

Forest and Frontiers; Or, Adventures Among the Indians

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FOREST AND FRONTIERS

OR, ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS

By Roualeyn Gordon-Cumming

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Thrilling stories.

Mr. Cumming's attack on four lions

The most daring and adventurous of all hunters is Mr. Roualeyn Gordon Cumming. Being an officer in the British service at the Cape of Good Hope, his love of hunting adventures led him to resign his commission in the army, and devote himself for five years to exploring the interior of Africa, and hunting wild beasts. We shall quote his own account of some of his adventures.

The first incident of his career, to which we invite the reader's attention, is one which he calls an attack on four patriarchal lions. It occurred in the interior of Africa, not far from the junction of the rivers Mariqua and Limpopo. He thus describes it.

A few days after this, just as Swint had milked the cows, and was driving them from the wooded peninsula in which we lay, athwart the open ground, to graze with my other cattle in the forest beyond, he beheld four majestic lions walking slowly across the valley, a few hundred yards below my camp, and disappear over the river's bank, at a favorite drinking place. These mighty monarchs of the waste had been holding a prolonged repast over the carcasses of some zebras killed by Present, and had now come down the river to slake their thirst. This being reported, I instantly saddled two horses, and, directing my boys to lead after me as quickly as possible my small remaining pack of sore-footed dogs, I rode forth, accompanied by Carey carrying a spare gun, to give battle to the four grim lions. As I rode out of the peninsula, they showed themselves on the banks of the river, and, guessing that their first move would be a disgraceful retreat, I determined to ride so as to make them think that I had not observed them, until I should be able to cut off their retreat from the river, across the open vley, to the endless forest beyond. That point being gained, I knew that they, still doubtful of my having observed them, would hold their ground on the river's bank until my dogs came up, when I could more advantageously make the

attack.

I cantered along, holding as if I meant to pass the lions at a distance of a quarter of a mile, until I was opposite to them, when I altered my course, and inclined a little nearer. The lions showed symptoms of uneasiness; they rose to their feet, and, overhauling us for half a minute, disappeared over the bank. They reappeared, however, directly, a little farther down; and finding that their present position was bare, they walked majestically along the top of the bank to a spot a few hundred yards lower, where the bank was well wooded. Here they seemed half inclined to await my attack; two stretched out their massive arms, and lay down in the grass, and the other two sat up like dogs upon their haunches. Deeming it probable that when my dogs came up and I approached they would still retreat and make a bolt across the vley, I directed Carey to canter forward and take up the ground in the centre of the vley about four hundred yards in advance; whereby the lions would be compelled either to give us battle or swim the river, which, although narrow, I knew they would be very reluctant to do.

I now sat in my saddle, anxiously waiting the arrival of my dogs; and whilst thus momentarily disengaged, I was much struck with the majestic and truly appalling appearance which these four noble lions exhibited. They were all full-grown immense males; and I felt, I must confess, a little nervous, and very uncertain as to what might be the issue of the attack. When the dogs came up I rode right in towards the lions. They sprang to their feet, and trotted slowly down along the bank of the river, once or twice halting and facing about for half a minute. Immediately below them there was a small determined bend in the stream, forming a sort of peninsula. Into this bend they disappeared, and next moment I was upon them with my dogs. They had taken shelter in a dense angle of the peninsula, well sheltered by high trees and reeds. Into this retreat the dogs at once boldly followed them, making a loud barking, which was instantly followed by the terrible voices of the lions, which turned about and charged to the edge of the cover. Next moment, however, I heard them plunge into the river, when I sprang from my horse, and, running to the top of the bank, I saw three of them ascending the opposite bank, the dogs following. One of them bounded away across the open plain at top speed, but the other two, finding themselves followed by the dogs, immediately turned to bay.

It was now my turn, so, taking them coolly right and left with my little rifle, I made the most glorious double shot that a sportsman's heart could desire, disabling them both in the shoulder before they were even aware of my position.

Then snatching up my other gun from Carey, who that moment had ridden up to my assistance, I finished the first lion with a shot about the heart, and brought the second to a standstill by disabling him in his hind quarters. He quickly crept into a dense, wide, dark green bush, in which for a long time it was impossible to obtain a glimpse of him. At length, a clod of earth falling near his hiding-place, he made a move which disclosed to me his position, when I finished him with three more shots, all along the middle of his back. Carey swam across the river to flog off the dogs; and when these came through to me, I beat up the peninsula in quest of the fourth lion, which had, however, made off. We then crossed the river a little higher up, and proceeded to view the noble prizes I had won. Both lions were well up in their years; I kept the skin and skull of the finest specimen, and only the nails and tail of the other, one of whose canine teeth was worn down to the socket with the caries, which seemed to have affected his general condition.

Mr. Cumming Hunting Rhinoceroses.

Mr. Cumming thus describes his encounter with some rhinoceroses and an eland, in the country of the Bechuanas.

It was on the 4th of June, 1844, that I beheld for the first time the rhinoceros. Having taken some coffee, I rode out unattended, with my rifle, and before proceeding far I fell in with a huge white rhinoceros with a large calf, standing in a thorny grove. Getting my wind she set off at top speed through thick thorny bushes, the calf, as is invariably the case, taking the lead, the mother guiding its course by placing her horn, generally about three feet in length, against its ribs.

My horse shied very much at first, alarmed at the strange appearance of "Chukuroo," but by a sharp application of spur and jambok I prevailed upon him to follow, and presently, the ground improving, I got alongside, and, firing at the gallop, sent a bullet through her shoulder. She continued her pace with blood streaming from the wound, and very soon reached an impracticable thorny jungle, where I could not follow, and instantly lost her. In half an hour I fell in with the second rhinoceros, being an old bull of the white variety. Dismounting, I crept within twenty yards, and saluted him with both barrels in the shoulder,

upon which he made off, uttering a loud blowing noise, and upsetting every thing that obstructed his progress.

Shortly after this I found myself on the banks of the stream, beside which my wagons were outspanned. Following along its margin, I presently beheld a bull of the borele, or black rhinoceros, standing within a hundred yards of me. Dismounting from my horse, I secured him to a tree, and then stalked within twenty yards of the huge beast under cover of a large strong bush. Borele, hearing me advance, came on to see what it was, and suddenly protruded his horny nose within a few yards of me. Knowing well that a front shot would not prove deadly, I sprang to my feet and ran behind the bush. Upon this the villain charged, blowing loudly, and chased me round the bush. Had his activity been equal to his ugliness, my wanderings would have terminated here, but by my superior agility I had the advantage in the turn.

After standing a short time eyeing me through the bush, he got a whiff of my wind, which at once alarmed him. Uttering a blowing noise, and erecting his insignificant yet saucy-looking tail, he wheeled about, leaving me master of the field, when I sent a bullet through his ribs to teach him manners. Of the rhinoceros there are four varieties in South Africa, distinguished by the Bechuanas by the names of the borele or black rhinoceros, the keitloa or two-horned rhinoceros, the muchocho or common white rhinoceros, and the kobaoba or long-horned white rhinoceros. Both varieties of the black rhinoceros are extremely fierce and dangerous, and rush headlong and unprovoked at any object which attracts their attention. They never attain much fat, and their flesh is tough, and not much esteemed by the Bechuanas. Their food consists almost entirely of the thorny branches of the wait-a-bit thorns.

Finding that rhinoceros were abundant in the vicinity, I resolved to halt a day for the purpose of hunting, and after an early breakfast, on the 6th, I rode south-east with the two Baquaines. They led me along the bases of the mountains, through woody dells and open glades, and we eventually reached a grand forest grey with age. Here we found abundance of spoor of a variety of game, and started several herds of the more common varieties. At length I observed an old bull eland standing under a tree. He was the first that I had seen, and was a noble specimen, standing about six feet high at the shoulder. Observing us, he made off at a gallop, springing over the trunks of decayed trees which lay across his path; but very soon he reduced his pace to a trot. Spurring my horse, another moment saw me riding hard behind him. Twice in the thickets I lost sight of him, and he

very nearly escaped me; but at length, the ground improving, I came up with him, and rode within a few yards behind him. Long streaks of foam now streamed from his mouth, and a profuse perspiration had changed his sleek grey coat to an ashy blue. Tears trickled from his large dark eye, and it was plain that the eland's hours were numbered. Pitching my rifle to my shoulder, I let fly at the gallop, and mortally wounded him behind; then spurring my horse, I shot past him on his right side, and discharged my other barrel behind his shoulder, when the eland staggered for a moment and subsided in the dust. The two Baquaines soon made their appearance, and seemed delighted at my success. Having kindled a fire, they cut out steaks, which they roasted on the embers; I also cooked a steak for myself, spitting it upon a forked branch, the other end of which I sharpened with my knife and stuck into the ground.

The eland is a magnificent animal, by far the largest of all the antelope tribe, exceeding a large ox in size. It also attains an extraordinary condition, being often burdened with a very large amount of fat. Its flesh is most excellent, and is justly esteemed above all others. It has a peculiar sweetness, and is tender and fit for use the moment the animal is killed. Like the gemsbok, the eland is independent of water, and frequents the borders of the great Kalahari desert in herds varying from ten to a hundred. It is also generally diffused throughout all the wooded districts of the interior where I have hunted. Like other varieties of deer and antelope, the old males may often be found consorting together apart from the females, and a troop of these, when in full condition, may be likened to a herd of stall-fed oxen.

The eland has less speed than any other variety of antelope; and, by judicious riding, they may be driven to camp from a great distance. In this manner I have often ridden the best bull out of the herd, and brought him within gunshot of my wagons, where I could more conveniently cut up and preserve the flesh, without the trouble of sending men and packoxen to fetch it. I have repeatedly seen an eland drop down dead at the end of a severe chase, owing to his plethoric habit. The skin of the eland I had just shot emitted, like most other antelopes, the most delicious perfume of trees and grass.

Having eaten my steak, I rode to my wagon, where I partook of coffee, and having mounted a fresh horse, I again set forth accompanied by Carollus leading a packhorse, to bring home the head of the eland and a supply of the flesh; I took all my dogs along with me to share in the banquet. We had not proceeded far when the dogs went ahead on some scent. Spurring my horse, I followed through

some thorny bushes as best I might, and emerging on an open glade, I beheld two huge white rhinoceroses trotting along before me. The dogs attacked them with fury, and a scene of intense excitement ensued. The Old Gray, on observing them, pricked up his ears, and seemed only half inclined to follow, but a sharp application of the spur reminded him of his duty, and I was presently riding within ten yards of the stem of the largest, and sent a bullet through her back. The Old Grey shied considerably and became very unmanageable, and on one occasion, in consequence, the rhinoceros, finding herself hemmed in by a bend in a watercourse, turned round to charge, I had a very narrow escape.

Presently, galloping up on one side, I gave her a bad wound in the shoulder, soon after which she came to bay in the dry bed of a river. Dismounting from my horse, I commenced loading, but before this was accomplished she was off once more. I followed her, putting on my caps as I rode, and coming up alongside, I made a fine shot from the saddle, firing at the gallop. The ball entered somewhere near her heart. On receiving this shot she reeled about, while torrents of blood flowed from her mouth and wounds, and presently she rolled over and expired, uttering a shrill screaming sound as she died, which rhinoceroses invariably do while in the agonies of death.

The chase had led me close in along the northern base of a lofty detached mountain, the highest in all that country. The mountain is called, by the Bechuanas, the Mountain of the Eagles. The eland which I had shot in the morning lay somewhere to the southward of this mountain, but far in the level forest. Having rounded the mountain, I began to recognise the ground.

I had the satisfaction to behold a few vultures soaring over the forest in advance, and, on proceeding a short distance farther, large groups of these birds were seated on the grey and weather-beaten branches of the loftiest old trees of the forest. This was a certain sign that the eland was not far distant; and on raising my voice and loudly calling on the name of Carollus, I was instantly answered by that individual, who, heedless of his master's fate, was actively employed in cooking for himself a choice steak from the dainty rump of the eland. That night I slept beneath the blue and starry canopy of heaven. My sleep was light and sweet, and no rude dreams or hankering cares disturbed the equanimity of my repose.

One of Mr. Cumming's most perilous adventures was with a black Rhinoceros, which gave chase to him, and nearly run turn down. He thus

describes this affair.

On the 22d, ordering my men to move on to the fountain of Bootlonamy, I rode forth with Ruyter, [Footnote: This is the name of a favorite servant of Mr. Cumming.] and held east through a grove of lofty and wide-spreading mimosas, most of which were more or less damaged by the gigantic strength of a troop of elephants, which had passed there about twelve months before.

Having proceeded about two miles with large herds of game on every side, I observed a crusty looking old bull borele, or black rhinoceros, cocking his ears one hundred yards in advance. He had not observed us; and soon after he walked slowly toward us, and stood broadside to, eating some wait-a-bit thorns within fifty yards of me. I fired from my saddle, and sent a bullet in behind his shoulder, upon which he rushed forward about one hundred yards in tremendous consternation, blowing like a grampus, and then stood looking about him. Presently he made off. I followed, but found it hard to come up with him. When I overtook him I found the blood running freely from his wound.

The chase led through a large herd of blue wildebeests, zebras, and springboks, which gazed at us in utter amazement. At length I fired my second barrel, but my horse was fidgety, and I missed. I continued riding alongside of him, expecting in my ignorance that at length he would come to bay, which rhinoceroses never do; when suddenly he fell flat on his broadside on the ground, but, recovering his feet, resumed his course as if nothing had happened. Becoming at last annoyed at the length of the chase, as I wished to keep my horses fresh for the elephants, and being indifferent whether I got the rhinoceros or not, as I observed that his horn was completely worn down by age, and the violence of his disposition, I determined to bring matters to a crisis; so, spurring my horse, I dashed ahead, and rode right in his path.

Upon this the hideous monster instantly charged me in the most resolute manner, blowing loudly through his nostrils; and although I quickly wheeled about to my left, he followed me at such a furious pace for several hundred yards, with his horrid horny snout within a few yards of my horse's tail, that my little Bushman, who was looking on in great alarm, thought his master's destruction inevitable. It was certainly a very near thing; my horse was extremely afraid, and exerted his utmost energies on the occasion. The rhinoceros, however, wheeled about and continued his former course; and I being perfectly satisfied with the interview which I had already enjoyed with

him, had no desire to cultivate his acquaintance any further, and accordingly made for camp.

We left the fountain of Bootlonamy the same day, and marched about six miles through an old grey forest of mimosas, when we halted for the night. Large flocks of guinea-fowls roosted in the trees around our encampment, several of which I shot for my supper.

On the 23d we inspanned by moonlight, and continued our march through a thinly wooded level country. It was a lovely morning; the sun rose in great splendor, and the sky was beautifully overcast with clouds. Having proceeded about ten miles, the country became thickly covered with detached forest trees and groves of wait-a-bit thorns. The guides now informed us that the water, which is called by the Bechuanas, "Lepeby," was only a short distance in advance; upon which I saddled steeds, and rode ahead with the Bushman, intending to hunt for an hour before breakfast. Presently we reached an open glade in the forest, where I observed a herd of zebras in advance; and on my left stood a troop of springboks, with two leopards watching them from behind a bush. I rode on, and soon fell in with a troop of hartebeests, and, a little after, with a large herd of blue wildebeests and pallahs. I followed for some distance, when they were reinforced by two other herds of pallahs and wildebeests. Three black rhinoceroses now trotted across my path.

Presently I sprang from my horse, and fired right and left at a princely bull blue wildebeest. He got both balls, but did not fall, and I immediately lost sight of him in the dense ranks of his shaggy companions. The game increased as we proceeded, until the whole forest seemed alive with a variety of beautifully colored animals. On this occasion I was very unfortunate; I might have killed any quantity of game if venison had been my object; but I was trying to get a few very superior heads of some of the master bucks of the pallahs. Of these I wounded four select old bucks, but in the dust and confusion caused by the innumerable quantity of the game I managed to lose them all.

Encounter with a Lioness.

When Mr. Cumming was in that part of the interior of South Africa inhabited by the tribe called the Griquas, he had a remarkable and fearful encounter with a lioness. He had been shooting some of the various kinds of antelopes which abound in that country, under various names, such as wildebeests, springboks, blesboks, and pallahs, when the adventure occurred, which he thus describes.

Suddenly I observed a number of vultures seated on the plain about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and close beside them stood a huge lioness, consuming a blesbok which she had killed. She was assisted in her repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with her in the most friendly manner.

Directing my followers' attention to the spot, I remarked, "I see the lion;" to which they replied, "Whar? whar? Yah! Almagtig! dat is he;" and instantly reining in their steeds and wheeling about they pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and were preparing to betake themselves to flight. I asked them what they were going to do. To which they answered, "We have not yet placed caps on our rifles." This was true; but while this short conversation was passing, the lioness had observed us. Raising her full, round face, she overhauled us for a few seconds, and then set off at a smart canter toward a range of mountains some miles to the northward; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction; there was, therefore, no time to think of caps.

The first move was to bring her to bay, and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively steed, and shouting to my men to follow, I flew across the plain, and, being fortunately mounted on Colesberg, the flower of my stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that she or I must die.

The lioness having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large, full-grown beast, and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to halt, as I wished to speak with her, upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back toward me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, "Does this fellow know who he is after?"

Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her

feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forward, making a loud, rumbling noise like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but finding that I did not flinch an inch nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps, While this was doing the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear; after which she made a short run toward us, uttering her deep-drawn, murderous growls.

Having secured the three horses to one another by their reins, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my rifle, with orders to shoot her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness, and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them.

Now then for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and, taking aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us, At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind.

The lioness sprang upon Colesberg, and fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws; the worst wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening, yawning gash, more than twelve inches long, almost laying bare the very bone. I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over, I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely.

When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and slewing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse.

In the struggles of death she half turned on her back, and stretched her neck and fore arms convulsively, when she fell back to her former position; her mighty arms hung powerless by her side, her lower jaw fell, blood streamed from her mouth, and she expired. At the moment I fired my second shot, Stofolus, who hardly knew whether he was alive or dead, allowed the three horses to escape. These galloped frantically across the plain, on which he and Kleinboy instantly started after them, leaving me standing alone, and unarmed, within a few feet of the lioness, which they from their anxiety to be out of the way, evidently considered quite capable of doing further mischief.

Hunting the Blauwbok and Buffalo.

Among the various kinds of antelopes which inhabit South Africa, the blauwbok, or blue buck, called by Mr. Cumming, the blue antelope, is one of the most remarkable. It is six feet in length, three feet and a half high to the back, and very compactly made. The horns are more than two feet in length, round, closely annulated to within six inches of the tips, bent back in a uniform but moderate curve, and very sharp at the points. The general color of the hair is gray, with the insides of the ears, a streak before each eye, the insides of the legs, and a few hairs along the ridge of the neck, white. The hair on the body divides on the line of the back, and is rather coarse and open.

The skin under it on the upper part of the living animal is a black, which shining through the grey, produces a sort of raven-blue tint. It is the epidermis only and not the mucous tissue which has this black color, otherwise the hair would have it; and it fades when the animal is dead, as is the case with a highly-colored epidermis in almost all animals.

