soldierly-looking individual acting

as policeman, and having the duty assigned to him of keeping the Indians from whisky, and whisky from the Indians. Consequently Joseph was well acquainted with the name and character of every savage in the district, and possessed a considerable amount of influence with them. Nothing but a photograph would give any idea of Joe's personal appearance. I had been forewarned by a thoughtful storekeeper that a nose of peculiar merit was one of his distinguishing features—or, rather, a noteworthy portion of his features. I found him seated in the doorway of his house smoking an evening pipe—tall, gaunt, grizzled, weather-beaten, with keen, deep lines in his face, and a prominent nose, so exceedingly rubicund that it seemed to indicate where the illegal whisky went whenever he was successful in his duty. Prepared as I was, it was difficult to repress a smile. For nothing less than 19s. a day and food could the services be procured of two Indians and their canoe, one of them, speaking more exactly, being a half-breed. The latter's name was George Mitchell. His father had been one of the earliest, if not entirely the first, of the settlers in the district, who had taken for a wife an Indian squaw, had ill-treated her, and had finally been murdered by her relations in revenge. This half-breed was twenty-nine years of age, and spoke English almost as fluently as though he were wholly of white parentage. The other was a full-blooded savage, calling himself Jack Mac, and savage

he turned out in every sense of the word, though I managed to get along fairly well with him on the whole.

The tug-boat was to start for Texada iron mine, on the island of that name, at the early hour of four next morning, and, if the canoe were put aboard or towed behind across the Straits of Georgia, it would enable us to avoid the tedium of paddling or rowing across this somewhat wide channel which divides Vancouver's Island from the mainland at this point, or, if it should turn out windy, of escaping the modicum of danger present with the heavy sea which is sometimes raised in these wide reaches open to the influence of south-easters. George had been especially enjoined that they were to bring the canoe in good time, but at the appointed hour of sailing no signs of the Indians had been seen. The Irishman, for the first and last time, was now made useful by being despatched in search, while I requested that the whistle might be sounded in as peremptory and jerky a manner as possible. Meantime the engineer was obliged to allow some of his surplus steam, and the captain some of his surplus "swear-words," to escape, directed generally against all Irishmen and Indians. At last, when all the "cuss-words" had been used, and the order to cast off was about to be given, I begged for five minutes more. The only thing that tended towards keeping the captain in good humour was the prospect of leaving the Irishman behind; but, as he would then have been thrown upon my

hands, this would not have suited me. At the last moment a canoe was observed to shoot round the point behind which, half a mile distant, was situated the Rancherie, and presently it was made fast behind with a tow rope.

A stiff breeze was blowing down the straits from the north-west, the fair-weather quarter, raising quite a sea, in which the steamer rolled alarmingly, causing the complete collapse of the Irishman, who was still in the canoe.

Three hours' steaming brought us across to the iron mine on Texada Island, situated on a steep slope some three hundred feet above the sea, affording considerable facilities for shipping the ore from a small pier or landing-stage built on piles, which must have been driven with difficulty into the rocky bottom of the ocean at this point.

Chinese labour in the mines, as before mentioned, has been limited to surface-work since the last accident, and as they are gregarious, the number of miners who are Chinamen is limited; for instance, here were twenty white miners and but one Mongolian, though the ore was extracted entirely by quarrying. The wages of a Chinaman are but half those of a white, and the amount of work he accomplishes is considered to be less than half.

The captain, amongst many other settlers, held himself indebted to the generosity of Mr. Dunsmuir, and he was fond of relating how an old Indian chief, still living but now nearly totally blind and deaf, was

aware of the existence of the coal long before any white man had discovered indications of its presence; and how Dunsmuir, now past the prime of life, with his pick and a companion, had commenced a search for fresh proofs of the seam; how the companion lost hope and patience, and gave up, just before Dunsmuir, under the roots of a fallen tree, found accidentally what he sought, of which discovery many different semi-sensational tales are related; how from small beginnings, with a mule-truck and a line of wooden rails, coal of the best quality was shipped in a schooner to Victoria, then a smaller town than it is now, and peddled for house use. From this homely commencement, with pecuniary assistance from the right quarter, grew up the costly and remunerative enterprise which has made Departure Bay, Nanaimo, the coaling station on British soil for most of the North Pacific Ocean steamers, and turned the once needy prospector into a millionaire, the exact amount of whose wealth is unknown even to himself. He is now the uncrowned king of Vancouver's Island.

The owner and captain of the steamer was a fair example of an eager, enterprising Scotchman, steadily and gradually amassing money in one of our British colonies.

Like most traders in a country where timber is plentiful and cheap, he had on more than one occasion been "burnt out," but had been enabled each time to make a fresh start. He had filled different positions in connection with the mines, and

was now the owner of a steam tug-boat, six hundred and forty acres of land, and a trading store, chiefly for Indians, on one of the large islands, a schooner, a small fortune, and a happy family. The prime of life was still before him.

The strong north-west wind which was blowing had prevented our casting off as I had intended when two-thirds of the way across the straits, but had left me no excuse for not visiting the mines. The breeze continued to blow briskly, without signs of dropping, when I started in the canoe with the two Indians for the long journey to Bute Inlet. I had selected this inlet because the scenery was said to be as grand as any on the coast, and the wild goats numerous.

We hugged the steep rocky shore of Texada closely, keeping under the shelter of each projecting headland. The rocks were bright with coloured sea weed and thick clusters of starfish, some purple and others yellow; great sea slugs could be seen through the clear water on the variegated bottom, and occasionally, among the *ulvæ*, a great dark-coloured rock-cod, not even troubling to move as the canoe passed over him. So large and strong was the canoe, that one might feel perfectly safe in it in moderate weather; and a fine specimen, too, of Indian work, carved, by burning and cutting, out of a single tree trunk of cedar, not Douglas fir, both species growing to upwards of 300 feet in height and proportionate thickness. Including the projecting bow and stern pieces, which were sepa-

rately morticed on, the length of the canoe was 30 ft., the width 5 ft., the thickness of the sides 3 ins., and of the bottom rather more. The interior was painted vermilion, and the exterior black. On the bows were white marks, which seemed as though they were intended to represent mouth and eyes, as one finds on all Chinese boats. The Indians had omitted to bring oars, which I consequently determined they should make on the first opportunity; our progress, therefore, with the paddles was slow. A sail had to be manufactured out of a large tent, and was intended to be hoisted on a strong mast in the bows, and was only suitable for running before the wind, and I immediately set one of the men to work at it.

When we reached the extreme west cape of Texada Island, after several hours' paddling, the wind had died quite away, and presently commenced to blow gently from the contrary direction, enabling us to set sail across the few miles of open sea which intervenes between Texada and Harwood Islands, which latter is reserved for the Indians. Coasting along the shore, we made good another ten miles before the breeze dropped, and reached the mainland just as darkness descended, and there we prepared to camp. Jack usually anchored the canoe at night in some sheltered bay by dropping a heavy weight over the stern attached to a rope, and making fast ashore a long line from the bows. The slope of the beach was always regular and gradual, and the length of rope by which

the stern weight was suspended prevented the canoe from approaching within a certain distance from land as the tide rose ; if the tide was ebbing the canoe was allowed to ground if the beach was sandy ; if not, it was kept anchored below low-water mark.

The following morning I enjoyed an exquisite view of the ranges of mountains on Vancouver's Island across the straits. West by south could be seen the fine snowy and rocky peak, named Mount Victoria (7,404 ft.), exceedingly steep and rugged, of which no attempted ascent is known ; more west stands Mount Crown (6,028 ft.), and next it massive Mount Alexandra ; then comes a low depression extending right across the island, containing Buttle Lake. On the opposite side of this depression, about south-west by west, rose Mount Albert Edward (6,968 ft.). Opposite lay Comox, with smoke rising from the new mines, and behind it the long snowy range.

Camp life on the coast, in these sheltered archipelagoes, is as pleasant as need be, especially during the long spells of fine sunny weather. The absence of mosquitoes is also one of its blessings, best appreciated by those who have experienced these plagues in the interior of the continent.

We started late next day to gain the advantage of a flowing tide, and enjoyed a favourable breeze during the whole day of just the right strength, which swept us rapidly along past crescent-shaped Savary Island, a pleasant-looking spot, with white sandy cliffs like those of Harwood.

