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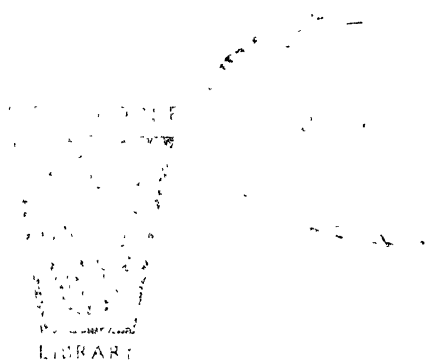


THE AUTHOR AND HIS FIRST SWORDFISH

ROUND THE WORLD WITH ROD AND RIFLE

BY
MAJOR P. M. STEWART

INTRODUCTION BY
COLONEL J. L. SLEEMAN, C.M.G.



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INTRODUCTION

FEW men have experienced more varied forms of sport than Major P. M. Stewart, and I am confident that this account of his travels and sporting adventures will prove of absorbing interest to all who read it.

Round the World with Rod and Rifle is the unique product of seven journeys round the world, and covers a period of twenty years. In fact, the author's life may be described as consisting of long periods of travel punctuated by short intervals at his delightful Yorkshire home. One is indeed as likely to meet him in Central Africa, India, Mexico, or Australia, as in Bond Street, while he is known as a good sportsman in all these countries. Methodical and exact in all his plans, Major Stewart's itinerary—whether it be for a trip to Florida, Africa, or the South Sea Islands—finds him in England almost to the day fixed for his return; the question whether his programme may be interrupted by his being mauled by a lion, tossed by a rhino, or by his falling a victim to snake or fever, never seems to occur to him. Possibly in this he is right, for most of the ills and accidents of tropical travel are due to inexperience, stupidity, or neglect of the elementary precautions of hygiene and equipment.

Unfortunately for the wild animal life of to-day, roads and railways have penetrated much of the intricate and unhealthy country which formerly separated the game lands from civilization. From a sporting point of view this is much to be regretted, for this formidable barrier stopped all but the keen sportsman from attempting big-game shooting. Nowadays, shooting grounds can be reached in the utmost comfort in as many days as it formerly took weeks, and the ease and safety of modern journeys has produced a new type of "Big-game Hunter." These persons make luxurious tours into the more accessible game countries, "slaughter" as much wild life as possible—or get their assistants to do so—and then hurry home to record

their prowess in books six times as long as their journey and far more laborious to read. As well-advertised as any musical-comedy actress, this type of "sport" is generally described in the Press as a "Celebrated Hunter" prior to his departure, and as an "Intrepid Big-game Sportsman" on his return; while few of this ilk effect the most ordinary of travels without making some remarkable discovery, which surprises none more than those who have spent a lifetime in the district concerned. All this would be amusing were it not for the cruelty inflicted on animal life by such novices, a cruelty that can only be properly appreciated by the experienced hunter. Public opinion has naturally been stirred against wanton and indiscriminate slaughter, and this has to some degree reacted against big-game shooting altogether, many critics being unable to differentiate between the true and false sportsman. In the whole of my experience of sport—whether shooting, whaling, or fishing—I cannot recall one instance of a true sportsman who was not a lover of animal life, or who failed to use the utmost mercy and discrimination when hunting. One of his rules is never to fire without a reasonable probability of hitting a vital spot; this generally means instantaneous death, before the animal has even sensed the presence of man. Unquestionably, greater cruelty is inflicted on domestic animals in the slaughter-yards of civilized countries than on wild animals by true big-game hunters.

Some sentimentalists carry their objection to big-game shooting to such a degree that they would abolish it altogether, substituting photography in its stead. This is quite understandable, but the hope that hunting expeditions of the future will consist of photographers only can never be fulfilled. It must also be remembered that big-game photography is not always either genuine or humane, and that even photographers require rifles both for self-defence and to provide meat for their retinue. There is another side to the question, which is generally forgotten by those opposed to shooting. This is the effect which would be produced if wild animals were allowed to increase without the discriminating "culling" of the big-game hunter. For they can only be kept in check by man or the carnivora. Without these aids the settlements of man in the countries concerned would be impossible. All who have shot extensively in India or Africa tell of entire native villages deserted by their former owners owing to the depredations of wild animals: the toll must have indeed been heavy before these wretched people

forsook their hard-won homes. In India alone over 20,000 natives are killed annually by carnivora and snakes, as the caste of many natives in that country forbids the taking of life, either animal or reptile.

Again, cruel as man can be, there is nothing more cruel than Nature herself. To man old age generally brings with it the sympathy and care of fellow-creatures; to the wild animal advanced age brings the hatred of its kind until—an outcast from the herd—the aged beast starves to death, or falls a prey to the carnivora. Far better to fall to the shot of the hunter, when in its prime, than suffer this awful fate.

The rifle and the rod carry into difficult, dangerous and unhealthy country some of the best types of white men. Without the incentive of sport many of these places would never be visited by civilized man, and many barbarous methods of killing would continue. Natives in game countries refuse to be vegetarians, and, unless the "sahib" provides meat by means of his rifle, the savage obtains it by traps and poisons. A quick bullet is better than a slow poison. Without labouring this point, I will cite one instance of native cruelty that came under my notice on an expedition. A certain native tribe is particularly fond of a rare type of fish caught occasionally in the rivers. When caught, it was the practice of the fishermen to skilfully dissect a few pounds of flesh daily, carefully avoiding vital parts, and to allow the tortured fish to swim behind the boat, until its existence could be preserved no longer. I am confident that to stop big-game shooting would not lessen the suffering of wild animal life, but would actually increase it, although it would be well if steps could be taken to prevent "intrepid hunters" from game-murdering.

Major Stewart is representative of the best type of sportsman, and the charm of his book lies only partly in his accurate descriptions of the beasts and fishes encountered in the many different parts of the world he has visited. For, not only does he introduce us to the various kinds of sport to be had in each country, but he also gives us a good description of its scenery, people, and customs. This makes his accounts doubly interesting and valuable. Another charm is his engaging candour regarding his failures or partial successes, and his feelings on certain thrilling occasions. All big-game hunters experience the possession of nerves at some time in their career; but few are brave enough to confess to this afterwards, and some do not

tell us of their misses with the rifle, and gloss over their mistakes and blank days with the rod. Unlike many who write of big-game hunting, Major Stewart has made light of the discomforts, dangers, and hardships of many of his journeys, and the only fault I can find is that the author has been too modest ; with such material some would have written twenty books.

In conclusion, I should like to pay my meed of praise to the wife to whom this book is dedicated. For, I am aware that without Mrs. Stewart's courage in accompanying her husband on his travels, and her invaluable assistance in keeping the record of his experiences, *Round the World with Rod and Rifle* would never have been written.

J. L. SLEEMAN

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

CERTAIN kind friends of mine, who are familiar with the history of my travels, have frequently urged me to publish an account of my sporting experiences. The general public—according to my friends—never tires of moving adventure by flood and field, and is always especially interested when travellers tell the truth and nothing but the truth ! I can claim this virtue at least for my narrative, and whether my friends are right or not, I shall be well pleased if this book succeed in whiling away a few dull hours for my readers.

During the last twenty years I have made seven journeys round the world and special tours through Canada, the United States of America, Central Africa, South America, Australia, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands. In all these travels I have availed myself of practically every opportunity for sport, and it would be strange indeed if I had not found something to record which might be of interest to others.

I wish to thank Colonel Sleeman for kindly writing the foreword and Colonel Hay Ducrôt for many helpful suggestions.

I also owe a debt of gratitude to those authors mentioned in the text, from whose works I have taken extracts to embellish or illustrate my own stories, and to the Magistrate in Northern Rhodesia, who materially assisted me to obtain good sport.

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ROUND THE WORLD WITH ROD AND RIFLE

CHAPTER I

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM ELEPHANTS

ELEPHANT hunting is without doubt the most exciting, but also the most disappointing, of all sports. At one moment hopes are raised to the highest pitch and at the next cruelly dashed. The toil and hardship of days, or even weeks, may be frustrated by circumstances entirely beyond one's control, or one may stumble unexpectedly upon an extraordinary piece of good luck. This last is sometimes the case with those who live in the country or possess influence ; such men may obtain valuable information from the natives and succeed in bagging a big tusker with the minimum of time and trouble. Yet these lucky sportsmen will probably have spent much time and money, to say nothing of risking their lives, on many occasions for naught.

After some weeks spent fruitlessly in this fashion in Central Africa, I was glad to avail myself of an offer of a Government official to send out natives in search of spoor. The gentleman in question was himself prevented from accompanying me, but he most obligingly lent me his native hunter, Simba, a fine stalwart fellow, braver than a lion, hard as nails, and, as events proved, one to be relied upon in a tight fix.

On account of tsetse flies, all hunting had to be done on foot, so I had about forty other natives as porters, etc. I also took a *machila*, or hammock, in which I could be carried during the heat of the day, or sleep at night, if game had to be followed up rapidly and unceasingly, as is sometimes the case.

The two English-speaking " boys " with me were a comfort, as for six weeks I saw but one white man.

On the second day out we came upon the spoor which had been found ; but Simba pronounced it too old to be worth following,

and we went forward to the nearest village to obtain information. The headman professed complete ignorance of elephants; so, after sending out men in all directions, I waited several hours and then pitched camp about a mile outside the village. By nightfall, all my men, save one, had returned, and presently this one arrived shouting at the top of his voice, and running as if the devil were after him. He explained that he had seen a lion, but I judged the animal to be of the cock-and-bull variety, as the tale lacked corroboration. However, our scout also reported spoor of one big bull elephant, feeding slowly through the forest and quite alone. I promised him a whipping if he turned out to be lying, but he stuck manfully to his story, and we lost no time next morning in setting out to find the spoor.

In spite of the heavy rain of the night before, the beast's great footmarks were plainly visible, and three hours after leaving camp we came on the day's spoor. Having carefully tested the wind with a small bag of flour attached to my waist (the ground being too wet to try with sand), we followed up quickly, the soft nature of the soil making spooring easy.

Simba thought that the elephant was not far away, so, with the exception of my two native hunters who could be trusted not to make fools of themselves and would be useful in keeping up communications and hindering the too eager from approaching too closely, all were bidden to lie down and wait till permission was given to advance. I also sent a messenger back to Hassan, my Somali "boy," with a note telling him not to strike my tent till he should hear again, and in that case to hurry with everything to the place the guide would indicate. We had ample food for a couple of days, for one never knows what one may require when elephant hunting; and, sometimes, when everything depends on following an animal quickly, it is necessary to sleep on the spoor. Accordingly I had taken the *machila* (which had a waterproof cover and could make a tiny impromptu tent) and some extra men to carry me in case of illness or injury and across the numerous rivers.

We had not proceeded far before one of the "boys" told to lie down ran up to one of my hunters, who were a little behind Simba and me, saying that he had heard the elephant breaking down trees quite close at hand. Elephants do this, regardless of waste, in order to get a few berries, or some choice leaves beyond the reach of their trunks. The vast amount of damage



THE MACHIA



THE FOUR ELEPHANTS (p. 29)

they commit is amazing, killing many trees which they do not actually fell by ripping off the bark with their tusks and breaking off branches wholesale. If a tree resists their great weight, they dig with their tusks for the taproot, or that which is holding it, and then shove again. Finally, the tree falls with a crash, and the wasteful creature chews off a leaf or two, or such fruit as it observes, allowing the rest of the tree to perish miserably. Whenever I was following elephants I was dumbfounded at the destruction they cause, and one can readily understand the annoyance of the natives at not being allowed to trap animals which do such terrible and wanton damage to their crops, and their eagerness to assist white men to bring the offenders to book. Apart from their insatiable appetite, elephants break down the strongest fences and trample on and destroy far more than they consume.

This side of the question is often lost sight of by those who seek to make game preserves in inhabited districts and demand immense sanctuaries for the elephant or other destructive game within easy reach of the cultivated ground of black aboriginals and white settlers. It is also doubtful whether such preserves are advisable in fly-belts and sleeping-sickness areas; for, according to some authorities, it is on the big game that the deadly tsetse feed.

We now retraced our steps and went in the direction indicated by the "boys," again cautioning them not to stir. The fresh tracks of three elephants were soon evident; but, though the spoor was not very large, we decided to follow the animals, as they were so close and the size of their tusks is not always commensurate with the size of footmarks. Captain Stigand lays it down that one should not follow a spoor less than 17 inches in diameter; but he is writing of districts where big tuskers are more numerous and females may not be shot.¹

After walking quietly and cautiously for half an hour, we heard the breaking of branches a little ahead. My gun-bearers handed the two heavy double-barrelled rifles to Simba and me, and we two moved silently forward, taking care to place each foot in the prints of the elephants in order to avoid breaking so much as a twig.

Suddenly Simba pointed, and I saw, less than 30 yards away, part of an elephant. The thick bushes, now in full leaf, hid most of the body, and the legs looked so much like trunks of trees that

¹ *Hunting the Elephant in Africa*, by Captain C. H. Stigand.

I did not at first make them out. Cocking my rifle in readiness, I remained perfectly motionless, for I saw now that the beast was looking in my direction. Then, as I gazed steadily forward, trying to pierce the gloom of the forest, I perceived a long, slender white tusk, which proclaimed the beast to be a female.

Like the rhinoceros, the elephant has very poor sight; and, so long as you keep absolutely still and the wind is right, he will not detect you even a few yards away. This was obviously an occasion to "stand still and make a noise like a stump," as a friendly hunter once advised me. The animal soon began to feed again, and Simba, motioning me to stay where I was, crept forward to examine the tusks of the other two elephants, one of which I was able to discern slightly in advance of the first. I watched both for some time and was struck by the slow deliberation of their movements as they curled their trunks round the branches, broke them off, and conveyed them to their mouths; chewing up the leaves and dropping the rest of each branch on the ground. Naturally an animal, which lives 150 years or more, and has little to do but eat and sleep, would find time hang heavy if it hurried over anything!

Simba soon returned, shaking his head mournfully and making signs that the tusks were not so long as his arm, and I understood that our quest had been in vain. Taking advantage of a moment when their heads were turned, we crawled to a friendly ant-hill about 15 feet high; and, peeping round, I saw the indistinct form of the third beast—a cow, no larger than the others. From our point of vantage we watched them feeding for about twenty minutes.

I had the satisfaction of witnessing the nearest one break down a good-sized tree. She pushed with all her might against the trunk, which did not yield at once. I expected she would tear up the ground with her tusks and smash off the roots which still held it in place, but another mighty shove snapped the tree off close to the ground. After taking a few of the plums, for it was a *masuku* tree, and putting them slowly, one by one, into her mouth, she filled her trunk with the loose earth disturbed by the fall of another tree close by and blew it over her neck and shoulders. Elephants use this dust as a protective powder against flies and insects, and when perspiring. Their skins though thick are sensitive; an Indian elephant, when being ridden past a place where a bee had stung it the previous year, turned tail and ran away, refusing to risk another experience of that kind.

After a while one of the elephants walked a few yards to our right, and, apparently getting a whiff of tainted air, put up its trunk, sniffing suspiciously. To be quite candid, I was considerably surprised that it had not smelt my black companion before; as, though the Awemba wash frequently and are the cleanest of the Central African tribes, I must admit they become somewhat "niffy" when overheated. Suspicions of the presence of man were now evidently confirmed, for, trotting quickly back to the other two, the animal conveyed the news in a manner which I could not detect; and all three made off upwind in single file at a smart pace, crashing through the thick undergrowth and small trees as we should brush through long grass.

Personally, I felt rather relieved when they had gone; for, although it was highly interesting, I cannot say that I was at all comfortable in such close proximity to these huge beasts, which could have crushed us out of existence as easily as we can squash a beetle.

As soon as they had departed, we returned to the spoor of the old bull, and, after less than an hour, found recent evidence of his perambulations and the place where he had slept the previous night, leaning against a tree. The smell of him was now very strong, and, proceeding slowly and cautiously, often testing the wind with my bag of flour, I made signs to Simba that the wind seemed changeable; in fact, at one moment as the track of the spoor twisted about, it was blowing almost behind us. Unfortunately, animals will not go in the direction one would like; so, if they turn aside for a tempting leaf or a juicy plum, and by that means get the wind wrong for their pursuers, one has to turn aside also and take the chance that they will soon go upwind again. This is the general direction taken by them, for they naturally wish to avoid walking into danger.

We must have got within 50 yards of the beast, but the bush was so thick it was impossible to see him. Then the wind treacherously betrayed us; we heard a trumpeting sound, and, on going to the spot, found by the spoor that the elephant, which had been feeding on the fruit of the trees all round, had gone off. I could almost have wept for vexation and disappointment!

There was nothing else for it now but to take up the spoor and follow quickly in the hopes of coming up with the animal. As he had not been fired at and had not seen us, there was a remote chance of success if we went on till dark, sleeping on the

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spoor, taking up the chase at dawn, and continuing for two or three days with barely time to eat or drink.

Since big bulls are so rare and my time was limited, I determined to make the attempt, and sent back word to Hassan to follow on our tracks as quickly as possible.

The animal had gone straight, at a heavy, swinging trot, as was evident from the ground being deeply indented at regular intervals, and for the rest of that day and the two succeeding ones we kept hard on his trail. Up and down stony hills, through deep ravines, across grassy *dambos* and over swiftly running rivers, hour after hour we went, only stopping to eat and drink and take a well-earned rest in the heat of the day. Oh, how tired I got of it all! In the words of a celebrated elephant hunter, "I stumbled on as in a dream, almost without hope of ultimate outcome." The natives showed wonderful energy and perseverance, as well as powers of resistance, with which I had not credited them; for they had little food and often lacked water. Nearly all their food was exhausted at the end of the first day, and, in spite of the tempting shots offered by a herd of sable antelope, I dared not fire for fear of alarming the quarry; so they had to subsist as well as they could on wild fruits and honey.

The elephant fouled the stagnant pools we passed, but that did not prevent my men from slaking their thirst there, while I refilled my water-bottle at every stream and boiled every drop I drank. Besides the hunters and "boys" carrying camera, etc., I still had a crew of a dozen for the *machila*; but, not wanting to try them too highly, I got into it only when nearly fagged out, for I had to preserve my strength for the final tussle.

Towards evening on the second day, a fine old wart-hog rushed out of a hole and ran past us within a few yards, a tantalizing opportunity which, I am told, frequently comes to the elephant hunter. The "boys" threw their assegais at him, causing loud grunts, but the veteran made good his escape. By the third day, my large and well-stocked basket of food was presenting a "lean and hungry look" and I had to put myself on short rations. Nor did we appear to be making much impression on our fleeing enemy, and Simba intimated that it was useless to pursue the bull any farther. I hated the idea of failure.

However, the affair was taken out of my hand; for, as the sun was setting, after we had covered countless miles and gone Heaven knows where during the pursuit, we found our advance barred by a river deeper than any we had crossed. The "boys," seeing

that I was determined to proceed, and anxious to earn the reward I had offered if we should overtake the elephant, made a gallant attempt. Two of them, braving the crocodiles, swam across, and a bridge was soon made from a couple of stout trees at a point where the stream narrowed to about 20 feet. All came over in safety, but, try as we would, no sign of spoor could be found on the opposite side; and I began to suspect that the wily animal had swum some distance up or down, and not actually crossed at all.

It was now too late to go on; so the *machila* was slung between two trees, and, feeling thoroughly depressed, I spent another wretched night in pelting rain. The "boys" huddled together beneath me, and I imagine that their snores kept the wild beasts away. They were certainly loud enough to keep me awake, tired as I was, for an hour or two and caused me to dream of roaring lions and trumpeting elephants.

In the morning, no trace of the spoor! We recrossed the stream, only to come upon fresh spoor of four other elephants, which we followed all day over stony, waterless hills; tracking sometimes with great difficulty, and finally losing it on hard ground. I had now to confess myself beaten at all points, and gave in exhausted and half-mad with thirst. My water-bottle had apparently been dropped and trodden on, as it refused to hold liquid any longer. Accordingly we sought water, intending to double back on our tracks and meet Hassan with the tent; for I had now nothing eatable left save a few hard biscuits and some chocolate.

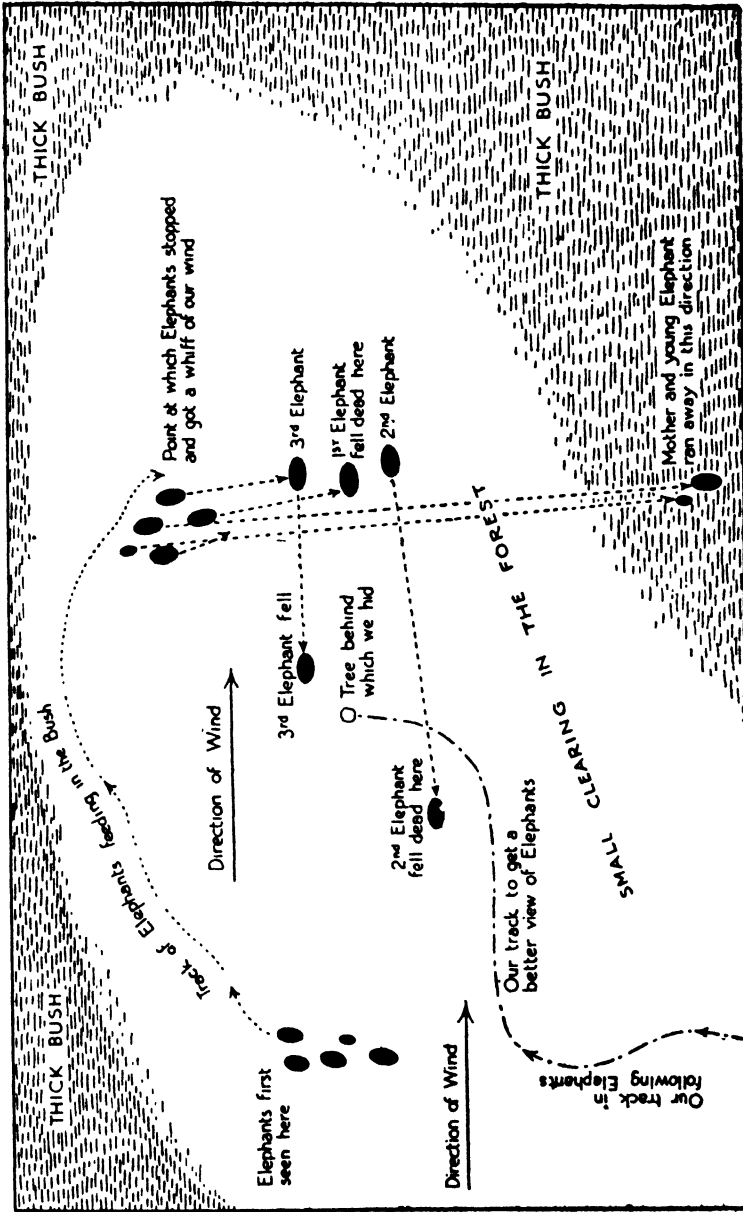
Christmas Eve! Pouring rain, no shelter save a damp *machila*, and tormented by hordes of biting flies and insects; clothes moist and dirty, scarcely any food, and nothing to drink but muddy, milkless tea brewed from pools fouled by elephants! I felt worn out and wretched; without a pal, and surrounded by blacks who did not understand a word of my language. The faithful Hassan miles behind, and August, my second interpreter, lagging in the rear, lame; the "boys" bribed to return to camp for food not yet come back, and our party reduced from eighteen to eleven. Nothing to smoke, of course, and the wood too wet to light a fire to scare off lions. Finally, by way of encouragement, the dismal howling of a hyæna and the gloomy croak of innumerable harsh-voiced frogs.

Thus broke Christmas morning, grey and wet. I was horribly stiff and weary, and, but for a desire to get a fresh supply of food, tobacco, and dry clothes, much disinclined to leave my hammock.

Whilst I was meditating on the events of the last four days, and wondering when and where we should meet Hassan with the tent, a couple of the "boys" who had gone out early in search of something to eat came running up in a state of great excitement, declaring they had heard elephants breaking down trees not far away. Merely stopping long enough to boil some water and make chocolate, the last scrap of food left, I seized my heavy rifle, and, accompanied only by Simba and the two "boys," hastened to the spot where they had heard the elephants. We could hear nothing; but after testing the wind we decided to advance in the direction advised by our guides, and soon struck spoor.

There were obviously five elephants: a large one, three of moderate size, and one quite small. Presently, we came to a muddy pool, in which they had been wallowing, and then to some trees they had broken down. The animals had moved off from where they had been heard, and we feared at first that they had got the "boys'" wind and cleared; but it was soon evident, from the way in which they had scattered, that they were merely travelling in quest of food. After going carefully for about two hours, we came to a small *dambo* of rough grass, which they had crossed in single file, spreading out again amongst the trees on the opposite side and stopping to nibble a leaf here and there, or to dig up a root. Then our two guides, who were a little ahead of Simba and me, puzzling out the spoor which at times was difficult to follow owing to the twisting course taken by the animals, came hurrying back, much excited, saying that the elephants were just in front; they had seen them. The "boys" were evidently much frightened, for they lost no time in getting behind trees.

We at once went forward, but with the utmost caution, constantly testing the wind. The creatures were moving slowly through thick bush and it was impossible to see more than a portion of any one of them. The wind was blowing steadily on the near side of the elephants, so, seeing a comparatively open space in the forest a little to our right, we left the spoor and made for this. From there the wind would be blowing direct from them to us, and I should be able to get a broadside instead of a stern shot. We first hid behind a small tree only 30 yards from them and watched. Then the hunter, leaving both rifles with me, crawled a little nearer to select the biggest tusker. He soon came back, very dejected, pointing to his teeth and shaking his



ELEPHANT HUNT

head to indicate that they were *tondos* ; tuskless creatures, of little use to anyone. This was a cruel blow and the bitterest disappointment I had ever experienced in connection with sport. Had I kept my wits, I might have remembered that one of the elephants at least was bound to have tusks, as we had seen marks on the trees.

Suddenly, a rush of fury came over me, and I determined that I must have one, though tuskless and of no commercial value; for the feet and tail of the largest would be something of a trophy, and some of the hide would be useful. Further, we were all in dire need of food, and there was no certainty that my tent and stores would turn up at once. So I made a sign to Simba, who was watching me closely and probably divined my thoughts. I indicated that I would shoot, and we crawled closer inch by inch till we were less than 20 yards from the nearest animal. He seemed very big to me, for African elephants are long in the leg ; and, barring the three cows previously mentioned and some in India and Ceylon, these were the first I had seen outside the Zoological Gardens. There one only sees the Indian elephant, a much smaller animal, for African elephants are most difficult to tame ; Jumbo, the only one tamed in recent years, killed his keeper. Two other characteristics of the African elephant are the enormous size of their ears and the sloping forehead, which makes a frontal shot at the head impracticable.

A little farther on I saw another animal, and between the two a little calf ; so, not knowing which was the mother and neither of them presenting a satisfactory shot in the dense bush, it seemed advisable to wait. We were sufficiently hidden and our presence was unsuspected, even though the small tree behind which we had ensconced ourselves was little larger than a telegraph pole, for there was bush up to our waists. However, the huge creatures began to approach the edge of the clearing and move round us, as they fed, in a semicircle. The result was that they must have got a whiff of us, for all stopped on a sudden and turned towards us, flapping their great ears. Next they sniffed the air, stretching out their trunks, waving them to and fro, but keeping them horizontal with the ends turned upwards.

Simba nudged me, and I realized that it was now or never. The largest beast was unluckily head-on, so I thought it wiser to select a smaller one, which, being slightly turned to my right, presented a good shot at the heart. My friend, the Government official, had recommended me to take the brain shot when possible ;

as, if successful, it saves all further trouble. Following his advice, I fired the first barrel at the head, between eye and ear, slightly nearer the former, and the second almost immediately after, just in front of the shoulder, whence I judged it would penetrate the heart. Where the first bullet went I know not, but it must have missed the brain.

The elephant stood stock-still for a moment ; and, on receiving the second bullet, dashed madly forward about 10 yards, followed by the rest, and fell in a heap 25 yards from our small tree, but on the opposite side from where we had first viewed them. Of the others, the mother and young one ran blindly on without stopping, and were lost both to sight and sound ; but the remaining two, on seeing their comrade fall, stayed behind, and, so far as I could see from our secluded position, they were trying to lift him up. At the same moment they must have got our wind, for they had passed completely round our position, which formed the centre of the circle, and were now standing not far from the tree from which we had first stalked them—just 24 yards from us.

Up went their mighty heads, trunks outstretched towards us, the huge ears forward, and they trumpeted loudly.

All this took far less time than the telling ; and my rifle, emptied at the first discharge, was useless. To say that I was scared is to state the case very mildly ; I am ashamed to confess that I was terrified and entirely lost my head. Seeing the elephant fall and not expecting any trouble, I was mechanically reloading, when matters suddenly took this dangerous turn. Quite forgetting that I had another rifle ready charged at my hand, I was fumbling with the cartridges and trying to push in more than the rifle would hold. Fortunately, Simba was equal to the occasion. Snatching the weapon from me, he thrust the other into my hand, crying : “ *Bwana, aisa, aisa !* ” (“ Master, they’re coming, they’re coming ! ”), and made signs to me to shoot.

Although I did not grasp his words then, I saw the danger, and his action brought me to myself. Putting the rifle to my shoulder, I took aim at the chest of the elephant on the right and fired. Neither animal had started to charge, and I cannot say if they would have done so. Being unwounded, it is possible that after the demonstration they might have moved off. But how many sportsmen would dare to take the chance ? Certainly not many novices like myself. As soon as I fired, the creature turned slightly and ran swiftly past us at a distance of 10 yards.

At the same instant the other elephant came thundering down upon us, still trumpeting shrilly.

To my dying day I shall never forget the utter helplessness I felt at that moment! To run was useless, there was not a tree of any size to dodge behind, and to stop the advancing monster looked as hopeless as to arrest the progress of an express train or an avalanche on a mountain slope. Short of a miracle, nothing could save us from being trampled to death. "Miracles," wrote Matthew Arnold, "do not happen"; but one took place now. Throwing up my rifle, but without taking any particular aim, I pulled the trigger, and the beast came tumbling to earth, even sliding along the ground with the momentum of its charge. How did it happen? I did not know.

The animal was now beating the ground with its head less than 12 yards from us and making terrific efforts to rise. Again Simba, far cooler than I, snatched the smoking rifle out of my hands, and thrust forward the other, loaded. I fired a couple of shots in quick succession, but it was still struggling; so, running round behind, I put two bullets into the back of the skull.

It seemed at first that nothing but a shot in the brain (a very tiny mark to shoot at, and so hard to achieve when an elephant is charging that no one recommends it) could have brought about the collapse. The forehead of the African elephant slopes backward, unlike that of its Indian brother, so that a bullet fired from a rifle held 4 or 5 feet from the ground stands small chance of reaching the brain. On examination we soon saw how the thing had happened. The first bullet had shattered the bone above the right knee; the fact of my left eye being open bringing the muzzle a little too far for the centre of the chest, and pulling, instead of pressing, the trigger would make me fire low. In fact, it is uncertain that anything but the breaking of a leg bone would have brought down the elephant—an incredible piece of luck!

Mr. J. Sutherland, who killed 447 elephants in twelve years, states that one of those he shot "travelled for several hundreds of yards and lived fully half an hour with two large solid .577 bullets lodged in the brain," and that "even with the best and most powerful modern rifles, one can never be absolutely certain of stopping a charging elephant."

The elephant which charged us turned out to be a tuskless cow in calf; on examining the first brought down, we discovered to our pleasure that it had one long, slender tusk. The socket where the other should have been was just hard bone. The

tusk being on the left side, which was turned away from us, had been invisible to Simba before.

Our other "boys," who had heard the firing and the trumpeting of the elephants, then came hurrying up, amazed to find us unhurt; and one of them declared that there was another wounded elephant not far off. By this time I felt a complete wreck and thoroughly disinclined for any more encounters with the brutes, wounded or otherwise; but he assured us that it was down and barely moving; so, very cautiously, we went towards the spot. He—for it was a bull—was slowly moving his head up and down as he lay on his side, so I fired two shots from behind, finishing him off.

The first bullet had struck him fair in the chest, and, passing through the whole body at a slight angle piercing both heart and lungs, had stuck fast in the skin a little way from the tail, as we discovered when cutting him up. We were too busy with the charging elephant to realize that this one had also fallen, although he had only travelled 40 yards after passing us. He, also, had one tusk, on the left side, thicker but shorter than that of the cow. The tusk on the right was broken off short and barely protruding, so that the hunter had concluded that this elephant was also a *tondo*. On cutting out the broken tusk, it became clear that the animal had good cause for being irritable and ready to charge on small provocation; for the socket inside the head was decaying and full of matter, and the beast must have been suffering excruciating pain for weeks. My medicine, though strong, was doubtless more efficacious than any it could have obtained.

I could not help thinking what a strange and unlucky thing it was that, after all these days, or rather weeks, of hunting, I should fall in with such a wretched company, containing three of the most hopeless crocks in the country. To the boys they seemed desirable enough, and they were as jubilant as I was downhearted.

As soon as my camera was brought up, I took several snapshots; but, owing to its having been dropped, the light got at the films and spoiled all save one. By breaking down some of the bushes we brought the three elephants simultaneously into view.

The "boys" lost no time in savagely attacking the meat of the bull, which I allowed them to cut up, and they were too hungry to wait for it to be cooked. My photograph shows one of them, stark naked, leaning down, about to go right inside the

carcass and tear out some tit-bits for himself. The heart was reserved for me, as well as a piece of the trunk; but, though stewed for six hours, both were tough, stringy, and unpalatable. When cold, and flavoured with chutney, the trunk was quite eatable. It cut like spiced beef, and provided me with two dinners and three lunches—pretty fair for a nose!

I had one of the ears of the largest beast dried and polished, and it makes a handsome card-tray. Several ladies have been provided with bracelets from the hairs on the ends of the tails, while the feet now act as waste-paper baskets. The only two sound tusks are used as electric-light standards. They look fine, but are in reality the poorest trophies I possess.

Within twenty-four hours the news had mysteriously gone round; and the inhabitants of three villages, like vultures scenting carrion, gathered round the carcasses to wrangle with my boys over the meat. So frightful was the smell that I visited the spot only to take photographs and see the tusks chopped out.

Hassan turned up about three hours after the battle; he had been following hard on our heels ever since we had left him, and I was very glad to be united with my baggage again and to get a bath and a smoke. Hassan's progress had not been without adventure, for he reported that two rhinos had charged clean through the line of carriers, causing a universal *sauve qui peut*. By good luck, not much damage was done and no one was hurt.

I had received too severe a shock to my nerves to undertake any more hunting for the present, and spent the rest of that day and the whole of the next very quietly, recuperating. The "boys," who were also glad of a rest, dried strips of flesh over smoky fires and bartered the remainder for flour and native beer. All my followers were crazy with joy at the sight of the dead elephants, and prostrated themselves at my feet or knelt in front of me clapping their hands, to signify congratulation at my success or their pleasure at the feast in store. The villagers also, delighted at the welcome and unlooked-for harvest of flesh, had brought with them two drums and a number of girls and women in order to give a dance in my honour.

If my Christmas Eve had been dull, I certainly made up for it on Christmas Day. The dance took place in front of my tent, which had been pitched near a pool 2 miles from the scene of slaughter. After a dinner of elephant trunk and tinned plum pudding—the latter just arrived from Buluwayo and set on fire with brandy to the amazement of beholders—I produced some

of the Bengal lights which had been brought for use when lion hunting, or in case of attack on the camp at night. These lit up the wildest scene imaginable.

The native dances appear to be either of love or war, principally the former. They are accompanied by grotesque or suggestive movements which would have little chance of passing the censor in England; but I was expected to express approval, and bore the monotony as well as I could.

Two drums were beaten by relays of natives, and the remainder formed a wide circle round the dancers, clapping their hands in time, and shouting something like, "E-hi, e-hi, e-hi!" The sound rises and falls and rises again according to the number joining in, or the excitement worked up. If native beer is obtained, frenzy is reached. The noise scarcely ceases for a moment, as from time to time fresh men and women and boys and girls come forward to take the places of those in the middle or round the sides. The natives have no idea of kettle-drum action or any recognized method of beating the drum, but just whack it with any stick handy, or, failing that, with their hands. For this young boys delightedly volunteer. The drums are merely stout pieces of wood hollowed out and covered with a piece of antelope skin over one or both ends.

At the start, eight women dancers took their places in a row, each woman dressed only in a skirt. As the drums began to sound, and, while the men clapped their hands and shouted, a boy advanced and tickled one of the dusky females on the chest. She, in indescribable fashion, along with the other seven, stooped slightly and waggled her body. To me this seemed irresistibly comic, and I could not refrain from bursting into laughter. The natives were not at all offended by my mirth and laughed heartily themselves. Subsequently, eight men came forward, and both they and the women advanced and retreated and tickled each other till I considered it prudent to leave. At 3 a.m. the din was unabated; and, sleep being almost out of the question so long as "the heathen raged," I ordered the proceedings to terminate. It was proposed that another dance should be given the following night in my honour; but I declined as gracefully as possible, and did my best to buy up the drums. One of these I did get for 3 yards of calico, but its possession was a doubtful boon. Though my chances of sleep were improved for the rest of the night, that drum was ruthlessly thumped all day and every day by the boy who carried it afterwards, and was borrowed at every

village where we stopped. The natives are so intensely fond of noise and dancing and have so few pleasures that I had not the heart to check them.

On Boxing Day, I went to see the tusks cut out with hatchets, and was much amused at the ceremony insisted on by Simba. He chewed up leaves and solemnly spat them out over the tusks and over the "boys" who were cutting them out; in order to prevent, as he said, evil consequences to all concerned. They were horrified at seeing me cut a piece of flesh off a tusk without taking any of this so-called medicine, and my interpreter came and begged me not to take any more risks.

An old chief, who had come in with his people from one of the villages, told me that there were very few big elephants in the country; in fact, he had heard of no more than two, though large numbers of small ones were doing immense damage. He added that possibly some large tuskers might come later to feed on the *masuku*,¹ as they travel long distances in search of it. I asked him why the elephant had charged me, seeing that it was unwounded. He replied in all seriousness that it desired revenge, because I had shot its companion on whom it relied for roots and bark.

Some natives say that a *tondo* can see better than an animal with tusks, these being alleged to distort its vision. However this may be, they are credited with greater fierceness than the tusker; and, on mentioning my narrow escape to one hunter, he remarked without intentional humour: "Yes, they are always bad-tempered, and I've noticed that they begin to stamp and scream as soon as they smell me!"

Another big game hunter, who has shot many elephants, told me he was only charged once, and that was by a *tondo*.

From the tuskless cow we took an embryo about the size of a collie dog; but, to my surprise, the natives, who will eat almost anything, drew the line at that. It disappeared subsequently, however. Some one took a fancy to it. The cutting up of the meat was a horrible sight but effectually done; for, when leaving two days later, I passed the scene of the slaughter and was amazed to find that nothing remained save a few bits of skin and bones; the inhabitants of the villages had cleaned up the rest. A man who shot an elephant not far from this spot had the good fortune to kill two lions which were devouring the carcass. One of these lions had eaten his tent-boy, and I saw the skins of the beasts pegged out in a native village I passed. Both

¹ A juicy plum.



WARI-HOG.
(pp. 238 and 257)



THE DANCE

had small tawny manes ; the magnificent manes seen in Zoos are only grown in captivity.

The resident magistrate, on my return, gave me a warm welcome and hearty congratulations—as a friend. He announced that, as a magistrate, it was his duty to fine me heavily for breaking the game regulations and shooting elephants with tusks below the minimum weight. In vain I protested that I had fired in self-defence. He retorted that such a plea was never accepted. In such cases as mine a nominal fine of £2 is usually imposed for each elephant ; but, lest he should be accused of showing favour, he proposed to mulct me of £15 for the three. After further discussion—for in a country where solicitors are unknown each man has to conduct his own case—he agreed to compromise at £6 in all ; as I argued that there was no penalty for shooting *tondos*.

Strange to say, about a month after this he had himself to shoot a cow elephant with less than 11-lb. tusks in order to save his life. Not wishing to adjudicate on his own case, he reported to the nearest magistrate, some 90 miles distant. He was fined £2, and the ivory (worth about £10) was confiscated. For a wanton offence of this sort an official can confiscate the ivory and all the trophies, cancel the licence, and impose a fine of £50 for each animal shot.