This animal was frequently pursued and shot by Mr. Cumming, in his African hunts, and his flesh was found to be excellent.

The Cape buffalo, or African buffalo, was a more troublesome object of chase. This animal, has a most formidable front, and its general aspect is shaggy and formidable. The horns are the most compact, and in their substance the heaviest of all the ruminating animals, excepting only some of those of the antelopes. This animal is considerably lower than the Indian buffalo; but it is firmer, though shorter in the legs, rounder in the body; and the beard and short mane give it a rugged appearance. This is by far the most formidable animal of the genus. It has never been tamed, and the males are dangerous to come near.

Mr. Cumming thus describes one of his encounters with this animal, by himself and Ruyter, a Bushman, a favorite servant.

On the forenoon of the 26th, I rode to hunt, accompanied by Ruyter; we held west, skirting the wooded stony mountains. The natives had here many years before waged successful war with elephants, four of whose skulls I found. Presently I came across two sassaybies, one of which I knocked over; but while I was loading he regained his legs and made off. We crossed a level stretch of forest, holding a northerly course for an opposite range of green, well wooded hills and valleys. Here I came upon a troop of six fine old bull buffaloes, into which I stalked, and wounded one princely fellow behind the shoulder, bringing blood from his mouth; he, however made off with his comrades, and the ground being very rough we failed to overtake him. They held for the Ngotwani. After following the spoor for a couple of miles, we dropped it, as it led right away from camp.

Returning from this chase, we had an adventure with another old bull buffalo, which shows the extreme danger of hunting buffaloes without dogs. We started him in a green hollow among the hills, and his course inclining for camp, I gave him chase. He crossed the level broad strath and made for the opposite densely wooded range of mountains. Along the base of these we followed him, sometimes in view, sometimes on the spoor, keeping the old fellow at a pace which made him pant. At length, finding himself much distressed, he had recourse to a singular stratagem. Doubling round some thick bushes which obscured him from our view, he found himself beside a small pool of rain water, just deep enough to cover his body; into this he walked, and facing about, lay gently down and awaited our on-coming, with nothing but his old grey face and

massive horns above the water, and these concealed from our view by rank overhanging herbage.

Our attention was entirely engrossed with the spoor, and thus we rode boldly on until within a few feet of him, when springing to his feet, he made a desperate charge after Ruyter, uttering a low, stifling roar, peculiar to buffaloes, (somewhat similar to the growl of a lion) and hurled horse and rider to the ground with fearful violence. His horns laid the poor horse's haunches open to the bone, making the most fearful ragged wound.

In an instant Ruyter regained his feet and ran for his life, which the buffalo observing, gave chase, but most fortunately came down with a tremendous somersault in the mud, his feet slipping from under him; thus the Bushman escaped certain destruction. The buffalo rose much discomfited, and, the wounded horse first catching his eye, he went a second time at him, but he got out of the way. At this moment I managed to send one of my patent pacificating pills into his shoulder, when he instantly quitted the scene of action, and sought shelter in a dense cover on the mountain side, whither I deemed it imprudent to follow him.

Adventures with snakes.

The following stories of fascination by snakes, is copied from "Arthur's Home Gazette." It is no fiction; but is contributed by a gentleman of Tennessee, who is willing to vouch for the truth of what he relates.

It has been a thousand times affirmed, and as often denied, that certain serpents possess the power—independent of the touch—of paralyzing their proposed victims. And it seems to be generally admitted that this is done, if done at all, by the eye; for those theorists who ascribe it to poison inhaled through the nostrils of the charmed ones, offer us no example to confirm their theory, or to make it worthy of a second thought. In extended rambles, alone as well as with society, I have made the study of serpents a matter of amusement, and familiarized myself—at least I had done so ten years back—to handle them without any flesh-shrinking. As I got older, and my nerves become weakened by

long exposure to the seasons and to midnight studies, more debilitating than Texas "northers," I must confess that I am more timid; but I can yet join a hunt, or project one in good "snake weather," with considerable gusto. I have never met with a snake that could charm me, look he never so keenly, although I have *faced them* till they got tired, uncoiled, and beat an inglorious retreat. And I am sure that I never *smell* anything about a snake, calculated to excite any other emotions or *motions* except *holding the nose*. And finally I never found a snake or snakelet that I would turn my heel upon to flee, and for the very good reason that the animal in question always runs first.

So, ye manufacturers of snake stories horrific, amusive, or instructive, put that against your tales of blacksnakes, copperheads, cotton-mouths, horn-tails, water-mocassins, and the whole tribe else.

But as to the *fascination*, what of that?

Why, although I have never been fascinated, or seen a person in that singular situation, yet I am a firm believer in the art, a believer against my wishes—because evidence indisputable has been furnished me, and in abundance. Now I leave out of the question, all the influences of fright, surprise, etc., also all the humbug stories of novel writers and romancers in private life, and yet there is a remainder that I cannot cast out. One or two anecdotes, and then I come to my principal proof.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, passing along a bridle path, observed a mouse running backwards and forwards, upon a fallen log, as if in great terror. Reining in this horse, he paused full ten minutes, and until the mouse disappeared on the farther side of the log. Drawing nearer, and peeping over, his suspicions of Lucifer's guile were verified—for mousey was within three inches of his open jaw, "irresistibly attracted," said the narrator, "although he was drawing back with all his might." The latter part of the tale is fishy—for the gentleman was twenty feet off, and could not have seen that—but he saw the mouse finally disappear in that cavernous gullet; and when he killed the snake—a large black one—the mouse lay in its stomach, *without a wound*. How will that do?

Another, well authenticated. A young man, of some twenty years, passing along the road to school, on foot, was observed by some of his companions in the rear to pause suddenly and look down. His fellows intent on their

conversation, were several minutes coming up; but when they did so they witnessed a veritable case of fascination—for the young man was looking intently into the eyes of a large rattlesnake, coiled at his feet; nor could the voices of all his friends arouse him. Being jerked back with some violence, he instantly recovered his senses, but seemed to be puzzled to recall the circumstances connected with his first view of the snake. After a mental effort he explained, while the cold sweat poured from his face, and his limbs were flaccid as an infant's, that the sound of a rattle had caused him to stop short—that a pleasant halo danced before his eyes, and sweet sounds met his ears—and that from that instant until the conclusion of the trance, "he was as happy as he ever expected to be!"

But now for the hardest knock of conviction. I will give it in the language of the original narrator—premiering that opponents to the theory of serpent attraction must knock under, or flatly contradict my tale. In the latter event, I shall be compelled to settle the question as Hodginson did his lawsuit, "by exhibiting the skin and parading the witnesses."

"In the month of April, a few years back," commences the witness, "I took my eldest chap, an eight year old boy, but stout and bold enough for a twelve year old—and sauntered down to Beech river, to spend the evening [Footnote: Evening, in this place, signifies from noon until dark; that's the Southern and Western notion always.] fishing. Finding a large beech, whose spreading roots formed a natural easy chair, with arms to it, I threw my line into the stream, and myself into the cavity, to take the thing deliberately as I generally do on such occasions. There had been a rise in Beech river sufficient to muddy the water, and I knew the only chance was for cat (*bull-pouts* the Yankees call them,) so I chose a big hook and baited with a chunk of bacon, big enough for an eight-pounder at least. That hook was a Limerick, for which I had sent all the way to Porter, of 'The Spirit'—that hook I was never more to behold.

"The boy chose for himself a steep place about ten yards below me, and after sticking his pole in the mud, like a lazy fellow, as he is, amused himself by counting the stamens in some sorrel-flowers that grew thick thereabouts. I listened to his chatter for a while as he vacillated in his numbers—eight—nine—ten—twelve—until my own thoughts took an interesting turn, and I heard to more of him for several minutes. Then the sound of his voice again struck one, but a little distance further down stream, as he tailed out—'Oh, Pa, look!'

"Being well accustomed to his 'mares' nests,' I did not turn until he had repeated several times the same words, and it was the singularity of his tones at last that caused me to do it. His voice was indescribably plaintive, clear, but low, and each vowel sound was drawn out at great length, thus—'Oh-h-h-h, Pa-a-a-a, loo-oo-ook,'—with the diminuendo, soft as the ring of a glass vessel, when struck. I have heard Kyle, the flutist, while executing some of his thrilling touches, strike his low notes very much like it. Slewng myself partly round in my seat, I observed the little fellow standing bent forward, his hands stretched out before him as if shielding his face from a bush, while his whole body worked to and fro like the subjects in certain mesmeric experiments that I have observed when first they are brought under 'the influence' of the operator. His face was partly turned from me, but the cheek, which I saw was pale as death, and his cloth cap was trembling on the back part of his head, as if forced there by the workings of the scalp.

"This was as much as I had time to observe in the first hasty glance. Astonished at his actions, though not at all alarmed—or the first thought that occurred to me as that he was trying to catch a young rabbit—I called out in a half-jocular tone, well, bubby boy, what is it?' He made no reply, but continued that strange murmur of '—Oh-h-h, Pa-a-a, loo-oo-ook,' and took a couple of paces forward, not as though he wished to advance, but more in the style of a person who has leaned too far forward and moves his feet to recover the perpendicular. I arose, rather slowly, for it was a mere prompting of curiosity, and walking towards him, called out in a tone of some authority, 'John, come here!' Now I can say, without boasting, that my domestic government is thorough, and my children will promptly obey my commands in every thing, from the taking of a dose of quinine to the springing out of bed at daylight of a frosty morning. My surprise, therefore, was great to observe that the lad only answered my order, twice repeated, by the same melancholy cry, and another stumble forward.

"I was now thoroughly aroused. I hastened my own steps, for a horror came over me as though I was in the presence of a demon. I advanced directly behind the child, and looking over him, observed a thick bush of the Early Honeysuckle, (*Azalea nudiflora*.) Into and through this I glanced, but I observed no object to excite my notice. I had got within a pace of him, and was in the act of putting my hand with some force upon his shoulder, when following more precisely the direction of his eyes, I looked at the foot of the bush, then about six feet from me, and how shall I describe the sequel!

"Like an electric shock, a sensation pervaded my whole frame, which, although I can never forget, I must most imperfectly describe. I was in a trance—the blood overcharged my brain—a murmuring sound, as of an Aeolian, filled my ears—drops, like rain, oozed from my face—my hat, first elevated to the very tips of the hairs, worked backwards and fell to the ground—in brief, I was regularly, and for the first and last time in my life, in a state of fascination.

"No sensation of languor troubled me, for although I felt no inclination to go forward, yet I seemed to myself perfectly able and willing to stay where I was, so long as the world lasted. I was perfectly happy in spite of my bodily excitement. A bright halo of changeable colors, for all the world like the changeable lights I have seen displayed in front of the American Museum, New York, filled all my vision, in the very focus of which gleamed two keen points, like sparks from the blacksmith's anvil, and they were so vivid that they seemed to pierce me through and through.

"How long this continued I cannot say, but I suppose only for a minute. So far as my own perception of time's flight is concerned, however, it might have been an age.

"I was awakened by the harsh crackling of some dry sticks upon which the boy had stepped as he continued to shuffle forward. The recovery was as sudden as the attack. In an instant I was disenchanted. The bush looked familiar, and I heard the fall of water in the stream, but a thought of imminent danger now possessed my mind; so shouting with a voice that made the woods ring, I seized the lad around the waist, and heavy as he was, ran with him quite a quarter of a mile without stopping. I confess it most frankly that I didn't stop until I fell exhausted in the public road. To tell the cowardly truth, I should have ran on until now if I had been able. So we fell down together and lay for a good while panting.

"Then I got up and propping myself against a poplar, took little John on my knee. His nervous system was unstrung. He was weeping bitterly, and sobbing as if his heart would break. His flesh was cold and clammy, his pulse was almost still, and he hadn't strength to raise his hands to his mouth.

"I had some root ginger in my pocket—I always carry a piece with me—which I chewed and made him swallow. This revived him. Then I rubbed him briskly, pinched his skin in divers tender spots, and by these means and cheerful

conversation, got him so that he could stand alone and answer my questions. I never saw such a fool thing as he was! He was not at all alarmed, very willingly consented to return with me—for I'd die but what I'd see it but—thought there ought to be a perch on his hook by this time, thought it was Sunday, thought there was snow somewhere, 'twas so cold,—and all such notions as that.

"Every few minutes he would burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears, but he couldn't tell for what.

"You will want to know how I felt all this time. Well, when I got a minute's leisure from attending to him and could notice my own feelings, I found that I was snivelling too! that my pulse was small, my nose had been profusely bleeding, and the blood had drenched me to the very boot tops, and I felt altogether as exhausted as one does who has had a month's spell of the chills.

"We were a precious pair, daddy and son, as we sat under that poplar. I am sure I never felt so foolish in all my life. Well, back we started, for my spunk was up; and, beside that, I had left my hat, handkerchief, dinner, and memorandum book, and was bound to have them. I felt the most burning curiosity to understand the puzzle while my mental faculties were completely obfuscated by it.

"Neither of us said a word of the affair itself, for John didn't seem to know that he had been frightened, and I was afraid to alarm him by speaking of it. He asked no questions of any sort, although in general he is a miniature Paul Pry, expressed no surprise that I was bareheaded and bloody, or that we had come so far from the fishing place and left our tackle behind. His face expressed confusion, such as a child will exhibit when he is waked suddenly by falling out of bed, and commences grasping around the bedpost preparatory to getting in again. I knew that something frightful was there, and felt that we had escaped some great peril, but what the object or what the peril I had no idea whatever. I am sure, however, that the notion of a snake never entered my mind, but if any thing tangible, if was of a wild cat, for the recollection of Cooper's panther story in the *Pioneers* occurred to me, and I cut a stout hickory sapling to be prepared. We arrived with slow steps at the haunted spot, for both were exhausted, and I felt the value of prudence. There lay my basket by the beech root, more by token that the hogs had found it and were just devouring the last morsel of bread and meat so carefully deposited therein.

"There was my fishing line, but the eight-pounder had become weary and worn, and carried off my Limerick hook. There was my hat near the honeysuckle bush, but the phantom itself, with its diamond eyes and mystic powers, was gone. Frightened probably by the hogs, unromantic objects in every point of view, he had fled; but I found him within fifty yards in the form of a *rattlesnake*, full six feet from tip to tip, and glorying in fourteen full rattles.

"I had my revenge in every possible form. I looked at him for ten minutes at a time, but the power was gone, and I only saw two keen, devilish-looking eyes. Then I punched him till he spent all his venom on my stick. Then I made him drunk on tobacco juice, ingloriously and brutally drunk.

"Getting tired at last, I gave him the *coup de grâce*, skinned him, and returned home. He hangs now in loops over my family bed. Those eyes that thrilled my heart so strangely are dim with dust. Those fangs, which in a few minutes more would probably have sent death to the heart's fountain of my boy, are now in Europe, a part of the collection admired by countless crowds at the British Museum. The subject is fast fading from my memory, 'mid the cares of life, and had you not asked me to write it out for you, I should have thought of it but a little longer. Let it stand as another testimony, and a most unwilling one, too, of the fascinating powers of serpents on the human."

So far my correspondent tells his own tale in language sufficiently plain and explicit. If any figure him out as a man of feeble frame and low stature, let them change their fancy at once.

He is a strong, muscular man, an old bear hunter, one who has fought Indians in the Florida swamps; a person withal, of unquestionable veracity, and in all respects the last man to impose on others, or be imposed upon by anything, fish, flesh, or fowl.

Contests with Large Snakes

The family of snakes called Boidae, including the Boas and Pythons are huge snakes confined to the hotter regions of the globe, and formidable from their vast

strength and mode of attack. They lurk in ambush and dart upon their victim, which in an instant is seized and enveloped in their folds, and crushed to death or strangled. For their predatory habits they are admirably adapted; their teeth are terrible, and produce a dreadful wound; the neck is slender, the body increasing gradually to about the middle in diameter, and then decreasing. The tail is a grasping instrument, strongly prehensile, and aided by two hooklike claws, sheathed with horn, externally visible on each side, beneath, just anterior to the base of the tail. Though externally nothing beyond these spurs appear, internally is found a series of bones, representing those of the hinder limbs, but of course imperfectly developed; yet they are acted upon by powerful muscles, and can be so used as to form a sort of antagonist to the tail while grasping any object; they thus become a fulcrum giving additional force to the grasp, which secured thereby to a fixed point, giving double power to the animal's energy.

The emperor boa, or boa constrictor as well as all the others to which the name boa applies are, according to Cuvier, natives of America. The engraving represents one of these terrible snakes in the act of strangling a deer.

The Aboma (*Boa cenchrea*) has scaly plates on the muzzle, and pits or dimples upon the plates of the jaws.

Endowed with powers which in a semicivilized state of society must operate powerfully on the mind; at ease and freedom alike on the land, in the water, or among the trees; at once wily, daring, and irresistible in their attack, graceful in their movements, and splendid in their coloring—that such creatures, to be both dreaded and admired, should become the subject of superstitious reverence, is scarcely to be wondered at. The ancient Mexicans regarded the boa as sacred; they viewed its actions with religious horror; they crouched beneath the fiery glances of its eyes; they trembled as they listened to its long-drawn hiss, and from various signs and movements predicted the fate of tribes or individuals, or drew conclusions of guilt or innocence. The supreme idol was represented encircled and guarded by sculptured serpents, before which were offered human sacrifices.

"On a blue throne, with four huge silver snakes,
As if the keepers of the sanctuary,
Cirled, with stretching necks and fangs display'd,

Mexitli sate: another graven snake
Belted with scales of gold his monster bulk."

It is probably of the boa constrictor, the emperor, the devin, that Hernandez writes, under the name of Temacuilcahuilia, so called from its powers, the word meaning a fighter with five men. It attacks, he says, those it meets, and overpowers them with such force, that if it once coils itself around their necks it strangles and kills them, unless it bursts itself by the violence of its own efforts; and he states that the only way of avoiding the attack is for the man to manage in such a way as to oppose a tree to the animal's constriction, so that while the serpent supposes itself to be crushing the man, it may be torn asunder by its own act, and so die. We do not ask our readers for their implicit faith in this. He adds, that he has himself seen serpents as thick as a man's thigh, which had been taken young by the Indians and tamed; they were provided with a cask strewn with litter in the place of a cavern, where they lived, and were for the most part quiescent, except at meal-times, when they came forth, and amicably climbed about the couch or shoulders of their master, who placidly bore the serpent's embrace. They often coiled tip in folds, equalling a large sized cartwheel in size, and harmlessly received their food.

In most accounts current respecting the mode in which boas and pythons take their food, the snake, after crushing its prey, is described as licking the body with its tongue and lubricating it with its saliva, in order to facilitate the act of deglutition. It has been observed with justice that few worse instruments for such a purpose than the slender dark forked tongue of these snakes could have been contrived: and that, in fact, the saliva does not begin to be poured out abundantly till required to lubricate the jaws and throat of the animal straining to engulf the carcass. We have seen these snakes take their food, but they did not lubricate it, though the vibratory tongue often touched it; we must, therefore, withhold our credence from the common assertion.