Passing the entrance to Malaspina Inlet, we entered Desolation Sound. I could see no particular reason why the British Coast Survey should have named it thus. It differed from other inlets only in the fact that its thickly wooded mountains seemed rounded instead of rising into jagged peaks, snow-patched. Then we glided on into the narrow Lewis channel between Cortez Island, with steep and lofty cliffs, and Redonda Island, a mountainous, smoothly-wooded, yet rocky pass, traced with marks of forest fires. Between Redonda and Raza, which was the next island on the right, a broken waterfall is seen apparently over a thousand feet in height, falling off the margin of a wooded plateau above Point George, and behind it rise some fine rocky peaks, marked on the chart as 6,000 ft. in height. The conflicting tidal currents in certain spots were very remarkable. Passing an interesting chain of lesser islands on our left, called the Rendezvous Islands, and skirting on our right a long promontory of the mainland, we reached the mouth of Bute Inlet, which is blocked by Stuart Island, forming the dangerous Arran rapids, which at times run at a speed of from seven to nine knots. Due west across the entrance rose a fine peak, 6,055 ft. in height. The wind was blowing freshly, and just at this point Jack, the full-blooded Indian—whose eyesight, as well as that of George, I found on several occasions to be marvellously keen—discovered a deer swimming in mid-channel, right ahead of us, about half a mile distant, and at least

two miles from the nearest land. How difficult an object was the deer's head to distinguish, as it swam amid the tumbling, rolling waters, I realised when I tried to see it after the exact spot had been pointed out. We were much in want of meat. By the time I had extracted my rifle from a bag and taken it from the case, and found the cartridges which were in another bag, with all possible speed, the deer was only a dozen yards ahead, and we were bearing down on it at a speed of five knots under sail. The broad ears were erect, and it was cleaving the waves at an astonishing speed, turning from one direction to another to avoid the advancing canoe. Just as I pulled the trigger the pointed ears were laid flat back upon the neck in an agony of fear, and in a moment the bullet had done its deathly work, and the head plunged below the surface. Dropping the rifle quickly, I attempted to grasp some projecting portion of the carcass as we swept over it. Jack, however, managed to seize one of its feet, and both together we dragged it over the side, its thick coat saturated with water. Just at that moment the boom of a distant gun informed me of the cause of the animal thus attempting such a long swim against the tide—that some Indians on one of the islands at the entrance of the inlet were driving deer into the sea, and then pursuing them in canoes, their favourite mode of killing them. We camped in a charming little cove that evening, close to Fawn Bluff, on the east shore, and left early the following morning, although

the tide was running swiftly out of Bute Inlet, because we had the advantage of a favourable wind, which gradually freshened into half a gale. The smooth bottom of the canoe allowed her to glide at a rapid pace, with occasionally an exhilarating bound like a restive steed, among steep waves, which followed but were unable to overtake her. Beyond Clipper Point we passed the spot where, I had been informed, three white men were living in a "logging camp," employed in constructing a raft of timbers, to be eventually towed to civilisation. Signs of their work could be seen, though the distance was over a mile. Shortly beyond, on the right or opposite side of the inlet, could be distinguished the Indian hamlet in Orford Bay, which I visited in returning. Alpha Bluff, apparently so named from a magnificent cliff just beyond it, was the next landmark, and we then entered one of the finest reaches in Bute Inlet.

Granite Peak (6,653 ft.) is a splendid spectacle, but is seen to the best advantage after passing the next promontory, or Point Boyd, where another grand reach commences, stretching to Point Purcell. On the eastern or opposite shore of Bute Inlet rise The Needles (7,800 ft.) facing Point Boyd. Owing to the large scale on which the natural features of the coast are constructed, including the trees—fir, pine, and cedars—which grow larger than in other lands or the interior, one's first conception of altitudes and distances is invariably incorrect. A true idea of such actual dimensions is only to be obtained by perpetual travel and

observation in detail, by experiencing how long one takes to 'kill distance,' and how much more than the estimated time is sometimes required to reach points which have long been in sight. The effect of the forests is thus to lessen the apparent height of the peaks on which they grow. In front of us lay Bear Bay, in which neither of the Indians had been before. It was necessary for me to find a spot where the canoe might be safely beached, and to select it long before it was reached, as the gale was blowing strongly down the inlet, and our only course was to run before it, which we were doing at a speed of about ten knots. It would have been quite impossible to revert to any sheltered cove after we had been once swept beyond it. To paddle such a large canoe in the face of a gale was beyond the power of three men. Gravel beaches even a few yards in width are exceedingly scanty in number, and frequently disappeared altogether at high water. The steep sides of the surrounding mountains, becoming steeper as they approach the water, descend in sheer precipitous walls into Bute Inlet, except where the action of the waves have worn a ledge-like belt.

To combine a landing place with some locality in the neighbourhood where the timbered heights look ascendable, not to speak of pleasant or easy, was another necessity, and, moreover, the discovery of such a place had to be made before it was passed. To pass it was to lose it. I had anticipated heavy gusts round some of the capes, and, much against their wild

will, had made the Indians take a reef in the sail, which was still so large, however, that Jack appeared to have all he could manage in steering the canoe to prevent it being whisked round. Finally, I ordered that our course should be directed into Bear Bay, in the nearer corner of which it was possible to make a landing by hauling the canoe over a collected mass of logs and driftwood; in the cutting, pushing, and general handling of which the two men showed themselves wonderfully proficient, helping me to realise what woodcraft meant. Soon after this I was given an opportunity of estimating to what extent one can safely impose restraint upon the wilful temper of an independent savage.

After sufficient space had been cleared for a small camp, I decided to paddle out from shore to such a distance as might afford a view of the heights above, to enable me to judge of the best route for the ascent in search of wild white goats the following day. Jack was rowing with an oar which we had fortunately found at the last camping place, and, on my signing to him to exchange it for my paddle and take his place in the stern, he instantly broke off the pin in a fit of impatience and threw it overboard, thus rendering it impossible for me to row as I had intended. When asked to carry some cartridges next day he refused.

Early in the morning a start was made. In anticipation of a dreadfully steep and somewhat dangerous scramble, I took sufficient provisions for three days. Steep it proved, but after six hours' climbing

we reached the ridge above, where enough level ground existed for a tent, and there, among deep drifts of snow, we camped. Not far below camp we had observed fresh tracks of goats, and bunches of their white fleeces hanging pendent upon numerous twigs, and clinging to giant trunks of trees where standing room existed, or where it was level enough for a goat to lie, resembling the tame sheep's wool generally to be seen attached to bushes or palings in England where the animals are enclosed.

There remained time for a stalk before night, and, therefore, forth we started on our search, Jack and I, the former barefoot, proceeding with extreme caution. We had scarcely descended far, fighting our way as much as possible towards the ravines below the ridge on the landward side, when Jack, who was in front, came within sight of a goat which was making for the ravine, and seemed to have become aware of danger, and for a few minutes it was lost to sight. The wind was blowing from the right direction, and by taking special pains not to step on any twigs we obtained another glimpse of the white fleece. I fired twice, and after the second shot it disappeared. We found it had rolled down for nearly a hundred feet, and was lying dead, to my great joy, in the angular bed of a stream edged with low scrub, in which the water was half sliding, half falling down such a dizzy declivity, that I wondered why the animal had not vanished for ever into the awful depths below. The second shot had struck the spine. Beau-

tiful in death she lay, for it was a female or nanny, the white beard draggling in the water, and the snowy fleece soaked by the stream, and contrasting with the black curving horns; and so close and dense its hair that the animal seeks the coldest spots in summer time, and suffers nothing from the winter's frost, the strong legs and sharp supple hoofs designed for climbing where an eagle would scarce find place to perch.

To convey myself and rifle back safely to camp was as much as I could manage, while Jack tied the severed head to his waist, and before dark there remained time for the men to make a second trip for a load of meat. The next morning at daybreak I hunted on the opposite side of our ridge. Rain had set in, and the character of the ground was exceedingly dangerous; upright *couloirs* of smooth rock alternated with lines of cliffs, hollows, and steep slopes, with dense vegetation, overshadowed by spruces; beyond fresh tracks of bears, no signs of game were visible.

The large amount of meat George and Jack devoured by impaling cabobs of it, and roasting on a stick, was a prodigy. Impatient of kindling a fire, I observed them on another occasion content with merely warming keeches of raw and solid flesh under their naked armpits, as though to impart once more some vital warmth to the lifeless meat before chewing and masticating. Tough to the teeth was the goat, and goaty to the taste, and I confined myself to deer

meat, which, though likewise slightly tough at first, was now excellently tender.

Grass shoes, brought from Japan, and universally worn in that country by the natives, I had found exceedingly tenacious on difficult ground, while they resembled closely the grass foot-gear of Kashmir, which I had worn in that country not long before. We were now camped at an elevation of about six thousand feet above the sea, but it was not cold; rain, however, had set in steadily, and the men were sleeping under the overhanging branches of a tree, wrapped up in their blankets before the fire. In addition to the small tent, I proceeded to stretch some large sheets of stout Japanese oil-paper, attached by ropes overhead, as a sort of extra shelter from the rain; and afterwards occupied the time by skinning the goat's head and preparing the skull, keeping up a good fire, and then cooking dinner over it. In the evening I decided with George that it would be better to move the camp and descend about a thousand feet before night, in case the wind rose. This was accomplished after we had spent much time in searching for some level spot capable of accommodating the tent. Small as the latter was, we found it necessary to excavate the requisite portion of level ground out of the hill-side, in a place which reminded me of the hut on the Zermatt side of the Matterhorn.