My friend once had to inflict this heavy fine on a professional white hunter ; and as the man was unable to pay he sentenced him to imprisonment. There being no jail at that *boma*, the wretched man was set to build one ; but before it was finished he fell a victim to sleeping sickness.

This was the first reported case of sleeping sickness in that part of Rhodesia ; but the authorities, remembering how quickly it spread in Uganda, took no chances. They circularized their officials, ordering them to give all the information they had concerning the disease and the presence of the fly (*tsetse palpalis*) or other possible carriers of the trypanosome.

Also they appointed a bacteriologist to make investigations on the spot. It chanced that this gentleman was passing through my friend the magistrate's district about the time of my arrival there, and found a man who had been elephant hunting in the Loangwa Valley—the country in which I had arranged to hunt—lying in my friend's house apparently suffering from malarial fever. The bacteriologist, noticing that the man had swollen glands, one of the symptoms of sleeping sickness, subjected a

drop of his blood to microscopical examination. This at once disclosed the dreaded trypanosome.

The following day I arrived. I saw the horrid creature under the microscope myself, and it looked like a little black snake. These deadly microbes suck all the goodness out of the blood, so that eventually the sufferer becomes weak and pallid and finally unable to lift a limb, wishing merely to be let alone and allowed to sleep. Hence the name, sleeping sickness. At this stage of the disease, the doomed man, having become too helpless to resist any other pugnacious microbe that attacks him, may be actually killed by a fresh malady, such as pneumonia or some internal trouble; but, if this should not happen, he may linger on a year or more till his sleep becomes the sleep of death!

Curiously enough, the man whom I saw with the disease was troubled with insomnia and a high temperature; but the fever left him and he died a week later of inflammation of the lungs.

Sleeping sickness is not to be confounded with sleepy sickness, a new disease which has attacked people in Europe. Sleepy sickness is not always fatal, and up to the present doctors are not agreed as to its cause or the manner of its distribution. It is barely twenty¹ years since it was discovered how sleeping sickness was communicated from man to man, and we do not yet know how it arose, whence it came, or whither it may spread. But I have seen it stated that it has existed in the West Coast Colonies, the basin of the Senegal, the Congo, and the Niger for over a hundred years. Further, that it was accepted as an ineradicable and incurable disease, just as cancer is in Europe. The same writer asserts that it is only the recent appalling mortality in Uganda which has made the disease a nightmare to the civilized world; since, except where the conditions are favourable, sleeping sickness is a slow-moving malady. Also, that the prompt measures taken to check its spreading will prevent any such terrible outbreak in future. Let us hope so; for the following account of the way in which Uganda was smitten by it speaks for itself. Further, not only has it spread during the last few years as far to the North as 200 miles down the Nile, but it has now reached in the South a point 150 miles north of the Zambezi.

¹ A tablet in the London Hospital commemorates the self-sacrifice of a Nigerian Chief who offered himself to Dr. Guinness in 1890 for experiment for the sake of his people. This was the first case seen in England, but thirteen years elapsed before any great discovery was made.

In July, 1901, a doctor of the C.M.S. Hospital at Kampala, near Lake Victoria Nyanza, noticed eight cases of a mysterious disease. Six months later he reported that over 200 natives had died of it in the island of Buvuma, and that thousands appeared to be infected.

The pestilence swiftly spread through all the districts of the lake shore, and its victims were numbered by thousands. No one could tell whence it had come or by what it was caused. It resisted every kind of treatment and appeared to be universally fatal. Scientific inquiries of various kinds were immediately set on foot ; but for a long time no results were obtained, and meanwhile the disease ran along the coasts and islands of the great lake like fire before a high wind.

By the middle of 1902 the reported deaths numbered over 30,000. On April 28, 1903, Colonel Bruce announced that he considered the disease to be due to a kind of trypanosome, conveyed from one person to another by the bite of a species of tsetse fly. The news that Europeans could not consider themselves immune caused consternation in the white community. Nearly everybody had been bitten at one time or another, but whether by this particular species when actually infected remained doubtful. Also, tsetse flies abounded in such numbers on all parts of the lake shore, that their wholesale destruction seemed quite impossible. What then? For a time Colonel Bruce's discovery almost paralysed preventive measures. The scourge fell unchecked.

By the end of 1903 the reported deaths numbered over 90,000, and the lake shores were becoming depopulated. Whole villages were completely exterminated, and great tracts in Usoga formerly famed for their high cultivation relapsed into forests. By the end of 1905 considerably more than 200,000 persons had perished in the plague-stricken regions, out of a population in those regions which could not have exceeded 300,000. Note also that in the following years any decrease in the mortality in any district where the fly was present was due not to any diminution in the virulence of the disease but simply to the reduction of possible victims, owing to the extermination or removal of the inhabitants.

How did the authorities act? Having diligently inquired into the matter by means of brave self-sacrificing men not afraid to risk their lives for the sake of humanity, the following facts were established. For the spread of the disease five separate conditions must be present : climate, water, bush, the *tsetse palpalis*,

36 ROUND THE WORLD WITH ROD AND RIFLE

and one infected person. Remove any one of these, and the curse is lifted.

But let all these be conjoined, and the sure destruction of every human being in the district is only a matter of time. Thus, wherever the authorities could not banish the fly by destroying its home, they tried to remove those infected with the disease from the haunts of the fly, and further, to prevent anyone living where it was known to exist. They also prohibited white men from entering certain districts and either removed the native inhabitants wholesale or forbade them to leave their homes.

Anyone who wishes to learn more about sleeping sickness should read Sir Frederick Treves' delightful book *Uganda for a Holiday*, from which I have taken some of the above information.

Another writer¹ states that :

"The disease was first diagnosed in Rhodesia in 1907; and, though it has not yet assumed the form of an epidemic, this may be chiefly due to the measures taken by the Administration. On the other hand, the commercial development of the North has been arrested; for in 1908 all natives were removed from the shores of Lake Tanganyika, the principal waterway of that portion of the country.

"Transport to the West was stopped, the Congo was closed as a labour centre, and trade between certain tribes had to be prohibited. Also the financial strain was enormous, and it is to the credit of the Chartered Company and its shareholders that they have counted money as dross in this matter. Segregation camps, extra medical men, road patrols, and border guards are some of the incidental expenses which have been rendered necessary; the removal of villages wholesale from the infected area, together with the necessity of remitting the taxes of natives so removed for a year, of recompensing them for confiscated canoes, and, in many cases, of feeding them during the resulting period of shortage while their new gardens were in course of making—these are among the more direct consequences."

It is possible that many thousands have perished in Africa from sleeping sickness before the serious attention of the white man was called to it; and it is suspected that the deaths of many natives in unfrequented places will be traced to this cause when sufficient capable men can be found and allowed to make thorough investigations.

The Loangwa Valley is a case in point. Although teeming with game of all kinds, it is so hot and infested with flies and

¹ Mr. Gouldsbury in *The Great Plateau of Northern Rhodesia*.

mosquitoes that this district is never visited ; except by the most enthusiastic of hunters and the officials who spend a month in each year collecting the hut-tax. It was not known, however, that sleeping sickness existed there, until the case I have mentioned was brought to the notice of the authorities.

They acted promptly and closed the district in which the man had been hunting ; so that I had to go elsewhere.

Whilst I was away another sad tragedy occurred.

My friend the magistrate had been joined by an assistant, and this man's young brother came on a visit to the *boma*. The young fellow—only eighteen years of age—was stricken with what was supposed to be malaria till the bacteriologist mentioned above examined him and pronounced it to be sleeping sickness. The boy was at once hurried off to the railway 300 miles distant, taken to Cape Town, and placed on board a steamer.

It was intended that he should be treated at the Tropical School of Medicine at Liverpool, but he died on the day his steamer reached Southampton, less than six weeks after being attacked. He had not passed through any country within a hundred miles of the place where the elephant hunter had been bitten. The rapidity with which both these victims succumbed to the disease, and the fact that no *tsetse palpalis* were known to exist in that part of Rhodesia through which they had passed, thoroughly alarmed the authorities, who now appointed a Commission to inquire into the matter.

The conclusion this Commission came to was a serious one. It was that the *tsetse morsitans* was able to carry the disease as well as the *tsetse palpalis*. Hitherto it had been believed that this fly could only transmit sickness from beast to beast and that only the *tsetse palpalis* carried it from man to man.

I was constantly bitten by these flies ; but, as already explained, they can only give the disease after biting some one afflicted with it. Also it is only the female fly which carries it, as in the case of mosquitoes which carry malaria and yellow fever ; none of these flies or mosquitoes are infectious, or should I say contagious, for longer than twenty-four hours.

Strange to say, neither the *tsetse* fly nor the *anopheles* mosquito give any warning buzz of their approach.¹

¹ Tsetse flies are about the size of a bee, but they are slimmer and more active. Their bite is annoying and feels like the prick of a needle.

CHAPTER II

SHARK FISHING IN THE PACIFIC

ON March 7, 1906, my wife and I visited Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, for the first time. As these islands are not so well known as they deserve to be, I will quote some passages from a letter sent home then, supplementing them with information gleaned on five subsequent visits up to the year 1919.

The letter is written from Volcano House in the island of Hawaii, and begins as follows :

“ We are now at a small inn built right on the brink of Kilauea, the largest volcano in the world,¹ and looking down into it. We are of course some distance (about 3 miles) from the active portion, but the ground here is warm. There are large rents in it produced by earthquakes, and from many of them steam is issuing ; there is also a strong smell of sulphur. No violent earthquakes have occurred for some years, for the volcano, which I can see sending forth enormous volumes of smoke as I write, acts as a safety-valve. The crater is 7 miles in circumference, and in the widest place nearly 3 miles across. Almost in the centre of this irregular circle is the live part of the volcano. This sometimes boils over with molten lava, which fills up the whole of the immense saucer and flows over the rim down the mountain-side destroying everything in its path. When in this condition it may well be described as a lake of fire and brimstone such as the hells of Luther and of Bunyan. One is reminded of the incident at Vesuvius when an American, looking down into the crater, remarked : ‘ By Jove, it is like hell.’ An old lady standing near, quietly said : ‘ Dear me, what travellers these Americans are ! ’

“ To get to Volcano House we had to leave Honolulu, which is on the island of Oahu, in a small steamer carrying goods and passengers to different places in the archipelago. After touch-

¹ Since this was written Mount Katmai in Alaska has been proved to be the largest volcano in the world. It is three miles wide and exceeds

ing at the islands of Molokai and Maui, she landed us on the second evening at Hilo, the capital of Hawaii. This is the largest of the five islands comprising the group. We stayed the night at an hotel, somewhat irrelevantly called after Demosthenes, and took train the following morning 22 miles to the terminus, which lies 2,000 feet above sea-level. Thence we drove 9 miles on a horribly bumpy road in a coach-and-four of a primitive type, ascending another 2,500 feet. Two mountains nearly as high as Mont Blanc are clearly visible a few miles from us, and one of them has a volcano at the summit. During the afternoon we rode through a forest of tree ferns, which grow almost as tall as those of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand.

"We had not time to visit the spot where Captain Cook, who discovered these islands in 1778, was killed, for we spent the whole of the following day exploring Kilauea and Mauna Loa. This last is the largest extinct volcano known.

"After riding down a narrow trail to the floor of the crater of Kilauea, which lies a few hundred feet below our hotel, we left the horses in charge of an attendant and walked across the huge blocks of lava to obtain a closer view of the fiery pit. The ground was very hot, and steam was coming through the cracks in many places, so we were able to boil the 'billy,' a sort of open kettle much used by colonials, by placing it on a crack, and to make some fresh tea. We got pretty near the large hole in the centre of the crater by approaching it with the wind at our backs, but did not stay long, as the bubbling and roaring sounds proceeding from within were rather alarming. It would have been much more interesting if the whole saucer, on which we were walking, had been full of molten lava, and we were in truth much disappointed at not seeing it in this condition. That depends of course on the activity of the volcano; but it has happened at least twice in a few years, and the huge crater, which has an area of 17 square miles, remained in that condition for several weeks.

"However, in spite of bad accommodation, indifferent food, a rough sea, and shocking roads, the trip was well worth taking; for the coast scenery along the north side of Hawaii is an additional attraction. Rugged cliffs, at times bare but generally clothed with moss and greenery, rise up almost perpendicularly from the shore, and many waterfalls come tumbling over them into the sea, which is of that lovely turquoise hue only seen in the tropics.

"In one place I counted fourteen waterfalls. Here and there were deep indentations forming beautiful valleys running far inland and dividing the bright green of the sugar plantations from the darker patches of other crops.

"Farther back still were dark green forests and high mountains rising slope on slope to nearly 14,000 feet. These were in some places thickly wooded and in others completely naked, showing their volcanic formation and making a good contrast to the surrounding country."

On returning to Honolulu I was recommended by the American hotel manager to amuse myself with shark fishing. He said that, on account of the islands being 2,300 miles from the nearest land, they were infested with sharks, and I could have "all kinds of sport" if I had the right sort of boatman to assist me. He added that sharks grow to enormous size in these waters, and he had heard of some being taken over 30 feet in length. Also that, on days when steamers called at the port, great numbers might be seen swimming round in search of food; but, on other days, that part of the shore opposite the sheds where cattle and sheep are killed would be the best place. Inwardly making allowances for anglers' tales, I resolved to seek further information. I was directed to a fine-looking half-caste called Jack, the son of an American married to a South Sea Islander.

My informant told me that Jack was a skilful boatman and accustomed to take out sea anglers. I found him seated with his brother on the verandah of a bungalow, which was built out over the water in a secluded part of the harbour. Lounging in the only comfortable chair was a peculiar-looking individual whom Jack always addressed with great deference as "Mr. Courtney."

This gentleman invariably wore a black bowler hat, an equally black shirt without tie, blue dungarees braced very high, and dirty brown boots. I never saw him smoke and seldom heard him speak. He did not appear to take any food with the family, but chewed gum unceasingly.

Whenever I visited Jack, this mysterious person was always to be found sitting in the same place. Perhaps he was "in possession," or maybe an independent gentleman with a taste for the sea. The mystery was never solved, although we often discussed it; and, three years later, when I saw him looking exactly the same, as though he had never moved, I could hardly keep my countenance.

On hearing that I wanted to go shark fishing, the boatman

replied : " Say, young man, do you know what you are in for ? " I humbly said that I was not in any way acquainted with sharks, but was willing to take risks and would pay him handsomely if he would row me out after them.

He replied : " That will do : I will guarantee you a shark if you will get the bait and pay me fifty dollars." I said : " That's easy," thinking he wanted a piece of salt pork or at most a joint of beef or mutton ; but I was rather staggered when he demanded a whole horse or at least a cow. He went on to explain that the sharks were so large it would be impossible to hold them on a hook, and he said he had not got a hook anyway. Nor had I, nor anything else for the purpose. He added that I should have to use a whaling harpoon, and that, in order to get a good opportunity of hurling the weapon into the fish, it was necessary to offer a large bait which would both attract the sharks and keep them busy fighting over it. Further, a horse's skin was so tough that, when a shark got his teeth into it, there would be time to drag the horse near enough the boat for the harpoon to be thrown, before the fish let go or tore a piece off.

I then started on my quest for horses and cows, and, though I have been accustomed since the age of eight to seek bait for various kinds of fish, I never had so much trouble in my life. I became very unpopular with the cabbies by offering them twenty dollars for the sorry hacks they were driving, and fell out with a friend of mine, who promised me a cow which he expected to die ; for, when the cow got well, I worried him to supply something to take its place.

At last I went to the police, and told them that there were some Chinamen using horses which were lame and ought to be shot, that it was cruelty to animals, and so forth. The superintendent looked steadily at me and said : " Say, young feller, are you going shark fishing ? " I nodded, saying : " That's the idea ; but evidently some one has been here before me." He replied : " I should say they have, and, what's more, we don't intend to get ourselves disliked by the Chinese or anyone else just to help you guys to go teasing sharks. You can't catch 'em anyway."

I left the police station somewhat depressed ; but, on the way back, a bright thought struck me. I argued this way : do not doctors sometimes fail to cure their patients ? Then why should not veterinary surgeons occasionally lose a horse or cow ? Accordingly, I asked the friendly hotel manager for

the names and addresses of all the "vets" in Honolulu, and if he knew of one who had a small boy of between six and twelve years old. He soon introduced me to a very ugly little boy covered with freckles, whose father was a horse-doctor. After supplying him freely with lollies and candy, as sweets are called in America, I asked him if he would like to go shark fishing.

"Oh, wouldn't I!" he cried, "and may I bring father?" I replied: "By all means, bring the whole family if you like, so long as you bring a bait as well," and I explained that we could not go at all unless we had a dead horse or a cow.

He promised to 'phone me as soon as he knew of anything of the kind. The very next day, father, who was evidently a bit of a "sport," telephoned to say that he had a horse very sick and wished to know what I wanted done with it. The price would be three dollars.

Instructed by Jack, I answered that he must lead it down to the dock and shoot it through the head, so that it would fall into the water. This was done; and the boatman, after attaching a rope to its neck, towed it behind his motor-launch to the bungalow.

The next morning, my wife and I, accompanied by a retired naval officer, with the veterinary surgeon and his son, embarked in the launch, a good little sea boat 21 feet in length. It was manned by Jack and the mysterious Mr. Courtney. The naval officer pretended to be uneasy on noticing that a large hole had been eaten in the horse's hindquarters by rats, during the night, and he declared that we should all get the plague!

However, away we went straight out of the harbour, dragging our ghastly bait. After proceeding about a mile, the engine was stopped and the boat allowed to drift. The horse with the rope round its neck drifted after us 10 to 15 yards away.

We then waited in breathless anticipation and kept a sharp look-out for the ominous dorsal fin. The sea was calm except for a slight swell, and the sun shone brilliantly in a cloudless sky. The water was crystal clear, and one could see far down into its depths.

Jack, after sending me to lie flat on the bow, told the rest to keep below the gunwale as much as possible, saying that some of the sharks were very timid. He explained that the large bull-nosed variety was somewhat afraid of moving objects, and, though the tiger (or true man-eating shark) would when hungry attack anything, he was at other times rather shy. The mouth



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TIGER
SHARK
IN THE
HARBOR
OF
HONOLULU
(p. 54)



BUTTE-NOSSED SHARK (11 FEET)

of the bull-nosed shark is not underhung, and he does not have to turn over on his back to bite like the other kinds. As a matter of fact, the other varieties do not always do so.

We had not waited twenty minutes before a huge fish nearly as long as our boat appeared ; he came swiftly towards us. Jack then gave me a harpoon 9 or 10 feet long, which he told me to hurl with all my might as soon as I got a good chance and to beware of getting entangled in the line attached to it. This lay ready coiled on the deck. After swimming cautiously round the horse several times and once coming to take a look at us, the shark went away, but he soon returned with another not quite so big as himself. Judging by the length of our craft, I should say these sharks would measure 18 and 20 feet.

It was intensely exciting, as both swam slowly round and round the bait and our small boat, which seemed to some of us at any rate far too small. Shortly afterwards, a third appeared. As soon as the first two saw him, they determined not to be outdone and rushed at the bait. My companions then hauled on the rope as hard as they could, thus drawing horse and boat nearer together, whilst the sharks tugged and tugged in their endeavours to get a piece of meat free.

The big fellow was still tearing at the tough skin when I hurled the harpoon into him. There was a terrific commotion in the water, as the sharks, which had now been joined by others, dashed off baulked of their prey. The one I had hit plunged deep below the boat, carrying the harpoon, to which was attached 12 fathoms of strong cord, down with him.

The rope whizzed out, and, if I had touched it, nothing could have saved me from being dragged overboard. The fish took every bit of it and was pulled up with a jerk, for the end was tied to a ring in the bow. The bow gave a quick bob, nearly throwing me into the sea, and then the rope became slack. I took hold of it gingerly and drew in slowly and carefully, whilst Mr. Courtney re-coiled it. To our great disappointment, the harpoon came back, as I had not thrown hard enough for the barb to penetrate the tough skin.

I was now standing on the bow, which moved up and down in the swell, and I had found it most difficult to throw hard without throwing myself in as well, as the heavy harpoon had to be held with both hands. There was no rail, and the gunwale at the side of the boat was only a couple of inches high, so it seemed likely that one of the sharks would have as good a

chance of catching me as I had of getting him. It was quite difficult enough keeping one's balance without doing anything else.

The boatman said we should soon get another opportunity, and so it turned out; for, after starting up the engine and moving about a mile, we were quickly surrounded by hungry-looking devils, which lost no time in attacking our bait. I believe they had been following the horse as we towed it along behind us. This time I struck a shark harder, for the harpoon came back tinged with blood. The next time I had bad luck, for the fish I aimed at let go and dived as I was in the act of throwing. Perhaps they were getting shy.

This was too much for some of the party, and murmurs arose such as: "Let the man have a go," "We want to see some sport," and "You'll never get one," "You can't throw a harpoon." I said: "I know I can't. Will you throw it, Jack?"

Jack replied: "No, I won't. I guaranteed you a shark, and a shark you shall have. You've paid for the boat. Go ahead; you're doing fine."

"Very well," I said, "I'll have one more try."

Meanwhile, the naval officer, who was a bit ratty, had a few words with Mr. Courtney. It began by his telling the latter that he did not know how to coil a rope, to which that gentleman replied icily: "You leave my rope alone." Jack calmed the disputants, and, after proceeding a little farther, we stopped the engine and again allowed the launch to drift.

A finny demon suddenly appeared from nowhere and seized one of the horse's forelegs. Then a mighty great shark came along, and, more like a ravenous beast than a fish, he burst out of the water with head and shoulders right on top of the horse and fastened his fearful teeth into its hindquarters. In his endeavour to wrench some meat off he turned over on his side and thus offered me a splendid mark. My blood was up now, and I determined to throw hard even if I did throw myself in. Curling one foot round the little mast, I hurled the harpoon with all my strength and succeeded in burying the whole of the iron in his body. The shark behaved like a real gentleman. The harpoon had left my hands and was sticking in him; yet he did not let go of the horse, which was now alongside the launch.

Seeing the huge beast just below me with the wooden shaft

of the harpoon sticking up close by, I gave the handle a hard shove. This drove it in still deeper and caused the fish to leave in a hurry. I have since realized that my action in driving in the harpoon after contact was exceedingly risky; at the time it seemed the right thing to do, and I felt grateful for the opportunity.

The shark was full of fight, and I had to let him have all the rope and tow the boat a considerable distance. Then Jack came to help me, and Mr. Courtney passed up a spear. Three or four times we got the fish to the surface, and he lashed the water into foam with his powerful tail and splashed us all from head to foot. My wife was rather alarmed, but she made no sound, whilst the little boy yelled for all he was worth. To tell the truth, I thought we had "bitten off more than we could chew."

On one of these occasions I stuck the spear through the shark, but with a twist of his body he snapped it in two like a stick. I had to pay five dollars for that spear! Jack kept quite cool, and said: "Please pass the hatchet, Mr. Courtney." When the fish began to tire, we gave the rope a turn round a stanchion; and, later, whilst Jack held him close to the boat, I leaned over and gave him a deep cut on the nose with the hatchet. This practically settled him, and we were able to slip a noose round his tail and tie him to the launch fore and aft. It was high time, too, for, in the excitement of the struggle, no one had noticed that we had approached perilously near the reef; and in a few minutes more we should have been among the breakers. Had we struck, the whole party might have become fish-food, but fortunately the engine started right away and we made all speed homewards. Jack wanted to cut the horse adrift; but, remembering what it had cost me to get, I dissuaded him, as I hoped for more sport in the afternoon. Several sharks followed us, and the veterinary, who had brought a rifle, fired at them all the way home, whilst his little son encouraged him by declaring he hit every one.

On reaching the harbour our catch was hauled up by a crane and photographed.

It was a bull-nosed shark and measured 17 feet to the tip of the tail. The great jaws were cut out and set up by Rowland Ward wide open with a mirror between the teeth, so that anyone may see himself inside the fish. They are nearly 2 feet in width, and each jaw contains six rows of teeth as large as those

of a dog, but shaped like the teeth of a saw. Some were $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length. Inside the shark was a duck, so he had evidently been feeding near the shore. One caught last year had swallowed a man's leg. I was told that the man was sitting on a raft fishing near the reef. The poor fellow must have bled to death, for the raft was found floating about with his dead body. The teeth of that shark fetched a high price as charms amongst the superstitious natives. The hairs of elephants' tails and the teeth and claws of carnivorous beasts are similarly sought after in Africa.

After lunch, I went out again with the two boatmen, but we had no luck, as the sharks seemed shy and left the bait before the harpoon could be thrown. Perhaps they were not hungry. The veterinary surgeon was so pleased with his morning's sport that he had another horse ready by the following Sunday and took out a large party of his friends, but I heard that they were unsuccessful. Quiet is essential when fishing!

"Steamer days," if calm, are undoubtedly the best, as small fish collect in great numbers in expectation of scraps. The sharks gorge on the fish, and for a day or two after the steamers have left they do not seem hungry.

One drawback to various kinds of sport with rod and gun is that one has to go to out-of-the-way spots where one may be held up by bad weather, rough seas, and low or flooded rivers, with little or nothing to do during the idle periods. It is often necessary also to camp out, to go without the comforts of civilization, and get one's mail and the daily papers at rare intervals. There are compensations, it is true, but those who prefer to shoot and fish within reach of a first-class hotel will be glad to know that none of the disadvantages referred to apply to the sport described here.

If my readers will pardon a digression (or skip it if they will not), I propose to show how our time was occupied whilst waiting for another favourable opportunity for shark fishing.

After motoring through the mountains and right across the island of Oahu through gorgeous scenery, we were shown over a sugar mill and pineapple plantations and paid three visits to the Aquarium and Museum, which have the finest collections of tropical fish and South Sea curios imaginable.

We also bathed for at least two hours every day. The sea-bathing was more than usually delightful for many reasons. The water is seldom less than 75° , even at night, so one can stay in for hours without feeling chilly; it is not very salt and does not

leave a sticky feeling. The bottom is sandy with the exception of a few places, easily avoided, marred by sharp coral, which is unfortunately spreading. There are no currents, nor undertow worth mentioning, and the water, which deepens little by little, is only up to one's shoulders from 50 to 100 yards out. There is scarcely any perceptible tide, and you step out of beautifully appointed dressing-rooms with shower-baths into 2 feet of water straight off. The sharks never come inside the barrier erected by the busy coral-makers, which is about half a mile from the shore. A large hotel has been built close to the beach, and electric trams convey those who live in the town, 3 miles distant, for 2½d. There are no trippers or noisy crowds, and there is plenty of sea room. Best of all, there is a fine surf produced by the waves breaking on the reef and then rolling on towards the shore. This enabled us to enjoy surf-riding on boards with pointed ends or in canoes carrying four to six persons. The canoes are so narrow that each person sits as in a racing boat one behind the other, an outrigger preventing the craft from upsetting.

The charge for canoes manned by two or three natives is one dollar per hour. After paddling out to where the waves are breaking, the bow is turned shorewards, and, when a wave bigger than the rest is seen approaching, all paddle hard and propel the boat through the water as fast as possible, whilst the man in the stern keeps her dead straight. The wave comes on and carries the canoe on its crest a distance of several hundred yards; even throwing it up on the beach unless steered to one side, when you paddle out again and make a fresh start. It is very exhilarating to dash over the water at about 20 miles an hour, the spray flying in all directions. As you look to right and left, you see the great wave, on which you are riding, with the snow-white crest just curling over as it moves irresistibly forward. Then with a warning hiss it breaks with a roar, and, should the boat be badly steered, the whole party will be engulfed. Sometimes a boat is swamped, but as every one is in bathing dress that is a detail. The natives are magnificent swimmers, and fatalities never occur. Besides, the water is only over one's head far out by the reef, and upsets take place in the shallows, where it is an easy matter to right the canoe and bale it out.

When using a surf-board a hundred yards out or more, you lie on it and swim with all your might, but few white men are

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speedy enough. The wave scorns slow swimmers, leaving them behind or giving them a good ducking as it moves majestically onward. When surf-riding near shore, if it is a light board, you stand up in about 4 feet of water, hold it ready whilst watching for a big wave, and then, having chosen the right moment, push it rapidly in front of you and jump on. If it is a heavy one, you stand facing the wave and hold the board on the water at arm's length. When the wave is about 10 feet distant, you pull the board hard and quickly towards you, jump on as it passes and lie flat, propelling it with arms and legs. If you manage to get sufficient way on before the wave strikes the board and keep straight, the wave will carry it forward and throw you right on the beach a matter of 20 or 30 yards. The natives go a long way out and are clever enough to kneel or stand on the board as it is being carried forward. Some experts actually stand on their heads. It takes much practice for those not born to it, but I succeeded in learning the knack in a small way at the end of three weeks, though anyone can enjoy the canoeing in the first hour. One can use a small outrigger canoe holding one person, but this also requires practice. Care should be taken to avoid getting blistered by the sun or bruised among the breakers; but the waves behave more gently than might appear from the above description, and the beach is not shingly. Owing to the great numbers of people bathing on the Sydney beaches in Australia, these surf-boards and canoes have been forbidden at Manly and elsewhere, so that Waikiki Beach at Honolulu is almost the only place in the world where this delightful pastime is indulged in. The surf is much improved by a suitable breeze and is at its best at the turn of the tide, but the harbour works have now spoiled Waikiki Beach to some extent.

The climate of Honolulu is well-nigh perfect, the temperature varying only a few degrees throughout the year and averaging about 74° . Temperatures below 60° and above 90° are unknown. It is nearly always sunny and we had hardly any rain. Such as we experienced came in the form of short, sharp, tropical showers and was not unwelcome. The rainfall in different parts of the islands varies considerably. The average at Honolulu is about 10 inches. In the mountains a few miles to the north it is 200, whilst on the island of Hawaii it has reached nearly 300.

The islands are just within the tropics, but are kept com-

paratively cool by the north-east trade wind, which blows nearly all the year, and by a strong current from the Arctic Ocean. The Hawaiians, who are of the Polynesian race, like most of the Pacific Islanders, and settled here about the fifth century A.D., are dying out ; but I cannot think they will be much loss, for they are very indolent and for the most part fat, ugly, and sensual-looking.

They are certainly more intellectual than the natives of Africa, although they killed the first white man they saw, as soon as they discovered that he was not a god as they had supposed. They have intermarried very largely with the Chinese, Portuguese, Russians, and Polynesians from other islands, who were imported to provide labour for the sugar plantations. Nearly all have long since accepted the profession of Christianity. Their chief food is raw fish and poi, a vegetable which they cook and make into a sort of porridge. We found it unpalatable. They are a musical people with excellent voices, and Hawaiian bands are becoming world-famous.

There is a leper settlement on the island of Molokai immortalized by Father Damien's self-sacrifice. No better place could be found for these unfortunate mortals. Many have been cured, but they hate leaving their lovely home, and no wonder !

Few birds are seen except the Indian sparrow or mynah bird, and the ubiquitous English sparrow, both of which are very numerous and troublesome to the rice-growers. The former sings often and has about as many notes as a blackbird, which it utters in a confused jargon but not unmelodiously. There are a few wild turkeys and pheasants ; no fresh-water fish, and only one nice sea fish, viz. mullet. The oysters are good ; but the lobsters have no claws. Dangerous animals and snakes do not exist, but there are wild cattle and pigs ; deer are found on Molokai, and one island rejoices in rabbits. Rats abound, and the mongoose, which was introduced to kill them, has unfortunately turned its attention to the domestic fowls. Flowers of course bloom everywhere, and one sees beautiful hedges of crotons and hibiscus, which are a blaze of colour throughout the year. Flowering trees (especially the Poinciana Regia or Flame tree and the monkey pod covered with pink blossoms), though not so numerous as in Ceylon, are frequent in Honolulu and the neighbourhood. The inhabitants have a pretty custom of hanging flower garlands (called leis) round the necks of their departing guests.

Honolulu, though over-civilized in the opinion of many, is still one of the most delightful ports of call in the world, and the islands, in spite of the presence of great numbers of Chinese and Japanese, cannot lose their charm. It was computed in 1920 that the Japanese numbered 120,000, the Chinese 70,000, and whites about 30,000. Even in 1906 there were many miles of electric tramways and 11,000 telephones. Two large, luxurious hotels, two theatres, picture palaces galore, attractive shops, and the news of the world by wireless cater for all one's needs. Owing to the extension of the railway from Hilo and better inter-island steamers, the great volcanoes can now be visited more quickly and comfortably, so whoever is disappointed in the Sandwich Islands must indeed be hard to please. The cleanliness and general well-being of these islands are a great credit to the Americans, who have since cleaned up Cuba, the Philippines, and the Isthmus of Panama in a marvellous manner and incredibly quick time, as I have seen for myself.

The houses in the suburbs of Honolulu are chiefly different styles of bungalows with well-kept lawns. Oleanders and palms are a great feature of the gardens, many of which, as is frequently the case in the United States, have no dividing line or hedge between them and the public foot-path. Pineapples, bananas, and coco-nuts are grown in great quantities, also grapes, oranges, mangoes, papaia, passion fruit, melons, alligator pears, and jack fruit. Strawberries ripen the whole year round, but are not so large as ours; and, generally speaking, the fruit lacks the flavour of that found in the temperate zone. Truly, though Tahiti, the Pearl of the Pacific, is far more beautiful, Honolulu is justly named the Paradise of the Pacific. Like all earthly Paradises it has, of course, its drawbacks. Chief amongst these are mosquitoes and the high cost of living. This is due to the popularity of the place and its great distance from the mainland. However, there is no malaria or yellow fever, and the death-rate is exceedingly low in spite of the fact that many aged people seek rest here. There is a season here as in other watering places; but that is when other places are found disagreeable and not because one time of year here is better or worse than another, for it is always summer.

The bees, which were introduced here some years ago, have apparently not yet discovered this important fact, for they make honey every month and swarm almost continuously. An enterprising Englishman living near Honolulu has taken advantage

of this and does a roaring trade in honey. He told me that he exported many tons to the States and elsewhere; and, pleased by the interest I showed in his business, he very kindly gave me a couple of feet of honeycomb as a sample of his busy workers' efforts. We ate as much as was good for us and left the remainder as a legacy to the hotel on our departure six weeks later.

The Aquarium at Honolulu has to be seen to be believed. It has contained more than one hundred varieties of fish, but several have died owing to no one knowing how to feed them or because the water in it was unsuitable; as some of the specimens were caught by fishermen at a very great depth. Those we saw were indeed most extraordinary in form and colour. Some were a brilliant blue, others red or green or yellow, and others again of many colours, including striped ones called convict fish, and spotted varieties exquisitely marked. Many of these fish could move their eyes like human beings, and some had pink and even light blue eyelids.

There were fishes well named parrot fish and butterfly fish, fishes with wings but not the common flying fish; fishes with the face of a monkey or that of a pig. Fishes with eyes in the middle of their backs or with horns on their heads which they could lay flat. Fishes which perched on submerged rocks like birds, using their fins like legs, and fishes with anemones growing on them. There were also eels, lobsters and crabs of several kinds; cruel-looking devil fish or octopi, and fishes which blow themselves out like a balloon when chased by enemies. Last but not least, an enormous turtle and a shark about 6 feet long. This reminds me that I set out to write about shark fishing.

After some trouble, I succeeded in purchasing a large hook attached to a chain and some stout rope. Armed with this and a large joint of meat, not so fresh as it once was, I sought out my boatman, the cheery Jack Young. Jack, who had harpooned sharks up to 30 feet in length, disdained the use of hooks and sent me out in the launch with his brother and the mysterious Mr. Courtney after seriously warning us to cut the rope if we should hook a fish too big for us to manage. He airily disclaimed all responsibility and said that, if we did not return, he would make a claim on my wife for the value of the boat and such contents as he had any use for.

These were dark sayings, and I pondered over them, whilst my companions hauled up the anchor and steered out to sea.

What if we should return without Mr. Courtney? Goodness knows what price might be set on his head!

On approaching the scene of our former triumph, we allowed the boat to drift, and I baited the hook with a large piece of beef and let it hang about 10 feet below us. To my surprise, though several sharks appeared, they would not touch this bait and seemed very timid. Thinking that the boat scared them, we attached some meat to a large tin as an attraction and let the hook and bait hang below the tin instead of beneath the boat. This was not immediately successful, and we tried another place. Here I had a narrow escape from being pulled overboard.

Not having seen any sharks for some time, except one shy fellow who had gone away, we were all seated in the centre of the boat eating lunch. Suddenly, the rope was snatched out of my hand—the first indication of a bite. We were all taken by surprise and jumped up in great excitement. Food was scattered in every direction, and I seized the rope and began to pull. It came in quite easily. The fish had apparently dropped the bait; but, in an instant, without any warning, whilst I had some slack line in my hand, a shark (the quick-swimming man-eater as he turned out to be) came with a tremendous rush. As quick as thought, before I was able to let go, I was dragged to the side of the boat and partly over. Nothing but the gunwale saved me. I dropped the rope without delay, and the fish towed us all over the place. He appeared to be about 15 feet long. My friends wanted to haul on the rope and help me get him in, but I was greedy and wished to play the fish myself. Warning them off, I sat down and, planting my feet firmly against the side of the boat, pulled as hard as I could, varying this with allowing the shark the full length of the line. He fought desperately, but tired at last; and, whilst the two men held the fish on the surface of the water near the boat, I bent over and tried to kill him, as in the first case, by a chop on the nose with the hatchet. Alas for my pride and self-confidence! The fish turned over and over, winding the rope about his head, and I clumsily struck the rope in striking at his nose. The sharp axe cut it in twain, and the dying shark slowly sank before my companions could get a harpoon into him. He took my hook and chain down with him, so there was nothing to be done but return and try to buy another.

We had to stand a lot of chaff from Jack, and even Mr. Courtney lost prestige. On the following day, I went out once

more, this time alone with Jack, and we tried the hook business again not far from one of the large mail-boats, which in those days used to anchor outside the harbour. We had good luck and were soon towing two sharks, 12 and 14 feet long respectively, to land. One of these was so hungry that, after rapidly bolting the meat, hook and all, he rushed at the big piece on the surface of the water attached to the tin and tried to swallow that also. He did not put up much of a fight, however, for, after twisting round and round many times, he got so tied up in the rope that I was able to pull him quickly within reach of Jack's dexterous fingers. It was interesting to see the little pilot fish leave the sharks, when they perceived that their companions were captured.

Shark fishing, though still practised in the Hawaiian Islands, is not so successful as formerly, because the harbour has been improved, and the largest steamers enter without anchoring outside and moor at the wharf.

However, the famous Tuna Club of Catalina Island has selected a place in one of the islands for fishing during the winter months, when Avalon is deserted. They should have a good time, as I am told that great sport is obtained with other kinds of large fish as well as with sharks.

It was at Catalina Island, which lies off the coast of California a few miles from Los Angeles, that I had my next experience with sharks in the Pacific. I had gone out in a launch at day-break to the black bass fishing grounds near the Seal Rocks. Sea lions were roaring, or rather barking, all round us, and from time to time they dived into the sea in pursuit of breakfast; whilst great numbers of seagulls flew ceaselessly to and fro, looking eagerly for wounded fish, crippled by some of the bigger fellows below or driven panic-stricken to the surface. Far out the calm water was here and there lashed into foam by shoals of ravenous bonito and albacore taking toll of the smaller fry, and in these places the gulls were thick and clamorous as they vied with each other in carrying off their helpless prey. Sometimes a whale is seen, and, not infrequently, flying fish skim across the sea, thus escaping for a time some active foe. The whales on this coast are the black variety which have no commercial value, and the seals are not hunted here for the same reason. Consequently, the latter become quite tame, and some swim into Avalon Harbour and even contend with the cats for superfluous fish thrown away on the beach! The black sea-bass or jewfish is angled for in a bay with a sandy bottom about 5 miles from the

town, and nearly every morning in the summer one may see ten to twenty launches anchored off the shore. The jewfish is a hefty fellow, often scaling upwards of 300 lb., and a tarpon rod and line is used with a strong single hook, baited with meat or fish, lying on the bottom. The boats lie so close owing to the limited area of the sandbank, that one hears the clicking of the lucky angler's reel as soon as he gets what is called a "strike." The black bass is allowed plenty of time to gorge the bait, and, when the hook is driven home, he keeps deep and moves slowly and determinedly out to sea, whilst the fisherman has much ado to avoid getting entangled with the lines of others. If he gets clear, his boatman will start up the engine and follow the fish, which will probably occupy them the rest of the morning. They may be seen fighting the monster a mile away and eventually returning home towing it alongside with a flag hoisted proudly at the mast. Sometimes, sharks give trouble; but it generally ends disastrously for them unless abnormally large, when the boatman recommends you to cut your line to avoid losing it all. I managed to land the sharks which took my bait, as they only measured a little over 4 feet. They were of a light colour with slaty grey spots and are called here leopard sharks.