The size attained by the boa is often very great, and larger individuals than any now seen occurred formerly, before their ancient haunts had been invaded by human colonization.

The Anaconda, (*Boa Scytale*), called by Linnaeus, *Boa Murina*, and by Prince Maximilian, *Boa Aquatica*, is of an enormous size, from twenty to thirty feet in length.

The boa cenchrea has scaly plates on the the muzzle; and dimples upon the plates at the sides of the jaws. His color is yellowish, with a row of large brown rings running the whole length of the back, and variable spots on the sides. These are generally dark, often containing a whitish semi-lunar mark. This species, according to Seba, who describes it as Mexican, is the Temacuilcahuilia (or Tamacuilla Huilia, as Seba writes the word) described by Hernandez. The species here described, according to Cuvier, grow nearly to the same size, and haunt the marshy parts of South America. There, adhering by the tail to some aquatic tree, they suffer the anterior part of the body to float upon the water, and patiently wait to seize upon the quadrupeds which come to drink.

Our engraving represents him in the attitude of watching for a deer which is seen, in the distance.

A specimen apparently of the boa scytale called in Venezuela "La Culebra de Agua," or water serpent, and also "El Traga Venado," or deer-swallower, which measures nineteen feet and a half in length, was presented by Sir Robert Ker Porter to the United Service Museum. He states that "The flesh of this serpent is white and abundant in fat. The people of the plains never eat it, but make use of the fat as a remedy for rheumatic pains, ruptures, strains, &c."

"This serpent," says Sir B. K. Porter, "is not venomous nor known to injure man (at least not in this part of the New World;) however, the natives stand in great fear of it, never bathing in waters where it is known to exist. Its common haunt, or rather domicile, is invariably near lakes, swamps, and rivers; likewise close wet ravines produced by inundations of the periodical rains: hence, from its aquatic habits, its first appellation. Fish and those animals which repair there to drink, are the objects of its prey. The creature lurks watchfully under cover of the water, and, whilst the unsuspecting animal is drinking, suddenly makes a dash at the nose, and with a grip of its back-raclining double range of teeth never fails to secure the terrified beast beyond the power of escape."

It would appear that boas are apt to be carried out to sea by sudden floods, and are sometimes drifted alive on distant coasts. The Rev. Lansdown Guilding, writing in the Island of St. Vincent, says, "A noble specimen of the boa constrictor was lately conveyed to us by the currents, twisted round the trunk of a large sound cedar tree, which had probably been washed out of the bank, by the floods of some great South American river, while its huge folds hang on the branches as it waited for its prey. The monster was fortunately destroyed after

killing a few sheep, and his skeleton now hangs before me in my study, putting me in mind how much reason I might have had to fear in my future rambles through St. Vincent, had this formidable animal been a pregnant female and escaped to a safe retreat."

The pythons closely resemble the true boas, but have the subcaudal plates double; the muzzle is sheathed with plates, and those covering the mouth of the jaws have pits. These snakes, which equal or exceed the boas in magnitude, are natives of India, Africa, and Australia.

Pliny speaks of snakes in India of such a size as to be capable of swallowing stags and bulls; and Valerius Maximus, quoting a lost portion of Pliny's work, narrates the alarm into which the troops under Regulus were thrown by a serpent which had its lair on the banks of the river Bagradas, between Utica and Carthage, and which intercepted the passage to the river. It resisted ordinary weapons, and killed many of the men; till at last it was destroyed by heavy stones thrown from military engines used in battering walls; its length is stated as a hundred and twenty feet. Regulus carried its skin and jaws to Rome, and deposited them in one of the temples, where they remained till the time of the Numantine war.

Diodorus Siculus relates the account of the capture of a serpent, not without loss of life, in Egypt, which measured thirty cubits long; it was taken to Alexandria. Suetonius speaks of a serpent exhibited at Rome in front of the Comitium, fifty cubits in length.

Though we do not refuse credit to these narratives, it must be added that in modern days we have not seen serpents of such magnitude; yet they may exist. Bontius observes that some of the Indian pythons exceed thirty-six feet in length, and says that they swallow wild boars, adding, "there are those alive who partook with General Peter Both, of a recently swallowed hog cut out of the belly of a serpent of this kind."

These snakes, he observes, are not poisonous, but strangle a man or other animal by powerful compression. The Ular Sawa, or great Python of the Sunda Isles, is said to exceed when full-grown, thirty feet in length; and it is narrated that a "Malay prow being anchored for the night under the Island of Celebes, one of the crew went ashore, in search of betel nut, and, as was supposed, fell asleep on the beach, on his return. In the dead of night, his companions on board were

aroused by dreadful screams; they immediately went ashore, but they came too late, the cries had ceased—the man had breathed his last in the folds of an enormous serpent, which they killed. They cut off the head of the snake and carried it, together with the lifeless body of their comrade, to the vessel; the right wrists of the corpse bore the marks of the serpent's teeth, and the disfigured body showed that the man had been crushed by the constriction of the reptile round the head, neck, breast, and thigh."

Mr. McLeod, in his voyage of H.M.S. *Alceste*, after describing the mode in which a python on board, sixteen feet in length, crushed and gorged a goat, the distressing cries of which on being introduced into the serpent's cage, could not but excite compassion, goes on to say that during a captivity of some months at Whidah, in the kingdom of Dahomey, on the coast of Africa, he had opportunities of observing pythons of more than double that size, and which were capable of swallowing animals much larger than goats or sheep. "Governor Abson," he adds, "who had for thirty-seven years resided at Fort William, one of the African Company's settlements there, describes some desperate struggles which he had seen, or which had come to his knowledge, between the snakes and wild beasts as well as the smaller cattle, in which the former were always victorious. A negro herdsman belonging to Mr. Abson, and who afterwards limped for many years about the fort, had been seized by one of these monsters by the thigh; but from his situation in a wood the serpent in attempting to throw himself around him got entangled in a tree; and the man being thus preserved from a state of compression, which would instantly have rendered him quite powerless, had presence of mind enough to cut with a large knife which he carried about with him, deep gashes in the neck and throat of his antagonist, thereby killing him, and disengaging himself from his frightful situation. He never afterwards, however, recovered the use of his limb, which had sustained considerable injury from the fangs and mere force of his jaws."

Ludolph states that enormous snakes exist in Ethiopia: and Bosman informs us that entire men have been found in the gullet of serpents on the Gold coast. In the "Oriental Annual" is the following narrative, explanatory of a well-known picture by W. Daniell: "A few years before our visit to Calcutta," says the writer, "the captain of a country ship while passing the Sunderbunds sent a boat into one of the creeks to obtain some fresh fruits, which are cultivated by the few miserable inhabitants of this inhospitable region. Having reached the shore the crew moored the boat under a bank, and left one of their party to take care of her."

During their absence, the lascar who remained in charge of the boat, overcome by heat, lay down under the seats and fell asleep. While he was in this happy state of unconsciousness an enormous boa, python, emerged from the jungle, reached the boat, had already coiled its huge body round the sleeper, and was in the very act of crushing him to death, when his companions fortunately returned at this auspicious moment, and attacking the monster, severed a portion of its tail, which so disabled it that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily despatched, and was found to measure, as stated, sixty-two feet and some inches in length. It is hardly probable that the snake had fairly entwined round the man, for the sudden compression of the chest, had the snake exerted its strength, would have been instantly fatal.

In March, 1841, a singular circumstance occurred at the gardens of the Zoological Society, which at the time caused no little surprise. A python, eleven or twelve feet long, and one about nine feet long, were kept together in a well-secured cage; both had been fed one evening, the larger one with three guinea pigs and a rabbit; but, as it would appear, his appetite was unsatiated. The next morning, when the keeper came to look into the cage, the smaller python was missing—its escape was impossible—and the question was what had become of it?

The truth was evident—its larger companion had swallowed it. There it lay torpid, and bloated to double its ordinary dimensions. How it accomplished the act is not known, but we may imagine a fearful struggle to have taken place, as wreathing round each other they battled for the mastery; unless, indeed, the victim was itself torpid and incapable of resistance.

The Tiger Python, (*Python, tigris*), is a native of India and Java, and is often brought over to England for exhibition. It was, we believe, from one of these species that Mr. Cops, the keeper of the lion office was in imminent danger, as narrated by Mr. Broderip.

The animal was near shedding its skin, and consequently nearly blind, for the skin of the eye, which is shed with the rest of the slough, becomes then opaque, when Mr. Cops, wishing it to feed, held a fowl to its head. The snake darted at the bird, but missed it, seizing the keeper by the left thumb, and coiled round his arm and neck in a moment. Mr. Cops, who was alone, did not lose his presence of mind, and immediately attempted to relieve himself of the powerful constriction by getting at the snake's head. But the serpent had so knotted

himself on his own head, that Mr. Cops could not reach it, and had thrown himself on the floor in order to grapple with a better chance of success, when two other keepers coming in broke the teeth of the serpent, and with some difficulty relieved Mr. Cops from his perilous situation. Two broken teeth were extracted from the thumb, which soon healed, and no material inconvenience was the result of this frightful adventure.

Mr. Cumming, to whose exploits we have so frequently referred, gives the following account of a day's adventures, one of which was an amusing affair with a large python.

On the 26th, I rose at earliest dawn to inspect the heads of the three old buffaloes, they were all enormous old bulls, and one of them carried a most splendid head. The lions had cleaned out all his entrails; their spoor [Footnote: Spoor, *i.e.*, track] was immense. Having taken some buffalo breast and liver for breakfast, I despatched Ruyter to the wagons to call the natives to remove the carcasses, while I and Kleinboy held through the hills to see what game might be in the next glen which contained water. On my way thither, we started a fine old buck koodoo, which I shot, putting both barrels into him at one hundred yards. As I was examining the spoor of the game by the fountain, I suddenly detected an enormous old rock-snake stealing in beside a mass of rock beside me. He was truly an enormous snake, and, having never before dealt with this species of game, I did not exactly know how to set about capturing him. Being very anxious to preserve his skin entire, and not wishing to have recourse to my rifle, I cut a stout and tough stick about eight feet long, and having lightened myself of my shooting-belt, I commenced the attack. Seizing him by the tail, I tried to get him out of his place of refuge; but I hauled in vain; he only drew his large folds firmer together; I could not move him. At length I got a rheim round one of his folds about the middle of his body, and Kleinboy and I commenced hauling away in good earnest.

The snake, finding the ground too hot for him, relaxed his coils, and, suddenly bringing round his head to the front, he sprang out at us like an arrow, with his immense and hideous mouth opened to its largest dimensions, and before I could get out of the way he was clean out of his hole, and made a second spring, throwing himself forward about eight or ten feet, and snapping his horrid fangs within a foot of my legs. I sprang out of his way, and, getting hold of the green bough I had cut, returned to the charge. The snake was now gliding along at top speed: he knew the ground well, and was making for a mass

of broken rocks, where he would have been beyond my reach, but before he could gain this place of refuge I caught him two or three tremendous whacks on the head. He, however, held on, and gained a pool of muddy water, which he was rapidly crossing, when I again belabored him, and at length reduced his pace to a stand. We then hanged him by the neck to a bough of a tree, and in about fifteen minutes he seemed dead, but he again became very troublesome during the operation of skinning, twisting his body in all manner of ways. This serpent measured fourteen feet.

Adventure with Buffalo and Elephant.

The Cape Buffalo we have already described, and we now refer to him again only for the purpose of quoting Mr. Cumming's account of a spirited fight with one. He thus relates the affair.

On the evening of the next day I had a glorious row with an old bull buffalo: he was the only large bull in a fine herd of cows. I found their spoor while walking ahead of the wagon, and following it up, I came upon a part of the herd feeding quietly in a dense part of the forest. I fired my first shot at a cow, which I wounded. The other half of the herd then came up right in my face, within six yards of me. They would have trampled on me if I had not sung out in their faces and turned them. I selected the old bull and sent a bullet into his shoulder. The herd then crashed along through the jungle to my right, but he at once broke away from them and took to my left. On examining his spoor, I found it bloody. I then went to meet my wagons, which I heard coming on, and, ordering the men to outspan, I took all my dogs to the spoor. They ran it up in fine style, and in a few minutes the silence of the forest was disturbed by a tremendous bay. On running towards the sound I met the old fellow coming on towards the wagons, with all my dogs after him. I saluted him with a second ball in the shoulder; he held on and took up a position in the thicket within forty yards of the wagons, where I finished him. He carried a most splendid head.

In another part of his narrative, Mr. Cumming thus describes a desperate battle with an elephant.

On the 27th I cast loose my horses at earliest dawn of day, and then I lay half asleep for two hours, when I arose to consume coffee and rhinoceros. Having breakfasted, I started with a party of natives to search for elephants in a southerly direction. We held along the gravelly bed of a periodical river, in which were abundance of holes excavated by the elephants in quest of water. Here the spoor of rhinoceros was extremely plentiful, and in every hole where they had drunk the print of the horn was visible. We soon found the spoor of an old bull elephant, which led us into a dense forest, where the ground was particularly unfavorable for spooring; we, however, threaded it out for a considerable distance, when it joined the spoor of other bulls.

The natives now requested me to halt, while the men went off in different directions to reconnoitre. In the mean time a tremendous conflagration was roaring and crackling close to windward of us. It was caused by the Bakalahari burning the old dry grass to enable the young to spring up with greater facility, whereby they retained the game in their dominions. The fire stretched away for many miles on either side of us, darkening the forest far to leeward with a dense and impenetrable canopy of smoke. Here we remained for about half an hour, when one of the men returned, reporting that he had discovered elephants. This I could scarcely credit, for I fancied that the extensive fire which raged so fearfully must have driven, not only elephants, but every living creature out of the district, The native, however, pointed to his eye, repeating the word "Klow," and signed to me to follow him.

My guide led me about a mile through dense forest, when we reached a little wellwood hill, to whose summit we ascended, whence a view might have been obtained of the surrounding country, had not volumes of smoke obscured the scenery far and wide, as though issuing from the funnels of a thousand steamboats. Here, to my astonishment, my guide halted, and pointed to the thicket close beneath me, when I instantly perceived the colossal backs of a herd of bull elephants. There they stood quietly browsing on the lee side of the hill, while the fire in its might was raging to windward within two hundred yards of them.

I directed Johannus to choose an elephant, and promised to reward him should he prove successful. Galloping furiously down the hill, I started the elephants with an unearthly yell, and instantly selected the finest in the herd. Placing myself alongside, I fired both barrels behind his shoulder, when he instantly turned upon me, and in his impetuous career charged head foremost

against a large bushy tree which he sent flying before him high in the air with tremendous force, coming down at the same moment violently on his knees. He then met the raging fire, when, altering his course, he wheeled to the right-about. As I galloped after him I perceived another noble elephant meeting us in an opposite direction, and presently the gallant Johannus hove in sight, following his quarry at a respectful distance. Both elephants held on together, so I shouted to Johannus, "I will give your elephant a shot in the shoulder and you must try to finish him." Spurring my horse, I rode close alongside, and gave the fresh elephant two balls immediately behind the shoulder, when he parted from mine, Johannus following; but before many minutes had elapsed that mighty Nimrod reappeared, having fired one shot and lost his prey.

In the mean time I was loading and firing as fast as could be, sometimes at the head, sometimes behind the shoulder, until my elephant's fore-quarters were a mass of gore, notwithstanding which he continued to hold stoutly on, leaving the grass and branches of the forest scarlet in his wake.

On one occasion he endeavored to escape by charging desperately amid the thickest of the flames; but this did not avail, and I was soon once more alongside. I blazed away at this elephant, until I began to think that he was proof against my weapons. Having fired thirty-five rounds with my two-grooved rifle, I opened fire upon him with the Dutch six-pounder; and when forty bullets had perforated his hide, he began for the first time to evince signs of a dilapidated constitution. He took up a position in a grove; and as the dogs kept barking round him, he backed stern foremost amongst the trees, which yielded before his gigantic strength. Poor old fellow! he had long braved my deadly shafts, but I plainly saw that it was all over with him; so I resolved to expend no further ammunition, but hold him in view until he died. Throughout the chase this elephant repeatedly cooled his person with large quantities of water, which he ejected from his trunk over his back and sides; and just as the pangs of death came over him, he stood trembling violently beside a thorny tree, and kept pouring water into his bloody mouth until he died, when he pitched heavily forward, with the whole weight of his fore-quarters resting on the points of his tusks.

A most singular occurrence now took place. He lay in this posture for several seconds, but the amazing pressure of the carcass was more than the head was able to support. He had fallen with his head so short under him that the tusks received little assistance from his legs. Something must give way. The strain on

the mighty tusks was fair; they did not, therefore, yield; but the portion of his head in which his trunk was imbedded, extending a long way above the eye, yielded and burst with a muffled crash. The tusk was thus free, and turned right round in his head, so that a man could draw it out, and the carcass fell over and rested on its side. This was a very first-rate elephant, and the tusks he carried were long and perfect.

Hunting the Orix and the Lion.

Mr. Cumming was extremely desirous to fall in with an oryx, and carry off his fine head with its splendid long horns as a trophy. He thus describes a long but successful chase for one.

At an early hour on the morning of the 16th, Paterson and I took the field, accompanied by our three after-riders, and having ridden several miles in a northerly direction, we started an oryx, to which Paterson and his after-rider immediately gave chase. I then rode in an easterly direction, and shortly fell in with a fine old cow oryx, which we instantly charged. She stole away at a killing pace, her black tail streaming in the wind, and her long, sharp horns laid well back over her shoulders. Aware of her danger, and anxious to gain the desert, she put forth her utmost speed and strained across the bushy plain. She led us a tearing chase of upwards of five miles in a northerly course, Cobus sticking well into her, and I falling far behind. After a sharp burst of about three miles, Cobus and the grey disappeared over a ridge about half a mile ahead of me. I mounted a fresh horse, which had been led by Jacob, and followed. On gaining the ridge, I perceived the grey disappearing over another ridge, a fearfully long way ahead. When I reached this point I commanded an extremely extensive prospect, but no living object was visible on the desolate plain.

Whilst deliberating in which direction to ride, I suddenly heard a pistol-shot, some distance to my left, which I knew to be Cobus's signal that the oryx was at bay. Having ridden half a mile, I discovered Cobus dismounted in a hollow, and no oryx in view. He had succeeded in riding the quarry to a stand, and, I not immediately appearing, he very injudiciously had at once lost sight of the buck and left it.

Having upbraided Cobus in no measured terms for his stupidity, I sought to retrieve the fortunes of the day by riding in the direction in which he had left the oryx. The ground here was uneven and interspersed with low hillocks. We extended our front and rode on up wind, and, having crossed two or three ridges, I discovered a troop of bucks a long way ahead. Having made for these, they turned out to be hartebeests. At this moment I perceived three magnificent oryx a short distance to my left. On observing us, they cantered along the ridge towards a fourth oryx, which I at once perceived to be "embossed with foam and dark with soil," and knew to be the antelope sought for. Once more we charged her.