While the men had been engaged in bringing some more of the goat's meat into camp, I had ascended to a bare spot which commanded a comprehensive view

of the animal's *habitat* at this season of the year. A place more inaccessible by nature could scarcely be imagined. Let there be conceived, then, an enormous ravine sloping upwards from the sea at an angle of 50° from the vertical, up to a height of 7,000 ft., with precipitous sides, comparatively narrow and thickly overgrown in parts. Half-way up from the bottom it widens out like the half of a huge funnel, seamed with little watercourses, down which the water is partly slipping, partly falling, so steep is the angle of inclination, and so smooth their beds. Wherever vegetation can find root, it grows, until swept away by falling rocks and avalanches. The northern portion of this appallingly impossible ravine was as steep and perpendicular as any precipice one could imagine which does not actually overhang its own base. I believe that if a stone were dislodged from the ridge along the top it would fall 5,000 ft. without touching more than twice or thrice. Here and there this cliff is veined with narrow ledges, piled with stones, on which grass grows, and on one or two broader strips, or variations from the perpendicular, stand clusters of small firs, and plants on which these wild goats browse. Steep, indeed, must the ground be where these pines can find no roothold.

On this awful spot—

Like that dim gulf
Where sense and being swoon
When the soul parts—

where no human foot may ever tread, whence a

bear or wolf would be hurled into a mangled carcase on the torrent below if it ventured to attempt to pass ; on this cliff, where all the ospreys on the coast might find separate eyries, a wonderful sight was to be seen. Broken masses of mist from the main body of cloud upon the peaks were drifting across the face of it. My standpoint was on a level with the upper portion which rose immediately opposite. Upon the wild front of this part of the rock's face, scattered in various places, I could count nine wild goats, there being probably many more below which could not be seen, each one followed by a little snow-white kid, gambolling and frisking round her, like white flies upon a wall. The mere idea of being lowered by ropes from the ridge above would almost make a man tremble, but it would be the only manner in which a human being without wings could reach any portion of the cliff. Mothers and young, owing to climbing powers, which appeared to me to exceed those of chamois or ibex, and even those of any of the varieties of wild sheep, were safe from all creatures of prey, except perhaps the eagle, which might have snatched a kid while sweeping by.

First impressions often convey the truest ideas, and the most exact comparison which could be made, on a smaller scale, and which forced itself upon me, was that of large white larvæ upon the side of a stone wall, clinging to the interstices in the mortar. The colour of the animals is pure white, faintly dashed with red, as of tawny or reddish snow. Were it not

for such abnormal climbing power, creatures so plainly visible from afar would fall an easy victim in summer-time to the sure-footed, bare-footed Indian hunter.

As I turned away I felt that I had been looking in solitude upon the sublime. I had seen nature combining opposite moods of sternness and love more intimately than I was ever likely to again.

This was not the last I saw of the wild white goat of the Rocky Mountains. On the way back, as we skirted the east side of the inlet, I observed in several places small groups of the white goats about four thousand feet above the calm water of the inlet on which we were gliding. They resembled small white lumps of snow, and were always in the most inaccessible positions; and for snow I had taken them. High up among some green vegetation opposite Point Bluff a group of four could be discerned, apparently having chosen a position surrounded on every side by the most vertical walls of rock.

At length I always commenced my search for them with the field-glass first along the steepest and most inaccessible declivities. Nature not having adapted them to the possibility of concealment except on snow, any which existed were soon seen—white, next to black, being the colour the most easily observed. Game gifted with such marvellous power of climbing can never suffer extermination, like the buffalo or the dodo in the past, or as in the near future, the sea otter, beaver, wapiti, Kashmir red deer, or African elephant.

An important characteristic of mountaineering on the western slope of the Pacific watershed is the peculiar obstacles it offers, entirely different from anything of the kind in Europe. With proper guides and ice-axes, the practised mountaineer can cross blue ice lying at a steep angle—the last slope of the Aletschhorn, the last *arêtes* of the Bernina or Weisshorn seem merely episodes in the day's work; but in British Columbia the mountain slopes of the coast are different, and of the same character throughout. Up to a height of about seven thousand feet the sides are excessively steep, ascending at an angle of about 35° from the vertical, often consisting of compact, stony earth covered with multitudes of small broken twigs and loose pebbles. Coarse, short varieties of grass grow upon the surface, beaten flat upon the soil by the pressure of the snow and the washing of the rain, each blade pointing downwards like the tiles on the roof, and offering a slippery foothold to ordinary foot-gear if it offers any at all. It is true that, in certain difficult places, to tread upon a twig and slip without recovering one's footing means destruction. Here and there stunted alder and other bushlets grow, whose branches, while constituting a danger if trodden upon, do also afford a means of partial safety, for they offer the only hand-hold that exists, excepting where in places the trailing branches of a spruce are seen. The tenacity of their roots within the soil is only moderate; one must be careful to trust but a fraction of one's weight upon any single plant, as

many as possible must be seized and grasped together. Frequently, with rifle strapped to my back, it was necessary to cross bare, open spaces without one friendly plant with which to stay a slip, and where the only thought present with any sane person could be where the foot should be placed with the greatest likelihood of its holding, perhaps combined with a formless, unexpressed regret that one had not suffered the wild goats to remain undisturbed. To fall was to slide downwards, and to slide downwards meant, "My native land, good night!" It will be understood that after these experiences I attached higher value to my goat's snow-white head than to any other trophy of the chase.

To make our way down once more to Bute Inlet after having achieved and deserved success, carrying our trophy, was rather a prolonged lowering of oneself, from bush to bush, or by long branches whenever they came within reach, than any real reliance upon one's legs. George and Jack were thankful to get back again safe to where we had left the canoe, and I know I was. At the far corner of Bear Bay, four miles away, there appeared to be a large stream, and there I determined to camp. It turned out to be a glacial river of considerable volume, and at the mouth stood a couple of empty Indian houses, with long rows of poles for drying oolachans or candle-fish. The water of the upper portion of Bute Inlet, including Bear Bay, has a faint milky tinge, and is fresh enough to drink, notwithstanding its great depth, and the force

with which the tides run in and out. At the head are two great rivers, called Homalko and Southgate. In the former the chart informs us that the "freshet in August runs out four to five knots; low, swampy land, willow, pine, and alder." Overhead tower Rodney Mountain (7,883 ft.), Mount Evans (6,900 ft.), House Mountain (4,118 ft.), and Mount Superb (8,000 ft.). Half-way between Points Boyd and Bluff, and visible from the latter, is a fine waterfall, apparently 600 ft. in height. It was probable that the recent rain had considerably added to its volume, but a large portion of it was dispersed in spray before reaching the sea. The dark-coloured rocks behind were overgrown by moss, and the falling water produced quite a gale of wind, which blew on us with a cold damp breath, as we sat and gazed upwards from below, heated by rowing.

On the opposite shore stands Granite Mountain, the northern half consisting of three immense wedge-shaped blocks of granite, with fearful smooth precipices on each side composed of grey stone; the southern half consisting of three rounded balloon-shaped, domelike protuberances about three thousand feet in vertical height, rounded off by glacial action and water. After rain the roar of innumerable cascades on both sides of the Inlet is heard, slipping down the smooth *couloirs* and water channels in little silver threads, uniting into rivulets below, and making Cascade Range the appropriate name of this chain of mountains.

On the opposite shore, as I mentioned before, could just be distinguished signs of the puny ravage which the three inhabitants of the logging camp, the only other human beings in the neighbourhood, had made among the timber, in the shape of a faint small yellow speck upon the water's edge, which denoted a great raft destined to be towed at a painfully slow speed, many a league down the Straits of Georgia; while I even fancied I could distinguish smoke rising among the trees, from the place where the little log-hut might have been situated.

For lack of anything else to think about I considered the resources which the occupants of a canoe would possess, if they happened to be wrecked on these shores, as well might happen. The most useful implement they could have would be an axe. If an Indian were of the party, the whites would place their reliance upon his savage instinct rather than on their own reasoning powers; for want of any other foothold they would be compelled to follow the water's edge, until in places, even at low tide, this pathway too disappeared, where the cliffs descended sheer for many fathoms below the surface; and how they would be forced to clamber round by means of bushes, in imminent peril of falling, and ignorant whether round the next point even this method of advance might not be impossible, or else to take to the water where obstacles were only passable by swimming with the help of a log, while their fare would be limited to mussels and salmon-berries.