Not far from this spot a shark of 32 feet weighing 7 tons was captured. It became entangled in some fishermen's nets and was towed to the beach and shown for a dime (ten cents) until the authorities insisted on its unsavoury carcass being buried. I did not see this fish myself, but a picture of it was being sold on a post card when I was at San Pedro.

Some years later, I added two more varieties of shark to the four different kinds I had killed. These were also taken in the Pacific, but many hundreds of miles from Honolulu and Avalon.

I was on my way to New Zealand to angle for swordfish, and, being held up for five weeks by a shipping strike at Sydney, decided to angle for sharks instead. The sharks in Sydney Harbour were at one time so rampant that the authorities set a price on their heads, and a bounty of ten shillings was paid for every one produced. One old boatman became so cunning in capturing them that he nearly bankrupted the authorities, and the bounty has been discontinued. It occurred to me that the old fellow would be a man after my own heart, so I lost no time in making his acquaintance. Unfortunately, it was not the best month; as, although one may catch sharks at the

mouth of the harbour at any time when the wind is right, they do not go far up till March or whenever the schools of fish attract them. Also my worthy friend did not approve of my method of attack. I wanted to catch them on rod and line, whereas he preferred to use half a dozen tin cans as floats attached to strong ropes and haul the sharks in by brute force.

However, he let me have my way and sent his son with me in a launch plentifully supplied with mullet for bait. I first tried to secure a porpoise, as this would have greatly increased our chances; but, although we chased a party of them all over the harbour, we did not succeed in harpooning one. Some boatmen make a practice of harpooning these porpoises in the open sea where they are easily approached; as their teeth are much prized by the South Sea Islanders, and the bodies make excellent bait for the professional fishermen. Porpoises, unless struck in a vital spot, will often tow a boat for an hour or two and leap out of the water, giving great sport; but they are seldom harpooned in the harbour, as they seem shy there.

The sharks were shy too, for, though we saw several, none would take hold properly on the first two occasions I sought them. On our third day we caught three small sharks known as Black-pointers. They were very lively when first hooked, but did not fight long and were gaffed without much difficulty. The biggest measured 5 feet. I then waited a week and went out full of hope to try a bay where a dog had been seized by a large shark the previous day. Not far from this spot, an old man had been attacked quite recently. He was wading ashore after bathing when a shark rushed through the water and bit a great piece out of his nether quarters. He shouted loudly for help, and his wife bravely dashed in and beat off the shark with her umbrella. She then helped her husband to land, but he must have had good reason to remember that fish!

I did not manage to get a shark here, so tried the harbour mouth again, and after a good deal of excitement, landed a hammerhead, one of the most curious-looking fish imaginable. It is shaped like a hammer and has an eye set at each end of the head, so that it can apparently see round corners. The mouth is rather small, and the fish attacked the bait many times before I actually hooked him, as I struck too soon. These sharks are rarely caught here, and a well-known fisherman in Sydney, who has caught no fewer than 103, told me that only one of them was a hammerhead.

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This by no means completes the varieties of sharks found in the Pacific, and in a later chapter I shall describe the capture of a Mako (as the blue man-eater is called by the Maoris) on the New Zealand coast and shark fishing as practised off Bondi Beach in Australia.

CHAPTER III

FALLOW DEER STALKING AND PIG HUNTING IN NEW ZEALAND

FALLOW deer were brought into New Zealand both from the English Park herds and from those in Australia. They are found chiefly in the Waikato district in the North Island and in Otago in the South Island. In both places they have become so numerous and inflict such injury on the crops that the farmers shoot them at sight at all seasons or hunt them to death with dogs, and the authorities, being unwilling to pay the claims for damages, have preferred to wink at indiscriminate slaughter. The consequence is that it is almost impossible now to obtain a good fallow head in the Waikato district and very difficult to do so in Otago. There is, however, a tract of country in the South Island where a licence is required, and it is illegal to shoot more than four bucks; or indeed any at all with less than a 4-inch blade, as the flat part of the horn is designated. This last restriction is not enforced, as very few with a 4-inch blade can be found, although a few years ago they were by no means uncommon. Apparently, this is due partly to interbreeding and partly to the herd having become too large, so that the thinning out by the farmers and poachers may be a blessing in disguise.

Whatever the cause, the heads in the Otago district have improved lately, and I was advised to go to Tapanui, 90 miles from Dunedin, and make it my headquarters for stalking. On arriving there, I bought a licence for £2, which permitted me to kill four fallow bucks and two red-deer stags between April 1 and May 20. I also found that, on account of the menace to the farmers' crops, a big stretch of country had been thrown open free to all, where does and fawns might be hunted with impunity. I had previously shot many red deer, and the districts inhabited by the two species are widely separated; so I confined my attention entirely to the former and

succeeded in shooting a very good head of twenty-one points with a 5-inch blade, a moderate one of sixteen points, and two very pretty little bucks for the sake of their skins. One of these was pure white and the other had a light-coloured head and a beautiful dappled coat, but they only carried fourteen and twelve points respectively. I also had the good fortune to shoot a wild boar with fine tusks. The circumstances were curious.

It chanced that one evening I was quietly ascending a steep fern-covered hill near my camp in search of deer. Whilst standing to rest on the narrow, winding sheep track before negotiating the remainder of the climb, I heard a terrific puffing and blowing just behind me. Soon the head and shoulders of a huge boar appeared at a bend in the path, the rest of the body being concealed by the fern, and I saw two gleaming white tusks. At this moment the old boar, now 10 yards distant, stopped like myself for a breather; but, on my putting the rifle to my shoulder, he quickly detected the movement. He pricked his ears and cocked his wicked little eye at me for the fraction of a second; and then, whilst my rifle was levelled and I was in the very act of pressing the trigger, he was off the mark like an arrow from the bow. The hammer fell at the same moment, but the pig was not there; and, so quickly had he disappeared, that it almost seemed as if he might have dodged the bullet; nor could I tell whether he had been hit or not. High and low for upwards of an hour I searched for him in the thick undergrowth; but there was no trace of blood, and I accordingly gave him up, congratulating myself that he had not come for me. In a case of this kind one might be attacked, as we were both on the only path, and there was no room for two. It was quite obvious from the extraordinary quickness he had shown, that, if he had charged, I should not have stood a chance.

I was bitterly disappointed at losing such a fine trophy; but, as it is exceedingly rare in that kind of country to get a shot at a big boar in the open, I comforted myself with the reflection that I had at any rate had a shot. It was an unexpected adventure too, and my blood still tingled with excitement.

Some months afterwards, when I had returned to England, a friend wrote to say he had found the old fellow lying dead about 50 yards from the spot and was keeping the head for me. The buzzing of flies had guided him to the carcass.

A number of men have been killed by these fierce old boars, and I have heard of a few who have been treed by them for hours; but the animals generally make off unless driven to bay, or you happen to be between them and their objective.

Tapanui is a quiet agricultural town prettily situated on a rapid little trout stream at the foot of the Blue Mountains. These are partly covered with dense "bush," which is the home of the fallow deer and of numerous wild pig. A great deal of the "bush" is composed of birch trees; it is there much more open, and one can see at times 50 yards or more. There are large patches of high fern on the sides of the hills outside the "bush," and here the gullies only are densely wooded. Some of the higher slopes have clusters of veronica bushes interspersed with enormous clumps of flax. On many of the hills also are thickets of ti¹ tree, a very common evergreen in New Zealand. It has small leaves, a tiny flower, and still smaller berries. There are at least three varieties, one of which grows to a height of 60 or 70 feet. This is called the white ti tree; but two kinds have a white flower, and the third a small pink blossom. A few of the gullies are more open and contain quantities of Canadian thistles of which the deer are very fond; but the streams running down the hill-sides and along the bottoms become thickly overgrown with various shrubs and at least two kinds of thorns. These render progress there almost impossible except on tracks made by deer, sheep, and wild pig.

The deer feed on the ti tree and flax, and, on occasions, have become so firmly entangled in the flax bushes by their antlers as to perish from starvation. In general, however, they seek the rich herbage and luscious grasses growing by the brooklets within the forest, varying this diet with the leaves of birch and other trees. In the evening many go outside to graze, or visit such crops of the farmers as are within their reach. If not disturbed, they often remain out till six or seven in the morning, and can thus be stalked in the open. There is little chance of coming across a big buck in the forest, except in the rutting season when one hunts by ear. Fallow are even more accommodating than red deer and will roar for hours in one place. Also, at this season, they make what are called "stamping places," where they run round in circles and roar to collect the hinds and offer battle to their rivals. By taking note of these bare spots, one can lay plans for stalking the animals.

¹ Pronounced like "tee."

High up on the Blue Mountains is a large plateau dotted with lagoons and morasses, and one has to be careful not to get bogged. There is also a good chance of getting lost, as fogs come down very suddenly. I had two unpleasant experiences of this, but managed to make my way back to civilization just before dark, although I arrived at a point very far from my goal. Several men have been lost on these hills, and one at least has died of exposure. Some years ago, a hunter was lost for a week. The whole population of Tapanui, to the number of 500 men and boys, turned out in search of him. He was at last discovered in an old hut, used occasionally by shepherds, in a fainting condition, having managed to subsist on potatoes left by the previous occupant. This was told me by one of the search party, and he also gave me some valuable information about the haunts of the fallow deer and wild pigs.

Having been recommended to try first in a part of the forest known as Black Gully, I deposited my things at an inn, hired a Ford car, and was driven to a woodman's hut on the outskirts of the "bush." Black Gully, which deserves its name as fully as the Blue Mountains, for the trees grow so close together as to shut out most of the light, lies about 8 miles to the north of Tapanui. It is much frequented by game on account of the dense undergrowth and excellent food within easy reach.

I found the woodman in bed, as the sun was not up yet either; but he made me a cup of tea, and, after warning me seriously against an old boar, guided me part of the way up the mountain. He said that the animal, which he had known for some years, destroyed on the previous day his shute for rolling logs down into the valley, and he dare not go about unarmed. We soon came on a few mouse-coloured hinds, one of which he asked me to shoot him for meat, and I then proceeded alone, carrying my Paradox gun, field-glasses, flask, and hunting knife.

After testing the wind and climbing high up nearly as far as the above-mentioned plateau on the opposite side of the "bush," I skirted the gloomy forest, in the hopes of finding a buck which had stopped out late to breakfast. On rounding a corner, I saw a beautiful white doe feeding amongst the bracken, which grew thickly outside the shade of the trees. She heard my approach and quickly darted just within the shelter of the forest, eyeing me curiously. A ray of sunlight fell on the glossy skin, which I confess tempted me greatly; but, although this

was part of the free district, I had not the heart to shoot her. Before I could change my mind she was gone, and I watched her disappear with a series of graceful bounds into the recesses of Black Gully. My forbearance was rewarded, for, shortly afterwards, I came face to face with a handsome dappled buck with fair antlers. The points were not many but seemed long, and I could not see the width of the blades. We were both taken by surprise and stared for a moment at each other. I recovered first, and, putting up the rifle quickly, shot him through the chest. He leapt into the air and galloped off, falling dead, as I discovered later, in a stream 100 yards distant. The vitality of fallow deer is extraordinary, and I should never have found my buck and might have supposed I had missed him but for the large bullet, which gave me a clearly defined blood spoor to follow. It was a terribly thick place, and I lost sight of him in the first few yards or should have fired again. For bush work, where you shoot at close range, and seldom have time to take aim or reload for a second shot, there is nothing like a double-barrelled twelve-bore Paradox gun. As it is made to fit you, it can be thrown on the mark at once without closing the left eye, and the large bore is deadly.

When I had finished cutting off the head and sought my way home, I found a fog coming on. It soon became so dense that I wandered about till utterly lost and did not reach the woodman's hut again before nightfall. Rain was then falling in torrents. A search party had been sent out for me from Tapanui, as I had expressed the intention of hunting along the hills and descending them close to the town early in the evening. When I did not turn up for dinner, the innkeeper guessed that the fog was the cause. I was absolutely fagged out, drenched to the skin, and ravenously hungry, so was very glad of some tea and the warmth of the woodman's fire.

To avoid a recurrence of anything of the kind, I employed a local guide, who professed some knowledge of hunting and offered to cook. He insisted on bringing his rifle. Unhappily, he had no idea of stalking, and as he wanted to blaze off at everything he saw, I had no sport when in his company. The climax came a few days later when I was stalking a fine buck. I had given my guide strict injunctions to keep well in the rear out of sight of the animal but not to lose sight of me, as I did not know my way back to the hut which had been put at our disposal by the friendly woodman. In spite of this, he went

off hunting on his own account and fired at some does, thus alarming my quarry. I heard his shots, and supposed them to be those of poachers; so I gave that part a wide berth, and went off quickly in another direction. I then looked for my so-called guide to share the lunch he was carrying for us but could not find him anywhere, and finally I lost myself as well. Meanwhile my "guide" had lost his deer, which went off wounded, and me too. By following a stream, which led into a larger one and so on, I at last got off those treacherous hills and arrived at a farm at dusk. The son of the house, who had just returned from the war (for I am writing of the year 1919), befriended me, and, after giving me the warmth and food of which I was much in need, he directed me to the hut. The woodman told me that the guide, after hunting for his deer, had spent the rest of the day hunting for me and had been down to the hut thinking I might have returned. He then reascended the mountain in search of me. Feeling annoyed at his having stupidly lost me, and quite dead beat, I turned in, letting him go on hallooing and firing his rifle far into the night. I cannot defend my conduct nor his, and we parted next day without mutual esteem.

Shortly after, I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Chapman, who was sheep farming on a large tract of country running right up into the "bush" but on the opposite side of the Blue Mountains to Tapanui. He very kindly put me up in his house; and his two sons, who knew every inch of the country, did all in their power to give me some good sport, both with the fallow deer and wild pigs, which were to be found all over their sheep run. During the last twenty years, he had secured by means of dogs at least two dozen splendid heads, which his wife set up; and the walls of his house are richly decorated with them.

This farmer had a nasty encounter with a wild boar. His two dogs had "bailed up" the animal, one having hold of it by the ear and the other by the shoulder. Mr. Chapman, having no weapon, picked up a large stone to kill the boar, as he thought his dogs had firm hold of it. The animal, seeing the man approaching, made a supreme effort, got away from the dogs, and, rushing forward, threw Mr. Chapman to the ground and seized his left arm in its jaws. His life was saved by the dogs, who at once attacked the boar on each side, causing it to let go. Mr. Chapman limped back to the house, and, after his wife had bound up the wounds, he pluckily returned with

a revolver. The dogs had given the boar no rest and soon bailed it up again, so Mr. Chapman, seizing a favourable opportunity, shot the beast dead.

This farmer is a most generous man and he was very anxious that I should number the brute's head amongst my trophies, as I was not successful in shooting a boar on his farm ; but his wife very properly refused to allow it to leave the house. I had no intention of taking it anyhow, as there is no object in collecting heads obtained by others. Mr. Chapman sent his sons and their sheep-dogs, terriers, and nondescripts with me on several occasions in search of pig ; but, although we had some exciting chases after one or two wily old boars, the pack did not succeed in " bailing up " any.

This is the only way to get them in the " bush " country, as they lie up by day. When located and pursued by dogs, the pigs usually take to the roughest place they can find, and you have to crawl on hands and knees into the thicket where the dogs have hold of them and give the *coup de grâce* with knife or revolver. Should they escape but for a moment from the dogs, as in the instance I have given, it may go hard with you. Old boars have a very thick hide, especially over the shoulders. The skin there grows particularly thick and tough, and this portion is known as the " shield." It will turn a knife and perhaps a pistol bullet.

After a few days at the farm, my tent and belongings were carried by means of pack-horses to a sheltered place near a stream about 3 miles from the house, and Mr. Chapman's eldest son came and cooked for me. I was thus able to go forth at dawn every morning to the outskirts of the forest on the chance of finding a dissipated old buck, who had been out all night and was still lingering with the does or dallying over breakfast. From this camp, after many failures, I at last succeeded in bagging the trophies already mentioned. In the dim light of early morning it is very difficult to hit a small animal like the fallow in a vital spot at a distance of perhaps 200 yards. Unless you have a rifle with flat trajectory, you are apt to shoot either over or under, as these conditions also make it hard to judge distance accurately. I was very lucky to get the white buck, for my first shot in the faint light was a clean miss. He had not seen me, however, and ran and stood on the top of a hill, showing clearly against the sky, so the next was a bull's-eye. He then galloped fully 150 yards before falling dead ; so, had it

been a thick place, I might have lost him, for I was using a 351 Winchester automatic which does not make a large wound. This rifle is better than the Paradox for distances over 100 yards and particularly good for running game, as no movement is required for reloading. This is also an advantage when you have missed the first shot and the animal is-trying to detect your whereabouts.

About half a mile from my tent, a wild boar had turned up the ground for nearly 50 yards. I often visited the spot but never came across him, although he was digging up roots just opposite my sleeping quarters twice during the night. It was a good thing he did not look for me too. In some parts of New Zealand—for example, near Invercargill in the extreme south and near Taupo in the North Island—you can stalk wild boar in open country. I subsequently found a place in Otago where this can be done, as is described later.

Pigs were first brought to New Zealand by Captain Cook, and old boars are known as "Captain Cookers." He presented the Maoris of Poverty Bay with a boar and two sows and made them promise to allow the animals to breed. The Maoris kept their word and the pigs increased rapidly. Wild boar were at one time exceedingly bold and numerous throughout both islands; but now, owing to the destruction of forests and the attacks of settlers, they are confined to comparatively few districts, and have become shy, rarely stirring abroad before dusk. In the tussocky grass country both old and young are frequently brown and white, having apparently adopted that colour as lending itself best to concealment; at least, this is the "protective" theory. In other parts they vary, and the first one I killed was iron-grey. The hair is long and wiry. The males weigh from 250 to 300 lb. and stand about 36 inches at the shoulder; their tusks attain a length of nearly a foot. Before these pigs were liberated, New Zealand possessed no animals worth mentioning, and many of the birds, having no foes to fear, lost the use of their wings.

In April, 1920, I started again with two companions for the Blue Mountains after fallow deer. Owing to shipping troubles, the journey from London to New Zealand, which I once accomplished in twenty-nine days, took nearly two months, and I lost another fortnight on account of the sailing dates being altered. My time for stalking, therefore, was reduced from three weeks to three days.

The season was expected to be a good one on account of the abundant food provided by suitable weather conditions throughout the spring and summer. I hunted very hard in the limited time available, but had further bad luck in discovering that a couple of poachers had selected for their operations the best bit of ground near my tent. It was then too late to go elsewhere. The first day I saw a splendid buck quite as good as I had obtained the previous year. After a long stalk, when the prize was almost within my reach, it was snatched away. The poachers' dogs had given tongue. I never saw that buck again. Two days later he was shot by one of my companions. They obtained four splendid heads in less than a fortnight, though neither of them had a licence. I had bought mine in Dunedin and my companions applied for one elsewhere; but a policeman informed them that, if he received a haunch of venison, that would do just as well. When I left on the fourth day there were about thirteen hunters out, two of whom spoilt the second stalk I had that season. It is highly probable that neither of them had licences; at any rate, they were hunting deer with dogs outside the free zone, which is contrary to regulations.

I noticed several complaints in the Annual Report of the Otago Acclimatization Society concerning the poaching of trout, red deer, and fallow deer; the chief difficulty being that the country is so large and difficult to traverse quickly, whilst rangers (as gamekeepers are called there) are few and far between. Those who strictly observe the regulations, buy licences, and spend time and money on the preservation of game, suffer greatly from the depredations of poachers, of whose thievish actions far too lenient a view is taken. The following extract from the Report for 1920 mentions an incident not uncommon in the colonies. "Some persons trespassed upon some of the blocks before the beginning of the season and shot a number of stags whose headless carcasses were found."

I should explain that these "blocks" are tracts of wild country containing red deer which are balloted for by those who apply before a certain date. The man who draws a number has the block to himself, and, on paying £2 or £3, may shoot two stags. In 1921, I left the country before the season commenced, but had some excellent pig hunting and obtained two good fallow heads in the following unsatisfactory manner.

One I picked up near the river when trout fishing. It was

in excellent preservation, as the buck had evidently been wounded by an unlucky sportsman the previous year. The second I obtained when pig hunting. The dogs, with which we were tracking an old boar, scented a deer and ran him to bay in the river. After a short time, he apparently took cramp, as he fell over and drowned, and the head was presented to me by the farmer who was good enough to let me hunt on his land.

One day's pig hunting is worth describing. We started in two motor-cars from a railway inn, about half an hour by train from Dunedin, and drove 20 miles into some rough, hilly country devoted to sheep farming. The head shepherd then joined us and pointed out the habitat of some well-known characters, who had been "playing Old Harry" with his lambs. We had with us two horses and a couple of dogs, one of which was a splendid spoorer but not good at hanging on to a pig, whilst the other was young and full of pluck. They belonged to the innkeeper, who most kindly arranged everything for me. Our party consisted of the innkeeper carrying a 303, the local constable, with a 220, an active lad who carried my camera, and an English doctor who has lately settled out here. He was armed with a small repeating rifle and an Automatic pistol, which he kindly lent to me. Mine had been confiscated by the police when landing at Wellington, as a law had just been passed making it an offence to be in possession of an automatic or to carry a rifle or revolver without registration. The penalty on conviction is £100.

The doctor is a great sport and will not shoot at a pig unless it is on the move. He is a wonderful shot with a rifle at moving objects, and practises assiduously on running rabbits, but he only obtained very difficult chances on the day we were out and generously left most of the shooting to me.

The country was open except for some scattered patches of bush in the gullies, into which we sent the dogs to drive piggy out or bail him up. We could see a long way with glasses, and in the early mornings and late evenings one could very well stalk the animals here.

After proceeding a little way, we spied three dark-red pigs rooting on the hillside. Their scent and hearing are very keen, so they were away at once with our dogs in full cry, whilst all those armed with rifles commenced shooting as rapidly as possible. The pigs reached the "bush," and one was killed by

the dogs and placed in the sack on the back of one of the horses. After lunch at a shepherd's hut on a lonely hill-top, we came into some fine tussocky country, where the dogs scented an old boar who disdained flight and turned to bay. The shepherd had known him for several years, but he was so wily that no one had been able to get a shot at him except our friend the innkeeper, who had been treed by him for several hours last year after his rifle had missed fire. We ran downhill for all we were worth, and I got within 20 yards with my camera and snapshotted him, whilst the others covered him with rifles. Then he made a bolt and charged one of the dogs, knocking it clean over; so, taking no more chances, for these pigs move like greased lightning, I borrowed the 303 and dropped him with the first bullet. He was a large boar, almost white, and had a good head.

Shortly after, we hunted a big black boar which escaped, and then the dogs bailed up another fine-maned black one, which I shot behind the ear with the Automatic pistol. Although this was a comparatively young animal, as was evident from the short tusks, he had a "shield" over the heart about half an inch thick, which deflected my first bullet.

The last part of the afternoon provided some of the best sport of the day. On approaching a long gully with some thick scrub, where there were signs of much recent rooting, the dogs bailed up a big sow at the very bottom of the hill, whereupon the boar and some nearly full-grown pigs ran to the top and hid amongst the rocks, peering out from time to time. Whilst the rest scrambled down after the dogs which were barking furiously a thousand feet below us, the boy with the camera and I clambered upward in an endeavour to stalk those that had taken refuge above. It was intensely exciting, as we lost sight of them during the steep climb, and they might at the same time have been approaching us, or we might have stumbled on another and got charged. Realizing that, as in bear hunting, it is advisable to be well above your quarry, we climbed steadily up, and, though somewhat out of breath, I succeeded in shooting a chestnut-coloured pig with the Automatic pistol at 50 yards and a second, which was black, at 20 paces. Meanwhile, the innkeeper killed the sow with his 303; and the doctor had a shot at a red pig not unlike a Tamworth, which was eventually caught by the dogs.

After loading up the horses, we just managed to get to the

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motor-cars before a drenching storm came on which made our muddy track home both difficult and dangerous. The so-called road, which was at first only a few feet wide, had a gradient of about one in four and a precipice on one side. However, all went well, except that we had to run beside our car and steady it downhill to prevent it skidding over the slippery bank, and the doctor subsequently drove his into a ditch in the dark. As it was a Ford, our united efforts pushed it out, and we arrived at the inn wet, weary, hungry, thirsty, and covered with clay, but highly pleased with our day's sport.



WILD BOAR SHOT BY THE AUTHOR IN SOUTH ISLAND
NEW ZEALAND



BOAR 'BALLED UP' BY DOGS

CHAPTER IV

HIPPOTAMUS AND CROCODILE SHOOTING IN CENTRAL AFRICA

THE shooting of crocodiles and hippopotami, though exciting, cannot be considered a dangerous sport like the pursuit of elephants and other large game.

Yet sportsmen have fallen victims to these beasts, and, at the time of my first visit to Victoria Falls,¹ the herds of hippopotami in the Zambesi River, which used to be one of the attractions for the tourist, had become so bad-tempered as to cause the authorities to issue orders for their destruction.

It is well known that these animals will at times attack boats ; and, only a fortnight before our arrival, a cow-hippo had upset a canoe proceeding to Livingstone Island, whence one of the best views of the Falls is obtained. The unfortunate occupants, including an English gentleman and his wife, were swept down the rapids and over the cataract, a sheer drop of 400 feet. Their bodies were recovered 2 miles below on the very day of our arrival.

But for these creatures menacing boats and canoes and doing wanton damage to crops, they would not be much interfered with ; for the natives are not allowed to kill them, and few sportsmen care about shooting more than one. Moreover, they are usually found in places where there are miles of marsh and reeds between the shore and the water, rendering a boat necessary ; and this makes accurate shooting very difficult. Unless hit in the brain, a small mark, the animal will probably go away wounded and be lost, a most unsatisfactory result ; on the other hand, if shot properly, it sinks and does not float for many hours. Thus, uncertain whether he has succeeded in bagging an animal or not, a man may go on firing and wound several more, as the late Theodore Roosevelt did on his own confession.²

¹ July, 1910.

² *African Game Trails*, by Theodore Roosevelt.

In addition to these drawbacks, boats are often unobtainable.

Crocodiles are even less daring than hippopotami, and such success as they meet with in securing human prey is due rather to sneaking methods like those of the hyæna. They generally live on fish; but, where these are not plentiful, or difficult to catch owing to the water being discoloured by floods, these repulsive brutes become very dangerous and lie in wait for the women who come to draw water. It is stated on good authority that they often knock their victim into the water with a swift blow of the tail, and then seize and drown it; sometimes concealing the greater part till sufficiently tender. They have been known to attack rhinoceros crossing rivers,¹ and inside a crocodile shot by Mr. Kermit Roosevelt were sticks, stones, the claws of a leopard, the hoofs of an impala antelope, and the big bones of an eland, together with the shell-plates of a large river turtle.

Crocodiles have long had a reputation for great cunning, for did not a cynic in the sixteenth century compare their wiles with those of the daughters of Eve? "For, as the crocodile, when he crieth, goeth then about most to deceive, so does a woman most commonly when she weepeth." It is asserted by the same writer (whose name I have forgotten), that "Mournful crocodiles do cry and sob like any Christian body till sympathetic listeners draw near to ascertain the cause of such distress. The crocodile, watchful of opportunity, then seizes the inexperienced traveller and devours him weeping." An old hand, knowing the beast to abhor all manner of noise, especially "the strained voice of man," shouts, we are told, for all he is worth, at the same time winking incessantly with his left eye whilst looking steadfastly upon the reptile with his right eye. This could be relied upon to put the most lachrymose crocodile to flight, and I imagine that it would have an excellent effect also on a weeping woman.

Some years ago, my keen-sighted native hunter detected a crocodile's nest when I was travelling up the Chambesi River in the Government boat after a successful lechwe hunt. I particularly wanted to see the nest closer and, after some trouble, persuaded the "boys" to land; for they were very much afraid the owners would return and grab them by the leg. How-

¹ In *African Game Trails* photographs are given of an incident of this kind.

ever, when angry, crocodiles hiss like many other reptiles¹; and, at other times, they have been heard to make a low throaty noise, so there was some chance of our receiving a warning of their approach.

The female is seldom far away from her nest; but she expects the sun to do the hatching of the eggs for her. When the young ones come out and enter the water, she takes no further notice of them, unless it be as articles of diet. Some say that, after digging a hole with her foot for the eggs and covering them with sand, she leaves them for about three months till the river rises over the nest, when she returns to help the young ones out. Which of my informants is correct I cannot say, but we saw no guardian of this nest.

The dense papyrus of the river bank had at this place been trampled down, presumably by hippopotami, and, at one side close to the river, there was a large rounded hollow in the ground. Underneath the reeds and sand with which it was covered we found thirty-seven eggs. These were not more than a few inches below the soil; but I have read of their being buried a foot and a half. Seizing an assegai, I destroyed them all, and we left quickly. They were of a dull white colour and about thrice as large as hens' eggs, with a much tougher shell. Europeans have pronounced them good to eat with a taste resembling that of ducks' eggs, but I did not fancy the idea and still less so when I saw the interior. I also happen to be one of those people who insist on eggs being fresh. We could not discover any coloured yolk, but only a whitish liquid of a very sticky nature with a sickly smell.

To my surprise, some of the "boys" looked horrified, instead of pleased, when I broke the eggs and would give me no assistance. I put this down to their fear of the parents, but a resident of the country explained later that a crocodile is the totem of the Royal Family of the Awemba, so that, unwittingly, I committed a terrible crime, or at least a very rash act. My friend had stayed behind to do some magisterial work, so I was quite alone with the natives.

The legend runs that when this tribe marched down from the North, they came to a big river. On preparing to cross it, a crocodile snapped up the king's Chief Minister. This pleased his Majesty mightily, and he said: "Here we will stay and the crocodile shall be 'taboo' or sacred."

¹ *Animal Life in Africa*, by Major Stevenson Hamilton.

Most of the men with me were Wawungas and Awisas, two tribes inhabiting the islands in the swamps of Lake Bangueolo, and they did not appear to object, although taking no part in the slaughter. The Awemba "boy," whose spear I had borrowed, seemed very much disgusted and wiped the weapon most carefully; but, till I heard the above explanation, I had put this down to dislike of the messy stuff which the eggs contained.

The Rajahs of Kupang, the capital of Dutch Timor, profess to be related to the crocodiles which infest the shores of the island; and it is said that they used to strengthen their family ties by a curious ceremony. Whenever one of them ascended the throne, his subjects used to throw themselves into the water to do homage to the King's relatives, and the first crocodile to emerge, and thus to admit the relationship, received as his reward a wife in the shape of a richly dressed virgin, whom he promptly devoured.¹

In some parts of Africa, if a crocodile eats a man, the crocodile is afterwards regarded as the deceased; if the deceased was ill-tempered, the crocodile is greatly feared!

* * * * *

At one time hippopotami flourished in the rivers of Europe, including England, and some species were found in the Mediterranean and parts of Asia; but they are now confined to Africa. The pigmy hippopotamus, which is about one-tenth the size of the other, is only found in Liberia now. So many of the common variety have been shot for the sake of their hides and tusks, the former being made into whips and the latter used for the manufacture of false teeth, that there are very few left north of Khartoum or south of the Zambesi.

They are still numerous in most of the rivers and lakes between these points; the best tusks are obtained in Uganda and on the Nile. Twenty inches is a good average length, though many abnormal tusks have been secured over 30, and a few exceeding 40 and 50 inches. The eyes and nostrils form the highest part of the head, thus allowing the creature to come up and breathe with the least possible exposure of its body. They can remain under water for about five minutes.

My first attempt at bagging one of these animals was on a tributary of the Congo and turned out a fiasco owing to the inexperience of the white hunter who accompanied me. After

¹ *Java and the Dutch East Indies*, by A. Cabaton.

marching for nearly two hours along the left bank, the river widened and deepened, and one of our black "boys," who was a little ahead, came running back and reported hippo in a pool just beyond. The white hunter, whom we will call Mr. B., was in charge of the expedition, and, to my astonishment, he made no attempt to restrain our following when they rushed forward in a body, as though to kill the beasts with their own hands.

He explained that the hippo, with foolish curiosity, would come boldly forward to take a good look at the unusual sight of so many men. Not these hippo, however, for they evidently knew a thing or two. I suggested that the men should be kept back, whilst he and I went forward alone; for the animals came very warily to the surface, blowing out water through their nostrils and acting a good deal less like those in the Zoo than he apparently expected. First one and then another would show the head for a second or less, and it was impossible to decide in a moment that it was big enough to shoot at and at the same time to take careful aim. The only chance we had was to point our rifles at the place where they last appeared, ready for a snap shot; but, this not appealing to me, as it was almost certain to result in merely wounding them, I went along the river a little way in the hope of finding some still undisturbed. Before I could return, Mr. B., unable to restrain his itching fingers, fired twice and effectually scared them away. I then followed the river for a long distance, but saw no sign of hippo or any game except puku, and spent the whole of the next day in an equally fruitless search.

About 6 miles below the point at which we saw the hippo, my "boys" captured from two natives nine long spears or harpoons with a heavy wooden shaft, which are used by them for killing these animals. These are suspended in trees, with heavy stones to increase their weight, over the tracks of hippopotami, which land at night in search of food. The tracks are easily distinguishable by the high ridge in the centre, for the feet of these ponderous creatures sink deep into the soil on either side. When the hippopotamus receives a wound from the harpoon, it dashes into the water and dies a lingering death; but many are not recovered at all as they float downstream for miles.

The natives are forbidden to practise this cruel method of destroying hippopotami, so we took the men into custody. On

the way home, two roan antelope were shot ; and, during the stalk and cutting up of the meat, our prisoners made good their escape, harpoons and all. Subsequently, we spent some time in unsuccessful elephant hunting and then made our way towards Lake Young, about 150 miles south of Lake Tanganyika.

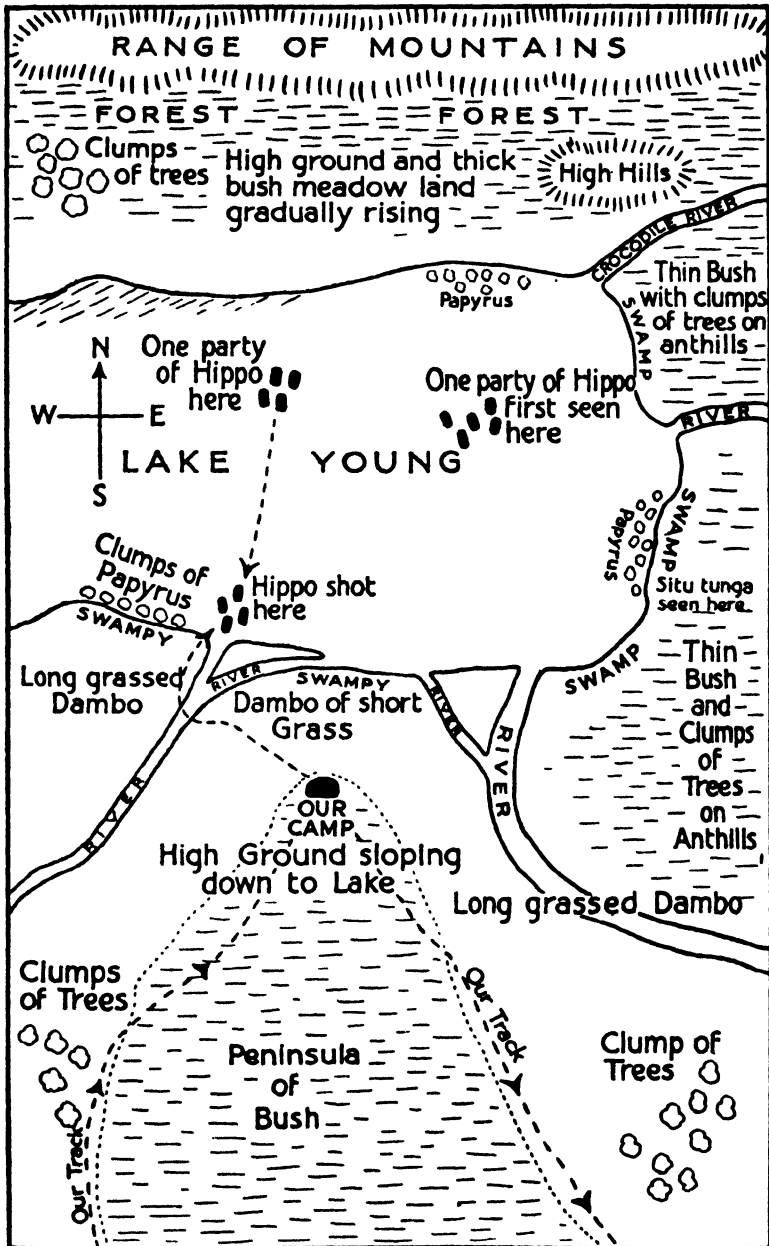
After a series of ups and downs we reached the top of a ridge with fine views of wooded hills and a wide valley intersected by the river Mansia and its tributaries. On the rich grass of the river valley were many puku,¹ reed-buck, and water-buck feeding. The lake was sighted at lunch-time and a halt made on the most attractive camping-ground that I have ever seen.

The tents were pitched within a sort of peninsula of bush surrounded on three sides by *dambos* ; the one at the apex short-grassed and facing the lake, which was nearly a mile distant. Those to right and left were covered with long, rank grass, and a river flowed through each into the lake. Both these streams were fairly swift, but they were narrow and in some places easily forded. A little of the long grass near the rivers had been burnt, and the fresh shoots afforded pasturage for any number of puku, which we met constantly in twos and threes or in troops of a dozen or more. Situtunga, reed-buck, and water-buck frequented the river banks, and we saw the spoor of many buffalo, eland, and roan.

Lake Young is a fine sheet of water with several deep bays and fringed with reeds nearly all round. It is over 12 miles long and about 4 across the middle, which is the widest part. Much of it is surrounded by swamps, now fairly dry as the wet season had only just commenced ; and on the western side one can walk along the edge, which is dotted with white and purple lilies. There are also large clumps of papyrus, their feathery tops attaining a height of 10 or 12 feet, the home of numerous birds. We saw fish-eagles, crested cranes, ibis, pale grey herons, marabout storks, two varieties of kingfishers, vultures, hawks, cormorants, spur-winged geese, duck of several kinds, teal, coot, lily-trotters, sedge and reed warblers, sandpipers, and several other sorts we could not name.

On the north side of the lake lies a range of hills just far enough away to look attractive without unduly limiting the vision ; and between them and the verdant meadows on the farther shore stretch extensive forests. These were looking

¹ A foxy-red antelope with pretty curving horns, common in Northern Rhodesia.



LAKE YOUNG AND HIPPOPOTAMI

particularly beautiful, as the trees were just bursting into leaf after the first refreshing rains. Most of the foliage is a symphony of bright greens, but there are also some showy groups of maple-like trees. The meadow-land bears either pale green grass or a coarse kind reaching to one's shoulders. It is dotted with lofty ant-hills, the bases of which are covered at this time of year with rich pasture, and they often support clumps of small trees. These ant-hills, the products of countless ages, are from 6 to 12 feet high and from 20 to 30 yards in circumference. They appear to be deserted, and I do not remember seeing an ant belonging to any of them; but I did not probe beneath the surface. Ants are not to be trifled with in Africa!¹ There are also scattered here and there a few clumps of thick bush with tall trees and dense undergrowth, which provide the necessary dark patches to contrast with the lighter foliage.

Nor are flowers wanting in this paradise of the hunter and of the naturalist; for, besides the sweet-scented white and pale mauve creepers clinging to the trees, great quantities of red and pink ones both enlivened the path and perfumed the air. A richly-scented low-growing white flower was common, as were numbers of white and mauve and bright yellow orchids. I also noticed a pretty pale blue flower which had only two petals and a yellow centre. Last but not least, like a mirror in a beautiful room, were the blue waters of the dazzling lake, in which are reflected the nodding plumes of the papyrus and the varying moods of the sky. Lake Young abounds in bird life, as I have said, and occasionally huge crocodiles are seen floating on its surface, looking for all the world like logs of wood; whilst the grunting and blowing of hippopotami, which gambol clumsily in the water like tired porpoises, are continually heard.