Our horses had now considerably recovered their wind, but the poor oryx was much distressed; and after a chase of half a mile I jumped off my horse and sent a bullet through her ribs, which brought her to a stand, when I finished her with the other barrel. She proved a fine old cow with very handsome horns; the spot on which she fell being so sterile that we could not even obtain the smallest bushes with which to conceal her from the vultures, we covered her with my after-rider's saddle-cloth, which consisted of a large blanket. The head, on which I placed great value, we cut off and bore along with us.

On my way home I come across Paterson's after-rider, "jaging" a troop of gemsboks, but fearfully to leeward, his illustrious master being nowhere in sight. An hour after I reached the camp Paterson came in, in a towering rage, having been unlucky in both his chases. I now despatched one of my wagons to bring home my oryx. It returned about twelve o'clock that night, carrying the skin of my gemsbok and also a magnificent old blue wildebeest (the brindled gnoo,) which the Hottentots had obtained in an extraordinary manner. He was found with one of his fore legs caught over his horn, so that he could not run, and they hamstrung him and cut his throat. He had probably managed to get himself into this awkward attitude while fighting with some of his fellows. The vultures had consumed all the flesh of the oryx, and likewise torn my blanket with which I had covered her.

Mr. Gumming thus describes an innumerable herd of blesboks which he encountered in the plains of Africa.

The game became plentiful in about ten days after we left Colesberg, but when we came to the Vet River I beheld with astonishment and delight decidedly one of the most wonderful displays which I had witnessed during my varied sporting career in Southern Africa. On my right and left the plain exhibited one purple mass of graceful blesboks, which extended without a break as far as my eyes could strain: the depth of their vast legions covered a breadth of about six hundred yards. On pressing upon them, they cantered along before me, not exhibiting much alarm, taking care, however, not to allow me to ride within six hundred yards of them. On, on I rode, intensely excited with the wondrous scene before me, and hoped at length to get to windward of at least some portion of the endless living mass which darkened the plain, but in vain. Like squadrons of dragoons, the entire breadth of this countless herd held on their forward course as if aware of my intention, and resolved not to allow one to weather them.

At length I determined to play upon their ranks, and, pressing my horse to his utmost speed, I dashed forward, and, suddenly halting, sprang from the saddle, and, giving my rifle at least two feet of elevation, red right and left into one of their darkest masses. A noble buck dropped to the right barrel, and the second shot told loudly; no buck however, fell, and, after lying for half a minute the prostrate blesbok rose, and was quickly lost sight of amongst the retreating herd.

In half a minute I was again loaded, and after galloping a few hundred yards let drive into them, but was still unsuccessful. Excited, and annoyed at my want of luck, I resolved to follow them up, and blaze away while a shot remained in the locker, which I did; until, after riding about eight or ten miles, I found my ammunition expended, and not a single blesbok bagged, although at least a dozen must have been wounded. It was now high time to retrace my steps and seek my wagons. I accordingly took a point, and rode across the trackless country in the direction for which they were steering.

I very soon once more fell in with fresh herds of thousands of blesboks. As it was late in the day, and I being on the right side for the wind, the blesboks were very tame, and allowed me to ride along within rifle-shot of them, and those which ran barged resolutely past me up the wind in long-continued streams. I took a lucky course for the wagons, and came right upon them, after they had outspanned on the bank of the Vet River. I could willingly have devoted a month to blesbok-shooting in this hunter's elysium.

The following is one of Mr. Cumming's most remarkable lion hunts.

We trekked up along the banks of the river for the Mariqua, and a little before sundown fell in with two enormous herds of buffaloes, one of which, consisting chiefly of bulls, stood under the shady trees on one side of the bank, whilst the other, composed chiefly of cows and calves, stood on the opposite side, a little higher up the river. In all there were at least three hundred. Thinking it probable that if I hunted them I might kill some old bull with a head perhaps worthy of my collection, I ordered my men to outspan, and, having saddled steeds, I gave chase to the herd of bulls, accompanied by Booi and my dogs. After a short burst they took through the river, whereby I lost sight of an old bull which carried the finest head in the herd. My dogs, however, brought a cow to bay as they crossed the river, which I shot standing in the water, but not before she had killed a particularly favorite bull-dog, named Pompey.

I then continued the chase, and again came up with the herd, which was now considerably scattered: and after a sharp chase, part of which was through a wait-a-bit thorn cover, I brought eight or nine fine bulls to bay in lofty reeds at the river's margin, exactly opposite to my camp; of these I singled out the two best heads, one of which I shot with five balls, and wounded the other badly, but he made off while I was engaged with his comrade.

In the morning I instructed four of my people to cross the river, and bring over a supply of buffalo meat. These men were very reluctant to go, fearing a lion might have taken possession of the carcase. On proceeding to reconnoitre from our side, they beheld the majestic beast they dreaded walk slowly up the opposite bank from the dead buffalo, and take up a position on the top of the bank under some shady thorn-trees. I resolved to give him battle, and rode forth with my double-barrelled Westly Richards rifle, followed by men leading the dogs. Present, who was one of the party, carried his *roer*, no doubt to perform wonders. The wind blew up the river; I accordingly held up to seek a drift, and crossed a short distance above where the buffalo lay. As we drew near the spot, I observed the lion sitting on the top of the bank, exactly where he had been seen last by my people.

On my right and within two hundred yards of me, was a very extensive troop of pallahs, which antelope invariably manage to be in the way when it is not wanted. On this occasion, however, I succeeded in preventing my dogs from observing them. When the lion saw us coming, he overhauled us for a moment, and then slunk back for concealment; being well to leeward of him I ordered the dogs to be slipped, and galloped forward. On finding that he was attacked, the lion at first made a most determined bolt for it, followed by all the dogs at a racing pace; and when they came up with him he would not bay, but continued his course down the bank of the river, keeping close in beside the reeds, growling terribly at the dogs, which kept up an incessant angry barking.

The bank of the river was intersected by deep watercourses, and the ground being extremely slippery from the rain which had fallen during the night, I was unable to overtake him until he came to bay in a patch of lofty dense reeds which grew on the lower bank, immediately adjacent to the river's margin. I had brought out eleven of my dogs, and before I could come up three of them were killed. On reaching the spot I found it impossible to obtain the slightest glimpse of the lion, although the ground favored me, I having the upper bank to stand upon; so, dismounting from my horse, I tried to guess, from his horrid growling,

his exact position, and fired several shots on chance, but none of these hit him. I then commenced pelting him with lumps of earth and sticks, there being no stones at hand. This had the effect of making him change his position, but he still kept in the densest part of the reeds, where I could do nothing with him.

Presently my followers came up, who, as a matter of course, at once established themselves safely in the tops of thorn trees. After about ten minutes' bullying, the lion seemed to consider his quarters too hot for him, and suddenly made a rush to escape from his persecutors, continuing his course down along the edge of the river. The dogs, however, again gave him chase, and soon brought him to bay in another dense patch of reeds, just as bad as the last.

Out of this in a few minutes I managed to start him, when he bolted up the river, and came to bay in a narrow strip of reeds. Here he lay so close that for a long time I could not ascertain his whereabouts; at length, however, he made a charge among the dogs, and, coming forward, took up a position near the outside of the reeds, where for the first time I was enabled to give him a shot. My ball entered his body a little behind the shoulder. On receiving it he charged growling after the dogs, but not farther than the edge of the reeds, out of which he was extremely reluctant to move I gave him a second shot, firing for his head; my ball entered at the edge of his eye, and passed through the back of the roof of his mouth.

The lion then sprang up, and, facing about, dashed through the reeds, and plunged into the river, across he swam, dyeing the waters with his blood; one black dog, named "Schwart," alone pursued him. A huge crocodile, attracted by the blood, followed in their wake, but fortunately did not take my dog, which I much feared he would do. Present fired at the lion as he swam, and missed him; both my barrels were empty. Before, however, the lion could reach the opposite bank, I had one loaded without patch, and just as his feet gained the ground I made a fine shot at him neck, and turned him over dead on the spot. Present, Carollus, and Adonis then swam in and brought him through. We landed him by an old hippopotamus footpath, and the day being damp and cold, we kindled a fire, beside which we skinned him.

While this was going forward I had a painful duty to perform, viz. to load one barrel, and blow out Rascality's brains, whom the lion had utterly disabled in his after-quarters. Thus ended this protracted and all but unsuccessful hunt; for when I at length managed to shoot him, the dogs were quite tired of it, and, the reeds

being green, I could not have set them on fire to force him out.

The lion proved to be a first-rate one; he was in the prime of life, and had an exquisitely beautiful coat of hair. His mane was not very rank; his awful teeth were quite perfect, a thing which in lions of his age is rather unusual; and he had the finest tuft of hair on the end of his tail that I had ever seen in a lion.

In the chase, my after-rider, who fortunately did not carry my rifle, got a tremendous capsize from bad riding, a common occurrence with most after-riders who have been employed in my service. The afternoon was spent in drying the mane of the wet lion, skinning out the feet, and preserving the skin with alum and arsenical soap.

Hunting the Giraffe.

Mr. Cumming thus describes the giraffe. These gigantic and exquisitely beautiful animals, which are admirably formed by nature to adorn the fair forests that clothe the boundless plains of the interior, are widely distributed throughout the interior of Southern Africa, but are nowhere to be met with in great numbers. In countries unmolested by the intrusive foot of man, the giraffe is found generally in herds varying from twelve to sixteen; but I have not unfrequently met with herds containing thirty individuals, and on one occasion I counted forty together; this, however, was owing to chance, and about sixteen may be reckoned as the average number of a herd. These herds are composed of giraffes of various sizes, from the young giraffe of nine or ten feet in height, to the dark chestnut-colored old bull of the herd, whose exalted head towers above his companions, generally attaining a height of upwards of eighteen feet. The females are of lower stature and more delicately formed than the males, their height averaging from sixteen to seventeen feet.

Some writers have discovered ugliness and a want of grace in the giraffe, but I consider that he is one of the most strikingly beautiful animals in the creation; and when a herd of them is seen scattered through a grove of the picturesque parasol-topped acacias which adorn their native plains, and on whose uppermost shoots they are enabled to browse by the colossal height with which nature has

so admirably endowed them, he must indeed be slow of conception who fails to discover both grace and dignity in all their movements.

On the 24th, at the dawn of day, we inspanned, and trekked about five hours in a northeasterly course, through a boundless open country, sparingly adorned with dwarfish old tree. In the distance the long-sought mountains of Bamangwato at length loomed blue before me. We halted beside a glorious fountain, which at once made me forget all the cares and difficulties I had encountered in reaching it.

The name of this fountain was Massouey, but I at once christened it "the Elephant's own Fountain." This was a very remarkable spot on the southern borders of endless elephant forests, at which I had at length arrived. The fountain was deep and strong, situated in a hollow at the eastern extremity of an extensive vley, and its margin was surrounded by a level stratum of solid old red sandstone. Here and there lay a thick layer of soil upon a rock, and this was packed flat with the fresh spoors of elephants. Around the water's edge the very rock was worn down by the gigantic feet which for ages had trodden there.

The soil of the surrounding country was white and yellow sand, but grass, trees, and bushes were abundant. From the borders of the fountain a hundred well-trodden elephant foot-paths led away in every direction, like the radii of a circle. The breadth of the paths was about three feet; those leading to the northward and east was most frequented, the country in those directions being well wooded.

We drew up the wagons on a hillock on the eastern side of the water. This position commanded a good view of any game that might approach to drink. I had just cooked my breakfast, and commenced to feed when I heard my men exclaim, "Almatig keek de ghroote clomp cameel;" and raising my eyes from my sassayby stew, I beheld a truly beautiful and very unusual scene. From the margin of the fountain there extended an open level vley, without tree or bush, that stretched away about a mile to the northward, where it was bounded by extensive grooves of wide-spreading mimosas. Up the middle of this vley stalked a troop of ten colossal giraffes, flanked by two large herds of blue wildebeests and zebras, with an advance guard of pallahs. They were all coming to the fountain to drink, and would be within rifle-shot of the wagons before I could finish my breakfast. I, however, continued to swallow my food with the utmost expedition, having directed my men to catch and saddle Colesberg.

In a few minutes the giraffes were slowly advancing within two hundred yards, stretching their graceful necks, and gazing in wonder at the unwonted wagons. Grasping my rifle, I now mounted Colesberg, and rode slowly toward them. They continued gazing at the wagons until I was within one hundred yards of them, when, whisking their long tails over their rumps, they made off at an easy canter. As I pressed upon them they increased their pace; but Colesberg had much the speed of them, and before we had proceeded half a mile I was riding by the shoulder of the dark chestnut old bull, whose head towered above the rest. Letting fly at the gallop, I wounded him behind the shoulder; soon after which I broke him from the herd, and presently going ahead of him, he came to a stand. I then gave him a second bullet, somewhere near the first. These two shots had taken effect, and he was now in my power, but I would not lay him low so far from camp; so having waited until he had regained his breath I drove him half way back toward the wagons. Here he became obstreperous; so loading one barrel, and pointing my rifle toward the clouds, I shot him in the throat, when, rearing high, he fell backward and expired.

This was a magnificent specimen of the giraffe, measuring upwards of eighteen feet in height. I stood for nearly half an hour engrossed in the contemplation of his extreme beauty and gigantic proportions; and if there had been no elephants, I could have exclaimed, like Duke Alexander of Gordon, when he killed the famous old stag with seventeen tine, "Now I can die happy." But I longed for an encounter with the noble elephants, and I thought little more of the giraffe than if I had killed a gemsbok or an eland.

There are various modes of capturing giraffes. The Americans, who seek them for their menageries, have the Mexican lasso, a long cord which is thrown over the animal's head; and by casting him to the ground and surrounding him by a large force of hunters, he is then captured without difficulty.

Mr. Cumming thus notices the pitfalls used by the natives of Africa for taking the giraffe and other animals:—Starvation was written in the faces of these inhabitants of the forest. In their miserable villages were a few small gardens, containing watermelons and a little corn. Occasionally they have the luck to capture some large animal in a pitfall, when for a season they live in plenty. But as they do not possess salt, the flesh soon spoils, when they are compelled once more to roam the forests in quest of fruits and roots, on which, along with locusts, they in a great measure subsist. In districts where game is abundant, they often construct their pits on a large scale, and erect hedges in the form of a

crescent, extending to nearly a mile on either side of the pit. By this means, the game may easily be driven into the pitfalls which are easily covered over with thin sticks and dry grass; and thus whole herds of zebras and wildebeests are massacred at once, which capture is followed by the most disgusting banquets, the poor starving savages gorging and surfeiting in a manner worthy only of the vulture or hyæna. They possess no cattle, and, if they did, the nearest chief would immediately rob them. All parts of the country abounded with pitfalls made by these and others of the Bakalahari. Many of these had been dug expressly for the giraffe, and were generally three feet wide, and ten long; their depth was from nine to ten feet. They were placed in the path of the giraffe, and in the vicinity of several of these we detected the bones of giraffes, indicating the success that had attended their formation.

M'Dougal and the Indian

Several years previous to the Revolution a Scotchman and his wife, named M'Dougal, emigrated to America. Having but very little money, he purchased land where it was then sold for almost nothing, in a country thinly peopled, and on the extreme verge of civilization.

His first care was to construct a house and clear away some of the trees around it. This done, he spent his whole time, early and late, in making a garden and cultivating a few fields. By unwearied industry and with the occasional help of older settlers, he by degrees acquired a stock of cattle, sheep, and pigs, and was in a rough way, possessed of a comfortable independence. His greatest discomforts were, distance from his neighbors, the church, market, and even the mill; but, above all, the complete separation from his friends; and this he would have felt still more had he been an idle man.

One day, Farmer M'Dougal, having a quantity of corn to grind, knowing that the distance was considerable, and the road none of the smoothest, set out in the morning at sunrise, hoping he should reach home again before dark.

When the farmer was at home he always drove up the cows for his wife to milk, morning and evening; but now this care devolved on her, and the careful

woman went out in quest of them. Not accustomed to go far from the house, she found herself in an unknown country, and, with neither pocket compass nor notched trees to guide, it is not to be wondered that she wandered long and wearily to very little purpose. Tall trees seemed to encompass her on every side, or where the view was more open, she beheld the distant blue hills rising one behind another; but no village spire or cottage chimney was there to cheer her on her way, and fatigued with the search, and despairing of finding the cattle, she resolved while it was yet light, to retrace her steps homeward.

But this resolution was more easily formed than executed; she became completely bewildered; she knew not in which direction to turn, and, at length, with tears in her eyes, and her mind agitated almost to distraction, she sunk on the ground. But she had not rested there many minutes before she was startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, on looking up, she beheld before her an Indian hunter.

Although Mrs. M'Dougal knew that there were Indians living in the neighborhood, she had never yet seen one, and her terror was very great. The Indian, however, knew her; he had seen her before, he knew where she lived, and he instantly guessed the cause of her distress. He could speak but a few words of English; but he made signs for her to follow him. She did so, and after a few minutes' walk, they arrived at the door of an Indian wigwam. He invited her to enter, but not being able to persuade her to do so, he darted into the wigwam, and spoke a few words to his wife, who instantly appeared, and by the kindness of her manner induced the stranger to enter their humble abode. Venison was prepared for supper, and Mrs. M'Dougal, though still alarmed at the novelty of her situation, could not refuse to partake of the savory meal.

Seeing that their guest was weary, the Indians removed from their place two beautiful deer skins, and, by stretching and fixing them across, divided the wigwam into two apartments. Mats were then spread in both, and the stranger was made to understand that one division was for her accommodation. But here again her courage failed her, and to the most pressing entreaties she replied that she would sit and sleep by the fire. This determination seemed to puzzle the Indian and his squaw sadly. They looked at one another, and conversed softly in their own language; and at length, the squaw taking her guest by the hand, led her to her couch and became her bedfellow.

In the morning she awoke greatly refreshed, and anxious to depart without

further delay; but this her new friends would not permit, until she had eaten of their corn cakes and venison. Then the Indian accompanied his guest, and soon conducted her to the spot where the cattle were grazing. These he drove from the wood, on the edge of which Mrs. M'Dougal descried her husband, who was equally delighted at seeing her, as her absence from home all night had caused him great uneasiness. They invited their Indian benefactor to their house, and, on his departure, presented him with a suit of clothes.

Three days after, he returned and endeavored, partly by signs, and partly by broken English, to induce Farmer M'Dougal to follow him into the forest; but he refused. Time was precious to him, who had to work hard for every thing he possessed, and the Indian repeated his entreaties in vain. The poor fellow looked grieved and disappointed; but a moment after, a sudden thought struck him. He hit on an expedient which none but an Indian hunter would have thought of.

Mrs. M'Dougal had a young child, which the Indian's quick eye had not failed to notice; and, finding that his eloquence was completely thrown away upon the parents, he approached the cradle, seized the child, and darted out of the house with the speed of an antelope. The father and mother instantly followed, calling loudly on him to return; but he had no such intention. He led them on, now slower, now faster, and occasionally turning towards them, laughing, and holding up the child to their view.