Straight up in rear towered long steep slopes covered with great pines and cedars, which seemed to reach, as is often the case on the delta of the Fraser, a height of over 300 ft.

At such trees, George would occasionally point and mutter "big canoe," meaning that out of such a tree had been carved the canoe in which we were then rowing.

Bute Inlet, with its great trees, and its unsurpassed scenery, winding its way into the heart of the mountains like some mighty river, impresses the observer with a kind of terror. Were it a European lake instead of an inlet of the Pacific Ocean, unseen except by the lumberer or the hunter, its reputation would have been accomplished. The map to which I have referred in the various names of promontories, peaks, and islands, is that issued from our Hydrographic Office and numbered 580, and called "North America, West Coast; Vancouver I. and British Columbia; Strait of Georgia, sheet 2; north-east part of Texada I. to Johnstone Strait, including Toba, Bute, and Loughborough Inlets. Surveyed by Captain G. H. Richards, R.N., assisted by Lieutenant R. C. Mayne, &c., 1860, with additions in 1864." The most conspicuous peaks received names when our Admiralty Survey charted the coast. One would naturally like to know which Smith and what Evans have been immortalised by having been made the godfathers of two of the grandest mountains of the group, and as the names are not uncommon the reasons might have been noted

in a corner of the chart, stating their claims to distinction. No explanation is necessary when names such as Mounts Granite, Rodney, or Superb were chosen. The latter rises gracefully to a height of 8,000 ft. opposite to Bear Bay, and was especially beautiful when its peaks on a calm day were doubled by reflection in the glassy sea at its base.

Coasting along the eastern shore in returning, we stopped awhile at the Indian village in Orford Bay, facing Alpha Bluff; there were only four diminutive little huts, and these were quite deserted. At this spot two deep valleys converge, forming an area comparatively flat, but of small extent, where the two rivers combine. Above the mouth soars a tremendous cliff, while the beach affords one of the few landing places in the inlet; thence the scenery continues in unmixed grandeur to beyond Point Clipper, profound ravines and gulches winding upwards from the water into the rocky wooded walls to a height of 6,000 ft.

Occasionally as we proceeded a salmon or other fish broke the surface, while seals appeared tolerably numerous by the number of black heads which were visible, gazing at us with apparent curiosity from afar. Resting motionless upon a long floating log eight seals were seen, which remained quiescent, without being aware of any danger, till we paddled noiselessly to within fifty yards of them, and fired at the largest. The aim was too high, and in an instant, with one vast united splash, the animals had disappeared, nor was any sign of them ever seen again.

Being now experienced in discovering goats, what I should previously have taken for small patches of reddish snow were now resolved into specimens of the wild goat, as the heights were scanned, like groups of small white points of equal size and always in the most inaccessible positions, hemmed in by giddy walls of rock, which would repulse a Himalayan ape.

The rain continued to fall, and created numberless cascades, falling in long silver threads across the green from the upper sky-line, where the vegetation served but to conceal the cliffs which lay ready to oppose man's too familiar advances.

The old camping-place at Fawn Bluff was the best in such weather, near the entrance of Bute Inlet, though on the way we passed one other strip of beach which appeared to offer area enough for the spreading of a tent. Weary as we were of rowing, the Indians looked longingly at the streamlet which foamed across the gravel, but were too proud to give any sign of their desire to halt, for our old camp was still far distant.

Our camp at the mouth of Bute Inlet was so characteristic that it deserves a description. Two days were passed here, while the rain descended in columns, and the dark, draggled masses of cloud streamed past overhead, driving steadily out of the south-east, which is the rainy quarter for the whole coast from California to the Aleutian Islands. A cove, snug and protected from the winds and waves, was formed by a deep, but not very abrupt, ravine, down which two small brooks

of unequal size sparkled, and finally flowed across the stony beach at either extremity of the landing place. Blowing violently though the wind was, and ruffling the centre of Bute Inlet into white-capped waves, this miniature harbour always remained in a state of perfect stillness, except for a faint pulsation or reflection from the storm without. The rocks at the entrance, rounded by the action of long-vanished glaciers, were bare, owing to the weather, except for a covering of yellow moss. Elsewhere, and especially at the head of the bay, overhanging the beach, was to be seen nothing excepting vegetation of the densest description and the darkest and most vivid greens. Moss festooned the branches and carpeted the sharp stones and fallen trees so closely as to form traps and pitfalls everywhere. Under the shade of a grove of pines and cedars of immense height lay a portion of flat, level ground, almost hidden underneath a rich growth of large-leaved plants of several varieties. In the centre was erected an Indian shelter of the usual shape and construction. Two sloping roofs, made of tree trunks rudely split into planks by means of wedges, were supported by a few uprights, and placed sufficiently distant from each other to allow the smoke of a fire lighted on the ground beneath to escape through the slit thus left. At the opposite ends the two roofings descended to within a couple of feet from the ground, but side walls or doors there were none. Smooth, water-worn logs lay stranded on the beach, and offered convenient seats, and the stones at low tide were

coated with mussels and barnacles. A heavy iron wheel, secured to a long rope, served as an anchor for the canoe, which was also made fast ashore by a long line. As we had made fifty miles the day before, and the rain was falling continuously, I resolved that we should remain here, hoping for a change. The time which was not occupied in cooking venison, eating it, or reposing, was spent by the Indians in conversing, collecting firewood, mussels, or salmon berries, and by myself in endeavouring to exclude the drops of rain which entered through the cracks. Trophies of the chase, in the shape of the goat's skull and horns, I had placed in one of the streams to macerate, in the absence of any ants' nest; but George and Jack shortly appeared, carrying them back, looking exceedingly foolish, and insisting that the rain would infallibly continue so long as the bones were allowed to remain there in the water.

The following afternoon the rain showed symptoms of abating, the tide had still a couple of hours to ebb, and, to satisfy the Indians, I agreed that we should endeavour to reach some spot Jack knew where salmon could be caught. George and I in the canoe could never agree, without going ashore for ocular proof by watching the rise or fall of the water, as to whether the tide was ebbing or flowing as the period of change approached. And, truly, the movements of the water were most unaccountable, as they affected the ocean level, on account of the tide-rips, eddies, over-falls, backwaters, tidal currents, counter-currents, and

whirlpools ; and more particularly owing to the fact that hereabouts the incoming waters meet, and the outgoing waters part, passing and re-passing on each side or extremity of Vancouver's Island. These places or points of junction or separation of the two opposing tides, one of the east and the other of the west, are marked upon the Admiralty charts of the coast by arrows pointing in different and opposite directions, and lines to represent the tide-rips, and generally with a warning that in the narrower channels in the vicinity the currents run with dangerous velocity, sometimes, as in the Arran Rapids at the entrance of Bute Inlet and the Cardero Rapids close by, reaching nine knots an hour. Thus are formed the whirls when two such currents or some of lesser velocity meet, so much to be dreaded by canoes or small boats. Through one of these it happened that we were compelled to pass that same evening. But even when one had decided that the tide had "turned," it was impossible to foretell whether the capricious flood would be favourably disposed to us and assist us on our way, or retard us by persisting in moving in the contrary direction. Who has not watched the flowing tide pouring into small rocky pools between the boulders and stones? For this, greatly magnified, represents the Pacific Ocean rising and falling twice a day among the deep, winding inlets of British Columbia. George would always declare perversely, whenever we found the current contrary, that somewhere else on the other side, if I had only gone there,

we should have found the set of the waters favourable, or moving in the opposite direction; or some cape or promontory, no matter how distant, would be accused of causing a counter-current on purpose to oppose our progress.