On our first introduction to the lake, we were astonished to see about twenty duck swimming in single file on each side of a large crocodile, like a guard of honour, and we involuntarily held our breath in the expectation that he would snap them up in a twinkling. Either he already had one of the family in his mouth, or they knew instinctively that he was not hungry; just as antelopes will allow a lion when full-fed to approach quite close without heeding it; or an unarmed man, if he does not attempt to pursue them.

Between our encampment and the lake was nearly a mile of open ground, which sloped rapidly to the water. After walking

¹ See pages 267-273.

across this and passing through some thick grass nearly as high as our shoulders (in which the hippo had made numerous broad tracks), we found our further progress barred by a narrow but deep river abounding in crocodiles.

This we had to cross by means of one slippery log ; a false step meaning a ducking over head and perhaps the loss of a limb, if not worse. We could not see far into its murky depths, and imagination painted all kinds of loathsome reptiles on the slimy bottom. Mr. B.'s hunter got safely across and made a second trip with the rifles, his bare feet enabling him to negotiate the narrow bridge with some confidence. Mr. B. followed like a crab, steadying himself with one hand on his hunter's shoulders. When my turn came, I divested myself of everything that water would spoil, fully expecting to fall in. At this juncture a crocodile showed himself, and the native made a dash at it with his assegai ; but this did not encourage me to make the crossing ! The two on the other bank then joined hands, reaching nearly to the centre of the log, so I managed to get safely over ; and 100 yards farther on we were at the edge of the lake. We had crept cautiously down on the chance of finding the hippo close to the shore, but were disappointed in seeing them out in the middle, quite out of shot, although they could neither have seen nor heard us. Hiding ourselves behind a dense clump of papyrus, fully 10 feet in height, we determined to wait in the hope that they would approach sooner or later ; for, judging by their spoor, this was evidently their favourite feeding ground.

Meanwhile, a " boy " was despatched to the camp for deck-chairs and a tea-basket, as the ground was too swampy for sitting. In this way we spent a pleasant afternoon and amused ourselves by watching the cormorants fishing and the antics of two parties of hippo through our field-glasses.

The birds showed no fear of us and crocodiles swam quite close ; but we kept a wary eye on the latter, for they have nasty, sneaking ways and are credited with knocking unsuspecting people into the water with that " back-handed " blow of the tail, to which I have already referred. As the sun began to get low and the water to cool, the hippo became even more lively than before. They grunted noisily, swam about more freely, and blew jets of water into the air, as whales do.

The place we had selected was, undoubtedly, the one used by them for leaving the water to feed on the rich grass, for,

about five o'clock, they began to move in our direction, evidently with the intention of making a landing. As they approached, they caught sight of us and were apparently either very puzzled or much annoyed at the intrusion. Had we not known or read of the habits of these curious freaks of Nature, we should certainly have thought they meditated an attack; for they bellowed and grunted in horrible fashion, and their operations for the next few minutes might easily have been mistaken for a war-dance; or at any rate for a hostile reconnaissance.

Moving across our front under water, they came up from time to time to stare defiantly at us, gradually reducing the distance, till a vigorous assault seemed imminent. We reserved our fire in the expectation that they would come still nearer; unwilling to risk merely a wounding shot, which would perhaps drive them away altogether like the ones mentioned earlier. Gaining confidence, they continued to advance; but, instead of showing most of the head and part of the back as they had been doing in the middle of the lake, they now put only the eyes and upper half of the nose above water. However, an old cow, a little bolder or more curious than the rest, swam within 60 yards and gave me a prolonged stare. I levelled my rifle and was on the very point of pressing the trigger when she surprised us all by bounding forward, showing her whole head and shoulders and huge back for a moment, before the water closed on her once more and she was lost to sight. I could not have believed so ponderous a creature capable of leaping out of the water in such fashion. The mighty swirl caused by this evolution produced a wave which lapped our feet, as we sat with rifles across our knees.

Her three companions kept at a respectful distance; but, shortly after, she approached still nearer and treated me to another rude stare. This time I took aim between the eyes and fired, sighting a trifle low; as, being almost on a level with the animal, I was afraid of firing over the back—a common fault. She turned over on her side and made a tremendous commotion in the water. I felt discouraged, for evidently the ball had not reached the brain, or she would have sunk instantly without a struggle. I therefore took every opportunity she gave of getting other shots in, and, before she could recover from the first—which we afterwards found had entered just below the left eye and evidently dazed her—I fired three times. She did not keep still a moment and twice rose high out of the

water, so one was a miss; but the other two bullets entered the head and neck, and she soon went to the bottom. My companion did not fire, it being my turn for first shot, and I had asked him to let me finish the beast off myself.

Next morning, Mr. B. went down to the lake early, in hopes of getting a hippo, but found them already in the water and 300 yards from land.

He sent a "boy" back with the news that mine was floating close to the shore. This was fortunate, as no boat was available. I had gone out after game and shot two puku and an impala ram, one of a herd feeding with the puku. (This was the only impala we came across, for they are rare here, though exceedingly common in the Loangwa Valley and British East Africa.)

All the "boys" that could be found were collected, and we went down to the water furnished with a hatchet, knives, and ropes for dragging the beast ashore. The headman controlled the operations, wielding his whip, whilst I was busy with the camera. It was necessary to flog the unwilling ones into the water, as three or four of the bolder spirits had plunged in with the rope; and, unless they were supported immediately by the rest to keep up a constant yelling and splashing, there was considerable danger of these few being seized by crocodiles. They also feared the fierce black leeches which swarm in the slimy mud. These horrible things indeed soon attacked them, as was evident by the blood trickling down their legs.

All this was easily forgotten when the coveted hippo—a veritable mountain of meat—was drawn towards the shore amid such a chorus of yells and shrieks as would suffice almost to waken the dead. They finally coalesced in a sustained shout of—"Oh! yāh! yā! Oh! yāh! yā!" and, as soon as it passed through the reeds and touched the bank, all those still in the water mounted the swollen body and executed a dance of triumph.

The hunters then began to strip off the skin, and I was about to leave the "boys" to hack out the tusks and teeth and bring in the meat (for the smell was far from pleasant), when, as usual, they began wrangling over the choice portions. I therefore ordered all the meat to be brought to camp, where it would be equitably divided. Then, taking a tit-bit from a "boy," who had made off with it pursued by several others, like a hen with a fat worm, I vowed they should have none unless they behaved themselves.

On the following morning I went down at daybreak to the lake to try and secure a bull hippo, but both herds were already in the water too far from land for a shot ; so, after breakfast, I walked along the east bank with the intention of hunting from the other side where some more could be heard grunting.

The low-lying parts near the water proved so swampy that I kept to the higher ground on the outskirts of the bush and sent my hunter to explore the margin of the lake. He saw nothing except two *situtunga* which came running up towards us ; but, unfortunately, they turned off without affording a shot. However, I was encouraged by this and determined on a drive in the hope of obtaining one of these rarely shot antelopes ; so the fourteen " boys " who were with me were sent into the swamp, whilst I went on ahead. We then resumed our walk round the lake ; but, heavy rain coming on, a shelter was made for me by means of the *machila* and food prepared. When lunch and the rain were over, stimulated by hearing hippo grunting and splashing, I made further explorations ; but progress was soon effectually stopped by a deep river, well supplied with crocodiles.

On the way back, we struck *situtunga* spoor but did not succeed in tracking any down. Next, we saw a reed-buck and some hartebeest, which we left unharmed. On nearing the place where the hunter had put up the first *situtunga*, I went into the swamp and walked through it with seven " boys " on either side of me, endeavouring to keep them in line ; but we only saw one and that was a female.

My rubber boots which reached to the knee protected my legs from the leeches ; and an occasional yell from my companions, or a resounding smack, constantly reminded me that they were doing good service. Just before dusk, after an unsuccessful stalk for a reed-buck with exceptionally good horns, I shot two puku and a running duiker, the latter with my " Paradox " gun loaded with " S.S.G.," i.e. slugs.

Tempted by hopes of *situtunga*, we stayed another day, and I again went down to the lake at daybreak in search of hippo ; but, having been up all night as usual, they had unfortunately finished their business on land.

Four monsters were rolling about like porpoises some 200 yards off. They had not seen nor heard us and showed no inclination to approach the shore ; so, after a time, we tried to arouse their curiosity

All was in vain, for mistrust overcame inquisitiveness ; but soon a huge crocodile, attracted by the meat cut up near here, came floating like a log close to the edge, so I gave him the 480 grains solid nickel bullet meant for the hippo, and he sank like a stone. Soon afterwards, I saw another still larger one, about 14 feet long, and gave him a similar dose ; whereupon, he turned over with his feet in the air. I at once gave him the other barrel, and he went to the bottom, to join his ugly brother or sister whichever it was. Mr. B. said they should have floated in a few hours ; but, as they did not, we supposed that the others devoured them.

A sportsman in the last century who went crocodile shooting on the Nile writes : " We met hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish Revolution ; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain," and he adds : " I believe most travellers, who are honest enough, will make nearly the same confession."

I must confess that the only crocodile I got possession of was shot on a sandbank, not in the water.

CHAPTER V

TARPON FISHING IN MEXICO

IN the spring of 1909 my wife and I were staying in Mexico City, which lies 7,400 feet above the sea.

We were recommended to make the beautiful trip down to Tampico, by train, along the shore of the Mexican Gulf to Vera Cruz, by steamer, and back across the mountains, past the snow-tipped cone of Orizaba, to the capital. In spite of two severe earthquakes in one day, my wife could not be induced to leave her comfortable hotel and the attractive parks and flower gardens; so I made the trip by myself and spent three days at Tampico in tarpon fishing on the Panuco River.

On the first morning I was up before dawn, for either it is too bright and hot in the middle of the day or a strong wind springs up about ten and makes the water too rough. The best month at Tampico is March, after which the tarpon migrate northwards; and, in April, Corpus Christi on the coast of Texas is the favourite ground, though there, as well as off Florida, they may be caught in May and June. Some are taken in the Panuco as early as the middle of February, and up to the third week in April; but this had been the worst season for years, and an Englishman, who in a month had only caught six, all under 5 feet long, tried to persuade me to join him in hiring a launch and camping out some miles above Tampico. It appears that the tarpon move about in schools to different parts of the river; either following the shoals of small fish, on which they prey, or driven from their regular feeding grounds by the swordfish and sharks.

I had not time to do as he suggested, so contented myself with trying in the river about twenty minutes' walk from the hotel and surprised every one by returning before lunch on the first day with a beauty of 6 feet 6½ inches, which weighed 135 lb. six hours after capture. None had been caught for over a week, and no one else got a bite that day, whilst I had

two more large fish on. Such is "beginner's luck"! One of these fish, when it leapt into the air, kinked and broke the wire trace, and the other carried away hook and trace and 30 yards of line.

Never shall I forget my first tarpon. It cost me a glorious but a terribly hard fight. Although it lasted scarcely more than an hour, I was far more tired than when playing a large salmon for over six hours in a rapid Norwegian river. Tarpon are usually "harled" for, like salmon on some Scotch and Norwegian rivers and lakes, but you use a shorter and stouter rod, 7 feet in length, and a longer and stronger line of 200 to 300 yards with a heavy multiplying reel. This has a double check action and a leather pad to protect the thumb when pressing on the line to prevent it running out. The bait used is a small fish like the English dace. A large, strong, single hook of the finest tempered steel, attached to a wire trace furnished with swivels, is stuck through the back of the head and out at the tail; thus the bait is slightly curved on the hook. You take your seat in the stern and let the line run out 20 yards, whilst the man rows slowly across the river. By this means the dead fish spins 2 or 3 feet below the surface in a very attractive manner as though injured and trying with difficulty to escape.

Tampico is 9 miles from the sea, and the Panuco, which is navigable for nearly 200 miles, is about half a mile wide here and 40 feet deep. There are smaller streams running into it, at the mouths of which tarpon congregate, and you may sometimes see alligators, sharks, and porpoises indulging in a little fishing on their own account. Some portions of the banks are lined with trees, in which I saw lovely parrots and parroquets. They were too busy squabbling and talking at the top of their voices to pay any attention to me. The shores are covered with thousands of little crabs, which scoot in all directions, if you land, and burrow into the sand in amazingly quick time.

Besides the mighty swirl of the tarpon, when he comes to the surface in pursuit of his prey, or merely to have a game, or to laugh at the fisherman, you see jackfish or yellowtail, and carton and catfish chasing the little chaps; whilst sheepsheads and snappers, jewfish and sawfish keep them busy below. The catfish has a mouth like a Cheshire cat with an everlasting grin, and a long spike in the middle of its back, with which, I suppose, it teases the others. It is not fit to handle, let alone eat,

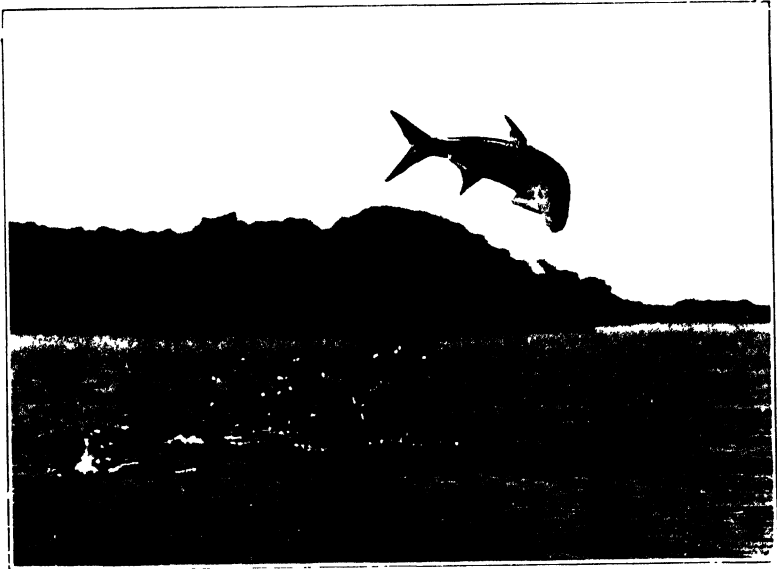
84 ROUND THE WORLD WITH ROD AND RIFLE

for it feeds chiefly on offal. I caught some of all these fish except the jewfish (or black bass, as it is called in California) ; but of these I hooked several large ones there as well as here and can fully endorse the description given by a contemptuous angler : " playing them is about as exhilarating as pulling up an anchor." They run up to over 400 lb. in weight, but they are the pigs of the sea, and slimier, uglier, and blacker than those English bream which frequent the outlets of sewers.

I had not been fishing an hour on my first morning before I hooked one of these big brutes. The boatman, a Mexican, with a moderate supply of my mother tongue, got frightfully excited and shouted a jargon of Spanish and English, which I supposed to be directions to let the fish have more line, as I was holding on to it pretty tight. On the contrary, he did not wish me to give a yard, and expected me to haul the fish straight in—an absolute impossibility, seeing that I felt as if I were attached to a tree. In fact, I thought it was a bit of Mexico for some time, as the fish sulked at the bottom. He then jumped up—I mean the Mexican—and rudely snatched the rod out of my hand, saying, " You no catch fish ; I show you." However, he did not, but promptly lost it, hook and all. Not the least abashed, and though we had not seen the fish, he announced its weight as 250 lb. It probably had " scales " on it, as an angler said when asked how he knew the fish he had lost weighed so heavy.

This experience was useful, for, when I hooked a tarpon a little later, I took care to avoid the boatman's onslaughts on the rod, and did not let his running fire of ejaculations, such as, " You lose him," " He dead," " He tired," " Hol(d) on," " Go ahead," " Holy Mother !" etc., discompose me in the least. He was a very decent little fellow all the same, and I shall always be grateful to him for contributing so largely to my success.

Tarpon jump high out of the water as soon as they feel the hook, and shake their heads to free themselves ; so, whether you drive the barb in or not, there is no mistake as to what kind of fish has taken the bait. It is necessary to strike very hard, and the hook often comes back with the point turned ; for the roof of a tarpon's mouth is like iron, and you are lucky if the point strikes a place at the side of the mouth where it is likely to penetrate. An American, who came here five years in succession, told me that, out of forty-five bites, he only landed six last season, and that the biggest he had ever taken was barely 6 feet. So I was exceptionally lucky.



CARPON LEAPING



THE RETURN TO THE WATER

After leaping three times I don't know how many feet into the air, my fish made a dash for the bottom, running out the line so rapidly that my fingers got quite hot in spite of gloves, one of which was cut through. Foiled in this, he made a rush towards the boat, and I had to reel up as fast as I possibly could. Then he came to the top again, and it was a magnificent sight as he leapt high in the air close to me, every scale shining like silver in the sunlight: for these fish are brighter than fresh run salmon and of similar shape, except the head, which is somewhat like that of a mahseer. They are known here as the "Silver King," being entirely white except along the back, which is dark green. When leaping, they open their mouths wide trying to throw the hook. They leave the water perpendicularly, sometimes turning a complete somersault, and descend into it head first or partly on the side with a tremendous splash.

My fish next tried jerking tactics, and would now and again come to the surface and shake his head as a terrier shakes a rat; but the hook held fast, and, after several mad rushes, in each of which he carried out over 100 yards of line, I managed to reel him in inch by inch, fighting all the time, till he was only 60 feet away. As the last 30 yards of the line had been doubled to withstand the terrible strain of the strike, and for the express purpose of fighting at close quarters, I dared put more pressure on now in spite of being almost pulled out of the boat. The rod stood it well, but my arms and back were aching, and the fish gave me no rest. He was always leaping, boring, plunging, or making rushes, and it was, as another fisherman put it, "like being tied to a steam engine." I shouted to the Mexican to let the boat go with the stream, so that I might just hold on and allow the fish to tow us, whilst I recovered my strength, for I was most uncomfortably hot and out of breath; but, at this moment, the fish made a desperate plunge and leapt into the air, and the handle of the reel came off! The boatman jumped up, nearly upsetting our frail craft, and seized the line with his hands, whilst I endeavoured, as calmly as I was able, to screw the handle on; but he could not stop the fish, and the line whizzed out so fast as to cut two of his fingers. Fortunately, it was a reel in which the handle is screwed on to a plate, so that, although the line is running out, the handle need not turn because the other plate which is attached to the drum containing the line is slipping round whilst the handle of the reel is held. The principle is something like the clutch and flywheel of a motor car.

Whilst I was screwing the handle on, the fish must have taken out 200 yards of line, for I had less than 250 and could see that very little was left. However, I got the reel fixed and wound up the line again before he could recover from this effort. Then I held the line tight with my thumb pressed firmly on the leather pad, whilst the boatman rowed hard down stream ; and we dragged the fish along, partly drowning him. The water evidently entered the gills from behind, causing the tarpon to choke, for he began to flop on his side on the water.

The Mexican literally yelled with excitement. Shipping the oars, he jumped up and again tried to seize my rod. Although feeling the strain terribly, I saw the opportunity myself, and, exerting all my remaining strength, I reeled the fish alongside assisted by the slight current. We got quite a shock when we saw how large he was close at hand, and it looked odds on the tarpon, even then, as he lashed the water with his powerful tail, churning it into foam and covering us with spray. The swivels on the trace now served us a good turn, for, as a last resource, the fish twisted round and round and over and over at least half a dozen times. I thought the hook must give, but his twisting proved his undoing in a different sense, for he got tied up in the line, as a shark sometimes does, and gave us the chance we wanted. But for this we could never have overcome him so soon. My companion dexterously slipped the long-handled gaff into his gills, and, throwing the rod down, I put my fingers into the gills on the other side. Thus, between us, we managed to drag him into the boat a little bit at a time, till he overbalanced and the tail half slipped in of itself. Fortunately, the fish slid under the seat. There he kicked like mad, but we felt too weak to kill him. Both of us collapsed, utterly done, and let the boat drift ashore, where we rested ; after which I went to a house close by and stayed two hours, quite exhausted. A wizened old crone kindly gave me a chair, and I fell instantly fast asleep, but felt by no means comfortable when told later that we were at the quarantine station for plague and yellow fever ! On my remonstrating with the boatman for letting me go there without a warning, he only said : " Gentleman very tired ; I bring him nearest place."

My muscles and hands were soft after a long voyage round South America, so I found tarpon fishing much harder work than wielding a heavy salmon rod or even deer stalking amongst lofty mountains. Apart from having to get up at 3 a.m., row-

ing boats are not comfortable, there is no shelter from the sun, and you must not relax your efforts. I had only three days of it, but my arms and back ached long afterwards from "giving them the butt," and I really felt relieved when fish escaped. If I had not already obtained a fine specimen I should doubtless have felt much annoyed.

The second day I hooked two, and the third day three; as two of them were on at least half an hour, I was dog-tired at the end of it. Seeing that you use far stronger tackle, you do not give the fish as much their own way as in salmon fishing, but put forth all your strength in fighting them. The heat, also, is weakening, and one only gets a short night's rest. When I killed my first salmon, I allowed it too much line, and, this being my first tarpon, I fell into the opposite error and tried to kill him too soon. The second day I caught a large fish, very much like a pike, but with a mouth like an alligator. This fish abounds in the Mississippi River. It attains a length of 10 feet and will attack a swimmer. Here it is called a gar.

The third day I was playing a big tarpon, which had leapt out of the water six or seven times, and my hat blew off. Another angler retrieved it for me; but, while being rowed towards us, he left his line in the water and it fouled mine. Instead of slackening it, he pulled hard, shouting excitedly that he had got one too, thus helping my fish to free itself of the hook. However, I was dead tired as I had been playing the fish half an hour, and, having had my sport, was not sorry to be relieved of it. Tarpon are not nice to eat, and, if not required for preservation, you perhaps take a scale as a trophy and let the fish go. Consequently, to his great astonishment, I thanked the other angler heartily; he expected strong language and was full of apologies.

Shortly after, a violent wind came on, and some of us retired to a little tributary for shelter. An English angler cast a rope, to which was attached a very strong triangle baited with a jack-fish, into the water, and tied the other end to a tree, in the hope of catching a black bass. In less than five minutes the rope was pulled tight. The Englishman and I tried to pull it in. We could not; so my boatman came to help, and then his boatman. We managed after a desperate struggle to haul up a huge saw-fish, 17 feet 8 inches long. The fish was a terrible sight, as it came nearer, and we kept well out of the way; for the double-edged blade, which was over 4 feet long, kept slashing from side to side in vain attempts to cut the line. Truly a fearsome beast!

I thought, as we hauled the thing up the shelving bank, that its saw would at least cut a tree down. Luckily, the blade passed above the rope; otherwise one stroke would have severed it.

Whilst my boatman and I and my friend's boatman held the struggling fish as well as we could on the surface of the water, my friend ran to his coat, took out a six-chambered revolver, and emptied its contents into the creature's head. Then a native, who lived in a cottage near by, hearing the report of firearms, and supposing that a revolution was in progress or at least that murder was being done, determined to be in it. Seizing an old double-barrelled gun, he ran out of his house and fired the blunderbuss deliberately at the beast. That settled it, and by our united efforts it was hauled up high and dry. My friend then had its head and saw cut off for a trophy. The man with the gun asked for the liver as his reward. He wished to boil it down to oil for his lamps. We watched him cut the fish open without much interest, till our curiosity was aroused by seeing nine little ones inside all alive and kicking, with nine little saws 9 inches long, the points as sharp as needles. Each of the little fellows was $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, and their saws had nearly sixty teeth.

It has been suggested to me that sawfish swallow their young or take them into the mouth when in danger, as is asserted of snakes; but these fish were not in the mouth, nor in the stomach. Five were on one side of the body and four on the other, packed as neatly as sardines. Also the mother had a comparatively small mouth, and I doubt whether anything but an ostrich would care to risk such a mouthful as even one of these little devils. As the sawfish hacks its food into little bits, it does not require a large mouth. The saw, which (excluding the teeth) was 2 to 6 inches broad, concealed the opening, as the trunk does that of the elephant; except that the trunk hangs down whilst the broad blade, lying flat, projects straight in front. The teeth of the saw numbered sixty-four and measured from 1 to 2 inches in length.

We were unable to weigh the fish, but the largest I have heard of, which measured 31 feet (including saw of $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet), weighed 5,700 lb.¹; so I suppose ours weighed about half that. It was 13 feet 7 inches from nose to tip of tail. I forgot to measure the girth.

¹ This fish was caught by Mr. Mitchell Hedges, as is thrillingly described in his recent book, *Battles with Giant Fish*.

We let one of the little chaps go to see if it could swim, and it wriggled away at once, showing its ugly phiz no more; but I had one of the remaining eight set up entire, as well as the tarpon. The proprietor of the Southern Hotel, a keen sportsman and a most obliging and courteous American, arranged this for me. He supplied boat and man, tackle and bait, at something under £1 a day; but you can hire a man and boat for half that if you have your own tackle, as I had. Living is cheap at Tampico, and there is no charge or licence to pay for fishing, so that, if you take a boat and man by the month, which would cost perhaps 5s. a day, it cannot be considered a very expensive sport there. I ought to have used the past tense with reference to some of these particulars, for one must not forget that this was the year 1909.

The hotel is plainly furnished but very clean, and the food and service are quite as good as fishermen want or expect anywhere. It is easy to get breakfast at four in the morning, as there are several enterprising Celestials who keep restaurants open all night. They are well patronized by people leaving or arriving by train or boat, or going early to the markets; for, in hot countries, these open at 3 a.m. The hotel's chief adornment is a collection of scales of tarpons which had measured from 6 to 7 feet in length. Each lucky sportsman is asked to leave one, writing his name on it with the size and weight of the fish and the date of its capture. The scales measure about 2 inches by 3, and the upper portion has a surface and colour like silver paper, whilst the lower becomes almost transparent when dry. Rowland Ward set several of mine in thick glass rimmed with silver, and they serve as paper-weights; some were utilized for the decoration of cedar-wood boxes, and a few made pretty menu-holders.

On the morning after our adventure with the sawfish my ship left Tampico direct for Vera Cruz, twenty-four hours distant. Thence I took train for the capital through some of the finest scenery in Mexico, though it is perhaps surpassed by that on the railway to Tampico. When I asked one of the anglers on the Panuco who had come by the same route his opinion of the panorama, his only reply was a contemptuous grunt and "A lot of damned cacti!" It reminded me forcibly of a noble lord's answer to a friend who asked him, on his return from Africa, what he thought of the Victoria Falls. "The Victoria Falls be damned," said he. "I went to shoot!"

I shall never forget the first time I told the story of the saw-

fish. All went well till I mentioned the little ones. Then my listeners regarded me with a cold, incredulous stare; and, when I had finished, there was a stony silence as opaque as the darkness of Egypt which "could be felt." At last some one said: "But whales are the only fish that bring forth young alive, and they have warm blood and cohabit like beasts." I replied I had only spoken of what I had seen. Then a hard-featured old gentleman, a retired colonel, held forth. He said: "I perfectly believe your story on account of what happened to me when fishing off the coast of New Zealand. I was in a small boat in the Bay of Islands when I saw a large swordfish, maybe 30 feet in length, basking asleep on the surface of the sea under the lee of one of the islands. Picking up my rifle, I fired immediately at the monster, but, most unfortunately for me, struck her little one which was sheltering beneath the mother's immense fins. She awoke instantly, and, on seeing her little one dead, dashed furiously at the boat, cutting it in half with her sword. I swam with all haste to land, whilst she hacked the boat into little pieces and then pursued me so swiftly that I only just reached the island in time. She then swam round and round, and, whenever I made an attempt to escape, I saw her fierce green eyes watching every movement. Eventually she even waddled up the beach, and, realizing that she could cut down any tree, I climbed high on the rocks out of the reach of that fearful sword. At last people on shore, seeing my frantic signals of distress, came and drove the terrible creature away and rescued me in a state of collapse." The Colonel then turned to me and said in a rasping voice: "Yes, sir, I quite believe your story."

The Colonel's absurd tale (which may have been partly true, for swordfish *have* attacked boats) certainly eclipsed my bald narration of facts; but I would remind incredulous readers that sometimes "truth is stranger than fiction."¹

¹ The enormous sawfish captured by Mr. Mitchell Hedges contained thirty-six little ones, concerning which he makes the following remarks: "It has been a point for discussion among scientists whether a sawfish develops its curious projection after birth or before; or, if born with the saw, whether the teeth on it evolve at a later stage. The discovery of these embryonic young now settled the question definitely. Sawfish are born with both saw and teeth. Nature, by covering the sharp projections on either side with a membranous covering, obviates in this wonderful way all irritation which might be caused to the womb."

CHAPTER VI

BLACK BUCK SHOOTING IN INDIA

IN the year 1911 my wife and I made a second trip to India, this time landing at Bombay ; and, after two strenuous weeks of sightseeing, we found ourselves at Delhi. As my wife wanted a rest, I started out on a shooting expedition, for which it was then only necessary to go a few miles from the city, though now one must go much farther afield. I was very anxious to catch a mahseer, being fired by the specimen of 47 lb. which my brother caught in the Teesta, and by the knowledge that these fish, which have been called the salmon of India, run over 100 lb. in weight. However, the hotel manager did not recommend fishing at this time of year, though I tried spinning for a short time unsuccessfully in the river ; so he lent me an old rifle and 12-bore shot-gun and sent me to the Canal Head, where the water is taken from the Jumna for the Agra Canal, about 8 miles distant. Here I found a *dāk* bungalow or Government rest-house, such as are provided also in Egypt and the Sudan. This one had four or five bedrooms and primitive bathrooms, a dining-room, and verandah.

A shikari, or native hunter, and four coolies with provisions and bedding, etc., had been sent on in advance, and I brought with me everything else that was necessary, including our native servant, called Samuel, to act as interpreter and cook. These rest-houses are exceedingly useful to sportsmen, as are similar ones erected in New Zealand by the Government Tourist Department, which runs them as hotels in out-of-the-way places where it would not pay a private caterer to do so. There was nothing in the bungalow except bedsteads, chairs, and a table ; but the old *Khansamah* in charge gathered some sticks and lit a fire, which would have effectually kept out any mosquitoes, had not the weather been cold enough to discourage them. These *Khansamah*, or men in charge of the *dāk* bungalows, when asked what they can supply to eat, invariably reply : " Everything."

Full of hope, you ask them for a beefsteak, and they reply in the vernacular: "Sahib, from where would I get it?" Ask for a mutton chop, or what you will, and the reply is the same, until in despair you say: "What *can* you supply?" With a smile and a deep salaam, the old man always replies: *Mhurgi hai, sahib*, i.e. "I have got chicken." He then draws a rusty sword from its hiding-place, and, amid the loud squawking of fowls, a chicken dies!

Meanwhile, though it was nearly six and the sun was setting, I took a walk with the 12-bore and shot a couple of pigeons and some teal for dinner, being somewhat distrustful of the old man's fowl. (I have generally found chickens in hot countries to be both tough and stringy.) The twilight, followed almost immediately by darkness—a disconcerting habit in the Tropics—surprised me some distance from camp, and I fervently hoped the snakes would hear me and flee, as I gingerly picked my way through the jungle. Pythons, hamadryads, cobras, kraits, and many poisonous varieties are said to abound here; but the Russell's viper is perhaps the worst of all, as, being rather deaf, it is unlikely to get out of the way; whilst no cure has been found for the bite, which kills in less than half an hour. This snake especially frequents the deserted tombs near Delhi, and I doubt if I could have got my wife to visit them, had she seen a paragraph I read recently in the newspaper. This stated that the Government offered a reward per head, and so many were brought in that it was feared that the people were breeding them; but, on investigation, it was discovered they were being procured by a party of natives, whose happy hunting grounds were the ruined cities in the plain of Delhi.

With my eyes smarting from the smoke of the damp wood, reading by the light of sputtering candles was impossible; so I was not sorry to go to bed and sleep the New Year in, the best preparation for an early start after black buck in the morning. I started the New Year well by getting up at five, though it was not light till nearly seven, and had a very hard day, not getting back till after sunset by the light of the moon. I must have walked a distance of nearly 30 miles, much of it in the blazing sun. My shikari had hired an ox-cart, which, besides acting as a game cart and carrying provisions, etc., would, he said, be useful in helping us to approach the wary antelope on the wide plains; and so it proved. The natives who use these carts do not carry rifles or alarm the herds, so that the black buck often stand

still and even continue to graze till one approaches within range.

We commenced by trudging along the bank of the canal, and, after I had shot a few pigeons, we left it for the river, where I bagged a couple of duck and a kingfisher, the latter for my wife's hat. Next we came to some fields of grain and mustard, in which I shot three brace of grey partridges. These are very like our English birds, but lighter coloured. It was then my wife's hats' turn again, so I shot two green parrots out of a flock, which had annoyed me a good deal by their harsh screaming. We were now several miles from the bungalow, and the shikari asked me not to shoot any more for fear of disturbing the nobler quarry we were after ; so we walked on in silence another mile or two, whilst every now and then I searched the plain, here quite uncultivated, with my field-glasses. However, the hunter was the first to spot the game, his sight being little less keen than that of the natives of Africa, some of whom fairly astonished me. Leaving our coolies behind, he and I now got into the cart, which was driven straight towards the spot where the animals were feeding, in the hope that they would take little notice of the oxen. My position, lying full length in the bottom of the springless vehicle, as it bumped over the uneven ground, was most uncomfortable, and I had some difficulty in holding my rifle in such a way that it would neither be seen by the antelopes, who soon began to watch our movements, nor shoot one of us if it went off accidentally.

The herd consisted of three bucks and fourteen or fifteen does. Evidently, this kind of thing had been tried before by other sportsmen, for, manœuvre as we would, the buck contrived to keep out of range ; or the one with the best head would never present a sufficiently tempting shot. I had been warned by the owner of the rifle that it did not carry quite straight even at 50 yards, so I thought it imprudent to try conclusions at over 150. At last the animals succeeded in wearing out my patience ; so, hissing to the driver to stop, I took aim at the nearest. Directly the driver stopped, the whole herd walked slowly farther away, keeping one eye on us all the time ; so that it became necessary to try another method. On approaching again within range, I told the driver to keep moving. Then, sliding out of the cart and lying full length on the ground, whilst the bullocks walked slowly on, I took a quick aim and fired, getting in a second shot as the herd galloped away. Unfortunately, in the excitement of the

moment, I forgot to take aim with my faulty weapon as instructed by the hotel manager ; namely, a little to the right of the place I wanted to hit ; so that, even if the elevation had been correct, which I doubt, as I could not be sure of the distance, my shot would have been unsuccessful. The animals, now realizing that they were being hunted as they had suspected, galloped across our front in a succession of extraordinary leaps, such as many of the African antelopes indulge in when frightened. Nor did they stop till nearly out of sight, so there was nothing for it but to find others. This we succeeded in doing after an hour's walk, but had no better luck this time ; as, after pursuing similar tactics and getting a shot at about 150 yards, I did worse than miss altogether, for the bullet struck about the middle of the body. I had aimed in front of the shoulder, intending to hit the heart just behind it, but evidently this was not enough allowance for my erratic weapon at that range. The thud was unmistakable, and the poor beast leapt high in the air, but went too fast for me to hit it again as it galloped off ; not to mention that I had inadvertently sat down on a branch of acacia thorn, which subsequently caused me much pain and annoyance. It was necessary to remove my nether garments, whilst my attendants picked out the thorns and washed the wounds ; but they unfortunately overlooked two. These set up some irritation, and I escaped blood-poisoning by a miracle. About a fortnight later, at Calcutta, I felt what appeared to be two boils and was unable to sit down comfortably. A doctor injected cocaine locally and removed the dangerous thorns, which he said might have cost me my life.

To resume the story. We now took up the pursuit and managed to follow the blood spoor some distance ; but the ground was very hard, and, as the blood quickly dried, it became more and more difficult to follow, till we lost it altogether. Some time later, I met two natives and promised them a reward if they should bring the head to my camp, for my hunter was sure it would die next day or be killed by a hyæna ; but I never received it and hardly expected to. However, fortune smiled on me at last ; for, shortly afterwards, we saw in the distance two herds, or possibly one large herd, of more than a hundred, feeding in groups of forty or fifty. These would probably have been no less difficult to approach ; but we were not far from a native village, and, as luck would have it, some men came out and startled them and the whole lot cantered towards us.

When out shooting black buck with a rifle on the wide plains,

one has to be careful not to shoot a native ; for the animals are often found near villages, and there have been serious accidents of this kind. I am told that a small amount in compensation quickly settles such a matter amicably ; but some natives might not be so accommodating as those described to me by a certain gallant Colonel. He related that one of his subalterns had accidentally shot a beater, who was liberally compensated. There was to be a shoot the following week, and the Colonel caused the natives to be informed, so that they might make themselves scarce and keep out of the way. The shoot took place, and soon yells were heard, a native having received a charge of shot in the tenderest part of his anatomy. Then heads popped up in every direction. It appears that the opportunity of getting *bakshish* was thought too good to be lost, and natives had concealed themselves in various parts of the jungle in hopes of being hit by the Sahibs and handsomely paid for it.

As the frightened beasts approached, I got out of the bullock cart, motioning the driver to crouch down. When within 100 yards, the animals came to a halt and turned at right-angles, looking first in the direction of the men who had alarmed them and then at us. This just gave me time to take a shot, and, aiming again in front of the shoulder, as not so much allowance would be necessary at this short range, I pressed the trigger. The bullet struck a little low, breaking both front legs just above the knee ; so another was necessary, and I felt like a butcher and vowed I would never use such a crazy old blunderbuss again. The coolies soon came running up, and their delight knew no bounds as they saw the meat. Whilst they skinned the buck and cut off its head according to my directions, so as to allow plenty of length in the neck for setting up, I sat down under the shade of a solitary palm and commenced a picnic lunch of tinned sardines, hard-boiled eggs, and bread and jam, washed down with lukewarm ginger ale. When one is in a good temper, this seems luxury even on New Year's Day ; and, had I not a plum-pudding and some brandy in reserve for my return at nightfall !

The sun was now high in the heavens, so, satisfied with my trophy, which had pretty spiral horns about 20 inches long, I determined on a siesta and sent my untiring shikari to the Jumna, about 2 miles off, to see if he could find a crocodile basking on the bank. At this, the cold season the year, there was not much chance of getting a shot ; but Fortune still smiled, for I had scarcely been asleep an hour, when he returned, making signs that there

was a huge fellow big enough to swallow the whole party. Telling the sleepy Samuel to follow cautiously at a distance with the bullock cart, etc., the hunter and I approached the river. Crawling up and peering through a few gorse bushes on the high bank, I saw the hideous brute lying on the sand on the opposite side with his tail in the water, here about 70 yards wide. He lay quite still and seemed to be asleep. As everything depended on the first shot, I took no chances; but the odds were in my favour, for it was possible to lie down in the approved military position—the body at an angle of 45 degrees with legs apart—and I tried to imagine myself shooting at a bull's eye on the range; not a difficult thing to hit in a prone position at 80 yards. My practice at the black buck guided me as to what allowance to make for the faulty sights, and the first bullet struck him true just behind the head, passing out the other side as I afterwards discovered. The creature merely opened his jaws wide and gave a convulsive movement with his tail, and I believe died on the spot. But, to make quite sure, and nothing loth to have some more rifle practice, I emptied the magazine, four of the five bullets penetrating within a few inches of the same place; so that, but for shutting his ugly mouth, he never stirred. The men soon forded the river, held him up for me to take a photograph, and carried him in triumph to the game-cart; but Leviathan was only 7 feet long and I kept nothing but a portion of the skin. This was subsequently made into cigar and cigarette boxes. The skin of the black buck made a very showy cushion and several pairs of handsome bedroom slippers.

After a walk along the bank in hopes of finding another sleepy crocodile, we came in sight of a small native village; and, taking shelter from the sun in a shed built of grass, intended for the boys who scare birds and antelopes from the crops, I made some tea. In this hut was a native pipe, and, on being approached by a dusky individual dressed in a gaudy turban and loin-cloth once possibly white, I asked him to bring it and sit down in front of the spoils of the chase for a photograph; but he absolutely refused. My servant explained that he was a Hindu and would lose caste if he touched the pipe, which had probably been smoked by a coolie of a lower caste; so I told one of the boys to bring it along. This he did joyfully, for, as I afterwards learned, he was a nature-worshipper; or, as Samuel described with great scorn, "one of the jungle people," and of the lowest caste. Because he had touched the pipe, the original owner would have no further

use for it, and this "son of the jungle" is probably smoking it still. It was a sort of hookah, very roughly made of bamboo, and I am sorry I did not keep it myself as a curiosity. I left two annas, or twopence, equivalent to half a day's pay, and hope the owner felt sufficiently compensated.