It is needless to go into all the details of this singular journey, further than to say that the Indian, instead of enticing them to his own wigwam, as they expected, halted on the margin of a most beautiful prairie, covered with the richest vegetation, and extending over several thousand acres. In a moment the child was restored to its parents, who, wondering what so strange a proceeding could mean, stood awhile panting for breath, and looking at one another with silent astonishment.

The Indian, on the other hand, seemed overjoyed at the success of his manoeuvre, and never did a human being frisk about and gesticulate with greater animation. We have heard of a professor of signs, and if such a person were wanted, the selection would not be a matter of difficulty, so long as any remnant exists in the aborigines of North America. All travellers agree in describing their gestures as highly dignified, and their countenances intelligent; and we have Mr. M'Dougal's authority for stating that the hero of this tale proved himself a perfect master of the art of eloquence his broken English was nearly in these words:

"You think Indian treacherous; you think him wish steal the child. No, no; Indian has child of his own. Indian knew you long ago; saw you when you not see him; saw you hard working man. Some white men bad, and hurt poor Indian. You not bad; you work hard for your wife and child; but you choose bad place; you never make rich there. Indian see your cattle go in forest; think you come and catch them; you not come; your wife come. Indian find her faint and weary; take her home; wife fear go in; think Indian kill her! No, no; Indian lead her back; meet you very sad; then very glad to see her. You kind to Indian; give him meat and drink, and better clothes than your own. Indian grateful; wish you come here; not come; Indian very sorry; take the child; know you follow child. If Indian farm, Indian farm here. Good ground; not many trees; make road in less than half a moon; Indians help you; Indians your friends; come, live here."

M'Dougal immediately saw the advantage that such a change would be to him, and, taking the Indian's advice, the day was soon fixed for the removal of the log-house, along with the rest of his goods and chattels; and the Indian, true to his word, brought a party of his red brethren to assist in one of the most romantic removals that ever took place, either in the Old World, or the New.

In a few days a roomy log-house was raised, and garden marked out in the most fertile and beautiful part of the prairie. The Indians continued friendly and faithful, and the good understanding; between them and the white settlers was a source of great comfort to both parties.

Contests with Jaguars

Nature, ever provident, has scattered with a bounteous hand her gifts in the country of the Orinoco, where the jaguar especially abounds. The savannahs, which are covered with grasses and slender plants, present a surprising luxuriance and diversity of vegetation; piles of granite blocks lie here and there, and, at the margins of the plains, occur deep valleys and ravines, the humid soil of which is covered with arums, heliconias, llianas. The shelves of primitive rocks, scarcely elevated above the plain, are partially covered with lichens and mosses, together with succulent plants and tufts of evergreen shrubs with shining leaves. The horizon is bounded with mountains overgrown with forests of

laurels, among which clusters of palms rise to the height of more than a hundred feet, their slender stems supporting tufts of feathery foliage. To the east of Atures other mountains appear, the ridge of which is composed of pointed cliffs, rising like huge pillars above the trees.

When these columnar masses are situated near the Orinoco, flamingoes, herons, and other wading birds perch on their summits, and look like sentinels. In the vicinity of cataracts, the moisture which is diffused in the air, produces a perpetual verdure, and wherever soil has accumulated on the plains, it is adorned by the beautiful shrubs of the mountains.

Such is one view of the picture, but it has its dark side also; those flowing waters, which fertilize the soil, abound with alligators: those charming shrubs and flourishing plants, are the hiding places of deadly serpents; those laurel forests, the favorite lurking spot of the fierce jaguar; while the atmosphere, so clear and lovely, abounds with mosquitoes and zancudoes, to such a degree that in the missions of Orinoco, the first questions in the morning when two people meet, are, "How did you find the zancudoes during the night? How are we to-day for the mosquitoes?"

It is in the solitude of this wilderness, that the jaguar, stretched out motionless and silent, upon one of the lower branches of the ancient trees, watches for its passing prey; a deer, urged by thirst, is making its way to the river, and approaches the tree where this enemy lies in wait. The jaguar's eyes dilate, the ears are thrown down, and the whole frame becomes flattened against the branch. The deer, all unconscious of danger, draws near, every limb of the jaguar quivers with excitement every fibre is stiffened for the spring; then, with the force of a bow unbent, he darts with a terrific yell upon his prey, seizes it by the back of the neck, a blow is given by his powerful paw, and with broken spine the deer falls lifeless to the earth. The blood is then sucked, and the prey dragged to some favorite haunt, where it is devoured at leisure.

Humboldt surprised a jaguar in his retreat. It was near the Joval, below the mouth of the Cano de la Tigrera, that in the midst of wild and awful scenery, he saw an enormous jaguar stretched beneath the shade of a large mimosa. He had just killed a chiguire, an animal about the size of a pig, which he held with one of his paws, while the vultures were assembled in flocks around. It was curious to observe the mixture of boldness and timidity which these birds exhibited; for although they advanced within two feet of the jaguar, they instantly shrunk back

at the least motion he made. In order to observe more clearly their proceedings, the travellers went into their little boat, when the tyrant of the forest withdrew behind the bushes, leaving his victim, upon which the vultures attempted to devour it, but were soon put to flight by the jaguar rushing into the midst of them.

The following night, Humboldt and his party were entertained by a jaguar hunter, half-naked, and as brown as a Zambo, who prided himself on being of the European race; and called his wife and daughter, who were as slightly clothed as himself, Donna Isabella and Donna Manuela. As this aspiring personage had neither home nor hut, he invited the strangers to swing their hammocks near his own between two trees, but, as ill-luck would have it, a thunder storm came on, which wetted them to the skin; but their troubles did not end here, for Donna Isabella's cat had perched on one of the trees, and frightened by the thunderstorm, jumped down upon one of the travellers in his cot; he naturally supposed that he was attacked by a wild beast, and as smart a battle took place between the two, as that celebrated feline engagement of Don Quixotte; the cat, who, perhaps had most reason to consider himself an ill-used personage, at length bolted, but the fears of the gentleman had been excited to such degree, that he could hardly be quieted. The following night was not more propitious to slumber. The party finding no tree convenient, had stuck their oars in the sand, and suspended their hammocks upon them. About eleven, there arose in the immediately adjoining wood, so terrific a noise, that it was impossible to sleep. The Indians distinguished the cries of sapagous, alouates, jaguars, cougars, peccaris, sloths, curassows, paraquas, and other birds, so that there must have been as full a forest chorus as Mr. Hullah himself could desire.

When the jaguars approached the edge of the forest, which they frequently did, a dog belonging to the party began to howl, and seek refuge under their cots. Sometimes, after a long silence, the cry of the jaguars came from the tops of the trees, when it was followed by an outcry among the monkeys. Humboldt supposes the noise thus made by the inhabitants of the forest during the night, to be the effect of some contest that had arisen among them.

On the pampas of Paraguay, great havoc is committed among the herds of horses by the jaguars, whose strength is quite sufficient to enable them to drag off one of these animals. Azara caused the body of a horse, which had been recently killed by a jaguar, to be drawn within musket-shot of a tree, in which he intended to pass the night, anticipating that the jaguar would return in the course

of it, to its victim; but while he was gone to prepare for his adventure, behold the animal swam across a large and deep river, and having seized the horse with his teeth, dragged it full sixty paces to the river, swam across again with his prey, and then dragged the carcass into a neighboring wood: and all this in sight of a person, whom Azara had placed to keep watch. But the jaguars have also an aldermanic gout for turtles, which they gratify in a very systematic manner, as related by Humboldt, who was shown large shells of turtles emptied by them.

They follow the turtles toward the beach, where the laying of eggs is to take place, surprise them on the sand, and in order to devour them at their ease, adroitly turn them on their backs; and as they turn many more than they can devour in one night, the Indians often profit by their cunning. The jaguar pursues the turtle quite into the water, and when not very deep, digs up the eggs; they, with the alligator, the heron, and the gallinago vulture are the most formidable enemies the little turtles have. Humboldt justly remarks, When we reflect on the difficulty that the naturalist finds in getting out the body of the turtle, without separating the upper and the under shell, we cannot enough admire the suppleness of the jaguar's paw, which empties the double armor of the *arraus*, as if the adhering parts of the muscles had been cut by a surgical instrument.

The rivers of South America swarm with alligators, and these wage perpetual war with the jaguars. It is said, that when the jaguar surprises the alligator asleep on the hot sandbank, he attacks him in a vulnerable part under the tail, and often kills him, but let the alligator only get his antagonist into the water, and the tables are turned, for the jaguar is held under the water until he is drowned.

The onset of the jaguar is always made from behind, partaking of the stealthy treacherous character of his tribe; if a herd of animals, or a party of men be passing, it is the last that is always the object of his attack. When he has made choice of his victim, he springs upon the neck, and placing one paw upon the back of the head, while he seizes the muzzle with the other twists the head round with a sudden jerk which dislocates the spine, and deprives it instantaneously of life: sometimes, especially when satiated with food, he is indolent and cowardly, skulking in the gloomiest depths of the forest, and scared by the most trifling causes, but when urged by the cravings of hunger, the largest quadrupeds, and man himself, are attacked with fury and success.

Mr. Darwin has given an interesting account of the habits of the jaguar: the wooded banks of the great South American rivers appear to be their favorite

haunt, but south of the Plata they frequent the reeds bordering the lakes; wherever they are they seem to require water. They are particularly abundant on the isles of the Payana, their common prey being the carpincho, so that it is generally said, that where carpinchos are plentiful, there is little fear of the jaguar; possibly, however, a jaguar which has tasted human flesh, may afterwards become dainty, and like the lions of South Africa, and the tigers of India, acquire the dreadful character of maneaters, from preferring that food to all others.

It is not many years ago since a very large jaguar found his way into a church in Santa Fe; soon afterward a very corpulent padre entering, was at once killed by him: His equally stout coadjutor, wondering what had detained the padre, went to look after him, and also fell a victim to the jaguar; a third priest, marveling greatly at the unaccountable absence of the others, sought them, and the jaguar having by this time acquired a strong clerical taste, made at him also, but he, being fortunately of the slender order, dodged the animal from pillar to post, and happily made his escape; the beast was destroyed by being shot from a corner of the building, which was unroofed, and thus paid the penalty of his sacrilegious propensities.

On the Parana, they have even entered vessels by night. One dark evening the mate of a vessel, hearing a heavy but peculiar footstep on deck, went up to see what it was, and was immediately met by a jaguar, who had come on board, seeking what he could devour; a severe struggle ensued, assistance arrived, and the brute was killed, but the man lost the use of the arm which had been ground between his teeth.

The Gauchos say that the jaguar, when wandering about at night, is much tormented by the foxes yelping as they follow him: this may perhaps serve to alarm his prey, but must be as teasing to him as the attentions of swallows are to an owl, who happens to be taking a daylight promenade; and if owls ever swear, it is under these circumstances.

Mr. Darwin, when hunting on the banks of the Uruguay, was shown three well-known trees to which the jaguars constantly resort, for the purpose, it is said, of sharpening their claws. Every one must be familiar with the manner in which cats, with out-stretched legs and extended claws, will card the legs of chairs and of men; so with the jaguar; and of these trees the bark was worn quite smooth in front; on each side there were deep grooves, extending in an oblique

line nearly a yard in length. The scars were of different ages, and the inhabitants could always tell when a jaguar was in the neighborhood, by his recent autograph on one of these trees.

The Indian Parents.

Captain William Wells was a noted hunter and ranger in the western country. He was captured by the Indians when but a child, and raised among them. When the Indians defeated the United States troops, who were under the command of Generals Harmer and St. Clair, Captain Wells fought among the red men, and distinguished himself by his courage and skill. But when General Wayne was placed at the head of the United States forces in the west.

Captain Wells came over to the side of the whites, and received the command of a company of rangers, or woodmen, who acted as spies and scouts for General Wayne. The captain performed many daring exploits, and caused the Indians to feel that in losing him they had gained a terrible enemy.

Captain Wells was desperate in battle, but he often displayed much kindness and generosity. On one of his excursions with a party of rangers, through the Indian country, he came to the bank of the river St. Mary, and discovered some Indians in canoes coming across the stream. The captain dismounted, and concealed his men near the bank of the river, while he went to the bank in open view, and called to the Indians to come over. As he was dressed nearly in the Indian style, and spoke to them in their own language, the Indians, without suspicion of danger came across the river. The moment the first canoe struck the shore, Wells heard the clicking of the locks of his comrades' rifles, as they prepared to shoot the Indians. But who should be in the canoe, but his Indian father, mother, and their children! As his comrades were coming forward with their rifles cocked, ready to pour in the deadly storm, Wells called upon them to hold their hands. He then informed them who the Indians were, and solemnly declared, that the man who would attempt to injure one of them should receive a ball in his head. He continued, "That family fed me when I was hungry, clothed me when I was naked, and kindly nursed me when I was sick. In every respect they were as kind and affectionate to me as they were to their own children. No

one belonging to them shall be hurt." But four men were with the Indian party, and they did not attempt hostility. The short, pathetic speech of Captain Wells found its way to the hearts of his comrades. They entered into his feelings, threw down their rifles and tomahawks, went to the canoe, and shook hands with the trembling Indians in the most friendly manner.

Captain Wells assured the red men that they had nothing to fear from him, and after talking with them to dispel their dread, he said, that General Wayne was approaching with an overwhelming force; that the best thing that the Indians could do was to make peace; that the white men did not wish to continue the war. He urged his Indian father to keep out of danger for the future. The Indians appeared very grateful for his clemency. After the captain bade them farewell, they pushed off their canoe, and went down the river as fast as they could paddle.

Wells's conduct on this occasion proved him to be as generous as he was brave. This famous ranger was killed near Chicago, at the commencement of the war of 1812, in an attempt to save an American garrison. At that time sixty-four whites were attacked by four hundred red men, and all killed or captured. The Indians were very glad to get the scalp of Captain Wells. He was as wild a spirit as ever shouldered a rifle or wielded a tomahawk.

Attack on Captain Ward's Boat

About 1784 and '85, boats ascending the Ohio river were often fired upon by the Indians, and sometimes the crew were all killed or made prisoners. At that time, the whites had no settlements on either side of the Ohio. But Kentucky contained several very important stations. In 1785, Captain James Ward descended the river, under circumstances, which rendered a meeting with the Indians peculiarly to be dreaded.

The captain with half a dozen others, one of them his nephew, embarked in a crazy boat, about forty-five long, and eight feet wide, with no other bulwark than a single pine plank, above each gunnel. The boat was much encumbered with baggage, and seven horses were on board. Having seen no enemy for several

days, they had become secure and careless, and permitted the boat to drift within fifty yards of the Ohio shore. Suddenly several Indians showed themselves on the bank, and opened heavy fire upon the boat. The astonishment of the crew may be conceived. Captain Ward and his nephew were at the oars when the enemy appeared, and the captain knowing that their safety depended upon their ability to regain the middle of the river, kept his seat firmly, and exerted his utmost powers at the oar, but his nephew started up at the sight of the enemy, seized his rifle and was in the act of levelling it, when he received a ball in the breast, and fell dead in the bottom of the boat. Unfortunately, his oar fell into the river, and the Captain having no one to pull against him, rather urged the boat nearer to the hostile shore than otherwise. He quickly seized a plank, however, and giving his own oar to another of the crew, he took the station which his nephew had held, and unhurt by the bullets which flew around him, continued to exert himself, until the boat had reached a more respectable distance. He then, for the first time, looked around him in order to observe the condition of the crew. His nephew lay in his blood, perfectly lifeless,—the horses had been all killed or mortally wounded. Some had fallen overboard—others were struggling violently, and causing their frail bark to dip water so as to excite the most serious apprehensions.

But the crew presented the most singular spectacle. A captain, who had served with reputation in the continental army, seemed now totally bereft of his faculties. He lay upon his back in the bottom of the boat, with hands uplifted, and a countenance in which terror was personified, exclaiming in a tone of despair, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" A Dutchman, whose weight might amount at about three hundred pounds, was busily engaged in endeavoring to find shelter for his bulky person, which, from the lowness of the gunnels, was a very difficult undertaking. In spite of his utmost efforts, a portion of his posterial luxuriance, appeared above the gunnel, and afforded a mark to the enemy, which brought a constant shower of balls around it. In vain he shifted his position. The lump still appeared, and the balls still flew around it, until the Dutchman, losing all patience, raised his head above the gunnel, and in a tone of querulous remonstrance, called out, "Oh, now I git tat nonsense, tere,—will you!" Not a shot was fired from the boat.

At one time, after they had partly reined the current, Captain Ward attempted to bring his rifle to bear upon them, but so violent was the agitation of the boat, from the furious struggles of the horses, that he could not steady his piece within twenty yards of the enemy, and quickly laying it aside returned to the oar. The

Indians followed them down the river for more than an hour, but having no canoes, they did not attempt to board; and as the boat was at length transferred to the opposite side of the river, they finally abandoned the pursuit and disappeared. None of the crew, save the young man already mentioned, were hurt, although the Dutchman's seat of honor served as a target for the space of an hour, and the continental captain was deeply mortified at the sudden, and, as he said, "unaccountable" panic which had seized him. Captain Ward himself was protected by a post, which had been fastened to the gunnel, and behind which he sat while rowing.

Massy Herbeson and her Family

During the settlement of the interior of Pennsylvania, the Indians were almost constantly hostile. Houses were burned, fields desolated, and the poor, hard-working settlers were killed, or carried into a dreadful captivity. The sufferings of some of these captives can scarcely be described. The following narrative will give some idea of savage nature.

On the 22nd of May, 1792, Massy Herbeson and her children were taken from their house, within two hundred yards of Reed's blockhouse, and about twenty-five miles from Pittsburg. Mr. Herbeson, being one of the spies, was from home; two of the scouts lodged with her that night, but had left her house about sunrise, in order to go to the blockhouse, and had left the door standing wide open. Shortly after the two scouts went away, a number of Indians came into the house, and drew her out of bed by the feet; the two eldest children, who also lay in another bed were drawn out in the same manner; a younger child, about one year old slept with Mrs. Herbeson. The Indians then scattered the articles about in the house.

Whilst they were at this work, Mrs. Herbeson went out of the house, and halloed to the people in the blockhouse; one of the Indians then ran up and stopped her mouth, another ran up with his tomahawk drawn, and a third ran and seized the tomahawk and called her his squaw; this last Indian claimed her as his, and continued by her. About fifteen of the Indians then ran down towards the blockhouse and fired their guns at the block and store-house, in consequence of

which one soldier was killed and another wounded, one having been at the spring, and the other in coming or looking out of the store-house. Mrs. Herbeson told the Indians there were about forty men in the blockhouse, and each man had two guns, the Indians then went to those that were firing at the blockhouse, and brought them back.