It was strange to observe the torn and ragged-edged purple clouds hurrying past overhead. About five o'clock the little bay was in sight right ahead across a channel of rough water about a mile wide, where Jack asserted were the Indian houses, and a species of whirlpool formed by the tide, in which salmon abounded. In the strong breeze which was now blowing the struggles of Jack with his paddle were amazing as he pressed it against the keel, if the projecting bottom of a keelless canoe could be so named, in opposition to the disposition the sail had of twisting us broadside to the seas. Under these circumstances I never ventured to take his place. At this hour the tide should have been turning, and the incoming waters, advancing from both sides of Vancouver's Island, should have been meeting somewhere in the neighbourhood. I was trusting in our usual good fortune to befriend us in avoiding the tide-rips, as this was my first intimation of the real position of the Indian hamlet. Not long after this I became aware of a strange white line of boiling, spuming foam between us and the land, and it seemed to be advancing in the teeth of the wind. We were flying, as it were, to meet or intercept it at a rate nearly exceeding that of the surrounding waves, until sud-

denly we understood that this was a tide-rip on to which we were being carried. In a moment, with a fearful crash, away blew sprit and sail, splashing and dragging through the churned froth alongside till we hauled the dripping mass aboard. What a fate to have rushed blindly with such velocity into the centre of this lesser Charybdis! Our speed was considerably reduced, but we continued to drive steadily ahead at a rapid pace into the struggling currents. The band of white foam had to be crossed at some point, and beyond it a similar band was visible, like an advancing column. Great trunks of trees seemed to be moving like vessels through the surge, with independent motions of their own against the gale. Long, yellow, water-worn logs, whose touch meant death, almost scraped the sides of the canoe as George and I rowed hard to avoid them. Many dangers were concealed under the boiling surface, and occasionally some mass of wood, whose specific gravity caused it to float deep, was heaved up, and thus stretched out its senseless branches as if to grasp us or beckon us below. How hard we must have rowed was felt afterwards by its effects. At the same time I noticed, amidst the loud roaring caused by the waves, the peculiar choking or gulping sound of the smaller whirlpools. We were in the midst of what, on a larger scale, is observed in the centre of a typhoon which has raised heavy opposing seas running in different directions. We were tossed about wildly, with abrupt irregular movements, but, owing to the excellent qualities of these

large canoes, very little water was shipped except in the shape of spray, and we soon found ourselves in comparative stillness, but drifting rapidly until we reached the beach. At the edge of the trees, along the narrow margin above high water, stood two wooden Indian houses rudely constructed of logs; the mountains rose immediately in rear. A grand-looking old Indian came out to welcome us, the first human creature we had encountered for several days. In the second hut, which was empty, George and Jack located themselves, and immediately made a huge fire of driftwood to dry our things, the owners seeming to have departed in order to attend the annual Indian meetings which take place on the mainland in June.

The old Indian who had assisted us to land soon reappeared with an enormous tin basin filled with ripe red salmon berries (I believe a peculiarity of the Pacific coast, resembling a cross between a raspberry and a blackberry), which the men proceeded to devour. He also offered us a bright crimson or blood-coloured fish, weighing 5lb., shaped like a rock cod. The best time was approaching for trolling in the bay for salmon. The old man and his squaw had already embarked in a small and very dilapidated dug-out canoe, and were hauling in some lines. Meantime, I prepared a spoon bait, and we dragged another little canoe, which was lying above high water, down the skids, the larger one being too weighty, and embarked. Jack steered, but George, in place of a paddle, took a flat piece of wood about the same length, having the

lower half of one of the edges set with a row of pointed nails at intervals of one inch apart, with which he made deep rapid strokes almost like paddling, and having a similar effect in propelling the canoe. Every third or fourth stroke a small herring would be found impaled on one of the spikes. Many of them were leaping from the water like morsels of animated silver as though they were endeavouring to escape from some enemy which was pursuing them. As I had dragged the spoon among them for some time with about thirty yards of line out without anything happening, I removed it and substituted a fresh herring. Before very many yards of the line had been extended with this new bait attached, some powerful fish seized it, which, judging by the fierce, quick rushes that followed, must have been a salmon of 25lb. weight. Before the men could stop the whole of my line was run out, and I discovered, on reeling in, that the fish had gone off with the flight and a portion of the trace. Unfortunately, this was the only tackle of that description I happened to have brought, not anticipating much angling; so the only resort left was the spoon bait, but the Indians were tired with the day's work, and we soon gave up. Meanwhile the old Indian and his klooohman or squaw had been much more successful with rough tackle and without any rod, for in their canoe lay two salmon, the largest of which looked 20lb. I naturally requested permission to examine the thing which had thus worsted my more artful products of civilisation,

and I herewith present the secret to future anglers in British Columbia, although it includes no special originality of device. A lead of about 7lb. weight, or so heavy that no ordinary fishing-rod could have supported it, was fastened to the line at a distance of three yards from the bait. The line itself was an exceedingly thick, strong, black article, resembling, but not actually consisting of, the kelp or bladder-weed lines used by Indians farther north, and was sixty or seventy yards in length. At the extremity was a single large, strong hook, and attached by another short line six inches in length was a spoon-shaped piece of bright metal of moderate size, suspended so as to fall just short of the hook without overlapping it, and with a strong swivel. In Swiss lakes and some deep lakes in the Rocky Mountains large lake trout are captured in a somewhat similar manner. In exchange for a plateful of tea and one of sugar both the fish became mine, and fatter or more luscious salmon never passed the lips of tired voyagers. The place was, of course, infested with a hungry score of the usual type of Indian dog, which is not usually found, however, where there are any white settlers. In this case the Indian is obliged to keep a more stylish or high-toned class of dog. The white man finds the Indian dog with his queer ways insupportable. Here we found ourselves besieged by quarrelsome, yellow, deformed, wolf-like creatures, as impudent as Pariahs, and as cunning as the dogs of Turkey.

Next morning the weather cleared, and while George packed the large canoe, Jack and I took another turn after the salmon. The powerful movement outside was causing a current in the bay to circle round and round like a huge vortex, gathering into its centre a large quantity of floating timber, while the time of day and the state of the tide were not suitable for salmon-fishing, or the old man and his kloochman would surely have been on the water. I had succeeded in capturing two sea-fish of different kinds, unhappily not salmon, and was about to give the order to return to camp to resume our journey southwards. Jack, under the drowsy influence of the fine weather, was working his paddle with the smallest possible necessary expenditure of exertion, when in a moment he became transformed from a semi-civilised Indian into a wildly excited savage. With one of the subdued yells he was accustomed to give vent to on certain occasions, with black eyes gleaming and features contorted and flushed at the sight of some object, he suddenly commenced to urge the canoe seawards with powerful strokes, that caused the frail thing to rock fearfully from side to side, and made me reflect upon capsizing. The fact was that with his splendid eyesight, of which I had many proofs, Jack had spied, far, far out over the tumbling waters, the twin black points which meant the head of a swimming deer. The deer we had previously killed swimming had been found while we were sailing not many miles to the northwards, but much nearer the centre of the

channel away from shore. As an extra incentive now to exertion was the fact that the last of our meat was "done finish," as Sambo would have said. So my line was quickly reeled in and the rod laid aside, and turning with some caution, so as to avoid overturning the unsteady little craft, I seized another paddle, and we gained rapidly upon our quarry. Making interrogative signs to Jack that I had no rifle, I pointed to a piece of rope. In answer he pointed to a piece of wood lying before him, and I knew thereby that he intended to strike the animal on the head until he should have stunned it. Just then I noticed another canoe shooting out from land, furiously propelled by George and the old Indian, who may have seen the animal first, but had considerably farther to paddle. As we approached it the deer plunged madly and, swerving, we overshot our mark; but soon after Jack managed to seize it firmly by the hide, and the struggle commenced, while I threw my whole weight as a counter-balance on the opposite side of the canoe. The animal kept towing us round and round, the Indian all the while raining a succession of fierce rapid blows upon its head, which caused it to succumb just as the rival canoe came up.

A RIDE TO TEHERAN IN 1888.

Baku—Rough Weather on the Caspian—Oil Wells—Start from Tiflis for the Persian Frontier—Various Adventures on the Way—Mount Ararat—Ride to Tabreez—A curious City—On Horseback to Casvin—Poisonous Bugs—Teheran—Sir Drummond Wolff—Tales about the Shah, and Sport round Teheran.

AFTER quitting Sevastopol, where the Russians were practising with heavy guns, our steamer skirted the coast of the Crimea. As one proceeds, the character of the country undergoes a complete transformation. Bare plains give place to mountains rising abruptly from the sea, which shut back the cold north winds. We have reached the Riviera of Russia, in which Yalta takes the place of Nice or Cannes.

The main chain of the Caucasus trends away inland, and after passing Poti we came to our destination at Batoum, both rather insalubrious places. Here I was delighted to find George Curzon on his way home from Central Asia, and to make the acquaintance of our only consul in Transcaucasia, who is said to be a perfect mine of information on things connected with Russia, and than whom, when he is not suffering from the climate, there is no more ardent devotee of the chase; and also the author of a book upon sport and travel in the Crimea, lately returned from searching amongst the great snow-peaks of the Caucasus for traces of Messrs. W. F. Donkin, Harry Fox, and the guides, Streich and Fischer, supposed to have

been lost about September 1st, on the Ullu-az glacier.

Next morning I left by the new railway connecting the Black and Caspian Seas. The scenery is delightful; and on the succeeding day at three in the afternoon the train entered Baku, or Bawkoo. Owing to the expected journey of the Tsar and Tsarina the line was guarded for a distance of many hundred miles by soldiers, camped alongside the track in diminutive *tentes d'abri*, to the number of one every hundred yards.