Here was an example of what Sir Harry Johnston calls "nightmare nonsense and time-wasting rubbish" under my own eyes. Another example which impressed me was the frequent notices at railway stations: "Drinking water for Hindus," "Drinking water for Mohammedans." Caste, the origin of which is shrouded in the obscurity of antiquity, was perhaps at first a distinction between priest, soldier, trader, and agriculturist. In course of time, each trade came to have a separate caste, and the priests insisted on its being observed as a means of securing their own supremacy. We had been warned that, to people of this religion, all who are not Hindus are outcasts, and one must be careful not to touch any cooking or washing utensil belonging to them; nor approach them at mealtimes, or any place or thing holy in their eyes, without caution. Even to allow one's shadow to fall across their food is sufficient to make it uneatable. Trees, plants, stones, rivers, tanks, and even crocodiles, rats, cobras, and tigers may be sacred; whilst a cow¹—a listless, stupid cow—is actually the most sacred of all! It is partly for this reason, I suppose, that one gets so little cream in India and has to put up with goat's milk. In Kashmir no fresh beef can be obtained, and tinned beef, if brought in, had better be disguised with a mutton label!

Every deity has his or her more or less active attendants, rendering of course the whole species sacred. Thus Brahma, the Creator, has a goose; Vishnu, the Preserver, an eagle; Shiva, the Destroyer, a bull; Indra, an elephant; Durga, a tiger; Rama, a buffalo; Ganesh, a rat; Agni, a ram; Kartakkeya, a peacock; and the god of love a parrot. All this adds enormously to the difficulty of governing India, though, on the other hand, it effectually prevents successful combination against British rule and perhaps saved us from annihilation in 1857.

After this incident I proceeded up river again, admiring the wading water birds and especially the activity of some black and white kingfishers, which, hovering about 20 feet above the stream

¹ Is this due to the influence of Egypt, where Hathor, the Celestial Cow, was a most important goddess, supposed to be able to prolong existence beyond the grave?

like hawks, pounced on the hapless minnows with unerring precision. Later on, I got snap-shots at a black antelope, a hare, and a jackal with a fine brush like a fox, coming on all unexpectedly in the scraggy scrub which lined the bank for some miles, and at last reached the bungalow thoroughly tired but well pleased with the day.

Next morning, I took a rest, and, after an early lunch, crossed the river to try my luck on the other side. It was so low at the dam that a few stepping-stones enabled me to pass over dryshod. A native, fishing with a line on the bottom, had caught an unattractive-looking fish about 3 lb. weight out of the deep water above.

I opened the ball with a couple of shots at turtles but misjudged the distance, and the bullets fell short, striking the water and ricochetting over their backs. It was amusing to see them scuttle into the river; a hare would not have been well advised in giving them a long start. Next, I took an unsuccessful shot at a black buck, having now no ox-cart to help me stalk him on the wide, featureless plain. Then, changing my rifle for the shot-gun, I bagged four brace of grey, two brace of black partridges, three pigeons, and a hare, the last named scarcely as large as our own. The black partridge cocks were very handsome birds, larger than ours, and excellent eating. Most of the six brace were secured in patches of sugar cane, which the shikari beat out by an ingenious method common in India. He and a coolie walked up each side holding a long rope which they dragged over the tops of the canes, whilst the remaining two stood at the far corners tapping. The game was thus induced to fly out at the end, at a point equidistant from these two corners; so I took up my position there and might have also made a fine bag of peacock, had it been permissible to shoot them. This was, unfortunately, a district in which they are sacred. It struck me that the reply of a sportsman in *Punch* to the big-game hunter, who had been boring the party at lunch and remarked after successive misses, "I cannot hit these dashed partridges, they're so beastly small," was not so far from the mark as intended, for here the beaters were shouting: "Peacock over, jackal to the right!" In case my readers do not remember the allusion, I quote the reply, viz., "No, I suppose it was 'Ostrich over and Lion to the right' in Africa, eh?"

A friend of mine once shot a peacock not far from a village. The inhabitants poured out, as he thought, to avenge the death

of the sacred bird, and he took up a position with his back to a tree determined to put up a good defence. To his great relief he found that the villagers were merely racing for the bird's flesh, which is highly prized in those parts where the peacock is not sacred.

Black buck, like many kinds of antelope, are very inquisitive. Sportsmen sometimes take advantage of this by hiding in a nullah and slowly waving a long bamboo to and fro. The buck watch this for some time and gradually approach to see what this curious thing may be. Indian Rajahs often hunt the black buck by means of trained cheetahs, and it will be recalled that the Prince of Wales was shown this method of taking them when he was touring in India. Another plan is to gallop alongside the animals and shoot them from the saddle with revolvers

After a little more sport of an uneventful nature, I was driven in a car to Delhi, and thence we went to Agra, a few hours by train.

CHAPTER VII

RHINOCEROS HUNTING IN RHODESIA

AT the present day rhinoceros are only found in Africa and Asia, though once common in both Europe and North America. In Asia they are to be met with in the jungles of India, Burmah, the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra, Java, and Borneo; but they are smaller in the last-mentioned places and all one-horned except the Sumatran. This is also the smallest kind, having a shoulder height of only 4 feet.

There are two kinds in Africa—the white, square-mouthed and the black, prehensile-lipped species—but, as a matter of fact, both kinds vary very much in the colour of their skins, and they are neither white nor black. A slaty grey is the usual colour of both species; but a fondness for mud baths, owing to the unpleasant attentions of ticks, makes it difficult to determine. The so-called white rhinoceros, which is very much the larger and has also longer horns (for it attains a shoulder height of $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet compared with $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet of the black), is now extinct except within a limited area of the Lado Enclave near the Nile. It feeds only on grass, but the smaller one lives chiefly on thorn-bushes and bark and on the leaves and fruits of certain trees. Both varieties have two horns, but several have been shot with three or even more. Those of the cow are very much thinner, so that they constantly get broken; and, being continually sharpened, they are seldom found more than a foot in length. Rhinoceros sharpen both the front and back horns on stones, and sometimes the back horn is the longer. Although the horns are composed of compressed hair, they possess the strength and polished appearance of bone and are formidable weapons. On carefully examining them, one can see a few stiff hairs sticking out at right angles. Many horns are exported to China, where they are pulverized and sold for medicinal purposes.

A great deal has been written on the danger of hunting rhinoceros and of their unprovoked attacks on men; but agreement

has only been reached on one point ; namely, that no one can tell what each individual animal will do on being approached. Mr. Dugmore, who pluckily secured some splendid photographs of charging rhinoceros, proved that a great many, at any rate, will charge as soon as they smell a man, and he nearly lost his life on more than one occasion. Once, when he was approaching two with a camera, a third very nearly caused trouble. He says :

“ A sudden snort made us turn, and we saw the amusing sight of a large rhinoceros, not 400 yards away, getting worried over our trail. He had been walking along in an unconcerned way and had suddenly come upon our scent. ‘ Wough ! ’ said he, ‘ what is it and where is it ? ’ And then, like the stupid old beast he is, he charged frantically first in one direction and then in another, turning sharply each time and snorting violently as though disgusted at his inability to hit anything. There was not even a bush on which to vent his indignation, and it was about the best exhibition of senseless rage I ever saw.”¹

The rhinoceros has a curious way of showing senseless rage which no one who has tracked them in Africa can have failed to notice. After relieving themselves, they walk away a few yards, turn round, and, seeing or smelling the smoking dung, charge furiously down upon it, scattering it in all directions with horn and hoof.

The natives have a legend that God gave to each of the animals something to keep. The rhinoceros received a needle, which he swallowed by accident and has been looking for ever since. According to Mr. Letcher, the inhabitants of the Loangwa Valley believe “ that once all rhinos had three horns, and that, having lost one, they are always looking for it and dig up the ground in the hopes of finding it. I have often found the ground ploughed up for some distance by the beast’s horns in its unreasoning fury.”² From this it is argued by some tribes that the rhinoceros has a shocking temper, which is not far from the truth, and they fear him more than any other animal. I should imagine that the real cause of his anger is the irritation caused by the enormous ticks which attack him under the tail. I have also heard it asserted that the rhinoceros has a maggot in his brain, but have been unable to prove it so far.

Sir Frederick Treves remarks in *Uganda for a Holiday* :

¹ *Camera Adventures in the African Wilds*, by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

² *Big Game Hunting in North-Eastern Rhodesia*, by Owen Letcher.

"The rhinoceros is the embodiment of blind conservatism. Its hide is impenetrable, its vision is weak, while its intellect is weaker. It has, however, two marked qualities—combativeness and sense of smell. It is aroused to its maximum energy by the presence of anything that is new. This object need not be a thing that is aggressive or inconvenient. The offensiveness depends upon the fact that it is unfamiliar. When a rhinoceros smells a man, he will charge him with maniacal violence, although the man may be merely sitting on a stool reading Milton. The massive beast will dash at him like a torpedo or a runaway locomotive, simply because the smell of him is novel. Actuated by this insane hate of whatever savours of an innovation, the rhinoceros has charged an iron water-tank on the outskirts of a camp and has crumpled it up as a blacksmith would an empty meat can.

"For like reasons, this self-opinionated animal has charged a train on the Uganda Railway and has done much damage to the fabric. Inasmuch as some new object made evident by a smell seems to be the acutest stimulant that can stir the rhinoceros brain, it is terrible to think with what a delirium of fury the conservative beast would come down upon a cheap motor-car, encountered in the wilderness."

These words were strikingly confirmed by an incident which occurred during the Great War in the year 1915. A motor-cyclist, dashing along a road in East Africa with a despatch, became suddenly aware of a rhinoceros, which bore down upon him and passed close behind him. The cyclist, hotly pursued by the beast, made his best time up the road, but his machine was not in good order. The sand was thick, and the rhino began to gain upon the rider. An exciting chase ensued, which resulted in the cyclist abandoning the cycle to its fate and hiding himself in the long grass. The cycle was going on low gear, and in all probability the fumes from the petrol prevented the rhino scenting the cyclist. The animal then destroyed the machine, and the cyclist had to make his way to camp on foot, passing another bicycle, which had been trampled on by the enraged beast, its owner being nowhere to be seen.

A number of men have been attacked by rhinoceros, and, owing to their aggressiveness, it has been found impossible to preserve them except in out-of-the-way places. At Neri, in Uganda, they became so dangerous that the District Commissioner had to undertake a crusade against them and killed fifteen. Captain Stigand had a marvellous escape from being gored to death. He had just shot a bull, when suddenly he became aware of a second bearing down on him like a steam engine.

"There was no time to re-load," he says, "so I tried to jump out of his path, with the usual result in thick stuff—I tripped up. He kicked me in passing, and then, with a celerity surprising in so ponderous a creature, he whipped round, and the next moment I felt myself soaring skywards. I must have gone some height as the men on the elephant-track said that they saw me pass over the grass, which was 10 or 12 feet high. Anyhow, I fell heavily on my shoulder blades, the best place on which it is possible to fall, partly by accident, and partly from practice in tumbling in the gymnasium. On looking up, I saw the wrinkled stern of the rhino disappearing in the grass, at which I said to myself 'Hurrah!'"¹

The Captain got up and recovered his rifle. He then noticed that a finger-nail had been torn off, and was congratulating himself on getting off so lightly, when his men appeared on the scene uttering shouts of horror. He could not make out what they were so concerned about, until they pointed to his chest. Then he saw that his whole chest was a mass of blood and mincemeat, where the rhino's horn had gored him. He felt no pain at all, but the wound was serious enough to keep him on his back for several weeks.

My first adventure with rhinoceros in Rhodesia, though I had many times tracked them some distance unsuccessfully, happened in this wise. A friend and myself were seated at lunch in our tent, when a "boy," who had been searching for *masuku* fruit and honey, arrived with news that he had seen a rhinoceros not far from the camp. We lost no time in girding up our loins, seizing our rifles, and following his guidance. After going quickly for nearly an hour, we came upon a "boy" in a tree, who had been left to watch the animal. He stated that, though out of sight at the time, it was feeding slowly through the bush quite close at hand. Accompanied only by our gunbearers, we at once took up the spoor. The trees were very thick, and the new leaves made it impossible to see more than a few yards at times, so we had to proceed very cautiously, testing the wind continually by means of the little bags of flour at our belts, as it was inclined to be choppy. The tracks were also a little difficult to follow, as the animal had twisted a good deal in search of palatable food.

After nearly an hour of this exciting work, during which I was expecting to come on the creature at any moment, I heard a snort and a crash and suddenly saw it charging through the

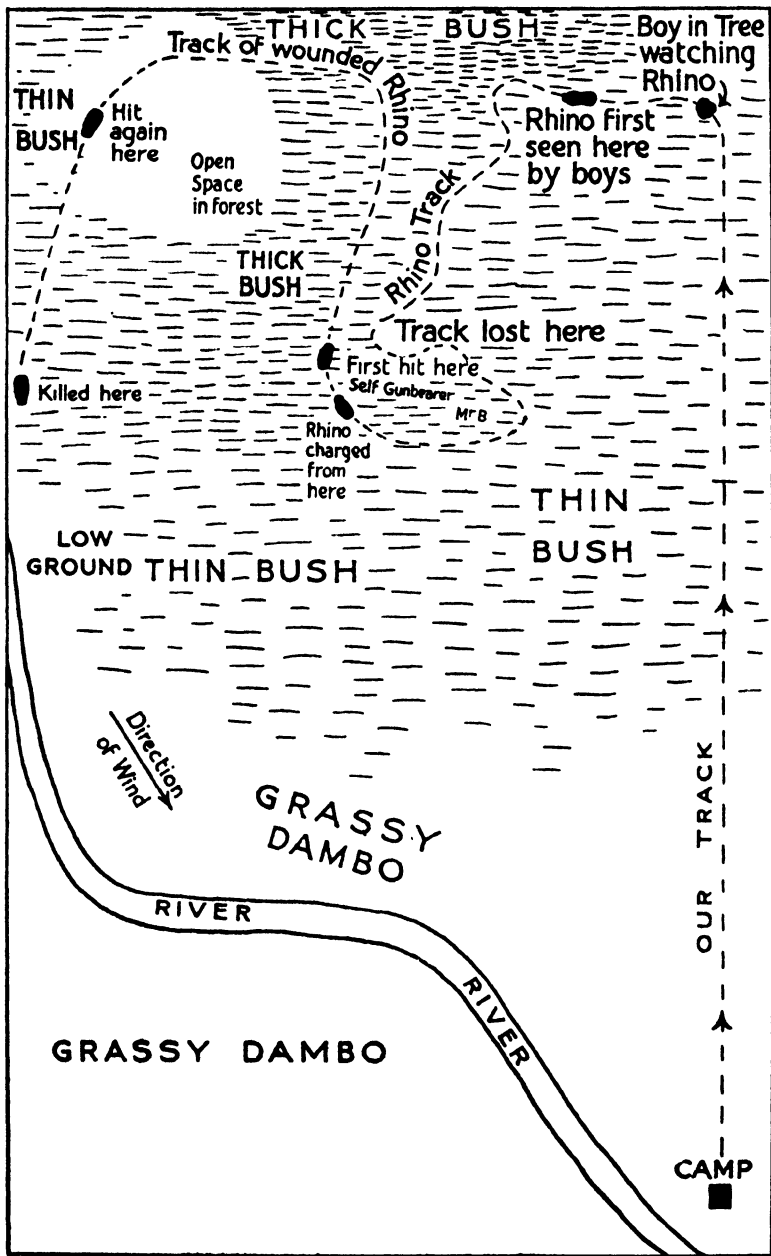
¹ *The Game of British East Africa*, by Captain C. H. Stigand, F.R.G.S.

bush with head held low. It passed me within a few feet. I was walking on the right a little apart from the others, as at the moment we had lost the spoor and separated, each taking a slightly different direction in looking for it. The bush was so thick that it was a question of taking a snap-shot or nothing; for the rhinoceros had evidently heard or smelt us and was either charging blindly or taking flight in the direction it was facing when alarmed.

Throwing the heavy .465 rifle to my shoulder, as though it were a "12-bore" and the rhinoceros a rabbit crossing a ride, I fired both barrels in quick succession. The first bullet struck it too far back to hit the heart, and the second almost in the same place, both passing through the body without touching a bone; but, as the animal was at a different angle when it received the second shot, the bullet carried forward and must, as proved by the frothy nature of the blood on the trail, have grazed the lungs. He grunted loudly as he blundered through the bushes, but showed no sign of being hit. Mr. B. fired a chance shot, though he was considerably farther off than any of us, and both my hunter and myself were between him and the target. He admitted afterwards that he fired over-hastily and only caught a fleeting glimpse of the animal.

I heard his bullet whistle past, and was probably as nearly killed by him as by the rhinoceros. My hunter immediately followed the spoor. So quickly and successfully did he track the animal that, after half an hour's exciting anticipation, we came to a clear place in the forest and saw the wounded beast about 100 yards ahead. It was standing stock-still with its back to us. In my anxiety to secure the prize at once, I fired without sufficient deliberation and missed. It turned round with surprising agility and would doubtless have charged if it had seen anyone to attack. My friend shouted out that he had a clear view of it from where he stood, but I asked him not to shoot unless it came for us. Then, kneeling down, I took steady aim for the shoulder, the bullet dropping it on the spot. It scrambled up, however, and shuffled off down a slight incline.

Reloading and running as hard as I could, I got within 15 yards, upon which it stopped and glared at me. A bullet through the neck caused it to fall forward on its knees stone-dead. It looked exactly as if about to rise, and the "boys" (who had heard our shots from the camp), on seeing it, dared not approach and hurled their spears from all sides, in spite of our assurances



RHINOCEROS HUNT

that it was dead and entreaties to spare the skin ; as a matter of fact the spears fell off harmlessly. Unfortunately, the light was failing and the trees obscured what little there was, so the photographs were a failure. This was the more disappointing, for a photo of the huge beast on its knees as though about to get up, with the natives throwing their assegais at it, would have been very interesting. The animal turned out to be one of the largest on record shot in this country ; the front horn measuring 26 inches and the posterior nearly 17, the circumference of each being 21 inches at the base.

Rhinoceros are not plentiful in Rhodesia except in the Loangwa Valley ; and a horn measuring even 20 inches is comparatively rare. In East Africa they sometimes exceed 30, and a few have been shot over 40.

I fear I unwittingly gave my friend cause for jealousy, as he has not had the good luck to shoot a rhinoceros at all. He only possesses some teeth, which were acquired in the following manner. Having tracked two rhinos into some very long dry grass, he took up his position at one end and ordered his " boys " to set fire to the other end. The rhinos rushed out, one of them heading straight for him. He fired his single-barrel Mauser in its face, and the animal, swerving slightly, passed within a few feet of him and disappeared into the bush. On following it up, he came to a place where it had stopped for a moment and had coughed up a couple of teeth, which his bullet had evidently driven down its throat. These he pocketed and continued the pursuit. A little farther on he found one more tooth ; but that is all he ever saw of their owner, and, so far, it is the only opportunity he has had of bagging a rhinoceros.

Leaving the " boys " to chop off the head and feet and carry the meat home, we started in search of more game, as my companion was anxious to shoot a rhino himself. Striking through the forest, we came, after an hour's sharp walking, to a salt-lick, where we found traces of more rhino, buffalo, roan, wart-hog, and a large herd of eland. We then retired into the bush, and waited on the chance of some of these making their appearance before dark ; but only the eland came and there were no big bulls in the herd, so we did not molest them.

I spent part of the next day (to use an Americanism) " caring for " the rhino trophies, whilst my friend went off with his hunters. Several long strips of skin had been cut for whips and walking sticks, and a large piece had been taken from the back. This

Rowland Ward subsequently made into a table, planing off the upper part and leaving a slab about an eighth of an inch thick and as clear as amber, which took a fine polish. He also made some beautiful paper-knives and pen-trays. All these pieces of skin had to be spread in the sun to dry, till they became as hard as a board; and the feet, which made magnificent ink-pots and cigar-boxes, needed special attention. After careful cleaning, they were filled with warm wood-ashes from day to day. The toe-nails also take a fine polish, and we had to see that no decay set in underneath them. The tiny, tufted tail, ridiculously small for such a huge beast, was cut down the middle and cleaned. It was kept from closing up again by pieces of wood stuck in at intervals. The horns, which rested on a solid piece of bone, were removed from the head. It took two men to carry this even without their extra weight. Two men were also required to carry the largest piece of skin.

Towards evening my friend returned, much elated, with a cow rhinoceros and a little calf. The latter was alive and no bigger than a sheep; but it was as plucky as possible and charged everyone indiscriminately. The "boys" were terrified of it, although it had not yet grown the semblance of a horn; and, whenever it was loosed, they took to the trees or the tops of the tents. I allowed it to charge me, protecting myself easily with my hands; which gave some of them a little more confidence. It was as wild as a hawk, so that a stockade had to be built round a tree to keep it in whenever we camped; and, being as "contrairy" as a pig driven to market, each pair of feet had to be tied together to enable a couple of "boys" to carry it during the day. We fed it on condensed milk, mixed with warm water, and green food. It ate voraciously all day and every day for a week, so that we soon became quite anxious about its interior, which had swollen visibly. It was obviously necessary to dose our baby with strong pills, black draughts, and even croton oil; but nothing had any effect, so that if it had not died of kindness, it would certainly have met the fate of the greedy boy in the parody on "Casabianca":

“ ‘ This is my fifteenth cup of tea,’
 He cried in accents wild.
 ‘ Just one more crust ’afore I bust.’
 He was a vulgar child.”

It was a quaint sight to see my friend pushing along Baby Rhino every morning and evening by the hindquarters, in a

laudable attempt to give the poor little chap the exercise he so badly needed ; and when he was dosed, the whole *ulendo* turned out to watch the performance.

For shooting the mother my companion was fined £2, as it is a breach of the Sporting Regulations to kill any animal accompanied by its young except the carnivora. This was only a nominal fine, as he explained that the little one was not to be seen when he fired, and it was necessary to do something in self-defence. His hunter had pointed out the cow only 15 yards away and about to charge, so he shot her at sight. She came on, and the native (who was the same hunter mentioned in Chapter X, *Adventures with Buffalo*) fired immediately afterwards, hitting her in the head close to the brain. Both were armed only with .303's, which are not much use for stopping a charge ; so it appears to have been a lucky escape, there being no time for a second shot from either rifle.

Before he returned, I too met with an adventure, but fortunately only by proxy ; for one of my " boys " was bitten in the big-toe by a snake. No one else saw it ; but he described his assailant, according to my interpreter, as a " big white devil, about 4 feet long." Probably he meant light-coloured, for the natives have little idea of colour. Captain Stigand declares¹ that some tribes have only two words to express white, silver, grey, yellow, light brown, pale green, and pale blue, namely " white " and " very white." Red, vermilion, magenta, scarlet, brown, and dark yellow they call " red " ; and violet, dark blue, dark mauve, very dark green, dark brown, and chocolate, they call black.

I went at once to the grass shelter within which the boy was lying, and have described in the chapter on snakes how I treated him and what strange results followed.

I shot two other rhinoceros when hunting alone about two months after this, and I will give a brief account of each.

The first was a cow, which I wanted to complete my bag. She had been sighted by one of my " boys " asleep in a grassy clearing in the forest. He came running back to me, partly in fear and partly in the hope of obtaining a reward. Guided by him and accompanied only by my hunter carrying a second heavy rifle, I went softly forward through the bush. Sure enough, the cow's bulky form was plainly visible out in the open. Care-

¹ *The Game of British East Africa*, by Captain C. H. Stigand.

fully taking the wind by means of a little bag of flour, I then began to stalk "Sleeping Beauty." I got within 40 yards of her, before she woke up and rose to her feet. As she was standing sniffing the air and might get our wind, I thought it advisable to shoot without further ado.

It was an exciting moment. We were quite in the open, without shelter of any kind in the event of a charge; and I had to take a quick aim standing up, so could not be sure of a bull's-eye. The ball struck the animal just behind the shoulder and passed through the heart. She dropped immediately, then stood up facing us, and, blundering forward a couple of yards, turned again so as to expose the other shoulder. I wonder if this was the beginning of what Roosevelt describes as the "rhino's slow death waltz." To make assurance doubly sure, I gave her the left barrel; but we found on examination that the first missile would have proved fatal. The second bullet struck within an inch of the place where the first came out. She fell at once and lay on her back stone dead. The horns were disappointing; and, if I had had time to select my animal, I should certainly not have killed this one.

Being dissatisfied with this head, and, as my licence permitted me to kill five, I determined on bagging a third. The chance came about a week later; for, whilst sitting in my tent sheltering from heavy rain, some "boys" who had gone out to look for fruit came back with the information that they had seen a rhinoceros asleep on some rising ground in an open part of the forest. After noting the direction of the wind, I followed my guides, and we soon found the "boy" they had left behind, perched in a tree watching the rhinoceros. The beast was lying apparently asleep, just as they had described. Leaving all behind but the hunter, I approached the animal with my double .465 loaded with solid, the hunter carrying my other rifle.

What thrilling moments are these, as one creeps nearer and nearer, wondering if just a few more yards' advance will be permitted and the deadly shot fired; or if the animal will awake like a giant refreshed with wine and come thundering down, or possibly seek safety in flight, with a bullet hastily put in the wrong place. In such cases as the last, a rhino is seldom bagged; for, like a wounded elephant, he runs till he drops.

Testing the wind once more, we crawled closer and closer to the unconscious beast. Soon I was near enough to see that it was only resting and not really asleep, for its tiny eyes were open

and the ears twitching ; also it occasionally smacked a too-persistent tick with its funny little tail, which was scarcely larger than a pig's and hopelessly inadequate. Yet it did not appear to see us, and we approached within 25 yards. We were only partly concealed by a bush a couple of feet high, and in an awkward position if it should detect us, as it was almost directly facing and could come downhill like a steam-lorry ; so I took no more risks and aimed carefully from a kneeling position at the heart.

It struck me as rather an unsporting shot ; but I dared not take the chance of rousing the beast. The bullet passed diagonally through the body, piercing both heart and lungs, and out the other side ; so that the creature merely rolled over and died on the spot, without even rising to its feet ; another striking example of the immense power and penetration of Holland's .465 with a solid 480-grain bullet. They go through the thickest hides twice and shatter big bones to fragments. The " boys," who had heard the shot and thud of the bullet, ran up : but, when the rhino gave a dying grunt and spasmodic movement, they fled again in terror ; and one actually climbed the nearest tree.

The same day that I shot this rhinoceros I had the unpleasant experience of being struck by lightning. My diary reads : " I shot a rhino and Jove shot me."

The rains had begun and heavy thunderstorms took place daily. We constantly passed trees which had been shivered by lightning, but the natives paid no heed to the storms except to take shelter in such villages as were on our route.

On this occasion I was sitting under the eaves of a native hut, in which my " boys " were huddled together, and holding an umbrella over my head.

Native huts are frequently infested with a horrible bug, which not only causes great irritation by its bite but also carries an intermittent fever, so I never went inside any.

The rain came down in torrents and struck the ground with such violence that I was splashed well above my knees, whilst the village street became a river. Five inches of rain in twelve hours is nothing extraordinary in tropical Africa, and twelve inches have fallen in India in less than twenty-four.

At the height of the storm a tree a few yards from me was struck ; the bark was ripped off and fell at my feet ; and an electric current passed right through the umbrella and down my

arm. I did not become insensible, but had violent pains in the head which did not pass off for several days. The flash was blinding ; but I do not remember hearing the crash of the thunder at all, though up to that time it had been deafening and almost simultaneous with the lightning.

CHAPTER VIII

TROUT FISHING IN THE ANTIPODES

THE history of the introduction of trout into the New Zealand lakes and rivers would be highly interesting; but, so far as I know, no one has hitherto attempted it. As I have not sufficient data nor any means of obtaining the necessary details, I must confine myself here to such reliable information as I have been able to obtain and some account of my own experiences during the last twelve years.

Forty or fifty years ago, New Zealand waters contained only eels, which were, and still are, very large and numerous; a small fish known as the native trout, though it is not really a trout at all; and *inunga*, the Maori name for a tiny little fellow about the size of a minnow. Freshwater eels attain an enormous size in this part of the world, and are an important item in the diet of the natives, who both spear and net them. Specimens of over 40 lb. have been taken in the lakes of New Zealand, and 20-pounders are by no means uncommon in some of the rivers.

In the year 1920, I was trout fishing in the Pomahaka River in the South Island near Clinton, when a sheep-farmer came to me and said that he had seen a man leave the river on horseback with two eels dangling from his saddle-bow, their tails almost touching the ground. Excited by this information, I begged some pieces of venison—part of a fallow deer which his dogs had run down and killed—and spent a few afternoons in trying to obtain a specimen worth setting up. My first attempt produced six eels weighing 42 lb., the largest of which was 16 lb. and measured 3 feet 9 inches in length. The second and third efforts were not so successful, but one wet day I again landed six. These weighed 75 lb. in all and included two monsters of 20 and 22 lb. respectively. The 20-pounder was the longest and measured 52½ inches; the 22-pounder was 4 feet 2 inches in length and as thick as my leg. The former was dark

above and bronze below; but the latter had a beautiful green and silver skin, its bright colours being due, I think, to the fact that it had lived a long time in this clear, rocky river without frequenting muddy pools. This also made it excellent eating. I used half a dozen common corks tied together as a float, and, after baiting a strong hook with a large piece of meat, I threw it into the middle of a deep pool just out of the stream. The meat sank to the bottom of the water, here perhaps 12 feet deep,



· PERCY'S PASTIMES "

OR

"EEL NEVER BE BOARED"¹

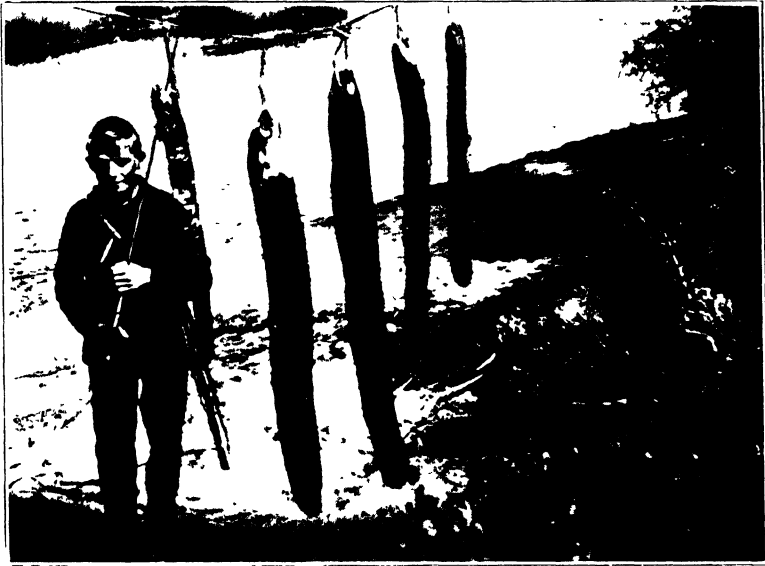
and no lead was required. At this point the river bank was high above the water, which was clear, but I could not see more than 3 or 4 feet below the surface. There was a useful shelving beach not far away, which I found invaluable for landing eels when they could be persuaded to leave the pool. As soon as the lure was seized, I struck the fish by jerking the line hard with my hand and then played them on a two-jointed 10-foot Hardy trout rod made of split cane. They all fought desperately,

¹ A Valentine sent me by a friend whilst I was eel-fishing and boar-hunting.

but it was hardly fair on the rod, which bent nearly double. However, it straightened again, and the experience seems to have done it no harm, as I have caught many trout on it since. I had no other rod with me at the time, but a pike rod would be a suitable one to use. As the eels neared the bank, they threw their heads from side to side with such great violence that I had to discard the light rod and hand-line them till they were within reach of my short gaff. As soon as they were on the sandy shore I stood upon their writhing bodies and plunged a hunting-knife into the back of the head, transfixing them. Subsequently one of the farmer's sons assisted me and carried them to the house in a sack laid across the back of his pony.

It has only recently been proved that fresh-water eels, after living many years in inland waters, deposit their spawn far out in the ocean at a depth of over 2 miles and then die. After drifting a year or two in the sea, the young eels ascend the rivers in millions and even make their way overland into lakes and ponds. Vast numbers are netted in the Wye and the Severn as they travel up these rivers, but it is more usual to take the adults on their way down. Nature has provided the eel with side pouches which serve to retain water, as she has also supplied the camel with means for crossing sandy deserts. Some eels have been found frozen stiff whilst undertaking these overland journeys. In the British Isles a 10-lb. fresh-water eel would be considered enormous. I remember that, when I was fishing some years ago in the River Erne in north-west Ireland, many 8-lb. eels were taken in the traps near Belleek and despatched to London. A resident informed me that the eel fishing was more valuable than the salmon fishing in that river. The largest eel I ever killed in England weighed 6 lb. 2 oz. and measured 39 inches in length and 9 in girth. It took a roach when I was fishing for pike in the lake at Sand Hutton near York.

Before trout were introduced into New Zealand, the *inunga* were found in incredible quantities throughout the lakes and streams of both islands; and, during the heavy gales which often arise on the larger lakes, vast numbers were washed up on the shores. They were then collected by the natives, who lost no time in converting them into fried whitebait. In calm weather the Maoris would net them, and, of late years, they have grumbled about the growing scarcity of *inunga* owing to the depredations of the trout. So too with the crayfish, which were found in large numbers and of great size in New Zealand



FIVE FRESHWATER EELS WEIGHING 63 POUNDS (*p.* 112)



THE 22-POUNDER (LENGTH 50 INCHES)



rivers. The trout have also taken toll of these succulent morsels, and the Maoris complain that they are now almost non-existent in some of the streams. As, however, the natives are the most arrant poachers and catch trout at all seasons by fair means or foul, little notice has been taken of their complaints. Besides, the trout are a far better article of food than the fish on which they prey ; and if their captors had been allowed to sell them, they would probably have made no objections. The sale of trout was made illegal in order to discourage poaching and indiscriminate slaughter.

In addition to the fish food I have named, there is a fine hatch of fly on the lakes and streams ; and, although there is nothing exactly corresponding to the British Mayfly, many plump ephemerals take its place and fatten the trout full early in the season. There are also enormous grasshoppers, various spiders, and beetles of many kinds much prized by the fish ; especially a brilliant green one on which they gorge gluttonously.

Trout of several kinds have been set at liberty in the different waters during the last forty years ; but the common brown and the rainbow predominate. Many attempts have also been made to establish salmon ; but, in spite of millions of eggs and even fry of European, Atlantic, and Pacific varieties being imported, they all proved a failure till the year 1917, when a fair run took place in some of the snow-fed rivers of the South Island. Previous to this, the capture of a few fish believed to be salmon was reported from time to time ; but it is probable that they were really large trout. No less than 600 salmon (a Canadian variety called Quinnat) averaging from 8 to 10 lb. were taken on the rod in the Waitakei in 1917 ; but in the following year less than fifty, and in 1919 not twenty. Scarcely any were reported from the other rivers after 1917 ; so it was feared that this experiment had also failed. The season of 1920 was no better ; but, just before I left in April of that year, a fish of 34 lb. was killed in the Waitakei. This was the largest salmon ever taken in New Zealand waters. During 1921 and 1922 Pacific salmon appeared in large numbers in the Waitakei and other rivers of the South Island. In the latter year Atlantic salmon were also caught. Now that both Pacific and Atlantic salmon appear to have been successfully introduced, preference is to be given, I understand, to the Atlantic fish, as they are considered better both for sport and table.

The introduction of trout at first met with unqualified success,

but some of the results have been surprising. Brown trout were placed in the rivers and lakes of the South Island about the year 1880 and in the North Island in 1885, followed by rainbow a few years later. As has been the case in every piece of what may be called "virgin water" in New Zealand, they grew rapidly and entirely outstripped the size of the parent stock, attaining a girth and weight hitherto almost unknown in any part of the world. Unfortunately, this did not last; for the vast amount of food required to keep so many large fish in the pink of condition was not to be found after a few years, and sad consequences ensued. In many places the trout became lean and lank, affording neither sport for the angler nor meat for the table; and disease carried off great quantities. Praiseworthy attempts were made, and are still being made, by the authorities to overcome the difficulty. Systematic netting is practised to reduce the fish in number, and the disease was scientifically inquired into; but I will spare my readers the details. Suffice it to say that no cure was found for the disease, which was believed by some to be transmitted by the shag, as the common black cormorant is called there. This bird travels all over the country, and preys on both salt and fresh-water fish. Shags are voracious feeders, and they apparently thought that the trout, to which they took a special liking, were placed in the water to serve them for food. It was consequently necessary to set a price on their heads, and half a crown is still paid for every beak produced.

Others believed that a disagreeable brown bluebottle (to use an "Irishism"), which lays its young alive, was responsible for the trouble in the trout's digestive organs; but there is little doubt that the real cause is the same which renders any living thing in the world susceptible to disease; namely, lack of proper nourishment.

In the South Island, the fish took the matter into their own hands, so to speak; and, having devoured all the food to their taste in the icy cold rivers, they sallied down to the sea and adopted to some extent the habits of salmon. The brown trout were content to live in the tidal waters and feed on the foolish young fish which came inquisitively upstream at every tide. Its much greedier cousin, the rainbow, went down to the sea, as it does also when placed in English rivers,¹ and has not been seen or heard of since. Consequently, save in a few lakes, there

¹ A possible exception is the Derbyshire Dove.

is hardly a rainbow trout to be found in the South Island now.¹

In the North Island, on the other hand, neither the brown trout nor the rainbow took to the sea; scarcely any of the rivers there can be called snow-fed, and both varieties flourish amazingly in them. Where the rainbow trout can reach the lakes they do so, the bigger fish ascending the rivers only to spawn, and they may then be caught in fine condition, unless the food supply runs short. They are so greedy that they will bite any hour of the twenty-four, and can be tempted with a great variety of bait. Brown trout on that side of the Equator generally spawn in May and June, and rainbow in July or August. As the latter proceed up the rivers, they drive the brown trout in front of them, and you may see big old brownies sulking in the upper pools or at the very source of the stream beneath a lofty waterfall. This is perhaps due to the struggle for food, but more probably to the fact that the brown spawn earlier, as the two kinds are not antagonistic. Both kinds prey on the eggs and fry of each other and even on their own. A curious fact about the large brown trout in the waters of both the North and South Islands is that, generally speaking, they entirely decline to feed by day. You may catch them late in the evening and at almost any hour of the night with minnow, spoon, or very large flies. In some streams and lakes, on the other hand, you may catch them on the fly by day, especially on dry fly; but this does not apply to the very largest fish, from 10 to 30 lb., which appear to sleep till dusk.

A very important point, which is often lost sight of by those seeking sport in different parts of the world, is that conditions change quickly; so that, because some one obtains good sport in any particular locality, it by no means follows that another who visits it a few years later, or even the next year, will meet with the same success. This applies nowhere with greater force than in New Zealand, and I will give my own bags during part of the seasons of 1909, 1912, 1913, and 1914 as an

¹ In those South Island rivers which are not snow-fed, good brown trout fishing can still be had; but I have come across no rainbow in any of them and very few brown trout in the snow-fed rivers except at the mouths. A friend in New Zealand assures me that rainbow trout have at last become successfully established in some of the rivers of the South Island, but for the reason I have given I fear the success will be short-lived. This note was written in January, 1924.

Mr. J. C. Mothram in his latest book on Fly-fishing suggests that our English rivers and those in the South of New Zealand are too cold for rainbow trout in winter time.

illustration. These are an excellent example, as, for a portion of these years, I went to the same river during the identical month ; so that I was familiar with it ; and the conditions were similar each season. My experience was not unlike that of other anglers who fished these waters yearly, as is seen by the following cutting taken from a local paper in June, 1914.

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES OF TAUPO ANGLERS.