They then began to drive Mrs. Herbeson and her children away; but a boy, about three years old, being unwilling to leave the house, they took it by the heels, and dashed it against the house, then stabbed and scalped it. They then took Mrs. Herbeson and the two other children to the top of the hill, where they stopped until they tied up the plunder they had got. While they were busy about this, Mrs. Herbeson counted them, and the number amounted to thirty-two, including two white men, that were with them, painted like the Indians. Several of the Indians could speak English, and she knew several of them very well, having often seen them go up and down the Alleghany river; two of them she knew to be Senecas, and two Munsees, who had got their guns mended by her husband about two years ago.

They sent two Indians with her, and the others took their course towards Puckty. She, the children, and the two Indians had not gone above two hundred yards, when the Indians caught two of her uncle's horses, put her and the youngest child on one, and one of the Indians and the other child on the other. The two Indians then took her and the children to the Alleghany river, and took them over in bark canoes, as they could not get the horses to swim the river. After they had crossed the river, the oldest child, a boy about five years of age, began to mourn for his brother, when one of the Indians tomahawked and scalped him. They travelled all day very hard, and that night arrived at a large camp, covered with bark, which, by appearance, might hold fifty men. That night they took her about three hundred yards from the camp, into a large dark bottom, bound her arms, gave her some bed clothes, and lay down one on each side of her.

The next morning they took her into a thicket, on the hill side, and one remained with her till the middle of the day, while the other went to watch the path, lest some white people should follow them. They then exchanged places during the remainder of the day. She got a piece of dry venison, about the size of an egg, that day, and a piece about the same size the day they were marching; that evening, (Wednesday, 23d) they moved her to a new place, and secured her as the night before. During the day of the 23'd, she made several attempts to get

the Indian's gun or tomahawk, that was guarding her, and, had she succeeded, she would have put him to death. She was nearly detected in trying to get the tomahawk from his belt.

The next morning one of the Indians went out, as on the day before, to watch the path. The other lay down and fell asleep. When she found he was sleeping, she stole her short gown, handkerchief, a child's frock, and then made her escape; the sun was then about half an hour high—she took her course from the Alleghany, in order to deceive the Indians, as they would naturally pursue her that way; that day she travelled along Conequenessing creek. The next day she altered her course, and, as she believes, fell upon the waters of Pine Creek, which empties into the Alleghany. Thinking this not her best course, she took over some dividing ridges,—lay on a dividing ridge on Friday night, and on Saturday came to Squaw run—continued down the run until an Indian, or some other person, shot a deer; she saw the person about one hundred and fifty yards from her—the deer running and the dog pursuing it, which, from the appearance, she supposed to be an Indian dog.

She then altered her course, but again came to the same run, and continued down until she got so tired that she was obliged to lie down, it having rained on her all that day and the night before; she lay there that night; it rained constantly. On Sunday morning, she proceeded down the run until she came to the Alleghany river, and continued down the river till she came opposite to Carter's house, on the inhabited side, where she made a noise, and James Closier brought her over the river to Carter's house.

Such outrages were frequent upon the frontier, in time of war with the Indians. Many instances of the generosity and hospitality of the red men are recorded. But when we remember that they made war and the chase the business of their lives, and that they never would be content to till the ground, as the neighbors of the whites we cannot regret that they have disappeared from our vicinity.

A Nocturnal Adventure with Six Lions

Mr. Cumming, whose adventures we have already found so entertaining, had a method of hunting for wild beasts, and especially lions, which was quite curious. He dug holes near the fountains or streams, where the animals were accustomed to resort at night for water, and concealed himself and his companions in them, to wait for their approach. The following is a specimen of this kind of adventure.

On the afternoon of the 4th I deepened my hole and watched the water. As the sun went down two graceful springboks and a herd of pallah came and drank, when I shot the best pallah in the troop. At night I watched the water with Kleinboy: very soon a cow black rhinoceros came and drank, and got off for the present with two balls in her. A little afterwards two black rhinoceroses and two white ones came to the waterside. We both fired together at the finest of the two black rhinoceroses; she ran three hundred yards, and fell dead. Soon after this the other black rhinoceros came up again and stood at the waterside; I gave her one ball after the shoulder; she ran a hundred yards and fell dead. In half an hour a third old borele appeared, and, having inspected the two dead ones, he came up to the waterside. We fired together; he ran two hundred yards and fell dead. I felt satisfied with our success, and gave it up for the night.

By the following evening the natives had cleared away the greater part of the two rhinoceroses which lay right in the way of the game approaching the water; I, however, enforced their leaving the third rhinoceros, which had fallen on the bare rising ground, almost opposite to my hiding-place, in the hope of attracting a lion, as I intended to watch the water at night. Soon after the twilight had died away, I went down to my hole with Kleinboy and two natives, who lay concealed in another hole, with Wolf and Boxer ready to slip, in the event of wounding a lion.

On reaching the water I looked towards the carcase of the rhinoceros, and, to my astonishment, I beheld the ground alive with large creatures, as though a troop of zebras were approaching the fountain to drink. Kleinboy remarked to me that a troop of zebras were standing on the height. I answered, "Yes," but I knew very well that zebras would not be capering around the carcase of a rhinoceros. I quickly arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns, in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me. It was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish, and within one night of being full moon. There were six large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyaenas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcasses of the three rhinoceroses. The

lions feasted peacefully, but the hyenas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcasses, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling without any intermission. The hyaenas did not seem afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away. I had lain watching this banquet for about four hours, in the strong hope that, when the lions had feasted, they would come and drink. Two black and two white rhinoceroses had made their appearance, but, scared by the smell of the blood, they soon made off.

At length the lions seemed satisfied. They all walked about with their heads up, and seemed to be thinking about the water, and in two minutes one of them turned his face towards me, and came on; he was immediately followed by the second lion, and in half a minute by the other four. It was a decided and general move, they were all coming to drink right bang in my face, within fifteen yards of me.

I charged the unfortunate, pale, and panting Kleinboy to convert himself into a stone, and knowing, from old spoor, exactly where they would drink, I cocked my left barrel, and placed myself and gun in position. The six lions came steadily on along the ridge, until within sixty yards of me, when they halted for a minute to reconnoitre. One of them stretched out his massive arms on the rock and lay down; the others then came on, and he rose and brought up the rear. They walked, as I had anticipated, to the old drinking place, and three of them had put down their heads and were lapping the water loudly, when Kleinboy thought it necessary to show his ugly head. I turned my head slowly to rebuke him, and again taming to the lions I found myself discovered.

An old lioness, who seemed to take the lead, had detected me, and, with her head high and her eyes fixed full upon me, she was coming slowly round the corner of the little vley to cultivate further my acquaintance! This unfortunate proceeding put a stop at once to all further contemplation. I thought, in my haste, that it was perhaps most prudent to shoot this lioness, especially as none of the others had noticed me. I accordingly moved my arm and covered her: she saw me move and halted, exposing a full broadside, I fired; the ball entered one shoulder and passed out behind the other. She bounded forward with repeated growls, and was followed by her five comrades all enveloped in a cloud of dust;

nor did they stop until they had reached the cover behind me, except one old gentleman, who halted and looked back for a few seconds, when I fired, but the ball went high. I listened anxiously for some sound to denote the approaching end of the lioness; nor listened in vain. I heard her growling and stationary, as if dying. In one minute her comrades crossed the vley a little below me, and made towards the rhinoceros. I then slipped Wolf and Boxer on her scent, and, following them into the river, I found her lying dead within twenty yards of where the old lion had lain two nights before. This was a fine old lioness, with perfect teeth, and was certainly a noble prize; but I felt dissatisfied at not having rather shot a lion, which I had most certainly done if my Hottentot had not destroyed my contemplation.

Attacks on Brookfield and Deerfield.

The early settlers of New England did not suffer much from the hostility of the Indians, until the breaking out of King Philip's war, in 1675. Philip was the son of Massasoit, who was the friend of the English from the time of the landing of the pilgrims until the day of his death. Offended at the manner in which the English behaved towards his brother, Alexander, Philip resolved upon a war of extermination, and, for this purpose, he united nearly all the New England tribes. The war was very destructive to the whites, though it ended in the total overthrow of the Indian power.

One of the first places attacked was the town of Brookfield, Massachusetts. Upon receiving intelligence that Philip had begun hostilities, the inhabitants all collected in one large house. Captains Wheeler and Hutchinson went into the country of the Nipmucks, to treat with them, but they, instigated by Philip, fired upon the party of whites, killed eight men and mortally wounded Captain Hutchinson. The rest fled to Brookfield, pursued by the Indians. The inhabitants were now surrounded by a host of foes, who burned every house in the place, except the one in which the people and soldiers were collected. Here they directed their whole force. Upon this house they poured a storm of musket balls for about two days. Countless numbers pierced through the walls, yet only one person was killed. Brands and rags dipped in brimstone were thrust against the house with long poles. The Indians shot arrows, tipped with fire, upon the roof.

They loaded a cart with flax and tow, and with long poles fastened together, pushed it against the house. Destruction seemed inevitable, the house was kindling. The bold and resolute settlers were beginning to give up all hope, when a sudden and providential fall of rain quenched the flames.

The savages yelled with the fury of disappointment, and resorted to other schemes for the destruction of the house and its inmates. In all probability, they would have succeeded in effecting their object; but on the 4th of August, Major Willard, with a party of troops, appeared, and attacked the besiegers. The conflict was soon decided. The Indians never could withstand an equal number of whites in a fair field. They now gave way, after suffering a great loss. The people of Brookfield were thus happily delivered from their savage foe. But their houses were burned, and stock destroyed.

The next place attacked was Deerfield, upon the Connecticut river, which experienced the horror of Indian atrocity several times during the course of the war. The town was first attacked in September, 1675, when most of the houses were burned, and some of the inhabitants killed. At Deerfield, there were three thousand bushels of wheat in stock, which it was resolved to bring to the general magazine at Hadley. Captain Lathrop, with ninety men, guarded the teams employed in this service. On the way, they were assaulted by about seven hundred Indians. Few of the whites escaped. They fought bravely, and killed a great many of the Indians, but were nearly all slain. Captain Mosely marched from Deerfield to reinforce Captain Lathrop. Arriving too late, he was compelled to sustain the onset of the whole force of the enemy, until Major Treat came to his relief, and put the Indians to flight.

In the early part of February, a large body of Indians attempted to surprise Deerfield by night. But the inhabitants were alarmed and prepared, and after a short conflict succeeded in driving off the savages. Soon after a party of whites from Deerfield attacked a party of Indians in a swamp, near that town, and killed one hundred and twenty of them. But the whites, on their return, were waylaid, and as they had expended all their ammunition they fell an easy prey. Fifty were killed and eighty-four wounded. Such were the horrors of King Philip's war.

Attack on Mrs. Scraggs's House.

On the night of the 11th of April, 1787, the house of the widow Scraggs, in Bourbon county, Kentucky, was attacked by the Indians. The widow occupied what is called double cabin, one room of which was tenanted by the old lady herself, together with two grown sons and a widowed daughter, who was at that time suckling an infant, while the other was occupied by two unmarried daughters, from sixteen to twenty years of age, together with a little girl, not more than half grown.

The hour was eleven o'clock at night. One of the unmarried daughters was still busily engaged at the loom, but the other members of the family, with the exception of one of the sons, had retired to rest. Some symptoms of an alarming nature had engaged the attention of the young man for an hour before any thing of a decided character took place. The cry of owls was heard in the adjoining wood, answering each other in rather an unusual manner. The horses which were enclosed as usual in a pound near the house were more than commonly their excited, and by repeated snorting and galloping, announced the presence of some object of terror. The young man was often upon the point of awakening his brother, but was as often restrained by the fear of incurring ridicule and their reproach of timidity, at that time an unpardonable blemish in the character of a Kentuckian. At length, hasty steps were heard in the yard, and quickly afterwards several knocks at the door, accompanied by the usual exclamation, "who keeps house?" in very good English.

The young man, supposing from the language, that some benighted settlers were at the door, hastily arose and advancing to withdraw the bar which secured it, when his mother, who had long lived upon the frontiers, and had probably detected the Indian tone in the demand for admission, sprung out of bed, and ordered her son not to admit them, declaring that they were Indians. She instantly awakened her other son, and the two young men seizing their guns, which were always charged, prepared to repel the enemy.

The Indians finding it impossible to enter under their assumed characters, began to thunder at the door with great violence, but a single shot from a loophole, compelled them to shift the attack to some less exposed point; and, unfortunately, they discovered the door of the other cabin, which contained the three daughters. The rifles of the brothers could not be brought to bear upon this point, and by means of several rails taken from the yard fence, the door was

forced from its hinges and the three girls were at the mercy of the savage. One was immediately secured, but the eldest defended herself desperately with a knife which she had been using in the loom, and stabbed one of the Indians to the heart, before she was tomahawked.

In the meantime the little girl, who had been overlooked by the enemy in their eagerness to secure the others, ran out into the yard, and might have effected her escape had she taken advantage of the darkness and fled, but instead of that the terrified little creature ran round the house wringing her hands, and crying out that her sisters were killed. The brothers, unwilling to hear her cries without risking every thing for her rescue, rushed to the door and were preparing to sally out to her assistance, when their mother threw herself before them and calmly declared that the child must be abandoned to its fate—that the sally would sacrifice the lives of the rest without the slightest benefit to the little girl. Just then the child uttered a loud scream, followed by a faint moan, and all was again silent. Presently the crackling of flames was heard, accompanied by a triumphant yell from the Indians, announcing that they had set fire to that division of the house which had been occupied by the daughters, and of which they had undisputed possession.

The fire was quickly communicated to part of the building, it became necessary to abandon it or perish in the flames. In the one case, there was a possibility that some might escape; in the other, their fate would be equally certain and terrible. The rapid approach of the flames cut short their momentary suspense. The door was thrown open, just as some of the Indians began to enter the house through a breach made by the fire. The old lady, supported by her eldest son, attempted to cross the fence at one point, while the other son carried his sister and her son in another direction.

The old lady was permitted to reach the stile unmolested, but in the act of crossing, received several balls in the breast and fell dead. Her son, providentially, remained unhurt, and by extraordinary agility effected his escape. The other party succeeded also in reaching the fence unhurt, but in the act of crossing, were vigorously assailed by several Indians, who throwing down their guns, rushed upon them with their tomahawks. The young man defended his sister gallantly, firing upon the enemy as they approached, and then wielding the butt of his rifle with a fury that drew the whole attention upon himself, and gave his sister an opportunity of effecting her escape. He quickly fell, however, under the tomahawk of his enemies, and was found at daylight, scalped and mangled in

a shocking manner. Of the whole family, consisting of eight persons, when the attack commenced, only three escaped. Four were killed upon the spot, and one, the second daughter, carried off a prisoner.

The neighborhood was quickly alarmed, and by daylight about thirty men were assembled under the command of Colonel Edwards. A slight snow had fallen during the latter part of the night, and the Indian trail could be pursued at a gallop. It led directly into the mountainous country bordering on Licking, and afforded evidences of great hurry and precipitation on the part of the fugitives. Unfortunately, a hound had been permitted to accompany the whites, and as the trail became fresh and the scent warm, she followed it with eagerness, baying loudly and giving the alarm to the Indians.

The consequences of this imprudence were soon displayed. The enemy finding the pursuit keen, and perceiving that the strength of the prisoner began to fail, sunk their tomahawks in her head and left her, still warm and bleeding upon the snow. As the whites came up, she retained strength enough to wave her hand in token of recognition, and appeared desirous of giving them some information, with regard to the enemy, but her strength was too far gone. Her brother sprung from his horse, and knelt by her side, endeavoring to stop the effusion of blood, but in vain. She gave him her hand, muttering some inarticulate words, and expired within two minutes after the arrival of the party.

The pursuit was renewed with additional ardor, and in twenty minutes the enemy was within view. They had taken possession of a steep narrow ridge and seemed desirous of magnifying their numbers in the eyes of the whites, as they ran rapidly from tree to tree, and maintained a steady yell in their most appalling tones. The pursuers, however, were too experienced to be deceived by so common an artifice, and being satisfied that the number of the enemy must be inferior to their own, they dismounted, tied their horses, and flanking out in such a manner as to enclose the enemy, ascended the ridge as rapidly as was consistent with a due regard to the shelter of their persons. The firing quickly commenced, and now for the first time they discovered that only two Indians were opposed to them. They had voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the safety of the main body, and had succeeded in delaying pursuit until their friends had reached the mountains. One of them was shot dead, and the other was badly wounded, as was evident from the blood upon his blanket, as well as that which filled his tracks in the snow for a considerable distance. The pursuit was recommenced, and urged keenly until night, when the trail entered a running

stream and was lost. On the following morning the snow had melted, and every trace of the enemy was obliterated.

Fearful Adventure with a man-eating lion.

The following is Mr. Cumming's account of a fearful adventure, in which he lost one of his most valuable servants:

On the 29th we arrived at a small village of Bakalahari. These natives told me that elephants were abundant on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly resolved to halt here and hunt, and drew my wagons up on the river's bank, within thirty yards of the water, and about one hundred yards from the native village. Having outspanned, we at once set about making for the cattle a kraal of the worst description of thorn trees. Of this I had now become very particular, since my severe loss by lions on the first of this month; and my cattle were, at night, secured by a strong kraal, which enclosed my two wagons, the horses being made fast to a trektow, stretched to the two hind-wheels of the wagons. I had yet, however, a fearful lesson to learn as to the nature and character of the lion, of which I had at one time entertained so little fear; and on this night a horrible tragedy was to be acted in my little lonely camp of so very awful and appalling a nature as to make the blood curdle in our veins. I worked till near sun down at one side of the kraal with Hendrick, my first wagon driver—I cutting down the trees with my axe, and he dragging them to the kraal. When the kraal for the cattle was finished, I turned my attention to making a pot of barley broth, and lighted a fire between the wagons and the water, close on the river's bank, under a dense grove of shady trees, making a sort of kraal around our sitting place for the evening.

The Hottentots, without any reason, made their fire about fifty yards from mine; they according to their usual custom, being satisfied with the shelter of a large dense bush. The evening passed away cheerfully. Soon after it was dark we heard elephants breaking the trees in the forest across the river; and once or twice I strode away into the darkness some distance from the fireside, to stand and listen to them. I little, at that moment, deemed of the imminent peril to which I was exposing my life, nor thought that a blood-thirsty man-eater lion was crouching near, and only watching his opportunity to spring into the midst of us, and consign one of our number to a most horrible death. About three hours after the sun went down I called to my men to come and take their coffee and supper which was ready for them at my fire; and after supper three of them returned before their comrades to their own fireside, and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendrick, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the

gate of the kraal and walked out by the back of it. Hendrick got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down. Hendrick and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley-broth; our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark and windy. Owing to our proximity to the native village the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burnt it all in their fires.

Suddenly the appalling and murderous voice of an angry blood-thirsty lion burst upon my ears within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek, "The lion, the lion!" still, for a few moments, we thought he was chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, the next instant, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us, almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out, "The lion, the lion! He has got Hendrick; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! Oh, God! Hendrick is dead! Let us take fire and seek him!"