Naphtha had previously been sprinkled between the rails in order to keep the dust from annoying the Imperial party, and of this we had the advantage.

As we steamed into the station the Imperial train was just steaming out on the way to visit the natural fire temple of the ancient fire-worshippers at Sulhakhane, which had been "arranged" in its ancient style with some Parsees specially imported for the occasion. Wonderful was the crowd which thronged the streets; the rich rank odour of petroleum, as might be expected, pervaded everything; Russian officers and officials of every grade in uniform; Georgians and Transcaucasians in picturesque attire, with long hair, several daggers in the belt, and a row of ammunition pockets across the breast; Turkomans with great sheepskin bonnets; and Persians in tall black lambswool hats. In the evening the town was illuminated, the letters A M being almost the sole and universal design. The only bed I could obtain

consisted of a table in a restaurant, on which I was allowed to sleep on payment of a rouble; and next day, at noon, I left in a small steamer for Enzeli, the chief Persian port on the Caspian; and thirty hours later we found ourselves at anchor off the port in about five fathoms of water, and rolling heavily. The weather continued so unpleasant that it was impossible to communicate with the shore, and on the fourth day I found myself, to my disgust, once more in Baku.

This gave me an opportunity of visiting the naphtha springs or petroleum wells and refineries which have called this ugly place into existence and rendered it the chief port of the Caspian. The whole district is one bare sandy waste, varied by a few low hills. About five miles distant, which I drove in a carriage, is seen a cluster or forest of tall, black, sugarloaf-shaped erections, four hundred in number. These are the wooden coverings over each of the celebrated wells which supply half Asia with mineral oil. A few gush of their own accord, but most of them consist of a narrow shaft up which the oil is lifted in a long bucket shaped like a torpedo. Across the surface of the desert are seen hundreds of black pipes, like iron arteries of the earth's blood, conveying the oil to Baku, where it is refined and shipped to the Volga or railed to Batoum.

Thence I retraced my steps to Tiflis, the Transcaucasian capital, where I remained for some days, completing my preparations for a ride of over one

thousand miles to Teheran, and thence to the Caspian. I was told that the chief attraction of Tiflis was to see the various peculiar costumes of the inhabitants; in this I was disappointed. I found the variety of costumes was not great.

Tiflis lies in a narrow valley on both banks of the river Kur, between hills bare of trees; by climbing one of which I obtained a view of some of the snow-covered ranges of the Caucasus in the far distance, including I think Kasbek. In the centre of Tiflis rises a steep narrow ridge on which are the ruins of an ancient castle, and below it are the Botanical Gardens and the celebrated hot springs and baths from which it takes its name, of which formerly Christians were not allowed to make use. No restrictions exist with regard to shooting, but one has to go some distance from Tiflis in order to obtain any. To bring a gun into Russia is generally a work of art, and it is advisable to obtain a permission from the Russian Embassy in London in order to avoid delay. But with regard to taking guns into Persia, this is impossible from the northern frontier; they must be sent round to Bushire in the Persian Gulf and directed to some one in Teheran.

Having bought a fur cap and long goat's-hair boots covering the knees, and procured the necessary police order for horses, I left by the night train for Akstafha, a station about seventy miles east of Tiflis, from which point the journey by horses is commenced, and immediately on my arrival at midnight made my way

with my luggage to the *stantsiya*, or post station, and slept the remainder of the night on one of the wooden plank beds with which such places are always provided. I omitted, however, to register my name for horses, so that travellers who arrived later were preferred before me in the matter of starting in the morning; and when I did try to register, the rude *yamshtchik* gave me to understand that there was no ticket for me. Fortunately I noticed two Turks, amongst the travellers present, who spoke French, and with their assistance I was able to call the fellow to account, by which means we struck up an acquaintance and they subsequently travelled with me as far as Tabreez, their destination in Persia. We were then bundled into a kind of covered waggonette, and though we failed to have each the number of horses to which we were entitled, yet we gained the advantage, for several stations, of springs to our vehicle, which the common *troika* is without. The dust was excessive, which remark held good of the whole journey as far as the Araxes. After passing two Russian regiments on the march towards the frontier, we quitted the plain and entered a beautifully wooded, hilly, and picturesque country. A change of horses occurred every ten miles, when we emerged from the conveyance perfectly white with dust, and glad to stretch our cramped limbs and take a glass of *tchai*, or tea, which is always ready, together with a brass urn or *samovar*. By sunset we had accomplished four distances and reached Delijan (72 versts), a Russian

military post, where a regiment was camped. Thence we proceeded in a much more uncomfortable fashion, namely, in a large *troika* resembling a boat in shape, innocent of possessing any springs or seats, and in which we reclined gracefully upon our luggage.

A Persian having joined the party, we next crossed a pass 7,125 ft. in height by an excellent Russian military road, and stopped for the night just beyond the summit at a place called Semiyonofka, in a station-house of the usual type, with plank beds, table and samovar for the entire furniture. The Persian gentleman seemed not to be charmed with our company, as he left us surreptitiously during the night and continued the journey by himself, and in the morning we found him not. He literally thereby "stole a march" upon the Turks and myself and secured the choice of horses at the post stations ahead of us. But eventually we overtook and brought him to account for his conduct. He generally chose a time for his prayers in the evening when we were engaged in some noisy discussion, and repeated them with the peculiar genuflections and gestures of the Sunni sect, in as loud a voice as possible.

The Turks invariably pretended not to be aware that our sly friend was performing his devotions, which he did in an aggressive manner, and each party appeared to be trying to shout the other down. He generally made a mistake as to the true direction of the Kaaba at Mecca, though he might easily have ascertained it by looking at the stars, but once or

twice referred to my compass, which I carried in a noticeable position.

At sunrise the view of Lake Gotchka burst upon us as we gradually descended towards it, and the Turks in ecstasies shouted out "Therapia, Therapia," declaring it resembled the Bosphorus; like the ten thousand Greeks when they shouted "Thalassa" at sight of the ocean after their retreat from Persia. This large and noble-looking sheet of water abounds with trout. One of apparently ten pounds' weight was brought to us at the village of Elenofka for sale, thickly spotted with black markings. Half a mile from shore, upon a small island, stands the monastery of Sevan, where quarters can be obtained. The houses, as one travels south and approaches Persia, have more of mud and less of stone in their construction, till at length one finds them built entirely of the former. The numbers of tame geese here was perfectly enormous, tens of thousands of these birds were to be seen along the shore of the lake. I was now in Armenia.

Erivan, the capital of Armenia, was four stages distant, the three intervening stations being named Nijni Akty, Suhaya Fontanka, and Eiljarskaya. Chiefly noticeable, as we proceeded, was the splendid military road the Russians are making to the Persian frontier. The whole of the inhabitants of the surrounding country seemed to have been collected together for the purpose of breaking stones, heaps of which, carefully measured, lay alongside the track for miles and miles. I noticed also that when piling

up the broken stone into heaps of the requisite size they sometimes formed the centre of the heap with earth when the Russian overseer was not at hand to observe this imposition.

Once we met a large number of either prisoners or conscripts, some in chains, guarded by a company of Russian soldiers. On our left rose an extinct volcano of remarkable dome-like shape, crowned with snow and encircled by a number of lesser pinnacles, and on our right as we approached Erivan lay the splendid peak called Alagos (13,400 ft.), covered with snow. But these mountains were dwarfed by Mount Ararat (17,212 ft.), which lay immediately in front of us upon the farther side of the river Araxes; and soon we saw the city of Erivan lying below us in the dusk, down in the broad flat valley of the river, which lay stretched out, green and shining with the abundant moisture of irrigation as far as the base of the great volcano. The scene formed a remarkable contrast to the country through which we had passed since Lake Gotchka. Never was beheld a more magnificent scene. Afterwards we tired of the sight of Ararat day after day. Never was atmosphere so clear yet so full of colour. On one side the eye could pierce for full one hundred miles into Asia Minor, and on the other equally far into Persia, while behind and around us lay the fairest lands in Armenia. The bare earth took on it a tinge of crimson and mauve, while all the little depressions were filled with clear purple shadows, and wherever

there was irrigation there arose groves of vivid green poplars.

I found Erivan to be a large town, the houses built in European style, with carriages plying for hire, and inns of very moderate pretensions.

Next morning we resumed our journey towards the Persian frontier, which we reached four days later after travelling as fast as possible, and on two occasions for several hours after the sun had set. Delicious grapes were everywhere to be had, as well as eggs, tea, bread, and fowls.