" Mr. P. M. Stewart, who has visited New Zealand for some years, obtained this season (1914) 202 trout—190 rainbow and twelve brown—during twenty-eight days' fishing. The total weight of the fish was 1,104 lb. Mr. Stewart has fished here four seasons during the last six years, and the record of his takes is interesting, as it indicates the diminution which has taken place in the size of the trout. The average weight of fish caught in his first season was 10½ lb. and the heaviest 19½ lb. In the second, the average weight was 9 and the heaviest fish a couple of 15-pounders. The average for the third season was 7 lb., and the biggest fish weighed 13½. This season the average is reduced to 5½ lb., and the weight of the heaviest fish to 11. Mr. Nathan in seven days took sixty-three fish, average weight 6 lb. ; that of the heaviest fish 13. Messrs. Ryan brothers averaged forty fish a day, average weight 6 lb. ; largest 17. Mr. McFarlane took before Christmas fifty-eight fish, average weight 7 ; largest 16 ; and from February to the present time (end of May) 500 fish averaging 6½ lb. from the Waitahanui stream. Mr. Stoddart, an English visitor, captured 650 fish averaging 6½ lb. from the Waitahanui. It is estimated that nearly 40,000 trout have been taken from Lake Taupo this season on rod and line."

I might add that my fish and those of Messrs. McFarlane and Stoddart were all killed in the rivers on grilse flies, chiefly Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Black Doctor, and Durham Ranger ; but most of the others were taken by trolling from launches on the lake.

As I served throughout the war, I was unable to revisit New Zealand till 1919. I then discovered that the trout fishing in Lake Taupo and in the eight or nine streams flowing into it had still further declined. The brown trout had all but disappeared ; and the rainbow, though still numerous, were comparatively small and weedy. In fact, the majority merited the term " slab," a term of reproach used for the lean and lanky rainbow trout of Lake Rotorua when that once-renowned fishing spot fell on evil days owing to causes I have already stated. Yet the fishing in this country, if one knows where to go, is still as good as anyone can wish for ; and it can be obtained more cheaply and with less discomfort than anywhere else in the

world. Mosquitoes are non-existent on most of the streams, and the sandflies do not as a rule bite higher than the waist ; so, if your legs and hands are protected, there is nothing to worry about.

Sandfly bites should be guarded against, as they cause great irritation, though only a sharp prick is felt at the time. Several excellent preparations (*e.g.* muscabane), if applied early, relieve the itching. There are no snakes, and most of the fishing can be done from the bank ; but of course the use of waders and boats considerably widen one's choice of locality. The licence costs £1 for gentlemen, 10s. for ladies, and 5s. for children. For this one may fish anywhere ; there are practically no preserves. Private owners have the right to warn off, but they rarely use it ; and the Government owns immense stretches of water and most of the lakes. As in every civilized country nowadays, it is, of course, necessary to wander far from the madding crowd if you want really good sport ; but in certain places you may fish comfortably from hotels, and some residents, who have motor-cars or Fords, can get plenty of sport within reach of their homes.

I first visited New Zealand in 1909, and was much disappointed with the fishing after trying the places recommended to me in the South Island ; but in a few weeks I found out where to go and obtained splendid catches. A friend of mine who, to put it very mildly indeed, is a most ardent angler, had spent part of 1908 in the country and advised me to try a place in the South Island called Paradise Lake. He may have thought it a paradise for fishermen ; but it was so called after the large paradise duck which frequented it. These handsome birds are larger than sheldrake, and very few ducks can vie with them in size. The drake is dark-coloured with white and chestnut wings, the female having similar plumage but a white head and neck. Having been shot indiscriminately, they are now protected and have consequently become fairly tame. When deer stalking one is sometimes annoyed by these ducks flying up and giving the stags warning. The male makes a deep booming quack when flying, and the female a shrill unpleasant noise which carries a long way. These ducks live in solitary couples, apparently devoted to each other till death them do part. At any rate, if the female is killed or lost, the drake remains a lonely widower. But, alas for the fickleness of the sex ! for, when the duck loses her lord, she disappears for a few days and returns, consoled, with another husband.

Things might have altered since my friend's visit ; and of

course he had flogged the water very earnestly the previous year ; so I had not much sport here, but I got a huge rise out of him by writing to say that I had met a boy in the neighbourhood who remembered him fishing there and had helped him to *dig worms* ! Six months later, when I arrived in England, my friend met the boat train at the station and his first words—even before we shook hands—were : “ That boy was an awful liar. I never dug any worms ; I caught them all on the fly ! ”

I had good sport with dry fly in the Southern Lakes district and at Temuka ; but nothing like as good as can be obtained on some of the preserved streams of England, and the wet fly fishing was not as good as you will get in Canada and the wilder parts of Scotland and Scandinavia. Several large fish up to 20 lb. in weight were being caught by means of minnows or live bait at night in a few of the rivers ; but this did not appeal to me.

For some time, much jealousy had been felt of an angler who had been catching many more trout than anyone else, often when no one could catch any, and it was supposed that he used some secret and forbidden bait such as fish roe. He himself asserted that he only used a fly and actually made and sold a large weird-looking, double-hooked, feathered lure, which he called after his own name the “ Pollock ” fly. This was eagerly bought in large quantities by ardent Izaak Waltons, who still only met with indifferent success. The lucky fisherman was watched and spied on ; but he would never operate near anyone else, and finally gave up fishing except during the night, refusing even to sell his secret. He was challenged by the most expert fly-fisherman of the district to a three-hour competition, the terms being that a friend of each should tie on the fly and unhook it from any fish caught ; but this he also declined. When I arrived at Temuka for the second time, he had been in happy possession of his secret for more than two years and had made a considerable sum by selling tackle.

For the sake of the experience, though I do not care about night fishing, I drove my small DeDion car out to the mouth of the Rangitata River, a distance of 16 miles, and fished there in the usual way with minnow and large salmon flies. I only had one tug, and nothing was caught by the round dozen of anglers except twenty fish by Pollock averaging 6 lb. and one by a professional fisherman. The excitement of the countryside, and especially that of the angling community, was intense when it was learned that this fish was found to have a broken line

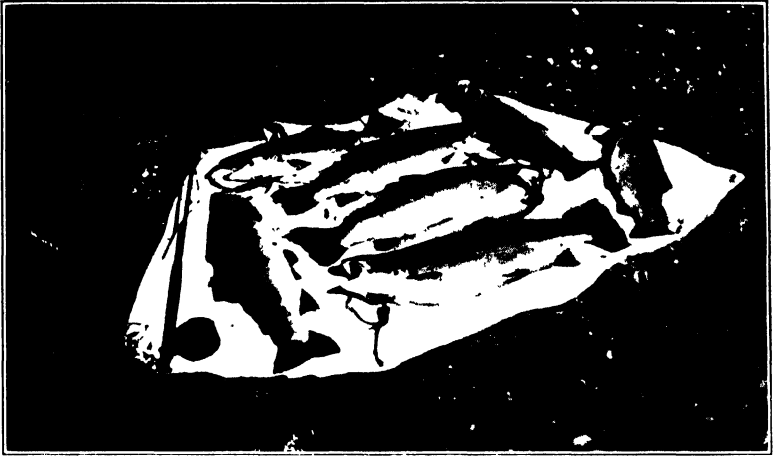
and trace hanging to it, which Pollock had admitted was his. Bound closely to the line was a long piece of copper wire, to which were attached several large triangles of murderous-looking hooks, making it clear that he caught his trout by the unsportsmanlike and illegal method of "snatching" or "stroke hauling"! It was proved that, before casting, he was in the habit of throwing some chopped liver into the water, which caused the fish to collect together in large numbers at one spot. His deadly hooks then grappled one or two in various parts of their anatomy, and they were hauled rapidly and unceremoniously up the bank. I then remembered with some amusement, that, on my remarking to a local angler that he used rather strong and heavy tackle for trout and suggesting that such a wary fish might see the line and be consequently too frightened to take the bait, he replied: "I used to fish with thinner line and lighter tackle once, but Pollock, who catches more fish than anyone, uses a clothes line and a gimp trace which plunges into the water like a pound of lead, so I did not suppose it mattered!" Since those days, the double-hooked salmon fly has been made illegal, as it was much used by "snatchers" when trying to disguise their nefarious practice.

The large trout in this river, and others of a similar nature in the South Island such as the Opihi, Rakaia, Ashburton, and Selwyn, run up to 25 lb. in weight; and, except before and after spawning, they appear to live in the sea and come up with the tide after the little fish, as I have said. They are almost as silvery outside and as pink inside as sea trout. Another fish, called *kawahai*, which is found in shoals at the mouths of these rivers and runs up to 10 lb. in weight, gives great sport. It fights very hard; and, when hooked, makes straight out to sea. The *kawahai* come in at high tide like the trout and are caught in the same fashion by a gold or silver artificial minnow.

I now tried the North Island, having been informed that good bags of rainbow trout were being obtained in the lakes near Rotorua; but I was much disappointed to find that fly-fishing, as practised in the lakes, was quite a different thing to what is usually meant by the term in other parts of the world. Also, it was necessary to wade or fish from a boat. A large fly made of bittern or some bright feathers is used; and, after being cast on the water, it is allowed to sink right to the bottom of the lake, which is smooth and sandy. The angler, holding his rod close to or partly underneath the water, then reels up or pulls in the line by slow twitches,

and the fly is followed and seized by the trout, which take it for an *inunga* or little fish swimming aimlessly with uncertain strokes. On the streams I came across so-called fly-fishermen who never cast at all. They simply stood in the water, let the line out for 50 yards, allowing the stream to take the fly down, and then reeled in slowly, keeping the rod point close to, or below, the surface of the water. However, I discovered later that there were four rivers running into the lake where I could fly-fish in the normal way from the bank and three gin-clear streams where the dry fly was an almost certain lure. Better still, I arrived in those parts at the very moment when the brown trout fishing in the rivers flowing into Lake Taupo was at its best, and the rainbow, which had been introduced there only a few years before, were beginning to give good sport. The trout fishing in the lakes and streams round Rotorua had now seriously declined; and henceforward I turned my attention chiefly to Taupo which is about 50 miles distant. In the lake itself, which is the largest and deepest in New Zealand and covers 50 square miles, the fish were caught principally with the minnow or spoon; as also were the huge brown trout, by night, in the streams which fed it; but most sportsmen used grilse or salmon flies and cast in the same way as one does for salmon. The trout, which ran from 10 to 30 lb. and even more, of course supposed these large flies, as it is believed the salmon does, to be small fish, or at any rate were inquisitive enough to take them into their mouths to see what they were—with disastrous results to themselves. The largest brown trout I heard of being killed weighed 35 lb.; the largest rainbow 22 lb.; my largest were 19½ and 18½ respectively, and I also landed five over 17 lb.

Camps were pitched at the mouths of all the rivers running into Lake Taupo, and the bags made at them were reckoned by the ton; for the fun was fast and furious during the few years when this lake was at its best. I was by no means the most successful fisherman; but my catch on three occasions exceeded 200 lb. for the day and on fourteen occasions 100 lb. My heaviest catch was twenty-two fish weighing 226 lb., and the best day's average was ten weighing 135 lb. This last catch was made between midday and dusk in a lonely river, where a Maori family were the only inhabitants for miles. I reached it by means of a hired motor-launch, in which I had to sleep for a couple of nights. Both kinds of trout were excellent eating and



SEVEN RAINBOW TROUT

Averaging 13 lbs., largest 17 lbs. Caught by The Author on April 29th, 1909,
in the Tongatiro River



NEW ZEALAND RAINBOW TROUT

CAUGHT IN TAURONGA TAUPO RIVER BY SILVER DOCTOR MAY 4TH 1909
LENGTH 33 INCHES, GIRTH 21½ INCHES, WEIGHT 18½ LBS

NEW ZEALAND RAINBOW TROUT



NEW ZEALAND BROWN TROUT

CAUGHT IN TAURONGA TAUPO RIVER BY SILVER DOCTOR MAY 4TH 1909
LENGTH 34 INCHES, GIRTH 20 INCHES, WEIGHT 19½ LBS

NEW ZEALAND BROWN TROUT

the flesh as pink as that of salmon. Vast quantities went to fatten the Maori pigs, as there was no means of getting them away, except now and then, on account of the scarcity of launches and rough weather; but we had no compunction in destroying the trout, for they would otherwise have destroyed each other. In fact, this occurred later through famine and disease; and the only chance of the fish surviving, paradoxical as it may sound, was to kill as many as possible of the larger ones. I doubt if anyone fishing there now, however skilled he might be, could obtain a bag of 100 lb. weight in one day; nor would his bag for the season average more than 3 lb., simply because the monsters that once swam there are no more. Fresh generations of fish have taken their place, and these cannot find the abnormal quantity and quality of food which made their fathers and mothers so fat and well liking, because this is also a thing of the past. The authorities recognized the cause and effect; and, in addition to encouraging anglers to kill as many as possible by removing restrictions as to quantity imposed in other places, they netted large numbers. Also, special efforts were made to preserve the fish for food by means of smoking them. They were then distributed in the larger towns by means of the coach service and motor-cars; for there was no railway within 50 miles. However, let no one despair; there are still some waters in this paradise for sportsmen which can be, or have recently been, stocked with trout and will for a few years give phenomenal results; but, "carpe diem!"

For example, Lake Okataina, 10 miles from Rotorua, furnished some fine specimens in 1919, including rainbows of 17 lb. weight. Lake Tarawera, at about the same distance, also contains some beauties; though unfortunately, there are no rivers flowing into these lakes comparable to the clear, swiftly running Waitahanui or the rapid, rocky Tongariro, both of which feed Lake Taupo and are simply ideal. The latter river is large and suffers from floods, so it gets discoloured at times; but the Waitahanui, scarcely ever varied throughout the season except at the mouth; and I doubt if its equal as a sporting river during 1910 to 1914 could have been found. I mean, of course, for the particular kind of sport it affords; as, in common with many other anglers, I now prefer smaller bags made with lighter tackle and the dry fly.

One pool in the Waitahanui I recollect well. It was the first resting-place for the fish leaving the lake, and sport was

practically a certainty there in the early morning. Several anglers knew this, and there was a race for each side as soon as it was light. The fish, when hooked, frequently left the pool, dashed down the hundred yards or so of shallows between it and the lake, and went as far out into the deep water as your line would allow. I lost several good fish through not having more than a hundred yards of line on my reel ; but one could generally kill them before they reached the lake.

Many rivers in New Zealand suffer from the effect of strong winds, which silt up the mouths with fine sand and often in this way spoil many a good pool or cause the fish frequenting the mouths to leave them for a considerable period.

The only stream flowing into Lake Tarawera is so shallow that, when the trout ascend to spawn, you may see the back fins of the larger ones above the water ; and fishing is prohibited because the rod and line are too often discarded for the gaff and landing net. There is, however, a good stream flowing out, but it is difficult of access.

Lake Okataina has also only one fishable stream ; so that deep harling, in which the boat does most of the work, is practised there as on many lakes in different parts of the world, notably Canada. Deep harling is a lazy, unsatisfactory, and unsportsman-like method of trout fishing which should only be permitted to novices, potfishers, and the old or infirm ; provided of course that the trout can be taken by casting.

A curious experience befell me near the Waitahanui River. I was staying in a little Maori one-roomed hut let by the owner for a few shillings a month. There was a shed at the back about the size of a large dog kennel with a door 4 feet high, and, when the owner required a night's lodging, he came and slept there.

I had been fishing late one night by the light of the moon, so lay abed till ten o'clock next morning. A Maori "boy," having prepared my breakfast of tea and boiled eggs, was hanging up the catch of trout on nails hammered into the outside wall of my simple dwelling whilst I was dressing.

For some time, I was annoyed by a most dismal wailing which seemed to come from every side of the hut. On asking the "boy" the cause, he stated that a Maori hut in the village a mile away had been burnt down, and the occupants, an old couple over seventy, had perished with their belongings, so that a *tangi* or funeral ceremony, was about to take place.

A *tangi* is a great festival (!) amongst the Maoris, and an Irish wake is nothing to it. It may last a week or more, as its duration depends merely on two things—the supply of provisions for the assembled mourners and the activity of the sanitary authorities. The latter frequently have to insist on the burial of the body in the interests of public health, or the festivities might in some cases last a fortnight.

I had been giving numbers of fine trout to the natives, and it appears that my reputation as a fisherman had spread abroad and the mourners were relying on my fish to furnish the funeral feast.

Having photographed my catch of the previous day, which exceeded 200 lb. weight, I handed it over to the Maoris and left the hut for several days' holiday elsewhere.

A friend of mine who was condoling with a native whose father had died was somewhat taken aback when the Maori merely said in reply: "The *tangi* was a big success." I think the same might be said of this *tangi*, as the provisions were obtained so cheaply; which reminds me of another disconcerting reply to condolences. A lady asked a gentleman who had lost his wife how he liked the doctor she had recommended him. "Oh, very much, very much," he said, "and so cheap."

I cannot bring this chapter to a close without mentioning the extraordinary amount of what some will call "respectable poaching" which prevails all over New Zealand. The country is divided into districts, in each of which an Acclimatization Society makes regulations as to the number and size of the deer and trout that may be killed; also as to the times and methods of killing them. There are laws there as in other lands, relating to birds, game, and fish; and rangers or gamekeepers are appointed and paid by the Government, in addition to the police, for the purpose of seeing that they are enforced; but the country is too large and wild for these men, however conscientious, to control. I have already referred to the poaching done by Maoris which is, of course, second nature; but scores of white men are just as bad. Anyone who shoots or fishes much will observe many instances of trout being done to death at night with the spear, gaff, and net; shot with the rifle; and dynamited wholesale both in season and out of season.

Hinds and fawns are not spared; hen pheasants are constantly

fired at, though only cocks may be killed ; and rare birds are not respected. There have been several cases of deer, which were turned down to breed, being ruthlessly shot. The number of those who carry guns and fishing rods without a licence is legion in spite of the very moderate sum that is demanded. I will give two glaring instances of poaching which came under my notice.

The first was on a lake in the North Island, in which the trout were not so numerous as to condone the offence. Three men went out at night in a boat with a paraffin flare in the bows ostensibly to spear eels. One propelled and guided the craft from the stern with a pole, whilst the others took it in turns to transfix the fish dazed by the bright light. They did indeed spear some eels from 2 to 10 lb. in weight, but also many fine trout of 3 to 6 lb. The second instance involved the use of dynamite, a very common method of poaching throughout the country. Many streams have been utterly ruined by it ; as, when the bomb explodes, nearly all the fish in the neighbourhood, both small and great, are killed. Men may be met with in different parts of the Islands who have had their hands or fingers blown off through holding the fuse too long before casting it into the water.

I was dry-fly fishing on one of the streams in the South Island, and, whilst sitting down watching for a rise, I saw two men approaching one of the pools above me with a landing net, gaff, and some sacks. After looking up and down the river without observing me, one of them lit a fuse attached to a dynamite bomb and hurled it into the pool. Then one ran up and the other down the stream, and threw stones into the water, apparently with the intention of driving as many fish as possible into the pool, where the fuse was now hissing furiously under the water. There was a dull report, and, immediately after, great numbers of fish came to the surface dead and dying. Some, merely stunned, came floating down the stream on their sides or upright in the water, and several passed the place where I was sitting concealed. Meanwhile, the men rushed into the water and made for the largest fish, which were quickly strewn along the banks. They used the net and gaff for those that were still struggling, disregarding the small ones. Next, they filled the sacks and made off with their booty as quickly as possible lest they should be taken red-handed.

The whole affair only lasted a few minutes, so there was

little chance of their being caught ; in this way each pool in the river could be emptied in turn. I went to tell the ranger what I had seen, but found that he was away from home, and he did not return before I left to fish elsewhere. The rangers are few in number, so they have too large districts to control as I have said and, even when they catch a poacher, it is difficult to get a conviction.

A Maori, who was walking near a river, was asked by a *pakeha* (as the white man is called in their language) if there were any fish in it. "Oh yes," said the Maori, "plenty." "How do you know?" continued the stranger. "Oh, I catch some big ones yesterday," replied the Maori. "Do you know who I am?" said the stranger. "I am the ranger; where is your licence?" "And do you know who I am?" retorted the Maori, not at all abashed. "No," said the other. "Oh, I am a blooming liar, I not fish at all!"

In 1920, I journeyed to New Zealand again and was pleased to find that the great efforts made by the authorities to improve the fishing in the neighbourhood of Rotorua had achieved signal success. Lean trout were a thing of the past; and, though bags were small in comparison with the palmy days of old, many fine specimens running into double figures were killed. In three of the rivers of Lake Rotorua I had excellent sport with dry fly, and on one never-to-be-forgotten day killed the limit, fifty rainbow weighing $75\frac{1}{2}$ lb. on a Cinnamon sedge. There was just a nice breeze blowing upstream; but, on the following morning when the wind had died down, it was all I could do to secure seven, averaging 2 lb. It was quite an accident that I found out this most perfect of anglers' resorts, although several other streams flowing into Lake Rotorua had provided me with excellent dry-fly fishing for some years. I had only gone to this stream to show my wife the wonderful spring at its source. Hamurana Spring is a favourite excursion from Rotorua; for, apart from the pleasant trip across the lake and the beautiful setting of this bubbling pool amidst virgin bush and giant bracken, the water is of a wonderful chrysoprase green. It is so clear that one can see, at a depth of seven or eight feet, silvery rainbow trout of all sizes swimming lazily across the coloured volcanic sands. These add greatly to the beauty of the pool and the broad stream flowing from it. Apart from its transparency, it is a difficult stream to fish, being studded with water plants or overhung with willows; also the high growth of bracken and

ti-tree on the banks generally prevents the use of the horizontal cast and often compels one to throw vertically. Consequently, I never met another angler except a jealous, ill-mannered fellow who came and asked me for my licence. (Anyone who takes a licence is by so doing constituted a ranger, and has the right to demand to see another angler's licence.) After seeing me catch half a dozen fish, he went away muttering, "It's sickening."

Rainbow trout are much greedier than brown, less difficult to deceive, and do not need such accurate casting; as they will move some distance after the fly and are not so easily frightened. They are very active when hooked, and one loses many in the weeds; but their habit of leaping from the water as soon as they feel the hook assists the fisherman to get them out of danger. Great floating beds of cress attract the cows of the neighbourhood, and they stand luxuriating in the cool water with only the head and top of the back above the surface. Parties of mallard and wild duck—the grey duck with a bright blue patch on either wing—fly up and down the river or swim in groups at a respectful distance. Bitterns and cormorants are also occasionally seen, whilst the little fantails, not unlike our tomtits, make friendly advances and add their faint chirping to the liquid notes of the tui or parson bird.

I did not find this stream so good in 1921, as I was too early for the big spawning fish from the lake; but I made several good bags on dry fly of river fish averaging 1 lb. (The best flies are Wickham's Fancy, Black Spider, March Brown, Blue Upright, Red Spinner, Olive Quills, and Sedges.) The fishing in the Taupo and Rotorua lakes had much improved owing to the netting operations, and many good trout of 6 to 12 lb. weight were being killed, so that I must modify my earlier remarks about these waters. An article in the *Auckland Weekly News* of August 31, 1922, states that fish up to 15 lb. had been taken in June in Lake Taupo, and that the average weight had again risen to 8 lb. Also, that a great improvement had taken place in Lake Rotorua, where many trout of 7 lb. and 8 lb. had been caught during the season. The writer stated that arrangements had been made for surplus trout to be cured and smoked at Taupo, and that, if netting operations were carried out for a further two seasons and further large consignments of fish liberated to provide food, there was no reason why the fishing could not be brought back to the original high standard.

Personally, I agree that if these lakes can be kept from becoming overstocked, they, or rather the streams running into them, will provide excellent sport for many a year ; but in my humble opinion there is no time like the present—except, alas, the past !

CHAPTER IX

SNAKE STORIES

AFTER what was said in the Preface I felt doubtful whether this chapter should be included ; but I have cleared my conscience by indicating in the text those stories which are possibly not strictly truthful.

Perhaps I have no business to write about snakes at all as I can only claim a nodding acquaintance with them, though I had at least one "close call" in Africa. It was in Africa, too, that a snake left his card, so to speak, with one of my servants ; and I had much ado to get rid of it, having no intention of returning the visit.

The circumstances were as follows : I had gone out in search of a bull rhinoceros which had thoughtlessly driven one of my "boys" up a tree, and, on returning to camp in triumph with one of the finest heads ever shot in Rhodesia, my spirits were dashed by the news that my favourite carrier was dying of snake bite. This man, whom I had christened "Longuni" ¹ (for he was well over six feet and as strong as a horse), was always requisitioned to carry me through swamps on his shoulders and across such rivers as we could ford. Longuni was one of the few natives who remained with me throughout my hunting trip, for it is difficult to persuade them to work longer than a month or two. Having earned the amount of the hut tax, three shillings per annum (which used to be the monthly wage for men), and having satisfied their craving for sport and especially meat, they generally

¹The natives do not like a word ending with a consonantal sound. They introduce great numbers of English words into their language by merely adding a vowel, *e.g.* table becomes tabelo, matches matcheshi, fork foreko, Mister Jones is Bwana Joney, and so on. I had a "boy" called Darapensi (threepence). He came to me shyly one day with the interpreter, and asked if he might speak with me privately. I supposed it was something important, but it was merely a request that in future he might be called Sixipensi. Perhaps it was a polite hint to raise his wages, which were only a shilling a month or its equivalent.

desired to return home to their wives and cultivate their crops of millet and manioc. Carrying is very trying labour, for we sometimes went 20 miles in a day, and each man's load averaged from 40 to 50 lb. weight. Also, they were barefooted and suffered considerably from soreness and from striking their legs against stumps and stones.

Well, Longuni had had the misfortune to be bitten in the big toe by a snake he had inadvertently trodden on two hours before my arrival. It was really too late to do anything for him, as the poison had already travelled all over his body, and I found him considerably swollen and lying in a state of coma. All the same, I determined to apply such remedies as I knew, for the blacks in that part of Africa regard the white man as a sort of omniscient god; and, though it is a difficult part to sustain, it is as well to make the attempt. Having tightly bandaged his leg at the ankle and just above the knee, I cut the wound with a knife, allowing it to bleed freely. Then I inserted some grains of permanganate of potash, which produced a glorious purple colour and caused the rest of my followers, who were crowding round watching the treatment, to exclaim loudly with pleasure and wonder. My next act was to give the sufferer a cup of neat whisky. This caused him to cough and choke so terribly, that I thought he would die on the spot and my reputation as a "medicine man" would be gone for ever.

As it happened, though I did not know it at the time, nothing I could have done would have established my reputation more firmly in the minds of these simple people. It appears that they hold, in common with some tribes in New Guinea and elsewhere, the belief, to which allusions are made in the New Testament, that a man who is sick is possessed of a devil. If the devil, can be exorcised, the man will recover. My carriers supposed therefore, that I had given Longuni a draught of some wonderful potency, which would cause him to cough the devil up, and they accordingly made room to allow of its escape. The sick man also supposed that the whisky (which most Scotchmen at any rate will admit is a good spirit) was fighting with the evil spirit inside him, and that by good luck he might get rid of them both at once. Whether the poor fellow did so or not, I cannot say; but he made heroic attempts and cleared a wide space around him, for which I was devoutly thankful, as contact with a crowd of perspiring, naked niggers is not pleasant.

After several violent coughing fits, the man fell into a deep

sleep, and I left him to it. Of course I ought not to have allowed him to return to a state of coma if it could have been prevented ; but I felt that there was very little hope of saving his life and thought he might as well die in peace.

Captain Monckton, in his interesting book on New Guinea, relates how a friend of his went accidentally to the other extreme. Having dosed his patient with whisky, he gave orders that the police were to keep him walking about and not on any account to let him go to sleep. Unfortunately, he forgot to fix a time limit ; the result was, that, on the following morning, the feeble voice of a man bewailing a cruel fate was heard, and it was discovered that the native constabulary had kept their unlucky companion walking up and down the whole night long. Upon recovering from the comatose slumber into which he promptly fell when released, the man vowed that in future—if he were bitten by fifty snakes—he would keep it quiet, as no snake bite could be half as bad as that cure.¹

On the following morning, at daybreak, I went off after a cow rhino. I got so far from camp during the pursuit that it was necessary to sleep in the bush, using the *machila*, which was slung between two trees, as a bed, so I did not get back for two days. I was then much relieved to hear that my patient had recovered.

My fame as a medicine man now spread abroad, and I was expected to heal diseases of every kind, including leprosy and elephantiasis. However, my bitter tablets of quinine and Number 9 pills (little globules of croton oil), soon reduced the number on sick parade, and my body-servant said when I offered him one for a headache : " No, master, I not want to spend all day in bush like other boys."

The native way of curing headaches was a peculiar one. A piece of wood, 6 inches in length and hollow at each end but one end much larger than the other, was pressed on the forehead and held there for a few minutes. For a really bad headache the larger end was used. I bought one of these " cures " for a yard of calico, as a curio, and was continually bothered afterwards by natives coming to me holding their heads in both hands and crying : " O Bwana, Bwana ! " The fact was that they had been gorging on meat and needed some strong medicine, but they had a touching faith in the little piece of wood and wanted me to lend it to them.

¹ *Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate*, by Capt. C. A. W. Monckton, F.R.G.S.

I had another method of dealing with the numerous applicants for calico to bind up the wounds caused by lying too near the fire at night or striking some obstacle on the march. I used to tear a little piece off the cloth wound round their loins, which served as a suit of clothes and was in their eyes more valuable than the antelope skins and bark-cloth worn by the natives of the interior still unvisited by white traders.

This calico was the money of the country (N.E. Rhodesia), and as often as not the native's only worldly possession; except perhaps a sleeping-mat, a knobkerry, or an assegai. A yard of calico in this part of Africa was the recognized unit corresponding roughly to the pre-war shilling, franc, mark, and dollar. The usual present to a headman, at whose village you wished to camp for the night, was 2 yards. He would then show you the cleanest site—a matter of considerable importance—give you information concerning the game in the neighbourhood, and sometimes order his people to clear a space and bring you wood and water. I had several natives with me carrying nothing but hundreds of yards of calico, which I had bought at a large store where I left the railway running from the Cape to the Congo. It cost me three-pence to fourpence per yard, and, if you wanted a piece of bark-cloth, an otter skin, a chicken, some native meal for your "boys," a couple of eggs, a jorum of native beer, or a favour of any kind, this was the recognized price. Other useful articles for barter or presents were matches, salt, and beads, provided, of course, they were of the right colour. Strange as it may appear, Africans are particular about beads, and blue, which is all the rage one year, may be quite out of fashion later on.

But let us return to our mutttons, or, rather, our snakes. My first experience of snakes was in the south of England at the age of ten. I was with a private tutor in Surrey, and had gone out birds'-nesting on Sunday. Whilst robbing a whinchat's nest in a gorse bush, I trod on some dead leaves, and out darted an angry adder. Picking up a stick, I struck the reptile on the head and put it in my pocket not displeased with the adventure, which I recounted with great pride to the other boys on my return. I took the creature out of my pocket to show it to them in proof of my story. It had apparently only been stunned, for it now gave signs of life, and they fled in terror.

My tutor's gardener, who was looking on, destroyed it at once, and treated me to the rough edge of his tongue for bringing "pisonous vipers" into his domain. Nor did my troubles end

there, for I received a birching from the tutor for playing truant from Sunday School, and at home my story met with a very mixed reception.

Mother was much alarmed at the risks her darling had run ; my brothers and sisters all wanted to hear the story two or three times ; but Father regarded the appearance of the adder as a mark of Divine displeasure at Sabbath breaking, and thought it his duty to succeed where the snake had failed. He accordingly put me over his knee and gave me a good whipping.

In later life, I killed a snake in Scotland in the heather when grouse shooting, and another on a path in Norway when going salmon fishing ; but one I met in Yellowstone Park, United States, gave me more trouble. The following passage from my letter written at the time (July, 1906) describes what happened :—

“ I have spent a week in the Park, which is supposed to be the most wonderful trip that the States have to offer. Anyhow, I shall not dispute it. The Park abounds in beautiful views, which will be obvious when I tell you that it possesses snow-capped mountains up to 12,000 feet ; a most wonderful canyon about half a mile deep with beautifully coloured sides ; 100 geysers spouting at intervals from twelve to over a hundred feet out of the ground ; 4,000 hot springs of different hues, notably blue, emerald, and yellow ; numerous waterfalls, one of which is 310 feet high ; cascades, lakes, and rivers stocked with at least three kinds of trout ; and many species of wild animals which one frequently sees when driving through ; for example : bison, elk, deer, brown and black bears, beavers, grey and chestnut-coloured squirrels, chipmunks, wood-chucks, etc., etc. ; and many birds, including eagles, whose nests are plainly visible on inaccessible crags ! . . .

“ To-day I have seen some extraordinary mud geysers, which throw up mud many feet into the air ; and a most terrifying place called ‘ Hell’s half-acre,’ which is simply alive with hot bubbling springs and miniature volcanoes. From some of these, clods of earth and stones were being hurled into the air, and from others, steam was escaping with terrific force and deafening noise. The air was filled with vapour and reeked of sulphur. There was also a hill-side with hot springs in terraces, the ground being of different colours owing to the action of the water and the different soils.

“ I fished a portion of each day ; my best catch was thirty-seven trout weighing 51 lb., and five large grayling. I cooked

one in a boiling spring, without moving from where it was caught ; this can be done in several places.

“ Yesterday I saw eleven bears. About a hundred yards from some of the hotels in the Park is a rubbish heap where the waste scraps of food are thrown. The bears are well aware of this and feed there regularly ; in fact, they get so bold that they will actually follow the cart bringing the refuse and squabble over the bones within a few yards of the driver. This is not so strange as it may appear, for black bears are naturally scavengers, They will explore the garbage heaps of any camp after dark, and love to feed on dead fish cast up on the banks of lakes and rivers.

“ An American engineer, who was prospecting in the Yosemite Valley where also the bears are not allowed to be molested, was amazed one morning to see his little boy of five years old feeding a large black bear. The bear had come right up to the door of their dwelling, and the plucky little fellow, whose acquaintance I have since made, was handing out lumps of sugar which Bruin much appreciated.

“ One bright summer evening, after dinner at the Old Faithful Hotel, I walked out towards the rubbish heap and saw no fewer than eight bears feeding about 100 yards below me. On the other side of the hollow, suddenly appeared a she-bear walking upright with a little cub on each side of her. She was evidently a well-known character with the shortest of tempers, for, as soon as she growled her disapproval, all those eight bears ran in every direction out of her path. She then walked down into the hollow with her little ones, and they began their supper. Meanwhile, two of the bears in their hurry to escape had collided with each other. Instantly they stood up on their hind legs and commenced sparring ; but for their fear of the old she-bear, they would doubtless have had a good fight.

“ Two years ago, a tourist, who was foolish enough to catch a little cub, was killed by a she-bear, and an angler was continually pursued by one, till at last he threw down all the trout he had caught and ran for his life. The bear stopped and ate the fish. There are few grizzly here, but one killed six cows belonging to an hotel last year.

“ Fishing is free, but no one may carry a gun or shoot any animal in the Park.

“ I saw two snakes when fishing to-day. There are rattle-snakes about here ; but I think these were less dangerous. The

first fled, but the second made for me. I fancy it was because I happened to be between it and a hole in the bank. I had nothing but a light fly rod in my hand which was useless for either attack or defence, so I threw it down and armed myself with pieces of rock. Facing the reptile with my back to the river, I retreated and hurled the rocks at it. Still it came on slowly, straight for me. One piece hit the mark, and the creature coiled up as if about to spring. I backed away from it till my feet were in the water and threw another stone, which also struck it but apparently did no serious injury, as my antagonist then made off and disappeared over the side of a large rock. I was very careful where I walked after that. An American told me I might have lived twenty-four hours after being bitten, but that a rattlesnake only gives you twenty minutes !”

Perhaps my assailant was a Crater-moccasin, which, according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is always found near water and is particularly aggressive and ready to strike an intruder without warning.

On my return from Yellowstone Park, I had two days' excellent trout fishing in Snake River. People say it is so called on account of its tortuous windings ; but I was not so struck with this as I was with the number of vividly coloured snakes on its banks. I counted seven at one time. They are said to be harmless, at least so I was told later ; and they do not seem much frightened at one's approach. They look pretty gliding over the water and can remain submerged for a long time. The nostrils are placed at the top of the snout and can be closed whilst the reptile is under water. I saw one at the bottom, where it remained ten minutes by my watch. Then I stirred it up for fear it might be taking too long a bath.

There are several kinds of freshwater snakes and about fifty species of sea snakes, but the latter are only found in the Tropics. These die when taken out of salt water, and nearly all are poisonous.

My next experience with snakes was in Asia. India is of course the place, *par excellence*, for snakes, and more people are killed there by cobras than by tigers. According to statistics given some time ago, 19,000 were killed in one year by snakes of all kinds and 1,500 by tigers. Since many natives regard the cobra as sacred and will not attempt to kill or remove one if, as not infrequently happens, it should enter a hut, this is not to be wondered at. It is related that a woman was seen courteously escorting out of her house a reptile that had bitten her baby.

The Krait (or Carpet-snake) is the pet aversion of Europeans, as it so frequently hides in their houses. The good lady who, at home, looks for burglars under her bed, in India looks for snakes under her pillow. In Burma the Hamadryad and Russell's viper are more feared than any others; the former, because he is credited with attacking human beings though unmolested, and the latter on account of his thoughtless habit of lying in the path. As he is of a yellowish tint like the colour of the road in the evening and too deaf to hear anyone approaching, at any rate with naked feet, he is apt to get trodden on. He then retaliates by biting so viciously as to kill in a few minutes. He can kill so rapidly because he possesses the longest fangs for any snake of his size; and, moreover, the toxin produces violent blood-poisoning, not coma, as is the case with the others, so that the victim dies in agony.

When travelling in Burma we were told of a man who saved his wife's life by instantly sucking the wound made by one of these reptiles. The hamadryad is a large snake similar to a boa-constrictor.

China and Japan have their share of snakes too; but in the former country at any rate they are more renowned for size than poison. More than one python, many feet in length, have been seen attempting to enter ships alongside the quays in Hong Kong harbour. On one occasion a beauty, nearly twelve feet long, was shot by the captain as it was trying to board his boat without a ticket. This was witnessed by a friend of mine who was travelling on the steamer.

South of the Equator, Australia, especially Queensland, has a bad name for whip snakes (so called from their slender bodies) and several poisonous varieties. An Australian friend of mine was brave and skilful enough to pick them up by the tail and break their necks by dashing them against a tree; but he has given up this risky practice now, because the last he killed nearly turned the tables on him. He learned the trick in New Guinea from the Mambare natives, who are about the only ones I ever heard of who do not fear snakes.

New Zealand has no snakes; but New Guinea and the Dutch East Indies are badly infested with them. In Java I saw a snake with a big, black head swimming across a deep pool. In spite of my hurling everything within reach at it, the creature kept steadily on undismayed; and I only desisted at the request of a lady who was afraid it might attack us and begged me to

escort her from the spot. When a snake is swimming scarcely anything but the head shows above the surface, so that one cannot tell the size of the reptile in the water. Colonel Sleeman told me that he shot one in a river in India and was amazed to find, when it was fished out, that it measured ten feet !

South America has plenty of snakes, but, although I have been in every state except Venezuela, Guiana, and Colombia, I never saw one there. When we were in Brazil, the crickets used to make a terrible noise in the trees, especially at sunset. All began and left off at the same moment, as though controlled by the conductor of an orchestra. My wife's maid declared that serpents hissed at her from the trees, and she dared not go out ! We were never able to convince her that it was not so. Snakes, of course, do climb trees, and there are some brilliantly coloured varieties which live almost entirely in trees and prey chiefly on lizards and birds. Captain Monckton states that in Papua they are sometimes found coiled up in bunches of bananas ; and, if a boy was sent up a coco-nut tree, he had to beat at the clusters of nuts with a stick, before putting his hand in, to make certain that there were no snakes concealed. Captain Monckton also asserts that snakes do not climb trees by coiling round them, but crawl straight upwards, just as they go along the ground. It is supposed that they grip the bark by elevating their scales. When they want to come down they merely release themselves and fall in a limp condition without injury, like a wet piece of rope. They can also climb the vertical walls of a room. This they do by zigzagging up at the corners ; a more difficult feat than crawling up a tree, which may assist them by being slightly inclined.¹

Black and green mambas are amongst the most dangerous snakes in Africa. On one occasion, when passing along a native track in pursuit of game, I heard my hunter warn the " boy " behind him against a black mamba, which was lying asleep in the path. I was so intent on looking for some water-buck, that I did not see the snake, and fortunately stepped right over it without touching the body. Often when stalking game and crawling along the ground I felt scared at the thought of these horrid reptiles, but they generally hear you and make off ; I once saw two scooting away. Most African natives have a great dread of all snakes, and usually prefer to let well alone rather than molest them at any time. However, my carriers brought me the

¹ *Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate*, by Capt. C. A. W. Monckton, F.R.G.S.

skin of a python over 12 feet long, which had been clubbed to death with knobkerries. This now forms a useful and attractive object in our billiard room. It stands on its tail, and the angry-looking head, poised to strike, serves as a holder for an electric lamp.