The rest of my people rushed about shrieking and yelling as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them if they did not stand still and keep quiet the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendrick's name, but all was still. I told my men that Hendrick was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him, and, hunting my dogs forward, I had every thing brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire and closed the entrance as well as we could. My terrified people sat round the fire with guns in their hand till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return and spring again into the midst of us.

When the dogs were first let go, the stupid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this, they got his wind, and going at him, disclosed to us his position; they kept up a continual barking until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing after them and driving them in upon the kraal. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey. He had dragged him into a little hollow at the back of a thick bush, beside which the fire was kindled, and there

he remained till the day dawned, careless of our proximity.

It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter, for both lay under one blanket, with his appalling murderous roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on his breast and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he dragged him away backwards round the bush into the dense shade.

As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man he faintly cried, "Help me, help me! Oh, God! men, help me!" After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and then all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus had lain with his back to the fire on the opposite side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and, seizing a large flaming brand, he had belabored him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him. The Bushman had a narrow escape; he was not altogether scatheless, the lion having inflicted two gashes in his seat with his claws.

The next morning, just as the day began to dawn, we heard the lion dragging something up the river-side under cover of the bank. We drove the cattle out of the kraal, and then proceeded to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the lion had lain consuming his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendrick, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot; the grass and bushes were all stained with his blood, and fragments of his pea-coat lay around.

Poor Hendrick! I knew the fragments of that old coat, and had often marked them hanging in the dense covers where the elephant had charged after my unfortunate after-rider. Hendrick was by far the best man I had about my wagons, of a most cheerful disposition, first-rate wagon driver, fearless in the field, ever active, willing, and obliging: his loss to us all was very serious. I felt confounded and utterly sick in my heart; I could not remain at the wagons, so I resolved to go after elephants to divert my mind. I had this morning heard them breaking the trees on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly told the natives of the village my intentions; and having ordered my people to devote the day to fortifying the kraal, I started with Piet and Ruyter as my after-riders.

It was a very cold day. We crossed the river, and at once took up the fresh spoor of a troop of bull elephants. These bulls unfortunately joined a troop of cows, and the bulls were off in a moment, before we could even see them. One remarkably fine old cow charged the dogs. I hunted this cow and finished her with two shots from the saddle. Being anxious to return to my people before night, I did not attempt to follow the troop.

My followers were not a little gratified to see me returning, for terror had taken hold of their minds, and they expected that the lion would return, and, emboldened by the success of the preceding night, would prove still more daring in his attack. The lion would most certainly have returned, but fate had otherwise ordained. My health had been better in the last three days: my fever was leaving me, but I was, of course, still very weak. It would still be two hours before the sun would set, and feeling refreshed by a little rest, and able for further work, I ordered the steeds to be saddled, and went in search of the lion.

I took John and Carey as after-riders, armed, and a party of the natives followed up the spoor and led the dogs. The lion had dragged the remains of poor Hendrick along a native footpath that led up the river's side. We found fragments of his coat all along the spoor, and at last the mangled coat itself. About six hundred yards from our camp a dry river's course joined the Limpopo. At this spot was much cover, and heaps of dry reeds and trees deposited by the Limpopo in some great flood. The lion had left the footpath and entered this secluded spot. I at once felt convinced that we were upon him, and ordered the natives to make loose the dogs. These walked suspiciously forward on the spoor, and next minute began to spring about, barking angrily, with all their hair bristling on their backs: a crash upon the dry reeds immediately followed—it was the lion bounding away.

Several of the dogs were extremely afraid of him, and kept rushing continually backwards springing aloft to obtain a view. I now pressed forward and urged them on; old Argyll and Bles took up his spoor in gallant style and led on the other dogs. Then commenced a short but lively and glorious chase, whose conclusion was the only small satisfaction that I could obtain to answer for the horrors of the preceding evening. The lion held up the river's bank for a short distance and took away through some wait-a-bit thorn cover, the best he could find, but nevertheless open. Here, in two minutes, the dogs were up with him, and he turned and stood at bay. As I approached, he stood, his horrid head right to me, with open jaws growling fiercely, his tail waving from side to side.

On beholding him my blood boiled with rage. I wished that I could take him alive and torture him, and setting my teeth, I dashed my steed forward within thirty yards of him and shouted, "Your time is up, old fellow." I halted my horse, and, placing my rifle to my shoulder, I waited for a broadside. This, the next moment, he exposed, when I sent a bullet through his shoulder and dropped him on the spot. He rose, however, again, when I finished him with a second in the breast. The Bakalahari now came up with wonder and delight. I ordered John to cut off his head and forepaws and bring them to the wagons, and mounting my horse I galloped home, having been absent about fifteen minutes. When the Bakalahari women heard that the man-eater was dead, they all commenced dancing about with joy, calling me *their father*.

Thrilling Adventures of Mr. Butler.

The early history of Kentucky is one continued series of daring and romantic adventures. Had the founder of that state lived in the days of chivalric yore, his exploits would have been sung in connection with those of Arthur and Orlando; and his followers, in the same region, would certainly have been knights of the Round Table.

The hero of our story was one of these. Those who desire to inspect his adventure, by the light of romance, will not be displeased at learning that his choice of a hunter's life was determined by a disappointment in the object of his early love.

He was then only nineteen, yet he fearlessly left his native state, and sought, amid the uncultivated wilds of Kentucky, the stirring enjoyment of a western hunter. After rendering valuable service to the Virginia colony, as a spy and pioneer, he undertook a voyage of discovery to the country north of the Ohio. It was while thus engaged that he was taken prisoner by the Indians.

He was, no doubt, known to the Indians as an active and dangerous enemy; and they now prepared to avenge themselves upon him. They condemned him to the fiery torture, painted his body black, and marched him toward Chilicothe. By way of amusement on the road, he was manacled hand and foot, tied to an

unbridled and unbroken horse, and driven off amid the shouts and whoops of the savages; poor Butler thus played the part of an American Mazeppa. The horse, unable to shake him off galloped with terrific speed toward the wood, jarring and bruising the rider at every step; but at length, exhausted and subdued, it returned to camp with its burden, amid the exulting shouts of the savages. When within a mile of Chilicothe, they took Butler from the horse, and tied him to a stake, where, for twenty-four hours, he remained in one position. He was then untied to run the gauntlet. Six hundred Indians, men, women, and children, armed with clubs and switches, arranged themselves in two parallel lines, to strike him as he passed. It was a mile to the council-house, which if he reached, he was to be spared. A blow started him on this encouraging race; but he soon broke through the files and had almost reached the council-house, when he was brought to the ground by a club. In this position he was severely beaten and again taken into custody.

These terrible sufferings, instead of satisfying the Indians, only stimulated them to invent more ingenious tortures. Their cruelty was not more astonishing than the fortitude of the victim. He ran the gauntlet thirteen times; he was exposed to insult, privation, and injury of every kind: sometimes he was tied, sometimes beaten. At others, he was pinched, dragged on the ground, or deprived for long periods of sleep. Then, amid jeers and yells, he was marched from village to village, so that all might be entertained with his sufferings. Yet, amid each torture, he never failed to improve an opportunity favorable for escaping, and in one instance would have effected it, but for some Indians whom he accidentally met returning to the village. Finally it was resolved to burn him at Lower Sandusky. The procession, bearing the victim to the stake, passed by the cabin of Simon Girty, whose name is a counterpart to that of Brandt, in the annals of Pennsylvania. This man had just returned from an unsuccessful expedition to the frontier of that state, burning, of course, with disappointment, and a thirst for revenge. Hearing that a white prisoner was being carried to the torture, he rushed out, threw Butler down, and began to beat him.

The reader will not be apt to imagine that this was in any way favorable to Butler's escape; yet it was so. He instantly recognised in the fierce assailant a companion of early days, and as such made himself known. The heart of the savage relented. He raised up his old friend, promised to use his influence for him, summoned a council, and persuaded the Indians to resign Butler to him. Taking the unfortunate man home, he fed and nursed him until he began to recover. But five days had scarcely expired, when the Indians relented, seizing

their victim, and marched him to be burned at Lower Sandusky. By a surprising coincidence, he here met the Indian agent from Detroit, who interceded and saved him. He was taken to that town, paroled by the governor, and subsequently escaped through the woods to Kentucky.

Robert and Samuel M'Afee.

Early in May, 1781, M'Afee's station, in the neighborhood of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, was alarmed by the approach of Indians. On the morning of the 9th, Samuel M'Afee, accompanied by another man, left the fort in order to visit a small plantation in the neighborhood, and at the distance of three hundred yards from the gate, they were fired upon by a party of Indians in ambush. The man who, accompanied him instantly fell. An Indian rushed up, dropped his rifle, scalped the man, and holding up the bleeding trophy, gave a yell of delight.

M'Afee attempted to regain the fort. While running for that purpose, he found himself suddenly intercepted by an Indian, who, springing out of the canebrake, placed himself directly in his path. Each glared upon the other for an instant, in silence, and both raising their guns at the moment, pulled the triggers together. The Indian's rifle snapped, while M'Afee's ball passed directly through his brain. Having no time to reload his gun, he sprang over the body of his antagonist, and continued his flight to the fort. When within one hundred yards of the gate, he was met by his two brothers, Robert and James, who at the report of the guns, had hurried out to the assistance of their brother. Samuel hastily informed them of their danger, and exhorted them to return. James readily complied, but Robert, declared that he must have a view of the dead Indian. He ran on for that purpose, and having enjoyed the spectacle, was returning, when he saw five or six Indians between him and the fort, evidently bent on taking him alive. All his activity and presence of mind was put in request. He ran from tree to tree, endeavoring to turn their flank, and reach one of the gates, and after a variety of turns and doublings, he found himself pressed by only one Indian. M'Afee turned upon his pursuer, and compelled him to take shelter behind a tree. Both stood still for a moment—M'Afee having his gun cocked, and the sight fixed where he supposed the Indian would thrust out his head in order to have a view of his antagonist. After waiting a few seconds, the Indian exposed a part of his head to take sight,

when M'Afee fired, and the Indian fell. While turning, to continue the flight, he was fired on by a party of six, which compelled him again to tree. But scarcely had he done so, when he received the fire of three more enemies which made the bark and dust fly about him. Finding his post dangerous, he ran for the fort, which he reached in safety, to the inexpressible joy of his brothers, who had despaired of his return.

A few days' Sport in Chinese Tartary.

Much may have been said, but little has been written, of the yet but very partially explored part of the world between China and the Himayla chain. Moorcroft and Gerard, some thirty years ago, visited some parts bordering on the extreme north-west of the British possessions in India. Fraser, a few years later, penetrated probably those parts of it adjoining the central hill sanatoriums of Simla and Almorah, and he, like his predecessors, was stopped by the jealous government and its inhabitants. Previous to entering Chinese Tartary from British India, the traveller has to cross certain of the passes in the great snowy range, some of them varying in height from sixteen to eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The Barinda, one of the most frequented and best known of these passes, is variously estimated at from seventeen to eighteen thousand feet. The months of June, July, and August are generally considered the best months for crossing.

The scenery in and around these passes is of the most sublime description. As I should assuredly fail, however, in describing it, I must content myself with a narration of some personal adventures which befel me in an attempt to carry into effect a long cherished determination to make the acquaintance of the seeta bhaloo (white bear) and the burul, (white sheep,) found only in these regions. By the route I took, seventeen marches brought me to the snow. Here our "roughing" commenced, the Peharrees, or hill men, of our side of the snow, having a most religious horror of the great snowy range. The air there they declare is charged with "bis" (poison,) and this is the only way they can in their original way account for the painful and distressing effects which the rarefied air in those elevations produces on the human frame. The first intimation we have that we

are far above the altitude of comfort, is a dull, heavy pain on the shoulders, as if you were carrying a load above your capacity; then a very painful sensation on the forehead, as if it had been bandaged unpleasantly tight, accompanied by a burning sensation of the eyes and nose, followed by an involuntary bleeding of the latter.

This last symptom of the effects of high rarefaction, is, to an Englishman, at least it was to us, always a great relief. It operates differently upon the natives; they become only more alarmed and helpless, and, unless hurried through the passes very expeditiously, invariably perish. On my first trip, I left two unfortunate hill men in the Sogla Pass. Two more would have perished, had not I taken one wheelbarrow fashion, by the legs, and dragged him after me, although very much distressed myself, until we had descended sufficiently to rest with safety. My head man, Jye Sing, by my direction, took the other man, and both were saved.

After getting through the pass, we came upon the inhabited tracks, and made the acquaintance of the Bhootias. I found them very original, very dirty, and very honest with regard to every thing except tobacco. This, neither father nor mother, husband or wife, could help stealing, whenever they had the opportunity; and the most amusing part of it was, they never attempted to deny the theft, but stoutly maintained their right to the article! Numerous were the thrashings inflicted by Buctoo on them for tobacco thieving, but the thefts did not diminish.

As my object in coming into these dreary fastnesses was to get on terms of familiarity with the quadrupedal rather than the bipedal inhabitants, I will leave the Bhootias, and proceed to describe my rencontres with the equally civilized four-footed denizens. I had in my employ Shikarees (gameseekers) of no ordinary class, who, having been many years with me, were well tutored; although, when first caught, they were ignorance personified as far as sporting matters went. Their original incapacity will be easily credited, when I inform them that my second best man, Buctoo, had followed the sporting occupation of a village fiddler, before he entered my service, and knew as much of the capabilities of an English rifle as he did of the "Pleiades." Jye Sing was a little better informed, for he told me confidentially, one day, he had seen a gentleman at Subathoo actually kill quail flying with small shot. His occupation had been that of findal, or porter, to some families at Simla. Two months' training turned him out, not only one of the most intelligent, but pluckiest Shikaree I ever had.

Having, in my numerous excursions into the hills, obtained some very vague information from the many villagers I came in contact with, that they had often heard from parties residing near the snow that there was an animal to be found there strongly resembling the famous sheep, (*Ovid Burul*,) I determined upon despatching Jye Sing and Buctoo to those regions, to obtain all the precise information that might be available, cautioning them not to return without either having seen the animal, or bringing me some proof of its existence, and further promising them a handsome present, if they brought me satisfactory information. They were absent two months, and returned with some most marvellous stories about what they had seen and heard, and, as a proof of the existence of the animal, brought me the horn of a wild sheep they had picked up in one of the valleys in the snow, after an avalanche had melted. This physical fragment at once removed all my doubts, the horn being different from that of any tame sheep. I was now wound up to the highest pitch of excitement; my marching establishment was soon put in order, and we started on the following day. Fifteen forced marches brought me to the foot of the snow, and also to the last village, called "Ufsul." I found the inhabitants of this village a most rude and demi-barbarous race, knowing little, and wishing to know less, of Englishmen, of whom they seemed to have the greatest dread. However, two days' soft sawdery with a plentiful supply of hill "buckshee," (spirits,) made them more communicative; and they at last informed me, if I would promise only to remain a week, they would show me the wild sheep. This promise, of course, I gave; and on the following morning at daybreak, (shivering cold it was,) we started to ascend the snow-capped mountains and glaciers, which the animal patronized. On the road up I was sorely tempted to draw my ball and ram down shot, in order to bring down some of the many woodcocks we were constantly flushing, and which were so unaccustomed to be disturbed, that they only flew a few yards away; but I resisted the temptation.

As we progressed in the region of eternal snow, we began to find pedestrianism a difficult task. Some parts of the path were very slippery and hard; others, soft and knee-deep in snow. An idea may be formed of the height we had to ascend, and the nature of the ground which we traversed, when I mention that we left our tents at seven o'clock in the morning, and had not arrived at the "sheep-walk" before one.

Now commenced the difficulty. The burrul, from its well-known and secluded habits, is a most difficult animal to approach. I was at last, however, rewarded for my labor. About two o'clock we came upon the fresh marks of the

flock; we followed them for some distance, but coming near a hot spring where they had evidently been grazing, lost of course all farther track. For the next hour I worked on one glacier, around another, used my telescope, but could not discern any object. Suddenly one of the villagers called my attention to something above me. I looked up and beheld a pair of enormous horns bending over. None of the body of the animal was then visible. I now cautiously moved a short distance to the right, when I had the satisfaction of seeing not only his horns, but a full broadside view of the first wild sheep I ever saw. He was about one hundred and fifty yards off. Having elevated the proper sight, I brought my rifle to bear on the shoulder, took a steady and gradual draw of the trigger, the rifle cracked, and dead came down the burru of Thibet.

Perhaps, up to this time, the burru had known no other mortal foe than the white, or whitey-brown bear of the hills—the seeta bhaloo, as he is called. And this brings me to another part of my sporting excursion.

Whether from the scarcity of food, or the amiability of their dispositions, the seeta bhaloo are to be met with constantly in small bodies of from five to ten, differing in this respect from their sable brethren, who are generally found alone, unless a matrimonial alliance has been formed, when the intrusion of a third party, whether male or female, ensures a fight.

The white bear is only carnivorous when pressed by hunger, and in that state is very destructive to the numerous Tartar flocks of sheep, for Bruin, with an empty larder is not to be deterred from his ravenous attacks by men or dogs—a haunch of mutton he will have. His mode of devouring it differs greatly from that of the tiger or leopard. He tears the fleece off with his paws, and instead of gnawing and tearing the flesh, as most carnivorous animals do, he commences sucking it, and in this way draws off the flesh in shreds, thus occupying four or five hours in doing what a tiger or leopard would effectually achieve in half an hour. It is well known among the Tartars, (and I know it also from experience,) that a bear, after feasting off flesh, is a very dangerous customer, and will always show fight. If near the carcass he has captured, he will give very little trouble in looking for him, indeed, he will almost invariably attack the intruder.

One day while following up some wild sheep, I came upon two bears very busily engaged in digging up the snow where an avalanche had fallen. Being hid from their sight, I determined to wait some little time to ascertain why they were digging. I accordingly placed myself behind a rock, and allowed them to work

away. In about an hour they had made a very good opening; and on using my glass I found they had got hold of something. I now pushed up to them. One immediately showed fight, and came out to meet me. He made one charge at me, which I received with a rifle ball, killing him the very first shot. The other bear got away. On going up to the spot where they had been at work, I found the exhumed bodies of three wild sheep. They had been carried away and buried underneath the avalanche, probably as far back as the previous year, considering the very compact and frozen state the snow was in. The sheep were in excellent order. We skinned them, and took them to our tents, and excellent mutton we all had for several days.

On the melting of the snows, the golden eagle of the Himalaya—a magnificent bird, often measuring thirteen feet from the tip of one wing to the other—is one of the best of pointers a sportsman can follow, to ascertain where any animal has been carried away in an avalanche. He hovers over the spot, constantly alighting, and then taking wing again; but if once you observe him pecking with his beak you may proceed to the spot, and be certain of finding, a very short distance below the snow, the carcass of a wild sheep, as fresh as it was on the day on which it was carried away. Many a haunch of good mutton have I obtained in this way.

The Himalayan golden eagle is a very carrion crow, never destroying its own game, and feeding on any dead carcass it may find.

Many an eagle have I shot feeding on the carcass of an unfortunate hill bullock, which, either through stupidity or fright, had tumbled over a precipice; and never, during the many years I shot over all parts of these hills, do I remember seeing a golden eagle pounce on or carry away a living prey.