On the other hand, the road was perfectly atrocious, though in places the Russians had already commenced work upon it. I am not exaggerating when I affirm that the dust was over a foot in depth in places. It was also generally more or less covered with stones and boulders of all sizes, which it is nobody's business to remove. On several occasions we experienced delay owing to want of horses, more especially at the large village of Nakhechevan, where we were detained six hours; and, finally, finding that horses were not forthcoming by sunset, we wrote in the post-book a long complaint in Russian, or rather an Armenian gentleman, on his way to Tabreez, who had joined us, did so, following the example of several previous travellers.

On the morning of the eighth day we crossed the river Araxes in a kind of large punt, and I set foot, for the first time, in Persia.

Our passports had first to be stamped, for which

purpose we handed them in through a hole in the wall to a rather effeminate-looking Persian, with long black hair coiled under his lambswool hat, sitting on a carpet; and after tea, eggs and fruit, with the inevitable but indispensable *samovar*, the use of which is as general in Persia as in Russia, I set off to overtake my baggage which had been sent on in charge of a post-boy, the Armenian accompanying me and carrying his own saddle-bags on his own horse. The path followed the course of a torrent, passing a number of clear springs of good drinking water, and by sunset we had completed the first of the four stages of twenty-five miles each, which separated us from Tabreez. In Persia the only buildings which a traveller enters while on the road are the post-stations, the general plan of which never varies much, and consists of stables for the horses built round three, or sometimes two sides of a square yard, which is entered through a large gateway; the whole being surrounded by a high wall and roughly fashioned of mud, which becomes very hard when dry. The room or rooms for travellers are generally over, or on each side of this gateway, and are also entirely of mud, but generally have glass windows. There is an excess rather than a deficiency of ventilation, as the doors rarely close properly, and a few panes are usually missing from the window. A *samovar* of boiling water is ready whenever one happens to arrive, as Persians are constantly drinking tea, like Russians; and eggs, milk, and bread are always procurable. The worst

feature by far of this kind of travel in Persia is the description of horses supplied, overworked, underfed, and invariably with sore backs, and which can never be induced to move unless the rider holds one of the huge Persian lashes in his hand. I was now travelling with the mail, the disadvantages of which soon became apparent. If I had been alone I could have started and stopped whenever I wished, but now I had to wait the good pleasure of the *chapar*-rider or postman. After a carpet had been spread and we had done a vast amount of tea-drinking and had smoked the *kalian* (the hubble-bubble or narghileh of Persia), that functionary gave orders for the fresh horses to be saddled and packed, but it was long after dark before we started. Generally a Persian will not smoke the same *kalian* as a Christian, but at these post-stations they are not so particular, and will even drink out of the same cup, though I have seen a valuable *kalian* ceremoniously and ostentatiously smashed to pieces with sticks, out of which a Christian had ventured to take a puff.

The next stage took us five hours, at a most uncomfortable jog-trot, and we reached Mairand at one o'clock at night thoroughly tired out. During the latter part it rained, and the darkness was of the most intense and inky blackness. The horse carrying my baggage was driven on ahead, riderless, some animals being instinctively good road-finders; it was closely followed by the post-boy, who kept on singing or talking so that those behind might be able

to follow the sound. An armed guard brought up the rear. Mairand is a large village scattered over a well-irrigated plain, consisting of the usual flat-roofed mud houses, each with its own garden and enclosed orchard, producing splendid fruits in the season. Starting early we accomplished the remaining two stages and entered Tabreez before sundown next day.

Only one incident worth mentioning occurred on the way which was, to me, of a very amusing character. The Armenian gentleman who was my fellow-traveller had come straight out from Paris, and was "got up" regardless of expense. In a hat-box was a new grey hat, for the safety of which he was particularly anxious. As we were crossing a broad stony torrent-bed the baggage-horse slipped, and finally fell down and broke the precious hat-box, but without doing any damage to the contents. However, the Armenian immediately attacked the post-boy with his heavy Persian lash, and the sight of these two men belabouring each other with a rain of blows in the midst of a vast, treeless, rocky desert was a very peculiar one.

We made the final stage into Tabreez at a gallop, across a wide plain, with Urmia, the great salt lake, in sight upon our right.

Tabreez is a very curious and fanatical place, far more so than Teheran and other cities farther south, yet foreigners or Christians are quite safe, and subjected to no more annoyance than the fact of being

stared at in the streets. There are practically no police, yet disturbances or robberies are very rare. The climate is so cool that the Persians here are much less sallow than those of Teheran, and the children have pretty, rosy faces. No tourists ever come to this old-world city of Tabreez, and there is no hotel; and only a Persian can set foot in a Persian house. However, I was most hospitably received by two English merchants and their wives named Stevens.

I had covered the final hundred miles in twenty-eight hours, using a Persian saddle. After several—I should fear to say how many—cups of tea, so delicious that they seemed to have been lightly earned at the expense of the fatigue from which I was suffering, I was informed that the whole of a large Armenian *hammam* next door had been reserved for me, prescribed under these circumstances as the best of recuperators. These institutions, picturing those of ancient Rome, unrivalled in their oriental luxuriance, are entered through swinging doors, each chamber being slightly hotter than the last, leading into a great hall which the light enters in a subdued form through a multitude of star-like apertures in the dome, and filled with warm vapour. In the centre is a marble raised dais and at the four corners are chambers with smaller domes.

It is perfectly astounding what an amount of lather one man can produce almost instantaneously, simply by means of a long bag and a morsel of the indispens-

able soap, in a manner which I never beheld elsewhere; from which one emerges as Aphrodite did from the sea-foam at Paphos on the west coast of Cyprus.

English goods still hold the market, it is satisfactory to know, and I saw many courtyards or caravanserais in Tabreez piled high with English bales brought from Trebizond on the backs of camels, horses, mules or donkeys, notwithstanding the proximity of Russia, the difficulties she has laid in the way of English commerce with Persia, and the inland situation of Tabreez, though not long ago Russia allowed English goods to pass free of duty. By means of this route from Trebizond our goods now never enter Russian territory. Many Persians who owed them thousands of pounds were pointed out to me by the Stevens, which they were never likely to see. Yet their business is lucrative in the long run. The Blue Mosque, which is a beautiful ruin with remains of exquisite blue enamelled tiles, and the citadel, are the only sights to be visited in Tabreez.

Near Tabreez rises a mountain of a golden colour, owing to the earth of which it is made, and a thin growth on it of a kind of grass. Immediately behind it rises a higher one of a rose-red colour, forming a remarkable contrast to the hill in front. In Persia a landscape of this character is frequently observed, and without a single tree in sight.

Of small game, wild pigeons and partridges are the most numerous round Tabreez; wherever there

are marshes (which, except in the south, is seldom) snipe and duck are to be found. A few bears are to be shot in the mountains round Lake Urmia, and what are called ibex on the highest peaks. Gazelles and lions are confined to the south; the latter are not numerous, notwithstanding Colonel St. John's adventure, and the fact that a lion figures on the Persian standard. The sport round Teheran and on the shores of the Caspian is of a different kind.

In order to reach Teheran, the capital, I now had to ride ninety-two farasahks, or three hundred and sixty-eight miles, and then to drive one hundred miles in rough springless carts, changing horses at the *chapar khanehs* at each fifteen to twenty-five miles. At the first station, named Saidabad, they gave me the best horses of any I used, either before or after, during the entire journey; their paces were so lively that in a short time my saddle-bags parted into two, and after stopping to repair them we reached the next station-house just before dusk, where I resolved to pass the night.

This building was like most of the other *chapar khanehs*, or post-stations. Excepting the Shah's palaces in Teheran and a few other buildings, mosques and baths, houses in Persia are constructed entirely and solely of mud, which becomes quite hard; but the roofs, which are flat, are supported by light beams. In this post-station, as in many others, the small room for travellers was built upon the roof, several panes of glass were missing, the door refused to remain entirely

closed, and it was cold, windy weather; the situation was exceedingly uncomfortable. Presently a wood fire was lighted and a quantity of eggs and flat Persian bread brought up and a samovar of boiling water. In other places I frequently also was able to procure milk, mutton, grapes, and pomegranates. Under such chilly, draughty circumstances I should have passed a sleepless night if I had not fortunately been possessed of a fur sleeping-bag, eight feet in length, made of opossum skin, impervious alike to cold and to the attacks of insects. At two towns I passed through on horseback, named Meana and Mazari, there was said to exist a species of poisonous bug; though what ill effects its bite produced I never was able to discover, as the accounts given me were quite at variance. These insects are found at many other places in Persia, at which I took care not to sleep; always pushing on even after dark, if necessary, as far as the next post-station. At one of these towns Colonel Bell, R.E., of the Indian Intelligence Department, with whom I travelled after leaving Teheran, expressed a desire to see one of these celebrated creatures and have ocular proof of their existence; so a man was dispatched in search and in a few moments returned with a poisonous bug in his hand. It resembled an ordinary one, excepting that it possessed a hard horny carapace like a tortoise, from beneath which a number of sharp claws radiated. It was a most horrible and repulsive creature.