Pythons and boa-constrictors grow to an immense length, specimens of between 10 and 12 feet being not uncommon.

In Ceylon a native, who was keeping in captivity two boa-constrictors of 20 and 21 feet in length, asked us to pay him for the privilege of seeing them fed with live chickens. We declined. Until an acrid correspondence had occurred in the newspapers, the constrictors in the London Zoo were fed in full view of the public with live rabbits; for these creatures only care for what they kill themselves. They have the pleasing habit, when attacking anything too large to be swallowed at one gulp, of seizing their prey in their teeth and coiling round the victim with crushing effect, till all the bones are cracked and the body is lengthened out and reduced to pulp. A portion is then swallowed, for they have the faculty of being able to digest a piece at a time, just as a pike can when it has captured an eel. A snake can open its mouth amazingly wide, and a large one is capable of disposing of a full-grown goat. After a meal he may sleep for weeks, and his body is obviously distended. Thus an acquaintance of mine slept every night within a few inches of a python. The snake slept too. This creature was kept in the next cabin by a fellow-passenger, who was conveying it to a Zoo. It had been well fed before the ship started; but I agree with Captain Monckton, who said when invited to stay with a man fond of tame pythons, "If I must have bedfellows I prefer niggers to reptiles," and he accordingly slept in the guard-house with the black constabulary.

Snakes do not appeal to most people as desirable companions; but some schoolboys have no qualms in the matter, and many natives of India make a living by snake charming. I took a photograph of one of these skilful performers on the steps of a bathing *ghat* by the Ganges at Benares. He also kept a number of scorpions, which he allowed to run over the pavement, and then amused the spectators by picking them up in his fingers and replacing them in a box. How he handled them without getting stung I cannot imagine. Talking of scorpions, the natives, and indeed our men in India, often get up a fight between one of these and the fierce tarantula spider. Drop these fearsome opponents into a bucket, or put them under a big glass bowl,

and a whirlwind encounter ensues. It is a shade of odds on the scorpion ; but sometimes, in the fury of the fight, he commits unintentional suicide by twisting his tail so far back that he inserts his sting into his own head.

In Morocco, my wife and I were present at an extraordinary performance in the market-place at Tangier. A native juggler allowed a snake to bite him, first of all on the forehead and afterwards on the tongue, drawing blood in each case. He actually allowed it to hang from his tongue in full view of us all. The wretched man then cauterized the wounds and passed the hat, proudly displaying the scars.

Mr. Belgrave, the author of *Siva*, gives the following account of a famous snake charmer at Luxor who acted in a similar manner :

" One evening, without any warning, I took him out with me to a place near Karnak, having first examined him and satisfied myself that he had no snakes hidden about his clothes. In about a quarter of an hour, he discovered seven or eight snakes. He used no whistle but walked about in a very small area muttering to himself, stopping every now and then in front of a stone or bush, thrusting his hand into it and withdrawing it, clasping a writhing, lively snake. Several of the snakes were known to me as being venomous. He took two of these, one by one, held them to his wrist and let them bite him, so that, when he pulled them off his flesh, they left blood on his hand. Anybody else would have suffered severely and would probably have died, but the snake charmer was immune. His father and his grandfather had practised the same trade and, according to him, they had neither of them suffered in any way by their profession."

My wife has never at any time felt the slightest effect of a wasp sting, and beekeepers become immune to the stings of bees, so I suppose snake charmers may become similarly inoculated ; but, as the venom of different snakes varies, it is probable that the majority take the precaution of removing the poison bag.

Snakes are often kept as pets in New Guinea, and a man living on the goldfields had a tame python in his rice store to drive away the rats. Another storekeeper trained one to come to his whistle for a bowl of tinned milk.

The natives do not eat them as is done in West Africa, Queensland, and China, where the python is much esteemed as food. The *Illustrated London News* of March 31, 1923, gave a striking picture of a man carrying on his back a large snake (which he is holding by the neck and near the tail), and a note was attached with these words :



SNAKE
CHARMER
AT
LUCKNOW



SNAKE CHARMER AT BENARES

"Nursing the 'House Cat' of an Hotel at Mazatlan, in Mexico. In Mexico, one takes certain things for granted. Boa-constrictors are far better mousers than cats, even if the boas did not invariably eat the cats when the two are in competition! Therefore, one obtains a boa for a mouser if one is in a boa-constrictor country and thinks no more about it. . . . In eastern South America the flesh of the boa is regarded as a most dainty dish, while its fat is reputed to be highly efficacious in the healing of various diseases. The skin is used to ornament saddles and bridles and for other decorative purposes."

The following incident illustrates the intelligence of snakes, but I will not vouch for its veracity!

A certain young 6-foot hamadryad, weary of the noonday heat, was in the habit of frequenting the cool bathroom of an Indian bungalow. There, curled round the damp and refreshing bath tub, he was content to lie until the shades of evening warned him 'twas time to make his exit by the small drain hole, which led into the garden, and take his pleasure elsewhere.

His days would have passed happily in this harmless routine but for the interference of the native who had charge of the bathroom. This ill-mannered person continually drove him forth with cries and even threats of violence! More than once when half-way through his hole of exit was he seized from behind, and only after great endeavour did he pull hard enough to get free. This annoyed him; and he determined that steps must be taken to prevent such indignities. Noticing the repugnance of this biped to meet him face to face, he argued that these ill-mannered attacks upon his helpless tail were due to courage born of the fact that his head was on the garden side of the wall when they were committed.

"Therefore," he argued, "if my tail goes first through the hole and my head guards its exit, I shall be allowed to depart in peace; so I will in future wriggle out backwards."

And it happened even as he had anticipated; for from that day forth the native "boy," evincing a new and refreshing courtesy sought not to drag him back as he was departing for his evening out.

The largest snakes in the world—the giant anacondas—inhabit the swamps and jungles of the Ecaiyale and the upper Amazon. Terrible reptiles, sometimes over thirty feet in length, they haunt the banks of rivers and lakes, lying in wait for peccaries, deer, and other animals which come to the water to drink. It was there that the only instance to my knowledge of

a snake fascinating a man occurred. I will give it in the words of my informant, whom I believe to be truthful.

"In the year 1911 a party of seekers for wild rubber ascended the Chambiri river (which flows into the Amazon about 200 miles above Yquitos) and camped upon its bank some 60 miles up. Three of the party, after penetrating the thick tropical jungle for a short distance, came upon a dark still lagoon some 400 yards wide and a mile or less in length. They returned to camp and fetched their small collapsible boat in order to explore its banks. Leaving one man to mark their point of departure, the other two rowed round the gloomy little lake. After a while, they called out to him, and their voices carried far in the eerie stillness of the place. But they called in vain, as no answering shout replied. Anxiously they rowed slowly along the bank, peering into the gloom of the virgin forest for their missing companion.

"Presently they saw him sitting perfectly still, his gun across his knees, gazing fixedly at a dark mass of leaves within a few feet of him. They called to him, but he took no heed, nor turned his head. Rowing closer, they called again; but he remained as if turned to stone.

"The bow of their little boat was almost touching the shore when, following his gaze, they beheld the fearful cause of their comrade's strange behaviour.

"The head of a monster snake was half-protruding from amongst those leaves, and its eyes were fixed with deadly intensity upon their hapless friend. Involuntarily, in their horror at the sight, they backed the boat farther from the bank; then, raising their shot guns, they fired all four barrels into that nightmare head and blew it to pulp.

"The bushes swayed and crackled under the dying convulsions of the monster; and their comrade with a little sigh looked wonderingly at them as if awakened from a deep sleep. He told them that he remembered seeing the great head appear and tracing the writhing of the huge coils behind it far into the gloom of the vegetation. Then fear followed by drowsiness overcame him; he longed for the oblivion of sleep to shut out that awful sight; and lapsing into insensibility he remembered no more!

"The reptile's skin when dried measured 31 feet 9 inches; and it took two men to carry it wound upon a pole."

The ancients believed that "the man who met a baleful basilisk and had no mirror was lost, for its glance meant death. If he held up a mirror the basilisk beholding its own reflection expired!"

In the jungles of Brazil, as was stated in one of the English papers last year, there took place another encounter between a

giant anaconda and a man, but (if the story is true) this had a more tragic ending.

About sixty natives under a white overseer were occupied in tapping the trees for rubber. A youth, who was on the outskirts of the group, was suddenly seen to be grappling with an enormous snake which had wound its deadly coils around him. The men in the immediate vicinity ran panic-stricken from the place except one who was the father of the boy attacked. He boldly advanced upon the monster and struck at it with the first stick he could lay hands on.

Meanwhile, the shouts of alarm had aroused the attention of the white overseer. Arming himself with a shot-gun, he went as quickly as possible through the forest in the direction indicated by the terrified natives. All were shocked to find that the reptile had disappeared with its victim, and the mangled body of the father lay feebly moving upon the ground.

One snake in Africa did me a good turn. A deputation of natives had come to make a complaint, and they were sitting on their haunches outside the tent awaiting my appearance. I fancy they wanted to go on strike, because we had been travelling rather hard and fast to some new hunting-ground, and they had run out of meat. It is no joke keeping a hundred hungry men supplied with food, and, when on the trek, there are not many opportunities for stalking game. I had a double lot of porters at that time, because I had engaged a white man who knew the language to take charge of the expedition, and we were carrying nearly six months' provisions and stores into the interior. Owing to the tsetse fly, man was the only available beast of burden.

What the grievance really was I do not know for certain, and now I shall never know; for, as soon as I emerged from the tent, the natives sprang to their feet and scattered in all directions. The cause of the stampede was soon apparent. The man in the middle had sat plump down on a snake, and he was exceedingly fortunate in not getting bitten. I saw the creature wriggling away at a great pace into the grass, and was not sorry that it decided to sleep there instead of in my bed.

Whilst snipe shooting among the paddy fields near the Ganges at a place called Jaghati in Lower Bengal, my friend B. and I had a curious encounter with about forty snakes at once. We were returning to camp when, amid the small bushy trees, I noticed a clearing of a couple of acres which had been ploughed and abandoned. At the far end there was a tumbledown hut with a

thickly thatched roof. My shikari advised me to give the place a wide berth as the *samp-log* (snake people) had driven the poor owner away and taken possession of his dwelling.

We determined to assist the unfortunate man in evicting his undesirable tenants.

As the hut was beyond repair, B., with a long bamboo and bunch of lighted grass, fired it at two corners. We then stood about thirty yards away and awaited developments. Soon, as the thick smoke began to rise, snakes appeared from all parts of the little building. They crawled out of the thatch until the roof looked like the head of the Gorgon Medusa. Dropping to the ground, they made off in all directions and a stream of them crossed the plough in front of us. We let them have it with our Number 8 shot as fast as we could fire. The little field was soon dotted with their bodies convulsed into writhing hoops and knots in the throes of death.

The sight remained in my mental vision for many a day. We counted thirty-seven of them of various lengths from 3 to 5 feet and were glad to get away from the place. We trusted, however, that we had convinced the survivors of the desirability of evacuating their illegal holding!

Snakes have a *penchant* for dwelling-houses, and in India it is advisable to exercise care in putting on one's boots or rummaging in cupboards. A missionary told me that his servant was bitten by a cobra when house-cleaning. The man cried out in alarm, and the missionary, who was smoking a cigar at the time, had the presence of mind to cauterize the wound instantly by applying the burning end to the place. He also tied ligatures on the wrist and above the elbow, and the man's life was saved.

Certain snakes take up their residence in holes in the ground. When I was staying on a ranch in Western Australia, in 1919, the owner showed me a hole which had been inhabited by a large black one for some time; but it fell a victim at length to his shotgun. This is, apparently, their habit also in Palestine; as one of the prophets, when foretelling the Millennium, says: "The sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den." The cockatrice has been defined as a cock with the tail of a serpent, but, according to Webster's Dictionary, it is a venomous serpent which cannot now be identified. The Revised Version gives "basilisk," which Webster defines as a fabulous serpent or dragon. Shakespeare in *King Henry VI* alludes to a curious belief in his day: "Basi-

lisk or cocatrice hatched by a serpent from a cock's egg." This is about on a par with Izaak Walton's assertion that "some pike are bred from the pickerel weed," and the fable that "bears bring forth their young as shapeless lumps of flesh which the mothers lick into shape with their tongues."

There are some who believe that the cockatrice is a snake that crows like a cock, and one writer on Africa remarks that the natives credit a certain part of the forest in the Loangwa Valley with being full of them. He naively adds that he cannot vouch for this, but that it is possible, as cocks are heard crowing in the bush miles and miles from any human habitation.

Natives certainly have curious beliefs! There is a tradition in the Loangwa Valley in Rhodesia concerning a two-headed snake; and the story of Satan in the Garden of Eden appeals directly to all simple savages, who abhor reptiles and invariably regard them as the Devil incarnate.

Some New Guinea natives believe that the tops of mountains are inhabited by two-headed snakes, and that, even if you cut the heads off these snakes, the creatures will not die but will grow fresh heads.

The writer of an interesting book on Siwa¹ in Western Egypt observes that "nothing will induce the natives to touch a snake, dead or alive, with their fingers, as they say the smell sticks to them and attracts other snakes."

This chapter would scarcely be complete without a reference to the sea-serpent, so I will ask my readers to bear with me a little whilst I give them the latest information on the subject. Of course we all know that "he hath commonly hair hanging from his neck a cubit long [is in fact a "beaver"], and possesses sharp scales and is black, and hath flameling shining eyes. Also that he disquiets the shippers and puts up his head like a pillar and catcheth away men."

However, my information is that there is no serpent to sea, I mean, at Sea.

¹ *Siwa*, by C. Dalrymple Belgrave.

CHAPTER X

ADVENTURES WITH THE AFRICAN BUFFALO

THERE are still many herds of buffalo in Rhodesia, in spite of the terrible ravages of rinderpest some years ago, and they are increasing rapidly. The number killed by sportsmen is negligible. Comparatively few hunting parties take the time or trouble to come so far out of the beaten track, and, in a large portion of the country, the number that may be shot is limited to four. Also, the heads are not so fine as can be obtained in East Africa with less trouble, or in Uganda, which still holds the record. The limitation was not made on account of the scarcity of buffalo, but because a black professional hunter came from down South and shot several bulls whose heads he sold in Salisbury at £2 apiece. As the licence to shoot an unlimited number cost only £2, this was not unprofitable.

From a sporting point of view, the buffalo is a fine beast to hunt, especially here, where all spooring has to be done on foot. He is wary, often dangerous, and takes you into every kind of country, while his head is a fine trophy. You may track him through the forest, follow him into marshy swamps if you will, or stalk him as he feeds out in the open plain. Whenever possible, it is best to take the first shot at close range, for, if you wound him, he is a most unpleasant fellow to follow. In such cases many a hunter has become the hunted; for the buffalo, like the king of beasts and the elephant, uses his brain, and he makes cunning plans for taking you at a disadvantage. As with a wounded lion, if he starts to charge, it is a duel *à l'outrance*—his death or yours must end the fight. Even unwounded buffaloes have been known to charge, and no one can tell what any individual animal will do. The buffalo charges with head held high and eyes open, watching his adversary, only lowering the head for the actual impact, and his horns are wide, so there is little hope of avoiding him. Also he can gallop and turn so quickly that escape by flight or dodging is out of the question.

It is true that the famous hunter Selous, when young and active, once succeeded in dodging a wounded buffalo.

" Holding the stem of the tree in my left hand," he tells us, " I leaned out as far as possible, and awaited the onset. When he was very near me—so close indeed as to preclude the possibility of his being able to swerve and pass on the other side of the tree—I pulled my body with a sudden jerk up to and beyond the stem, and, shooting past the buffalo's hindquarters, ran as hard as ever I could to another tree. Had he come round after me I should now have climbed for it ; but, when I dodged from under his very nose, he lost me entirely and ran straight on. He did not, however, go far, but stopped and lay down, and I killed him with another bullet." ¹

There has been much discussion as to whether the lion, elephant, or buffalo is the most dangerous, and opinion is still divided; but it is generally agreed amongst all professional hunters that the buffalo is the worst, " because he is so hard to stop and offers generally so sudden, so determined, and so unfavourable a target when actually charging." One I had wounded charged my hunter, who, contrary to orders, had followed me whilst I was making a careful stalk.

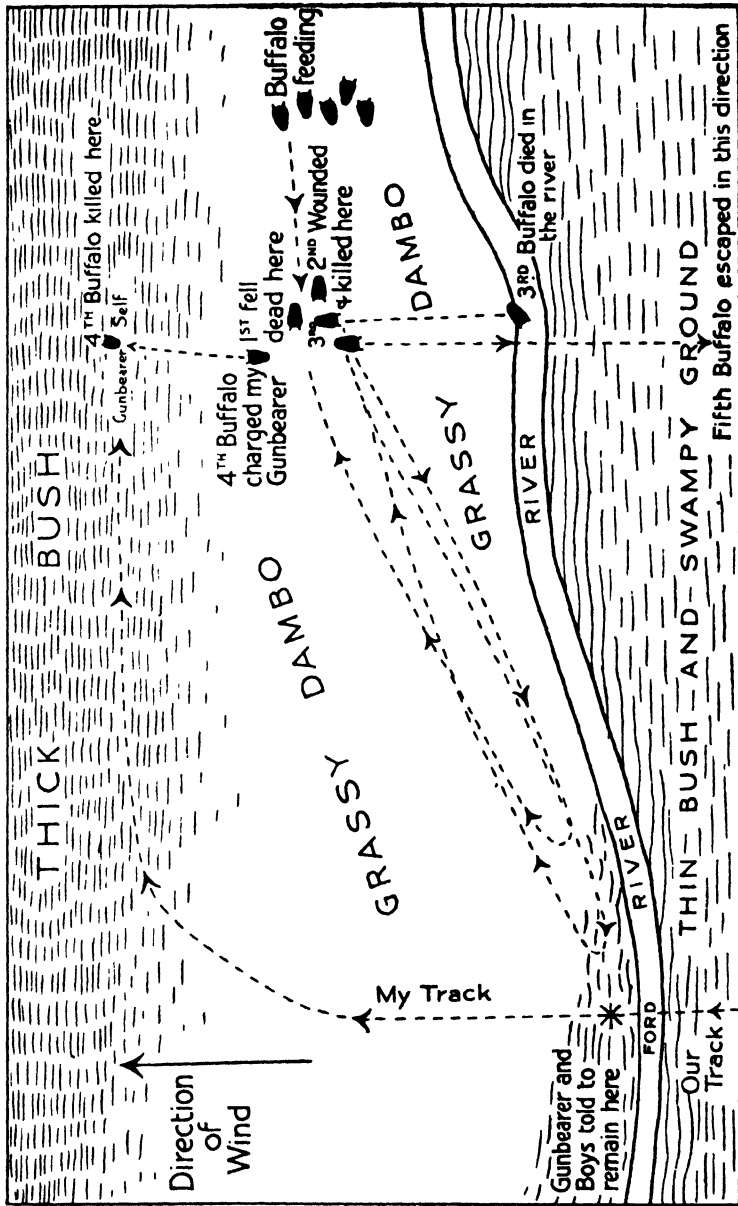
I had gone out one evening to try and shoot something nice for breakfast, when I had the good fortune to sight five old bulls on a narrow strip of grass beside a river. They were grazing with their backs towards us, about three hundred yards away. The wind was blowing strongly from our side of the *dambo* or grassy plain, so it was necessary to cross over into the forest, where I could obtain excellent cover and shoot in comparative safety. Telling my hunter to remain behind and keep the " boys " quiet, I took the elephant rifle (a Holland ·465), loaded it with solid nickel bullets, and crawled through the short grass unsuspected by the animals. Once in the forest I resumed an unright position and passed quickly from tree to tree till nearly opposite them and less than a hundred yards distant. Then, creeping to the edge of the grass, I took careful aim at the heart of the biggest. As luck would have it, he was the nearest to me (I should judge about 70 yards), and, being partly broadside, offered a good raking shot. On receiving the bullet, he turned almost completely round and galloped down the dambo across my front towards the river in the direction from which I had come. The other four followed him closely, but he fell dead

¹ *A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa*, by F. C. Selous.

after covering only a short distance. The rest then stopped about 40 yards from my position, and I fired the left barrel, breaking the shoulder of a second. The remaining three then dashed down the dambo farther towards the place where the "boys" lay in hiding. The "boys" got scared and made a bolt; but the buffalo were scared too and galloped back again up the dambo, coming to a stand close by the dead and wounded one opposite me, uncertain which way to turn. By this time, I had reloaded and fired another right and left with telling effect. The third was hit in the lungs, and, galloping into the river accompanied by the only unwounded one, died in the water whilst attempting to cross, as we discovered afterwards. It was all we could do to pull the massive beast out, but there are always plenty of willing hands when meat has to be obtained or carried.

The remaining animal had been hit too far back for a fatal shot, and stood in the middle of the dambo about 40 yards off, bellowing fiercely, whilst I slipped two cartridges into the rifle as quickly as possible, expecting a charge, for he was looking in my direction. At this moment, he caught sight of the hunter, who had disobediently followed me and was now emerging from the trees at the edge of the grass less than ten yards from where I was sitting. The beast made straight for him, charging fiercely with head outstretched, grunting furiously. It was a horrible moment, as, not knowing the man had left the others, I thought at first that the buffalo was rushing at me. The hunter went up a tree like a squirrel, and I fired both barrels in quick succession, dropping the animal just as it entered the "bush." I found afterwards that the first shot was a clean miss, and the second went through the neck, though I must confess that I aimed at the shoulder, so it was lucky he had not come for me. Shooting at an animal running towards you is a different thing to shooting at a stationary object or at an animal running away. I was not sure that the brute was dead, so I reloaded and threw one or two clods of earth before venturing to approach.

The second buffalo, which I had hit in the shoulder, was still alive, and bellowing out in the dambo; so I then stalked it cautiously and despatched it from a distance, for I did not wish to risk another charge. The fifth made good his escape across the river; but I had no intention of molesting him, although the natives, who now came boldly out of hiding, were thirsting for his blood. I should not have shot so many, had not all possessed



SIXTH BUFFALO HUNT

better horns than any obtained so far, and the meat was urgently needed to provide my men with food for our journey to the railway. I also wished to pay off some of my extra carriers by means of meat, and natives are particularly fond of buffalo. I much enjoyed their tongues myself. The horns were massive and gloriously weather-beaten. They measured respectively 42, 40½, 38, and 37 inches. Camp was pitched close to the spot, and the "boys" were soon busy holding strips of flesh over smoky fires; not because they disliked it raw, but in order to protect it when on the march from the sun and inquisitive insects. All the same, next day each one was pursued by a cloud of flies, and my baggage presented a gory spectacle.

I will now give an account, taken from my diary written at the time, of the first occasions on which I met with buffalo, adding a few items of interest. Although neither I nor the friend accompanying me were actually charged more than once, we had some very exciting moments. I sometimes shudder now when reflecting on the foolish risks we took; but men hunting together are often foolhardy, and it is sometimes impossible to avoid following wounded animals into thick covert, lest the blacks, who do not always realize the danger, should suspect that one is showing the white feather.

November 7. Went out at dawn in search of a herd, which some natives had informed us was feeding near our camp. After two hours' search we came upon fresh spoor, and also that of two rhinos. My friend, who had hunted buffalo on perhaps two other occasions, decided on our pursuing the former. It was a case of "between the devil and the deep sea," for he had never shot rhinoceros, and I had never killed any dangerous game; so he naturally could not place much reliance on me in case of serious trouble. We first looked again to the loading of our rifles, for Count Oberlander lost his life through forgetting to do so. After wounding a buffalo bull, he followed it up without re-loading and was charged. The old bull knocked him down, and his body was found terribly gored and battered to pulp. This man used to boast of having shot an American buffalo or bison through the bars of its cage in the Yellowstone Park, as is amusingly described by Commander Millais in *The Life of F. C. Selous*. When in Singapore, I was told of a traveller who did the same thing to a tiger in the Sultan of Johore's private Zoo after bribing an attendant. He sent the skin home and no

doubt still talks of his great tiger-hunt. We were not allowed to see the Sultan's beautiful garden, as it was closed for some time to all visitors on account of this unsportsmanlike action.

We now took up the trail, each accompanied by a native hunter carrying a spare weapon. As I have said, all spooring has to be done on foot in Rhodesia, because the country teems with tsetse fly, which quickly destroys horses, oxen, and even tough mules and donkeys. For about an hour we followed the tracks of the buffalo across a plain and through thick "bush," in which their footprints were plainly visible even to my untrained eye, till we reached a second wide plain. Here we sighted three eland and some smaller game, but of course did not turn aside from the pursuit of our nobler quarry. On we went for another hour, coming continually on fresh buffalo droppings, which were being rolled into round lumps about the size of billiard balls by fat green beetles.

"Cleanliness fatigues me," says Hans Andersen's beetle; but these beetles are model charwomen, and Livingstone remarks, "Wherever these useful scavengers abound the native villages are clean." They are of great size and come booming up the wind one after another, alighting with a heavy plop. Their operations are most interesting to watch, and I will describe them in the great explorer's own words.

"As soon as the beetles have rolled away the ball into a place proper by its softness for excavating, they commence digging. Thus they remove the earth from beneath the ball, and, when it is let down into the ground and covered, they lay their eggs within the mass. The larvæ devour the inside of their little globe before coming to the surface to begin life for themselves. The beetles with their gigantic loads look like Atlas with the world on his shoulders. Their progress is backwards, and, keeping their heads down, they push with their hindlegs, as though a boy should roll a snowball with his feet while standing on his crown."

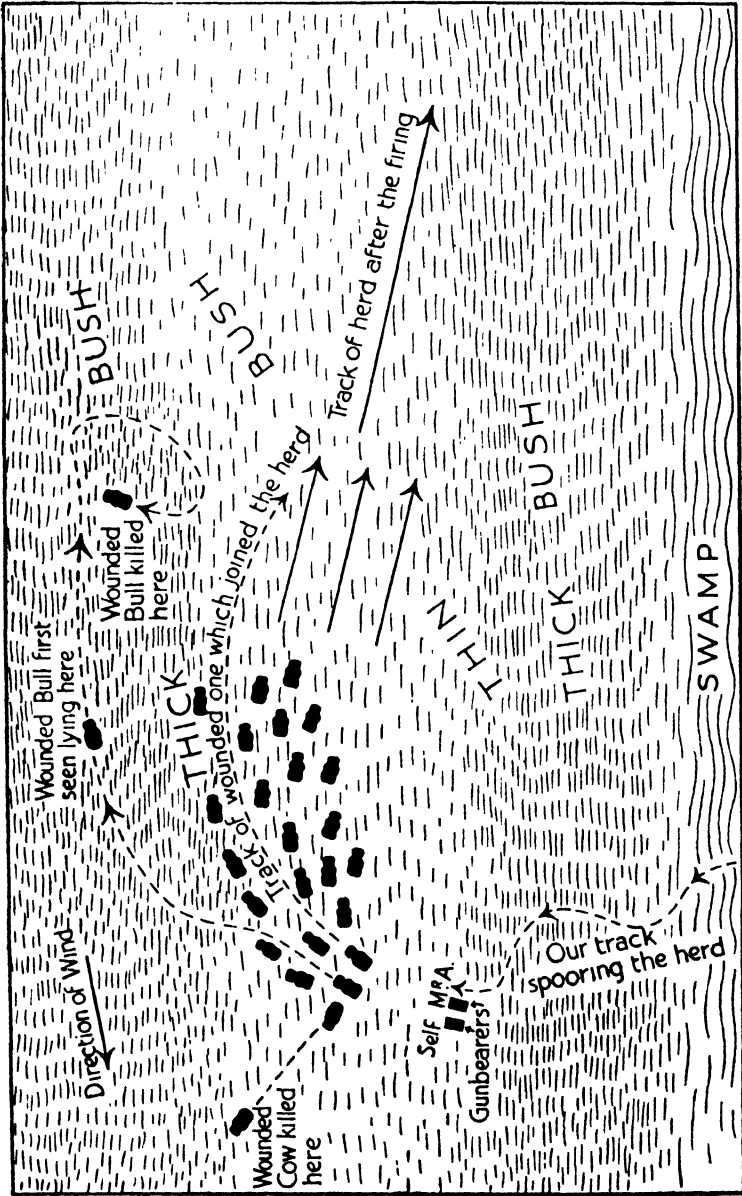
Not knowing, till I read Livingstone's words subsequently, about their selecting a soft place, I was highly amused on seeing a beetle roll headlong into a ditch, ball and all, as I thought it was an accident. No doubt it was a place of his own choosing, "proper by its softness for excavating."

It was now necessary to proceed very carefully, for the buffalo were certainly not far away. A little farther on, the spoor led us through a reedy swamp, where they had been drinking, and

from there we followed them into a dense thicket. The sun was mounting the heavens, and they had evidently entered this thicket for the sake of shade and rest during the heat of the day. The bulls would be lying down, whilst the cows kept watch; and, if we blundered on any of the latter with young, they might prove extremely nasty, so we redoubled our caution. Walking very gingerly and peering into the dark recesses of the thicket, we at last spied three or four of the animals, the majority being entirely hidden by the trees. As we had surmised, they were preparing to take the "after-breakfast nap," described by a witty Cambridge don as the most delightful time of the day.

Mr. A. and I immediately crept up to within a few yards of them, every sense on the alert and nerves strung to the highest pitch. Then, as we sat down behind a bush, he said, "Pick a good bull." I could only see three animals, or parts of them, standing up, one of which was facing in our direction and appeared to be a female. I whispered I could only get a proper sight at a cow, and, as they were showing signs of restlessness, thought I had better fire. He replied: "Shoot, and I will wait till I hear the report of your rifle." As I was about to press the trigger, his hunter, who had crawled up behind us, touched me on the shoulder and pointed out another standing in deep shade a little farther to the left and partly concealed by a bush, saying it was a bull. I could see his head and shoulders three-quarters facing me, though somewhat indistinctly, and at once transferred my aim to the shoulder of this one. The others had now become suspicious and began to move off slowly, so I fired and, immediately afterwards, a shot rang out from my friend's rifle followed by a second as the buffalo crashed away through the brushwood. The "bush" was so thick that none of them presented a shot to me as they galloped off, and I could see no more of mine except that it staggered off to the left.

Merely stopping to reload, we jumped up, and, after running a few yards, saw one, which I took to be mine as it was a little to the left of where they had been standing, kicking on its side. We both ran up to within a few paces of it, and, whilst I kept my piece levelled at its heart in case it should rise, A. put a bullet through the neck, ending its struggles. It appeared to be suffering only from a wound on the top of the back, which, we supposed had temporarily disabled it; and, finding it to be a cow, whilst I presumably shot at a bull, we did not further



FIRST BUFFALO HUNT

examine it but at once took up the pursuit of the remainder. Accordingly, my friend and I each followed one, supposing that one was the bull I had fired at, and the other had been struck by his second shot as the herd ran away. Whilst our respective hunters puzzled out the spoor through its devious windings, we kept our rifles at full-cock, ready for a sudden charge, which may always be expected from a wounded buffalo; though, as many sportsmen have found to their cost, it comes as often as not when unexpected.

I paid little attention to the footmarks now, but peered anxiously through the trees on each side for a sight of the wounded beast; for buffalo have a cunning trick of turning at right-angles to their spoor, hiding behind a bush, and thundering down like an express train on those who are stooping on the ground looking for it, thus taking them completely by surprise. They sometimes even double right back, make a circuit, and charge the astonished hunter, who is expecting his foe in front, from behind.

A. and I soon got some distance apart in the pursuit of the two beasts, and I found myself alone with the gun-bearer; quite as exciting a situation as I could wish. To be quite candid, I did not like it. However, after about an hour's patient tracking and no signs of the buffalo, my friend, who had left the one he was after because it had joined the herd, caught me up. With the help of his excellent spoorer and our confidence in each other should we be attacked, we went forward much faster and soon came upon the creature lying down. It was on the look-out apparently, for it got up in an instant; but, courage failing at the sight of so many pursuers, it made off again.

The covert was so thick that A. could not see to fire, and I only got a very hurried snap as it lumbered through the bushes in front. The effort caused the wound to bleed more freely, so we could now trace it easily; and, a little after midday, or about two hours after shooting the first and nearly six since leaving camp, we came up with it again. This time it was standing up facing us, evidently bent on charging as soon as we appeared. Luckily, on this occasion we saw the beast before it saw us, and the shots from our rifles rang out simultaneously. Down it went as though felled by a pole-axe; but another bullet was required, for, though I believe it was unable to rise, it raised its head and glared vindictively at us. On making an examination for the first bullet, we discovered the near foreleg broken at the fetlock,

the ball having entered from behind. This proved conclusively that it was the animal which A. wounded with his second shot when the herd stampeded. After photographing it, we had lunch out of our baskets brought to the scene of action by the trusty porters, who had followed the chase at a respectful distance.

During the meal, we discussed the details of the hunt and what had become of the first bullet I fired. My friend was of opinion that the third animal, which had not yet been found, was a big bull wounded by me ; but I contended that, from the position I was in, I was unlikely to give anything but a mortal wound, so believed that this one, which had been so lightly touched as to rejoin the herd, must have been wounded by one of his two bullets in addition to the two buffaloes we had accounted for. This theory did not add to my happiness or to his either, as I could not help feeling much disappointed ; and he was almost equally so, for he was most anxious that I should secure a good trophy.

After a rest, we returned to the place we had first fired from and found, to our great surprise, it was less than half a mile away. So this wounded bull had been doubling on his tracks and making a circuit, doubtless with the intention of attacking us from behind. One hunter remarks that, so often do they practise this stratagem, he cannot but believe it is pure cunning and vindictiveness ; and he pronounces them on this account the most dangerous kind of animal a man can tackle. Man-eating lions have been known to lie in wait near a path frequented by caravans, and, after allowing all to go by, spring from behind on the last straggler ; a wounded lioness played this trick on Selous. But only the buffalo deliberately circles round his pursuers.

We followed the tracks of the herd for some time, thinking we might cut out the one which had been wounded or find it lying down ; but eventually we had to abandon the chase, as we were getting too far from camp. During dinner the discussion of buffaloes and bullets was renewed, in the midst of which my friend's hunter appeared with a bullet he had taken from the interior of the cow first shot, demolishing at once both our theories, *for it would only fit my rifle*. A. uses a much smaller one, an 11-millimetre Mauser. Having settled this most interesting question quite satisfactorily to us both, we retired to dream that our tents were stiff with lions and we, though armed to the teeth, could not move a little finger. This nightmare

may have been caused by a party of lions which roared loudly close to the camp, according to our "boys."

November 8. Both of us were bitten by mosquitoes last night, and to-day I was attacked by a horrible tick, which lay close to the skin and dug its evil-looking head and claws into my flesh. A. said it was a grass tick; but, except for being slightly lighter in colour, it was just like those we saw on the buffalo. Also bitten by ants of two different species during the afternoon and had my blood sucked by hippo fly, which are very numerous here. They invade the tents freely, but are drowsy in the morning and easily killed. Some believe that this fly can carry sleeping sickness. It is as large as a hornet but has no sting in the tail.

By good fortune we fell in with the buffalo again; for the headman of the village, with whom I had left my interpreter when stricken with fever, sent him over to us with a guide, and he brought word that the herd had been seen close to the village last night. We accordingly moved the camp 9 miles and started in search of it after an early lunch. I first photographed the guides of the previous day in their new suits of clothes (price $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. each), which amply repaid them for their services—that is to say, in their opinion, which was the main thing.

The buffalo had most obligingly come to meet us; and, before anyone realized that they were near or obtained more than a fleeting glimpse of them, the trampling of many feet proclaimed the fact that the herd had taken flight and galloped off to a safe distance. They appeared to be forty or fifty in number, and, judging by the tracks, there were some big bulls amongst them. Smaller footmarks disclosed the unpleasant fact that there were also cows with calves.

Leaving all behind but the two gun-bearers, we went in pursuit. We had not proceeded more than 300 yards before we saw them at a distance of 100 paces, all facing in our direction. They discovered us at the same moment, and came at a heavy gallop towards us. It was an awkward predicament. The thunder of the galloping hoofs and the determined appearance of these fierce-looking animals was most disconcerting, and out of the corner of my eye I saw our trackers preparing to "make tracks" for the nearest tree. To me it seemed that the only thing to do was to present a bold front and trust to our rifles to turn them. Remembering a famous hunter's account of a similar situation, when he turned a herd by shooting the leader,

I covered the foremost with my rifle. My friend did the same. We were in an open spot in the forest, and the few trees and bushes at hand would have been no protection against their onslaught. Even if it had been possible, there was no time now to climb a tree. Seeing us remain motionless, they came to a dead stop at about 30 yards and seemed to be deliberating whether they should trample their persecutors to death or show discretion rather than valour. I should have mentioned that directly the animals started to charge, my friend and I threw ourselves on the ground, pulling our gun-bearers down with us.

The late Theodore Roosevelt records¹ how he and his friends were likewise faced with an angry herd. In his case no one fired or stirred, and the beasts moved off sullenly after an aggressive stare. I verily believe that the buffaloes would have charged home and trampled us to death if we had been standing up or any of us had attempted to run away.

Those in front, not liking our looks, or puzzled by our appearance, began to move about uneasily; and the ones behind were apparently urging them on or trying to get a view of the obstruction in their path. Had they possessed a resolute leader, unless we could have killed him as Selous did on a similar occasion, it would have been all U.P. This was the moment for us to fire, and my friend hissed, "Shoot." We both aimed quickly, and our rifles spoke almost as one. A big bull dropped to the shot, and the herd immediately galloped off at right-angles. Seeing this, we reserved our fire in case of eventualities; for, having already exasperated the beasts during the two days' hunting, we deemed it advisable to let well alone.

The old bull was not to succumb so easily as at first appeared; for my bullet had struck one of his forelegs a little below the shoulder-blade, and that of my friend had also struck low and damaged the leg of a second animal. At least, so he supposed from the splinters of bone found when spooring up his quarry. We had both aimed low for fear of shooting over the animals at that short range. Buffaloes can stand an enormous amount of punishment and are extremely tenacious of life. Books on big-game shooting abound with instances of this, and both Livingstone and Selous mention cases of buffaloes travelling a long distance after being hit in a vital part. In *African Game Trails* an example is given of a buffalo going nearly a mile with a bullet in his heart.

¹ *African Game Trails*, by Theodore Roosevelt.

Both our wounded beasts recovered themselves and got clean away with the rest, but mine turned off almost immediately to the right. Mr. A. then ran full-speed after the herd and took up the blood spoor of his, whilst I went after mine accompanied by my gun-bearer. The forest was pretty open here, but I did not intend to be taken unawares; and, whilst the native went in front unerringly on the tracks, I kept careful watch on every side, expecting to see the angry brute lying in wait behind a tree or stealing up behind us.

Sure enough, about 400 yards farther on, there he was, facing us grimly; and I confess my heart was in my mouth as I approached with rifle at full-cock, the hunter following with the spare one. At about 50 yards, thinking he must have seen us and would charge, I fired and—missed! At any rate, there was no visible effect of the shot, and I know I was not steady. Maybe the trying experiences just narrated had unnerved me, for I simply could not hold the rifle firmly on the mark. Perhaps a clean miss was better than wounding and further enraging him; for, instead of charging, he turned and fled—to my intense relief. The fact that he had been shot in the leg may have deterred him from attacking, for he limped badly as he went off. I gave him the other barrel rather hurriedly and discovered afterwards that the bullet hit him underneath the body between the hindlegs. This shot brought him up all standing, and he turned right round and bellowed with rage and pain. There was not a moment to lose. I expected the gun-bearer would hand me the other rifle. He had sneaked off with it scared to death and was nowhere to be seen. Reloading as rapidly as possible, I knelt down and took careful aim for the shoulder. The buffalo fell at once, the solid bullet breaking the bone and driving a splinter into his heart. He died very hard, however, and tried to get up again, glaring at me with fierce blood-red eyes; so I put another ball into him.