The Tartar shepherds near the snow informed me that during the lambing season the eagles were very troublesome. If a ewe dropped a sickly lamb, and left it, the eagle would attack it, but never attempted to stoop to carry away a live one, or one that followed its mother. The Indian golden eagle is identical with the Lammergeyer of the Alps, but wants the courage of the latter bird.

A companion and myself had been working hard in the "Sogla," one of the passes in the snowy range conducting into Chinese Tartary, after the wild sheep, and found them this day wilder and more wary than on any previous occasion. It is not generally known that there are two species of wild sheep—one called the

dairuk, and the other (an enormous animal, at least as far as its horns are concerned) known to naturalists as the *ovis ammon*. The horns and head of the latter are as much as a hill man can lift, and singular enough the body is small indeed, out of all proportion to the horns borne by a full-grown ram. My companion and self espied on an opposite hill what we at first (through our telescopes) thought was an enormous pair of horns moving without any ostensible carriage. At last we observed the body, and I, in delight, exclaimed, "By Jove, there is the *ovis ammon* at last."

After considerable trouble and precious hard work, we worked up to within the range, when a shot from my rifle brought the ram tumbling down over the snow. I hoped and believed he was dead, but he was only wounded. He got up again, and, in spite of the wound, made a very good gallop over the deep snow. Finding he was too fast for us, we slipped our dogs, and among them my poor "Karchia." The poor dog, as usual, was first up with the ram, and seized him. The ram, having still a good deal in him, broke the hold, and down he went to the bottom of the ravine, where ran the Tonse river, a tributary of the Jumna here in the snow.

The river was covered over in many places by avalanches, and was also partly frozen; but in many places there were large holes. The ram bounded over these until my poor dog Karchia again closed with and seized him behind. With a vigorous effort the *ovis ammon* shook him off. A few yards before the steep was a large hole in the Tonse, the water foaming up through it; into this *ovis ammon* threw himself, and was carried under the snow. Heaven knows where. On arriving at the spot I found my dog baying most piteously, and trying to bite away the frozen sides, but to no purpose, and I was obliged immediately to get him chained up, fearing he would have plunged in after the game, when I should have lost him, and most probably my own life. Having thus introduced the wild sheep and white bear of Tartary, a few sentences may not unprofitably be spent in describing the genus homo of the Snowy Range. The Tartars, as may be imagined, are a very original race, and in those parts visited by me I found them very primitive and intensive, always barring the petty larceny propensities. Depending principally on the sale of their wool for their support, and being Bhuddists by religion, they dared not destroy animal life; but when nature had deprived one of their bullocks or sheep of existence, either by accident or old age, economy forbids their wasting the carcass, and it is eagerly devoured by them. Some of the ancient rams I saw would require a considerable deal of mastication and powerful digestive organs when summoned to their forefathers

and committed to a Tartar's jaws.

I cannot say that the hill people thrive on the diet, for in appearance they are a miserable-looking, stunted race, very filthy in their habits, seldom changing their coarse woollen clothing, and entertaining a religious horror of cold water.

They have no objection to the good things brought from our side of the snow, and I have seen them devour salt beef and pork with great gusto. But what they must delight in, when they can get it, is English brandy and tobacco. The former they will drink in great quantities, and for men unaccustomed to liquor it is astonishing how well they resist its intoxicating properties. I saw one man, a "Siana," the head of a village, drink off two bottles of pure brandy without apparently feeling any ill effects from the potation. On questioning him about his sensations, he said that the only difference he found between the brandy and water was, that it made his inside comfortably warm, and his tongue very slippery, of which he gave us proof by chattering and singing in a most uncouth way. Of all the horrible noises I ever heard, those which a half-drunken Tartar makes are the most discordant. The deep nasal and guttural noises he emits would beat Welsh and Gaelic by a long chalk.

Although petty thefts are common among the Thibetans, valuable articles may with safety be left among them—even money they will never touch. Many an hour have I whiled away among them watching Buctoo and Jye Sing showing them many articles of my property, the use or value of which they could not comprehend. Of my guns and rifles, in particular, they stood in great awe, and for a long time none of them could be induced to touch one. Our telescopes also caused great terror, and many were the learned arguments they had as to what possibly could be the use of the latter. I invariably carried a favorite "Dolland" across my shoulder, and Buctoo was provided with a similar instrument, of which he was very proud, and in the use of which he became very expert.

One day, after a good day's sport, we had all sat down near a beautiful spring, and I was enjoying a luncheon, when I found that Buctoo had collected some fifty Tartars about him, who sat in a circle, listening to his explanation of the use of his telescope. None of his hearers could for some time be induced to touch it; they were afraid of its either exploding or metamorphosing them into wild sheep. The large village Tehong Si was about four miles below our bivouac, and several of the head men had come up to have a look at us. The village was just

discernible to the naked eye, and Buctoo politely inquired of one of the chiefs, if he would like to be informed what was going on in the village below? The chief told him he should, when Buctoo drew out the glass, on which all the Tartars moved off to a respectful distance.

After looking at the village, Buctoo persuaded them to come close to him once more, and duly informed them what he could see in the village, describing certain parts of it so correctly that they were astounded. (I must here mention that neither myself nor any of my servants had been allowed to enter the village.) The Tartars at first could hardly credit it; but after sundry questions as to the description of houses on the north side, and again on the southern, which Buctoo, on carefully examining, correctly described, they became sadly perplexed. Buctoo once more endeavored to persuade them to take a look themselves, and, after much coaxing and a little brandy, one of the head men was induced to take the telescope into his hand.

The figure he cut in doing so, I shall not easily forget. He held it out at arm's length, grinned at it most horribly, and chattered some abominable gibberish in Tartaree, that no one understood, appearing to expect every moment that the glass would bite him. After some minutes spent in this way, he drew it near him, and by degrees became more confident. Buctoo then approached him and set it, telling him how to look through it. He then appeared very suspicious about this movement, evidently fancying the glass was going to explode. At length he threw it down, for which Buctoo boxed his ears. He then took it up again, and it was brought to bear on the village. But the Tartar did us again; for he shut both eyes. However, after a good deal of persuasion, he was induced to open one and shut the other, and to peep through the glass. For a second or two he trembled violently, and then groaned heavily—threw down the glass, and commenced rolling down the hill, head over heels, at a most awful pace. The whole batch, some forty, were seized with the same complaint, and down they went after their chief, roaring out, "Hi! ha!" at the top of their voice. Break their necks they could not very easily; but how many of them escaped serious injury I did not stop to ascertain. Upon seeing them all off, I fell down heavily, fracturing my sides with laughter. Buctoo was in the same state, and so were all my servants. We at last saw them, on reaching a piece of level ground, get on their legs, the chief still leading, and bolting for the village, at a pace that nothing would warrant but a tin kettle at their heels.

In about ten minutes we heard the gongs and bells beating and tolling at a

great pace, with frightful shouting from men and women, and this lasted for two hours, when all became quiet.

Not a Tartar could be got hold of for two days after this. At last, by sending a small party rather near the village, several men showed themselves, offering us any thing we wanted, if we would only return to our proper side of the snow. This they were told we would do, if they would only show us three or four more days' good sport; but if not we would remain there six months, and turn them all into wild sheep. Upon this they had a consultation, when it was decided that they would show us excellent comfort provided we promised to take our departure in four days, and never come there again. This was duly agreed to, and after some very cautious approaches we got them once more up to our tents. They certainly got their promise, for I had excellent sport, and was therefore bound to fulfil my part of the agreement.

On the fourth day arriving, they were invited to come once more to the tent, and to receive a few trifling rewards for the sport they had shown. Brandy was first served out, and this soon restored confidence, when the distribution of a few knives, looking-glasses, beads, etc., etc., and sundry pieces of red cloth, brought them into good humor. Every thing was going on as well as could be desired, when some unfortunate dispute arose among some of my guides, (not my own servants, but men taken from the last village on our side of the snow,) and Tartars. They knew each other well, having, at a fair held at the foot of the pass, a year's intercourse. These men, I have no doubt, assisted by one of my own men, (and I strongly suspected Buctoo, although he most solemnly denied it,) played them a sad trick. I may here note that almost every Tartar carries a pipe, rudely made of wrought iron, of about the size and shape of the common clay pipe. Being inveterate smokers, a pipe full of good tobacco is one of the most convincing arguments you can employ. While I was at dinner, I ordered some tobacco to be given to them, and it was proposed they should put that in their pouches, and allow some of my men to charge their pipes with their own tobacco, of which they begged their acceptance.

The Tartars, nothing loth, assented, and each man gave his iron pipe to be charged, which was duly done and returned to each owner. Smoking then commenced, and on finishing my dinner and coming outside the tent, I found the Tartars all in a circle, smoking away, and my men, some ten yards from them, and above them, and talking to them. They were also smoking. Thinking nothing of this at the time, I took no notice, and had my chair brought outside, and

smoked my segar. In less than five minutes I was considerably astonished on hearing a salvo as of a volley of musketry, and iron pipes flying up and down in all directions. Then a general shout, and off went the Tartars, as if Old Nick was at their heels, halloing most fearfully. They did not run far, but brought up about three hundred yards from where they started, and demanded their pipes back. I asked them what was the matter; when they said they would never smoke English tobacco again, for we smoked with tobacco, and shot with tobacco, and *Sheitzan* must have been the manufacturer.

Kangaroo Hunting.

Kangarooing in Tasman's Peninsula is essentially a pedestrian sport. I am aware that in an open country, and especially in New South Wales, where the chase is followed on horseback, my assertion may seem like rank heresy.

I have pursued the sport both mounted and on foot, and if a horse enables you occasionally, on comparatively unincumbered ground, to see something more of the run, you must still have pedestrians to hunt the dogs. After all, decide this point as you will, we esteem it the poorest variety of the chase. Some excitement must necessarily attend it, but too much is left to the imagination, and too little of either the game or the dogs is given to the eye.

It is rarely, except when on horseback, that one has the good fortune to be in at the death, or to see the kangaroo pulled down.

The ground is usually hilly, the scrub thick, and the grass high. It is needless to say that on the present occasion we were all on foot. Forestier's Peninsula is no place for a horse, except the traveller be jogging along the rugged and little frequented track which leads to Hobart Town, by a most circuitous route.

Away then we strode, skirting the shore pretty closely, until we came to a valley which had been partially cleared by one of those extensive bush conflagrations which are of annual occurrence.

The forest is fired in several places every summer, with a view to keeping

down the scrub, and giving a chance of growth to the grass and the larger forest trees. These burn for several consecutive days, and at night the glare from them, lighting up the adjacent horizon, and the wind at one time whirling along vast clouds of smoke, and again throwing up sheets of flame and myriads of burning particles, produce an effect as grand as can be imagined. Here, then, in the glade, we paused, disposed ourselves in an extended line, slipped four dogs, and gave the word, "go seek."

Away they trotted with nose to the ground, cautiously hunting, crossing and recrossing, but occasionally getting not only out of sight in the long grass, but out of hearing and command. Presently a sharp bark gave the signal of game started, and the next moment we catch a glimpse of the kangaroo in mid air, as he bounds down the declivity in a succession of leaps such as the kangaroos only can accomplish.

There he goes, his tiny ears laid back along his small deer-like head, his forefeet gathered up like a penguin's flappers, and his long stout tail erect in the air. Now bounding aloft, now vanishing as he leaps into the waving grass.

Two more of the dogs have sighted him, and are silently tearing along on his track. Every bound increases his distance from his pursuers, he winds round the base of the hill, to avoid the ascent, but up he must go; this is the only chance for the dogs, for running up hill is the kangaroo's weak point. But now we lose sight of both dogs and kangaroo; a burst of three minutes has sufficed to exhaust our first wind, and to break one of our shins; for tearing through grass as high as one's middle and stumbling over charred stumps and fallen trees, soon reduces one to the "dead beat" predicament. Jerry, alone, thanks to his hard condition, follows the chase.

All the party are now scattered, and after while reassemble by dint of continuous "cooees." Whilst swabbing the perspiration off our brow, one of the dogs makes his appearance, and, trotting slowly back with panting flanks and lolling tongue, throws himself on his side exhausted. His mouth is now carefully examined, and two fingers being inserted, scoop round the fauces. The test is successful; there are traces of blood and fluff. "Bravo! Rattler! Show him—good dog. Show him!" Rattler rises with an effort, and lazily strikes into the bush, to the right. We follow in Indian file, and at about half a mile distant we come upon the kangaroo lying dead, with the second dog, old "Ugly," stretched at its side.

The kangaroo usually found in the Peninsula is not the largest description commonly known in these colonies as the "boomer," or a "forester," but the brush kangaroo, which rarely exceeds seventy pounds in weight; forty is more common. There is a still smaller variety, known as the "wallaby." The brush kangaroo is easily killed by the dogs; a grip in the throat or loins usually suffices. The boomer is a more awkward customer, and, if he can take to the water, he shows fight, and availing himself of his superior height, he endeavors to drown the dogs as they approach him. The kangaroo is a graceful animal, but appears to most advantage when only the upper part of his body is seen. His head is small and deer-shaped, his eyes soft and lustrous, but his tapering superior extremities rise almost pyramidally from a heavy and disproportioned base of hind legs and tail.

The kangaroo dog never mangles his prey although fond of the blood, with a portion of which he is always rewarded.

Jerry now threw himself on the ground beside the game, and, drawing his *couteau de chasse*, commenced the operation of disemboweling. After ripping up the belly, he thrust in his arm, and drawing out the liver and a handful of coagulated blood, he invited the dogs to partake of it. The carcass being gutted, some dry fern is thrust in, the tail is drawn through the fore legs, and secured with a bit of whipcord, and then the game is suspended over the shoulder—no insignificant weight either. If the kangaroo be very heavy, the hind quarters only are carried, but the skin being of some value, it is not needlessly destroyed.

There is a peculiarity in the stomach of the kangaroo, which I have not seen noticed in descriptions of that animal, but of which I have assured myself by frequent personal observation. On opening the stomach, even while still warm, the grass found in it is swarming with small white worms, about a quarter of an inch in length, and not thicker than a fine thread.

The entire contents of the stomach, even the most recently masticated grass, and grass seems to be its only food, are equally pervaded with these worms, which swarm in myriads, even where no signs of decomposition are perceptible.

Resuming our progress, we presently heard a baying from the dogs, who had again dispersed to hunt. On nearing the spot whence the noise proceeded, we found them assembled round the trunk of a large tree, in the hollow of which was a large wombat, a most unsightly brute, in appearance partaking somewhat

of the bear, the pig, and the badger. An average sized one weighs sixty pounds. The head is flat, neck thick, body large, legs short, eyes and ears small: the feet provided with sharp claws for burrowing, three on the hind foot, and an additional one on the fore foot. They make deep excavations in the ground, and live chiefly on roots. The hide is very tough and covered with a coarse wiry hair, and with this defensive armor, and his formidable teeth and claws, the wombat is a customer not much relished by the dogs. It was not till we had stunned our new acquaintance, as he stood at bay in his den, by repeated blows of our sticks on his head, that we were able to drag him out, and cut his throat.

The flesh is eatable, and I have heard that the hams are held in some esteem, but cannot speak from personal experience. On the present occasion none of our party was ambitious of the honor of carrying our defunct friend during the day's march that we had before us; so I contented myself with pocketing his four paws, and leaving the rest of the carcass for formic epicures.

Our destination for the evening was Eagle Hawk Neck, or rather our dining quarters were there fixed, for I proposed to be home some time during the night; and, as we had some twelve miles of fatiguing walking before us, we now circled round towards Flinders' Bay, whence we were to follow the foot track to the "Neck."

It may readily be imagined that bush travelling in the Australian colonies is often an intricate affair; long practice alone can give one assurance and confidence. Few *habitues* in the Peninsula think of entering it without a pocket compass, flint, and steel, and even the best bushmen have in their day been reduced to the greatest extremities.

For our own part, our ambition never inclined to the adventurous task of exploring the bush, content with the subordinate part of trusting to the superior sagacity of the more experienced; and often have our wonder and admiration been excited by the unerring judgment of our guide, when there was neither sun to direct, nor any opening above or around whereby to obtain a view of the surrounding country.

As we were approaching Flinders' Bay on our return, a kangaroo was started some distance ahead of us; presently I observed an old dog, who was wont to "run cunning," suddenly stop close in front of me. The next moment the game, closely pursued, dropped in a bound, not six yards from where I stood, and

before he could rise again, old "Ugly" had his prize by the throat. This proved to be a doe, and on examining her pouch a foetus was found in it, perfectly detached as usual, and about three inches and a half long. The generation, growth, and alimentation of the foetus of the kangaroo and other marsupial animals (ultra interine and detached from the parent, as it appears to be at all stages,) is a mystery in physiology which has yet to be unravelled.

A "medico" who was of our party, did not neglect this opportunity for research. With a view to the investigation of the subject at leisure, he dropped the foetus into his glove for conveyance home.

Outside the station of Flinders' Bay, we came upon a small limpid stream, brawling over a rocky bed, which seemed a suitable place to refresh the inner man with a sandwich, and a thimble full of Cognac. Segars were then lighted, and, shouldering our game, we resumed our route.

The sun was low, when we descended the steep hill whence we opened a view of Eagle Hawk Neck and the Pacific, and after a long and toilsome ascent of the "Saddle," by a path which abounded more in loose sharp stones than any which it has been my misfortune to fall in with. However, refreshment was at hand, which we were quite in condition to appreciate, for we will back a day's kangarooing against any other sport, for giving a zest both to victuals and drink.

Our host, C—, was famous for his kangaroo soup; this is made of the tail of the animal, and when well prepared may vie with any oxtail, if, indeed, it be not superior, having the advantage of a game flavor. The flesh of the kangaroo resembles in taste and appearance that of the hare, though drier and inferior in flavor when roasted. The only part thus cooked is the hind quarter, which should be boned, stuffed, and larded, and after all, the play is not worth the candle. Not so, "kangaroo steamer." To prepare this savory dish, portions of the hind quarter, after hanging for a week, should be cut into small cubical pieces; about a third portion of the fat of bacon should be similarly prepared, and these, together with salt, pepper, and some spice, must simmer gently in a stewpan for three or four hours. No water must enter into the composition, but a little mushroom ketchup added, which served, is an improvement.

Although averse to the diet of bush vermin, so often extolled in these colonies, and although carefully eschewing all parrot pies, red-bill ragouts, black swans, kangaroo rats, porcupines, and such vaunted nastinesses, we strongly

contend for the excellence of "kangaroo steamer," as a most savory and appetizing dish. We cannot reproach it with a fault, save its tendency to lead one to excess; the only difficulty is to know when you have had enough.

We were able to do ample justice to the the Alexander Selkirk of his post, reigning in solitary grandeur, for he had not a single associate within ten miles, could always boast of a well-stocked larder and cellar. What with his garden, poultry-yard, and dairy, hunting and sea-fishing, he was tolerably independent of the tri-weekly visits of the boat which brought the commissariat supplies.

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