I rode from Tabreez to Casvin in six days, mostly

at a gallop, being in the saddle from sunrise to sunset, except once when I continued until past midnight as it was raining hard, and I was afraid least some of the streams I had to ford should become impassable before morning.

It would be impossible to give a full and connected account of the journey without introducing the names of the posting-stations, the distances, and other details. I shall therefore merely enumerate briefly the chief incidents characteristic of Persian travel. There are no roads in Persia excepting round Teheran. The path after leaving Tabreez is entirely strewn with stones, which it is everybody's, and consequently nobody's, business to remove, and so they have lain there since the days of Cyrus. I also passed a chain of deep wells connected by passages, of which the mouths of some were situated in the track of caravans and quite unprotected, though night-travel is an ordinary thing, and the bones of animals which had fallen into these death-traps could be seen deep down below, washed by a stream which supplies Tabreez.

A society for preventing cruelty to animals (like the one in the island of Crete, which is so successful amidst difficulties) would find a colossal work to be done in Persia. The camels seemed to have a happier time of it than the mules and donkeys.

On more than one occasion before sunrise I met a caravan of over five hundred camels marching in strings of twenty, laden with goods for Tabreez and Trebizond. The first and last camels of each string

had attached to them a great copper bell. Such a meeting in the early morning in the great desert plains of Persia is most impressive, with the distant clanging of the bells becoming louder as they approach, and the long unending rows of great beasts stealing past with outstretched necks on their long journey to the shores of the Black Sea. Some of the drivers were asleep on mules in motion, in the most wonderful attitudes, because nothing was discernible to indicate a human being on the animal's back except a shapeless heap, from each side of which a leg projected downwards.

I had written out a vocabulary of useful words, but beyond this was quite ignorant of the language, which fact I found was really an advantage. At each station I required fresh horses and a post-boy, or *chagird*, to take them back again. This person frequently fancied all the armed men we passed to be robbers, and if any suspicious-looking individual accosted me, what could I do but make signs that I was deaf or unable to understand, and what could a robber do with such an unpracticable victim? And so I travelled perfectly unmolested, though alone. But there was another advantage in not being able to speak Persian, for on reaching a posting-station I could enter the stable and point to the two best-looking horses it contained. The best are not willingly brought forth, and never before the poorest animals have first been offered. But the persuasions of the *chapar bashi* fell upon deaf ears. The stream

of words was without effect and the desired horses were saddled. (Moral—when you travel take good care *to be* ignorant of the language of the country.) The Persian lash for horses is the severest and most formidable instrument of the kind I have ever seen. Usually the post-horses will not move unless you have one. But it is not necessary to use it. Possession suffices.

I spent the fourth night after leaving Tabreez at the large town of Zingan, which I reached after dark, riding for miles through its closed and deserted bazaars like railway tunnels. It is celebrated for its fruit and for its enormous onions. The next station is Sultanieh, on a flat plain said to be the coldest in Persia. The Shah has a summer palace here, and there is a ruined mosque or tomb, visible for an enormous distance.

On the evening of the sixth day I rode into the large town of Casvin, where a fine hotel has been built by the government for the accommodation of travellers. There is no such thing as this hotel even at the capital, and it is the only one of the kind I found in Persia. Here I remained a day to rest. A road has been made from here to Teheran, a distance of one hundred miles, across a flat plain along the base of a high mountain range, of which the highest point is Demavend, close to Teheran itself. And what a road! Covered with stones and boulders of all sizes, varied by holes and an occasional ditch for irrigation.

I started at eight in the evening in a boat-shaped vehicle with a hood, in which I lay full length on a quantity of hay. The jolts and concussions were terrible, and the cold excessively piercing, especially in the early morning.

The Persian capital is finely situated on a wide plain protected by mountains, amongst which towers the volcano Demavend (20,000 ft.). Towards the south there is nothing to obstruct the view across the yellow desert till the horizon becomes indistinct through the mere immensity of distance in the direction of Ispahan. If it were not hidden by a low range of hills, one might see the lake which suddenly appeared seven years ago, called Hawz i Sultan Kavir, thirty-five miles distant from Teheran, and twenty-five miles in length. It is supposed by the Persians to be the Lake Savah, which was situated thereabouts and disappeared on the night Mohammed was born. Before reaching the gates of the city I met several parties of wealthy Persians apparently setting out in search of sport with guns and dogs, and some with hawks, probably in search of bustard, of which there are a few on the plains around.

Two days later, having seen many of the curious sights of the city, I made myself known at the British Legation, and remained there on the kind invitation of our Minister and Lady Drummond Wolff during the remainder of my stay.

Sport around Teheran is almost entirely reserved for His Majesty. A special drive, however, for ibex

and wild goat had just been arranged for the benefit of Colonel the Hon. R. Talbot, my fellow-traveller as far as Enzeli, as he had been in command of the Shah's escort of cavalry during His Majesty's visit to England in 1874. He was also accorded an audience, and was presented by His Majesty with a gold coin after the usual custom. But it seems that the Persians in charge of these preserves were not willing to disturb the ground, and the whole affair would have been a promenade or mere pretence had it not been for the expostulations of Mr. Churchill, the British Consul; and in the end, though no wild goats were killed, yet a large number were seen.

Travel, except near the city, must be done on horseback. In Teheran, since 1850, the use of carriages has been introduced, and now no Persian nobleman's establishment is complete without one. But there is another thing without which no Persian nobleman's establishment is complete, and that is a pig. Mohammed, copying from the Jewish religion, made the pig an unclean animal. But yet a Swiss merchant makes quite a handsome income selling pigs to the Persians, which are kept in the stables as scape-goats; the diseases which the horses might have had are supposed to pass away into the pigs. Then he buys them back and makes bacon of them for the foreigners.

There is a carriageable road for five miles south, to the mosque of Shah Abdul Azim, where the debtors

and evil-doers of the capital fly for refuge from the law, and most of the inhabitants, including the Shah, make a weekly pilgrimage thither. The dome of this mosque is covered with gold. A railway has been built to this place from Teheran, five miles in length, the money having been partly provided, I believe, by a Belgian company. A week before I arrived in Teheran a boy accidentally fell out of a carriage and was run over, and the stupid and fanatical population thinking the European engine-driver had done it on purpose, set upon him with sticks and stones. He defended himself and managed to reach the ticket office of one of the stations, and threw all the money he had in his pockets to the crowd, as a sop to Cerberus. Finally he was obliged to draw his revolver, and killed two Persians with it. When I left, he was lying under the care of some Roman Catholic sisters of mercy, in a precarious condition. The mob subsequently wrecked and burnt the station and carriages, so I was unable to travel to the Mosque of Shah Abdul Azim on the only line of railway in all Persia. The Shah had sixty of them bastinadoed on the soles of the feet. Not so very long ago, before the construction of the railway, the Shah was driving out to this place. A general prevented some soldiers handing to His Majesty a petition for their pay. Thus thwarted of their rights they threw some stones intended for this officer, who told His Majesty that the missiles were aimed at *him*. Whereat all soldiers within sight, and all found upon the road

leading to the mosque, were promptly arrested, for His Majesty was thoroughly alarmed. They were then conveyed to the citadel and ordered to be summarily executed. After the sentence had been carried out upon eight of the prisoners the Prime Minister or some other official got wind of these proceedings and came flying down in time to stop any more of such vindictive measures.

In the Persian capital the bazaars, the motley crowds, and the Shah's treasury and palaces are the only sights. The latter have exquisite gardens. The water supply is abundant, and inside some of the rooms fountains and running streams are found. Some of the Persian horses, particularly those of the Imperial stud, are perfectly lovely animals. The Persians are first-rate horsemen, but there are no national horse races. The only ones His Majesty delights in are those of rose-leaves thrown down one of the water-courses in his palaces. The Shah takes queer fancies. Some time ago the object was a white cat. It had a special horse of its own, with a cage, of which the wires were padded with velvet for fear lest any of its fur should be injured. Soon it got lost; and "then the trouble began." All the good-looking cats in Persia were brought, but none of them was the right one.

Now the object of His Majesty's regard is the son of one of his officers; a child whom he has made Field Marshal over the heads of all his veterans.

The climate is very peculiar. In April the spring commences, the pleasantest part of the year, and lasts

till the middle of May. In the middle of April the spring showers begin. In the end of May the weather becomes warm and every one leaves Teheran and goes into the mountains except those who can't afford to. The hot weather continues till the end of August, and is followed by a beautiful autumn which lasts till December, after which snow sometimes falls.

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