The "boys" came up, whilst I was admiring my prize, and asked me to shoot again, as he was still opening his eyes and quivering. It did not seem necessary, but I acceded to their request and shot him through the neck. Hearing so many reports, A. thought I was in trouble, and, leaving the buffalo he was following, ran in our direction guided by the yells of the jubilant natives. On seeing the fallen monarch, he congratulated me warmly. The sun was about to set, so we had to leave the pursuit of his buffalo till next day. A. said he had run at his



MY 12-INCH BUFFALO HEAD (p. 150)



MY FOURTH BUFFALO (p. 165)

topmost speed after the herd and could not keep up with it for a moment. As he played "wing three-quarter" for the 'Varsity, he was no mean sprinter, so I should have a poor chance if a buffalo chased me.

I admired A.'s pluck, but told him he was taking undue risks, and that I also had nearly lost my life through the desertion of my gun-bearer, to which A. replied that he had lost his head and did not think what he was about. He also said he felt sure he had hit one and wanted to see where it was making for. Before the meat was cut up I took some photos, giving several time exposures in order to make sure of one or two being successful. Whilst I was sitting down to change a film, some ants must have got inside my knickers, for I had a horrible time with them; and finally, to every one's amusement but my own, had to pull off all my clothes and get the natives to remove the little teasers one by one. On the way back to camp a bees' nest was robbed, and there were free fights over the honey, which I managed to stop without much difficulty.

The slightest show of the white man's anger frightens these simple people. I remember once rushing out of my tent in a rage without a weapon on hearing a number of them clamouring for a *basela* or present. It is true I may have been an ugly sight, as I had not shaved for months. Anyhow, before I had time to utter a word, they all fled into the bush, and I never saw them again.

One might think that natives could not hurt each other much when fighting, as their feet are bare and they do not often use weapons nor understand how to clench their fists; but they generally try to damage each other by attacks on the middle of the body at the most vulnerable points. Women sometimes join in the fight and seize one of the men by a leg.

Before fighting for the honey, the "boys" offered some to me, as anything found on the march is the property of the *bwana*; but I found it very strong as well as sweet and did not eat much.

November 9. A. felt seedy this morning—probably fever—so, after doing what I could for him, I started after the wounded buffalo accompanied by A.'s spoorer, my two hunters, and the *machila*. I made my gun-bearer of yesterday help in spooring, having promoted the hunter, who had behaved so well during the lion-hunt (see Chapter XIV), to gun-bearer in his place; and, not long afterwards, I dismissed him as he turned

sulky. In little more than half an hour, we reached the place where my friend had left the spoor; but the blood had dried, and, if the animal had not joined the herd, I doubt whether we could have followed it. It was clear that the buffalo, after their recent persecution, had determined to leave their feeding-ground, and an examination of the soil showed that, after galloping for some distance, they had settled down to a fast walk. Sometimes they had passed through thick places in single file, and then we went quickly; but at others they had scattered through the "bush," and we took divergent spoor and often had to retrace our steps through losing the tracks of those we were following. It was exciting, not to say nervous work; as, if we should come suddenly upon them like yesterday, there was no knowing what might happen, seeing that there were two wounded animals among them and a certain proportion of cows with calves.

On thinking it over, I believe that the trackers purposely misled me, and that, not wishing to overtake them, they sometimes pretended to lose the spoor. At any rate we made poor progress, and, as the buffaloes would certainly lie up during the heat of the day, we ought to have caught them up. After following them for many hours with a short interval for lunch, we came to a very wide dambo. We had seen nothing on the way but a solitary antelope and a white-tailed monkey, for the pursuit had been through "bush" all the time. Their footprints seemed to go straight across the plain, the blood spoor had entirely ceased, there was nothing in sight, and the "boys" said we were many miles from camp, so I decided to give up the chase. Being rather tired, I was carried back in the *machila* and was astonished to find that it took less than an hour to reach the camp. This confirmed my suspicions about the trackers, but it was now too late to return.

Bitten again to-day by grass ticks, hippo fly, ants, which crept inside my clothes for the third time; and, finally, mosquitoes. Revenged myself on many hippo fly, as they had crawled under the mosquito net, intending to be ready for me in the morning, I suppose. Fortunately, they sleep at night. Kitchen "boys" got into trouble this evening for gathering honey and fruit for themselves instead of washing dishes and boiling water for our baths. The water at this camp was the worst I have struck. It had to be dug for and both filtered and boiled, but it still tasted nasty and was of a milky colour.

We were very glad of the Groote Schür claret brought from Cape Town, which was kept for just such emergencies as these, and another six dozen would not have come amiss ; but, speaking generally, Northern Rhodesia is well supplied with good water.

November 10. Marched 14 miles to-day, my friend having recovered, and again reached a village troubled by a man-eating lion. This one took six men in three weeks ; in some cases carrying off its prey at sunset when the inhabitants were collected together chatting before retiring to their huts. A strong hedge had been built all round the place, which may have discouraged him, for we stayed an extra day in hopes of his return, but he has not been seen for nearly a month.

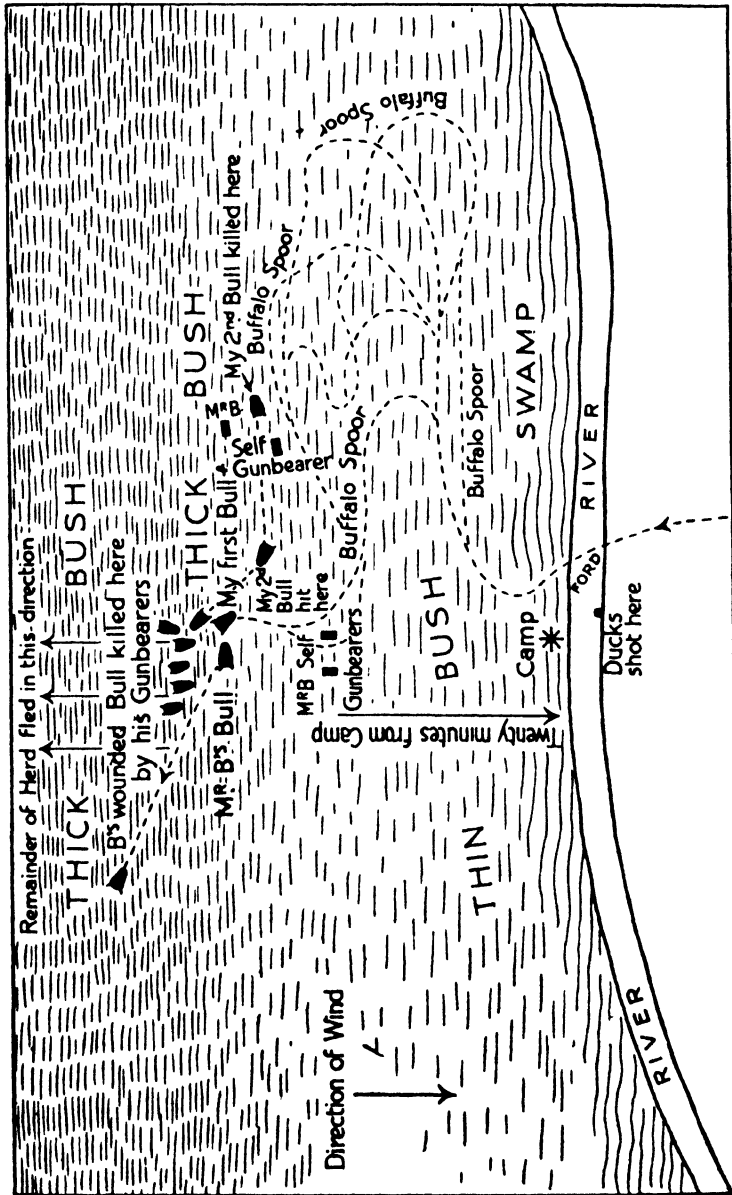
November 11. Started out early for a *sititunga* drive (a rare kind of water-buck) and took the small collapsible canvas boat for some duck shooting. An hour's walk brought us to a small lake, gay with pink and purple water-lilies and a round-leaved plant with magenta-coloured flowers. There were also large patches of reeds, which added to the beauty of the lagoon ; and an island of papyrus. The boat was launched, and I was left on the island. This afforded excellent covert when the duck flew round and round, and I hoped for a hippo as their footmarks were very numerous here ; but none showed themselves. The birds seemed disinclined to fly ; but, with the help of the natives in their leaky dug-outs, they were kept constantly on the move, and, before they went off for good, I killed sixteen and one goose. Lost several winged duck through having no dog, for they dived and reached the reeds unseen. My "black, two-legged retrievers" secured some of these. A.'s shot-gun did not prove a success, as the end was blown off through getting choked with earth, and I think he was lucky not to be injured.

Leaving the boat and canoes for more duck shooting in the evening, we went a few miles farther on to the river Luitikila, where some hippopotami and *sititunga* had been seen in the adjacent swamps. Having cut two lanes through the papyrus, which was 10 feet high and incredibly thick, so that we could get a snap shot at any animal frightened forward, the "boys" were sent to drive about a mile of the swamp. They made plenty of noise and sang the usual "O yāh-yā, O yāh-yā" with great gusto ; but nothing resulted, so we sought a shady thicket for a siesta, shooting a brace of partridges *en route*. Found traces of hippo in the thicket, but they are lying low to-day and we neither saw nor heard them. Mosquitoes were troublesome

in the shade, but we managed forty winks with veils over our heads and watchful fly-swishers. Had some good sport with duck and geese in the evening ; and so had the mosquitoes with us.

Some weeks later, after nearly a month of unsuccessful elephant hunting, with another friend, whom I will call B., we were on the way to a place frequented by rhinoceros as I had not yet shot any. A halt was made during the march to allow me to stalk and shoot some duck for the pot on a reedy river flowing through a *dambo*. (Mr. B. had no shot-gun.) This successfully accomplished, the porters waded across, whilst my friend and I were carried on the tallest " boys' " shoulders. On the farther side a herd of buffalo had been wallowing and their hoof-marks were quite fresh. It was decided to follow them ; so, after a hasty meal of boiled eggs, sardines, etc., we started off with our hunters and heavy rifles, followed by a few men carrying water, food, cameras, and *machila* ; for there was no knowing how long the chase might last. The tents were left beside the river with orders to the *capitao* or headman and personal " boys " to do nothing till we sent back word where we intended to camp. As Mr. B. had only a .303, I lent him, at his request, one of my elephant rifles, a Holland .465 ; and the gun-bearer carried a .318 as my second weapon. His gun-bearer carried the .303. .

The animals had evidently drunk that morning at the river and then entered the bush, where they had probably sought a shady place to rest. Every now and then the tracks diverged, so that my gun-bearer and I, in following the spoor of some scattered ones, found ourselves several hundred yards from the rest of the party, who were following the footprints of another portion of the herd. However, the separate spoors came together again, and at the end of an hour or so, one of B.'s hunters espied two buffalo lying down under some thick trees. Beckoning to us, he pointed them out and led us to an ant-heap about 10 feet high and 20 or 30 yards from the unsuspecting beasts. Those were exciting moments as my friend and I breasted the ant-hill together, crawling on hands and knees and pushing our rifles in front of us. We then rested to recover breath and lay full length in order to fire a good steady shot at the huge, dark forms ; for we were anxious to make the first bullet, which is always the most effective, a fatal one. It was difficult to



THIRD BUFFALO HUNT

distinguish a vital spot to aim at as they lay in deep shade ; but, on my eyes getting accustomed to the light, I saw that the one on the right was lying almost broadside. At this moment B. whispered to me that he would take the left-hand one of the two lying down. We saw the whisk of a tail of a third standing up behind, which we supposed to be a cow ; as these generally keep watch during the heat of the day, whilst their lords and masters are dozing. Almost simultaneously our shots rang out, and it appeared as though two lay dead on the spot ; whilst the third, which turned out to be a bull, started to run right across our front, stopping uncertainly for a moment opposite me. My companion reserved his second barrel in case of a charge, and he could not very well shoot without hitting me , but I could not resist firing, as the beast offered a splendid chance. The ball struck heavily, inflicting a mortal wound, but the buffalo ran on a little way pursued by us both and my gun-bearer.

Meanwhile, one of B.'s hunters—in fact, the very man mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, who shot buffaloes for profit—followed the bull my friend had fired at. His bullet had struck it high on the back and only temporarily paralysed it ; so, whilst we were pursuing my second one, it got up and blundered off. The hunter, instead of following us, emptied the magazine of the Lee-Metford he was carrying for his master into its body before it had gone many yards, as we learnt later.

The bull, which I had hit with my second barrel, soon came to a stand and faced us at about 20 yards in an open spot. Mr. B. ran to one side to get a broadside shot, and I fired over hastily with the intention of dropping the buffalo before he could charge. I was unsteady with running and doubtless flurried by the animal's sudden change of front, for I actually missed it at that short distance with both barrels ! It is a mad thing to run after a wounded beast, but we all lost our heads just when caution was most needed. Of course I deserved and certainly ought to have been killed right away ; but the animal did not move. Truly, " the devil looks after his own " ! However, my companion did no better ; but he had the excuse of shooting with a weapon lent him, with the sighting of which he was not familiar, and at such close range a rifle firing a heavy bullet would shoot high ; also I know he had the 100-yards leaf up. I looked round for my second gun. The plucky native, who had stood

by me when we were confronted with lions,¹ was at my side ; but there was nothing in his hand except a spear ! He told me afterwards that B.'s second hunter had snatched my .318 out of his hands and gone off with it after the beast his master had wounded. This was a nice state of affairs, and I think few people would have envied my situation. Certainly, I felt very sorry for myself and wished the earth would open and swallow me up.

Thus thrice in six months I was at the mercy of three of the most dangerous Big Game in Africa, a lion, an elephant, and a buffalo—in each case at a distance of less than 25 yards with an unloaded rifle.

With eyes fixed on the buffalo, I slipped a cartridge in as quickly as possible ; and my friend, who fully realized the peril of my position, also hurriedly reloaded. This time our shots took effect ; and the massive creature, without stirring a foot from the position it had taken up facing me, sank slowly to the ground and rolled over. What a relief ! I felt a wreck. I very often see in my mind those fierce eyes looking into mine and feel the thrill of expecting the sudden death that never came. The only explanation is that my first bullet had hit so hard as to paralyse further movement.

Having taken some photographs, we retraced our steps to the friendly ant-hill, fortunately long since deserted by its builders, and followed up our exertions with a hearty lunch out of the baskets ; whilst the " boys," who had heard the firing, arrived in twos and threes and went round admiring each beast in turn—not the heads, I should say, but the meat. The horns of two of them measured over 3 feet across. We did not allow them to be cut up till the extra films sent for had arrived.

As the tsetse flies were troublesome, we hacked off the tails of the buffaloes and employed three of the " boys " in waving them about us, till a naughty exclamation from Mr. B., followed by vigorous scratching, caused me to ask what was the matter. It transpired that the buffalo tails, like other parts of the beasts, were infested with most repulsive-looking ticks, which were dropping down his neck and burrowing into the skin as fast as he would let them. It was some time before he discovered what they were and whence they came ; and I only owed my escape from their unwelcome attentions through wearing a sun helmet and pugaree, which I had resumed when the hunt was over. These detestable ticks bury their heads in the flesh and

¹ See Chapter XIV.

leave them there, when you at last succeed in detaching their nasty claws. They are flat, round, brown, and shiny, about the size of a threepenny-bit, and have eight horrid little feet—ugh!

We were surprised to find, on walking back, that the camp, which had been pitched by the river, was only twenty minutes distant; so it was strange that the buffalo were undisturbed by my shots at the duck or at any rate were not on the alert. After the "boys" had thoroughly gorged themselves, they made platforms of wood, lit fires underneath, and smoked the meat.

The native, whose piece of impertinence in going off with my rifle might easily have cost me my life, was punished by the headman in the presence of Mr. B., to the intense interest and enjoyment of the others. They are just like schoolboys in an affair of this kind. The proceedings were detailed to me with great gusto by my gun-bearer, who had to be present as a witness of the offence. He was also most anxious on my behalf to deliver him to justice. One man held the fellow's legs and another his arms over the head, as he lay face downwards on the ground. His only garment, a little larger than a pocket-handkerchief, was removed, and he received six stripes on the middle of the body with a *chikoti* or piece of hippopotamus hide, which is often carried by a headman as a sign of authority. Natives do not feel pain as we do, and my hunter told me that the man did not utter a sound during the first four strokes. No one except officials are allowed to inflict a whipping, and I could have been fined heavily had I punished him in this way. If I had, he probably would not have complained, well knowing it was thoroughly deserved, and he bore the *capitao* no malice. These natives are not "grown up" in mind and feel no shame on being stripped; so, in moderation, it is quite as suitable a punishment for them as for small boys.

African chiefs, if left to themselves, are by no means moderate, and have quaint ideas of "making the punishment fit the crime." The power of life and death has been taken from them, but mutilation and the "ordeal by poison" are not yet entirely things of the past. Hands were cut off for thieving or adultery, and even eyes put out by some barbarous monarchs; whilst the fearful death of being smeared with honey and buried up to the arm-pits in an ant-heap was once not uncommon. A person accused of crime was either permitted or compelled to



'I HAD NOT SHAVED
FOR MONTHS' (p. 159)



prove his innocence by taking poison administered by the so-called medicine man. If he died, his guilt was considered proved ; but, should he recover, it would go hard with his accusers. Obviously, the only thing to do was to bribe the medicine man or to take an emetic secretly.

CHAPTER XI

TRAVEL AND SPORT IN CANADA

I FIRST set foot in Canada on July 20, 1906, towards the end of a journey round the world, so arrived too late for any salmon fishing and too early for big game hunting. I had therefore on this occasion to content myself with the pleasures of travel—no slight ones in such a vast and interesting country—and with making some notes for future guidance.

As my wife and I had spent the winter in Egypt, South India, and Ceylon; visited Japan in the cherry blossom season; enjoyed several weeks in the Hawaiian Islands as described in Chapter II; crossed and recrossed the American Rockies, and visited most of the beauty spots in California and on the Pacific slope, we could not be said to have wasted our time.

The round-the-world traveller will find that it is quite impossible in the compass of one tour to see the world satisfactorily. If he traverses the centre, he must inevitably miss a great deal which may be seen by travelling round the northerly or southerly portion of the globe. If he stops too long in one place, he will find he has to cut short his stay in another, which may perhaps prove far more interesting. Moreover, however carefully he makes his arrangements, the climatic conditions will not be such as he would choose; *e.g.* it will be difficult to avoid the rainy season in this country or the hot weather in that. If possible, therefore, one must take several journeys, selecting the times most suitable for each country and making special trips to certain parts which cannot be easily included in a tour round the world.

Wherever the traveller goes he must expect to be told that he is just too late for this sort of sport or too early for that; so it is very important to make careful inquiries beforehand and to time one's arrival accordingly. However, if he is lucky and persistent—and most successful sportsmen are—he will surely find some kind of sport at any season of the year,

and may have experiences which will make his blood tingle; such as mine on the journey through Canada I am about to describe. I also hope to show what diversions he may enjoy if passing through during autumn and winter as we did on three subsequent occasions; and, for the sake of the freshness which attaches to first impressions, I shall transcribe verbatim from letters written home at the time.

Although I had been angling for rainbow trout in the rapid streams of the South, catching salmon in the sea off the Californian coast, and luring the brilliantly coloured cut-throats out of the deep transparent waters of Lake Tahoe, and the mountain trout and fontinalis from the rivers of the Sierra Nevadas and Yellowstone Park, I felt disappointed, nevertheless, on arriving too late for the rod fishing near Vancouver. This was unreasonable, but my appetite had been whetted by the tales of a fellow-traveller who said I should easily catch ten or twelve salmon a day. Had I but known it then, this was the very moment to start for the Campbell River in Vancouver Island, where the Tyee or King salmon is caught on rod and line up to 80 lb. in weight. I made this trip subsequently, but discovered that the big fellows rarely take a fly and have to be harled for with minnows and spoon baits trailed at a great depth. This necessitates heavy leads and very strong tackle; so that this game fish cannot leap nor put up as good a fight as might be expected from its great size. Fifty-pounders were by no means uncommon; but, as so often happens, this fishing has declined and the nets are blamed as the chief cause.

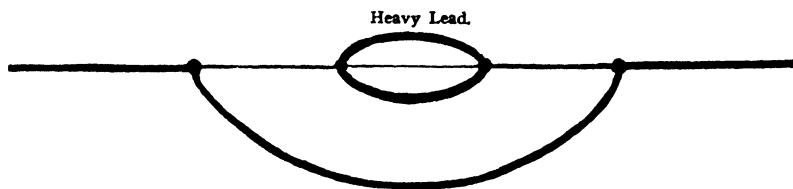
In justice to this form of sport I should add that, if the Tyee is angled for with light 14-foot rods and silk lines instead of short, stiff, tarpon rods and unbreakable tackle he is well worth seeking. One must in that case take plenty of spares and expect to be constantly broken; which of course adds considerably to the expense.

Similar objections apply to the deep-sea salmon fishing off the Californian coast near Monterey. Here a fleet of sailing boats and motor-craft manned by professional fishermen of various nationalities harl with three or four lines at once. No rods are employed, as the bait is useless unless sunk near the bottom; *i.e.* from 40-60 feet. The very heavy lead necessary to keep the baited hook at such a depth, whilst the boat is moving through the water in order to give the lure an attractive spin, prevents the salmon from making those rapid rushes and thrilling

leaps which delight those who angle for them with the fly and lighter tackle. Also, the fish does not receive any assistance from the current as when taken in rivers, unless there should be a strong tide. Yet, when the salmon is drawn to the surface and the heavy weight on the line has been pulled into the boat, there is a lively struggle and many a fish escapes at the last moment.

I spent a couple of mornings with a professional fisherman in a sailing boat and hauled up twelve and fourteen fish weighing 180 and 210 lb. before lunch; the largest was 24. The 200 boats of this fleet brought in over 3,000 fish in one day whilst I was there; the largest scaling over 40 lb. All these were taken on the hook and caught in salt water. The chief difficulty was to obtain bait—fresh sardines. The third day I had none, and, on asking some of the fishermen who were hauling up fish after fish, I only met with such replies as: "Go and get your own," "We haven't got any," or, "You had better quit;" so I did. I gained the impression that they are a mean crowd and that they object to amateurs; though, to do them justice, I may have been with an unpopular man. I paid my boatman five dollars a day and half my fish; selling the remainder at twopence a pound, and they were retailed at fivepence.

Some ingenious Americans devised a plan by means of which they obtained good sport. The heavy lead was attached in such a way that, as soon as the salmon seized the bait, the lead broke off the line and sank and the angler played his quarry on a rod in the usual manner. (*See sketch.*) This device neces-



sitates an enormous supply of leads; as every fisherman knows that a bite does not always mean that a fish is hooked, and it does not appeal to a thrifty Scot like myself!

"King" salmon enter the Campbell River in August, and you troll in the wide channel (1-2 miles across) at the mouth, where a heavy tide assists the fish in its struggles to escape. I saw many porpoises fishing on their own account; but these creatures are rarely taken on a hook, for they are not easily deceived.

Anyone approaching Canada from the Pacific cannot but receive pleasing impressions; for, whether he comes by sea from Japan or Honolulu, or through the lovely Puget Sound from Seattle which was my route, his steamer will certainly touch at Victoria, which is beautifully situated on an arm of the sea in the south-east corner of Vancouver Island. Across what looks like a narrow strait, but is actually 30 miles wide, a long line of glittering snowy peaks cuts the sky. The climate here resembles that of Southern England, and that of the British Columbian coast has been compared to the climate of the West of Scotland.

I found Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, much grown on my second visit but still retaining its delightfully English look; oaks being much in evidence, and lilacs, laburnums, gorse, and wild roses all in full bloom. This city prides itself on being more English in feeling than any other corner of Canada; and British Columbia is said to contain more English public school boys, 'Varsity men, and retired officers of both Services than any part of North America. Victoria possesses a most interesting Museum, and in it, besides a splendid collection of the birds and game of this wonderful Province, I noticed a beautiful case of small white bears like miniature Polar bears. These were brought by the Curator (Mr. Kermodé) from Gribbell Island and are named after him. They are also found on the mainland but rarely met with. A full-grown animal only stands about 2 feet at the shoulder.

On this occasion salmon netting and canning were in full swing, so I visited several canneries. The process in each is much the same, but some use more and better machinery than others. I find the following account in my diary:—

“ There are several kinds of salmon caught along the Pacific Coast according to the season, which lasts from May to September, and they receive different names in each locality. The first run of fish is known as :

“ I. 'Chinook' or 'Quinnat' off California and in the Columbia River; 'Spring' or 'Tyee' in Puget Sound and off British Columbia; and 'King Alaska' or 'King' Salmon in Alaska.

“ They are caught as far south as Monterey, appearing there as early as the end of April. These travel up the coast and enter the different rivers till the end of August or September according to their situation; the principal run at Astoria, U.S.A., at the mouth of the Columbia River, taking place in June. They average 20 lb., and have been caught in the nets up to a hundred.

“ II. Those known as ‘ Bluebacks ’ in the Columbia River ; called ‘ Sockeyes ’ in Puget Sound and Alaska. They ascend the rivers principally in July and August, average 7 lb. in weight, and are not found farther south than the mouth of the Columbia. These run every year ; but every fourth year they run in countless numbers, and the canneries on the Fraser River alone have made preparations for receiving 20 millions this season. Most of them die after spawning, so it is perhaps not unkind to save them the trouble of both. They seem to be treated somewhat harshly, for Nature will not permit their eggs to hatch in salt water, and she has placed all kinds of difficulties in their way to hinder them from reaching fresh. Yet nothing short of masonry too high to jump will deter them, and in the upper reaches of the Fraser and its tributaries they are said to be so numerous in the autumn as to push each other out on the shore.¹ It has been proved that under favourable conditions salmon can leap 15 feet perpendicularly and the ouananiche, or fresh-water salmon, at least 10.

“ The bears and gulls on the Upper Fraser have a glorious feast, and it is even asserted that Bruin will scoop the fish out with his paw ; whilst people talk of crossing the river on a bridge of salmon !—but let us leave travellers’ tales and return to unvarnished facts.

“ The manager of one of the canneries showed me a map giving the course that these fish take year by year up the Sound, the position of the traps, and the line drawn by the German Emperor, William I, marking the boundary of the Canadians and Americans. He said there was still some jealousy and soreness over this. My informant also told me that men are stationed on the look out for the approach of the ‘ Sockeye,’ and that, when they leave the open sea, you may observe them leaping out of the water, whether playing or feeding he did not know, but providing a sight that was well worth going to see.² Unfortunately, I had not the time. To enable the canneries to prepare for the reception of the salmon, a small steamer, with a crow’s-nest on a high mast, patrols some 40 miles out at sea

¹ According to *Sport and Life in British Columbia*, by Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman, Spring Salmon ascend the Fraser River for 750 miles, the Columbia for 1,300, and the Yukon over 2,000.

² Their leaps are perhaps attempts to rid themselves of sea lice, but the fresh water does this more effectually. The natives believe that the Salmon jump out of the water in order to see how much progress they have made or to take their bearings.

on the line of their expected approach. Their vast numbers make them easily visible to the observer, and on his giving the word a signal is made to the watchers on shore.

" III. The ' Silversides ' of the Columbia River called ' Cohoe ' salmon in Puget Sound and ' Medium Red ' in Alaska. These average 10 lb. and run principally in August and September.

" IV. The ' Humpbacks ' of Puget Sound, known as ' Pinks ' in Alaska. These are not found in the Columbia River and run only every other year in Puget Sound, averaging 5 or 6 lb. in weight.

" V. ' Dog ' Salmon on the Columbia and ' Chums ' in the north, which run in August and September and average 10 or 11 lb.

" Of all these kinds the ' Sockeye ' or ' Blue Back ' is the best quality, for it is bright red in colour, firm fleshed, of delicious flavour, and yields a rich, red oil. The Chinook or Spring salmon is the best of the others, and the ' Dog ' or ' Chum ' the worst."

At another cannery I saw boats bringing in Chinooks, many of them 50 or 60 lb. in weight; and there were a few very large ones in a scow containing 5,000 fish which arrived during my visit. The heaviest weighed 73 lb. These large fish are sorted out and either salted whole or mild cured; with the exception of all those which, probably on account of the food they have selected, have developed what is called "white meat." These, though excellent eating (for the flesh is a delicate pink), only command a third the price of the others, and they are shipped fresh to those who appreciate them.

Canneries are generally low, wooden, one-story buildings, and they are invariably situated at the water's edge. In fact, some of them are built over the water in order to avoid the cost of drainage and to dispose easily of the refuse. Everything is scrupulously clean, for, after the day's work is done, the floors, tables, and utensils are hosed liberally with briny water and then sprinkled with salt. The fish are pitch-forked out of the scows on to a moving "staircase," which carries them up into the building and dumps them down in heaps opposite the cleaning machines known as "Iron Chinks." In some canneries each man's catch is hauled up by ropes, put in trucks, weighed, and then wheeled to where the "Chinks" (or Chinamen) are cutting off heads, tails, and fins, and cleaning the insides.

The Iron Chink machines are fascinating to watch. Two men pitch the fish on to a slab, and a third feeds the machine.

This, adjusting itself to the size of the salmon, cuts off head, tail, and fins, rips open the inside and cleans it out, and then drops the trunk on to a moving platform, which conveys it to Chinamen who finish it off. Heads and tails, etc., are conveyed to a barge outside, which takes them to the fertilizer. When thoroughly cleansed, the trunk is passed to another machine, which cuts it into suitable pieces; and these are gathered up into trays and carried to young women wearing gloves, who neatly fill the rows of tins in front of them. The tins are empty except for a pinch of salt, but even that is put in by machinery. Then the receptacles, after being examined and receiving a little piece of tin to prevent the outlet for steam being blocked up, are placed on a moving platform carrying them under a machine which puts the lids on them, and through a vapour bath to another machine, which solders the lids all round the edge; a hole having been knocked in the top for the steam to escape during this last process. This hole is then soldered up by a Chinaman, and the tins are tested for leaks in tubs of hot water. When passed "sound" they are placed on large trays and shoved into steam cooking chambers for thirty minutes. A second hole is then knocked in the top for most of the hot vapour to escape and soldered up immediately; so that a vacuum is formed in the tin. After another testing for leaks, the tins are wheeled in trucks into another steam cooking chamber where they are subjected for an hour to a temperature of 240°, and a pressure of 15 lb. to the square inch. By this means the very backbone of the fish becomes harmless. The tins are then washed in a solution of lye, which removes all grease, and go to the cooling room, where they are again tested by being tapped with a piece of iron. After that they are japanned, and a small army of girls prepares them for export by putting on labels and wrapping them up in paper. The boxes which are to receive them are made by machinery on the premises.

The net result of all this organization and machinery is, that 1 lb. of the richest fish that swims may be bought for less than half the price of the same quantity of fresh salmon. As regards its dietary value, tinned salmon has been proved to contain as much brain and muscle making power as meat, a third as much again as eggs, and twice as much as the same amount of fruit, vegetables, or bread.

Of course you have heard the story of the Scotchman who was informed that "the Canadians eat what salmon they can

and what they can't they can," and subsequently when lecturing on his travels, told his audience that what salmon the Canadians can't eat they put up in tins!

In the Columbia River, which rises in Canada and runs into the Pacific a few miles south of the border, large 30-foot wheels are erected close to the banks. The action of the water continually turns them round, so that the wheels scoop up the salmon by scores into troughs where they are secured. The fish are shepherded towards the wheels by means of barricades like those at the mouths of Norwegian and Scotch rivers; but here the barricades are erected far up the river a long way from the sea. These wheels also scoop up many other kinds of fish, and they are a peculiar feature of this great river which I traversed for hundreds of miles by steamer.¹

The Fraser and Skeena Rivers are among the most prolific in salmon in British Columbia. The palmy days when one crossed them dry shod on a finny bridge, if they ever existed, now belong to the dim and distant past; for netting reached such a pitch and so many canneries were erected that the Government had to step in and strictly limit their number; besides making regulations as to the mesh of the nets and other details.

I also visited one of the huge timber mills in this part of the world, most of which are situated by the water, so that they may both receive and send away lumber by the cheapest method of transportation. Here, too, one was much impressed with the organization and the clever way in which the trunks of giant trees, producing immense logs, are handled by means of machinery and cut up by the agency of a few men working enormous saws and planes.

A man moved a handle here and a handle there, and the machines drew the logs up from the water into the mill and placed them in position for the saws as easily as if they had hands. Some logs are taken to the mills by wagons, but most are floated singly down the rivers or tied together so that they may make longer voyages as rafts; and one sees scores of tug-boats towing several huge rafts, one of which has a lonely-looking man and his roughly made hut in the middle.

From Victoria, four hours' steaming through calm water, with densely wooded banks never far away, brought me to Vancouver, which stands on a promontory and possesses a large well-sheltered harbour. As Mr. Hope Moncrieff says: "It had the luck to

¹ These deadly contrivances are now illegal.

be burnt down in its mean early days and has been rebuilt in a handsome solid style worthy of its future aspirations to vie with San Francisco."¹ The surroundings are beautiful, for it is not long since the site of the city was virgin forest, and a charming pleasure ground known as Stanley Park has been preserved as far as possible in its original state. There you may see magnificent Douglas firs 250 feet in height and some wonderful old trees including a spruce and a cedar of 40 and 50 feet in circumference. The peeps through the trees of the lofty mountains and sparkling waters of the harbour as one drives or walks along the well-kept roads are delightful.

We drove one day to Capilano Canyon, a deep cleft in the mountains, where a lofty suspension bridge which sways alarmingly gives fine views up and down a densely wooded stream.

Our guide pointed out some glossy leaved bushes covered with berries, remarking that "the bears come out very wicked from their winter sleep and devour them wholesale."

In whatever direction you travel from Vancouver, your route will pass through grand scenery. You may go north along the coast with its wonderful fiords to Prince Rupert and thence to Alaska where are the largest glaciers outside the Poles; south through the lovely Puget Sound, to Seattle; east on the finest scenic railway in the world; or west to Vancouver Island across the Strait of Georgia where the views of Mount Baker's snowy summit will alone repay the trouble. The best views we had of this beautiful cone-shaped mountain were during a drive along the coast near Victoria through groves of arbutus trees and many kinds of evergreens.

Should you go westward to Victoria or northward to Campbell River on Vancouver Island, the return can be made by motor-car through the Island in either direction and by steamer from Victoria, Campbell River, or Nanaimo.

Nanaimo is the centre of the coal-fields, and fast steamers run to Vancouver twice daily, the passage across the Strait taking only two hours. When I took ship here I met an old friend which used to carry the mails between Holyhead and Dublin, and she was still able to do her 20 knots.

Before leaving Nanaimo I motored to Alberni, which is an excellent starting-point for visiting the lovely lakes called by the unromantic names of Sproat and Central. The drive to these lakes from Alberni is through glorious woods extending

¹ *The World of To-day*, by A. R. Hope Moncrieff.

for several miles, and the accommodation for tourists and fishermen consists in each case of a one-story building on the water close to the shore. These are built entirely of wood—mostly immense pine logs—and they look somewhat like the illustrations of Noah's Ark in Family Bibles. Each is called the Ark. On Sproat Lake an attractive two-storied log hut called the Châlet has been built on a tongue of land with entrancing views in every direction. The beautiful blue waters dotted with islands and divided by wooded peninsulas, stretch for many miles beneath the fir-clad mountains whose tops are covered with eternal snow. The impression left on my mind of fair Vancouver Isle is of one huge verdant forest intersected by babbling brooks, rushing rivers, and placid lakes of surpassing beauty. The mosquitoes were troublesome, and I did not find the fishing good in the lakes; but this may have been due to not trying the right places. Or perhaps, as in the case of Cowichan Lake 20 miles from Victoria, the lakes are over-fished.

One evening was spent beside a famous pool beneath some lofty falls of the Stamp River a few miles from Alberni. The motor-man was an angler too and had brought his rod. His bait was a worm, and, as he did not catch anything, I suppose he would suit Dr. Johnson's definition. At any rate, no one but a fool could help catching fish in some of these wonderful lakes and rivers, for there are many good places within reach by motor-car. This particular pool was full of large trout and salmon. The motor-man complained that the trout would not bite because they were gorging on the eggs of the salmon, and that the salmon were too busy laying eggs to pay attention to anything else!

There were Cohoes, Sockeyes, Dog Salmon, and Humpbacks which he called "Humpies"; and he said that all the Dog Salmon and Humpies would die after spawning. Many of the salmon had wounds on their sides and backs; perhaps caused by falling on the rocks after leaping during their ascent of the river. Some were constantly jumping about the pool either for amusement or possibly practising high jumps in order to overcome the next obstacles they might meet. They have never yet succeeded in getting above the falls, which accounted for the great numbers in the pool.

The trout were mostly Steelhead, which have been killed 25 lb. in weight, and Rainbow. These attain a great size in Canada, though I never heard of any approaching the New Zealand records. There were also some large brown trout, and

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I was told that Dolly Vardens, a particularly brilliant speckled fish, and Cut-throats (whose name describes them) abound in this river.

After two or three casts with a Silver Doctor of small size as the water was very clear, I hooked a lively Rainbow which leapt out of the water repeatedly. I was fishing at the mouth of a little stream just where it entered the large pool, and the fish took advantage of this and dashed up and down it many times; then he went far out into the pool and made strenuous efforts to get down the Rapids. My steel-centre Hardy rod was too much for him, however, and he was gradually brought under control and landed. He turned the scale at 4 lb. I also caught some smaller ones, but ended up with a misfortune.

Towards dusk, an old man and a boy came down to fish, and they recommended me to try a small spoon bait, as the trout were not rising well to the fly and the large ones generally prefer a bigger mouthful than any fly can give them. With the first cast I hooked a magnificent fish. It broke the water twice and showed itself to be a Steelhead of about 20 lb. weight.

Now began a tremendous struggle. After exploring all the depths of the large pool in which it had been hooked, the fish made violent efforts to reach the rocks where the water commenced to flow out in a succession of boiling rapids. I gave it the butt repeatedly; but at last, in spite of all I could do, the fish got nearer and nearer the fatal spot and was swept down by the strong current. I did not then give up hope but fought it inch by inch and followed yard by yard down the bank without giving any more line than was absolutely necessary. Unfortunately, the banks were densely wooded lower down, and soon my way was barred so that I could not go a step farther without entering the water. This was also denied me as it was both deep and swift near the side, and there was nothing to do but fight on desperately in the forlorn hope that the fish might give in and allow itself to be dragged over to my side of the river.

At one time I had some hope of success, for the fish sulked behind an immense rock, and the strain on rod and line was less serious. However, it was necessary to move the fish somehow as darkness was coming on, so I got the man and boy to pelt it with stones. These dislodged it with a vengeance, and it whizzed down the rapids like an arrow from a bow taking out nearly 50 yards of line without a stop. I could not afford to

lose any more line so had to risk a breakage and put on all the strain I thought the tackle would bear. This stopped the fish for a time ; but the rapid water assisted it and, do what I could, it was impossible to prevent the fish from going farther and farther down-stream till all the silk line and half the backing had run out. I still fought it foot by foot and inch by inch, whilst my rod was bending absolutely double ; but I could not recover any line, and at last there was none left on the reel. There was nothing to be done but play my last card and hold on till a breakage occurred. The weight of the fish coupled with the strong stream was more than the tackle could be expected to bear, without the savage jerks the Steelhead gave from time to time ; so, after another exciting five minutes of " Pull devil pull baker," the backing parted, and the fish went off with spoon, trace, and 75 yards of line.

The following day I left old Alberni for Port Alberni and drove up a long steep hill and through the forest along Cameron Lake to Parksville. That was the cream of the journey. I have had many fine motor drives in various parts of the world—in fact in every continent—but this was different to them all. I do not say better, for comparison is not only odious but difficult, as beauty takes so many forms. But never shall I forget that silent forest, the stately trees, the effect of the sun's rays as they penetrated here and there through the foliage, the restful green of the grass, bracken, and sword fern in the more open places, the splashes of colour produced by the fireweed and the sumach berries, the lively squirrels, the blue jays, spotted woodpeckers, cheeky robins, and darting insect hawks.

Cameron Lake is of great length with steep wooded sides, a few rocky but not bleak headlands, and some deep bays reflecting the spruces and Douglas firs, unruffled by the gentle breezes which blow down the centre of the water. I had already passed down one side of this beautiful piece of water by rail and now drove up the other on a well-engineered road which wound in and out of the forest lining its banks, sometimes descending almost to the lake level and then again rising high above it.

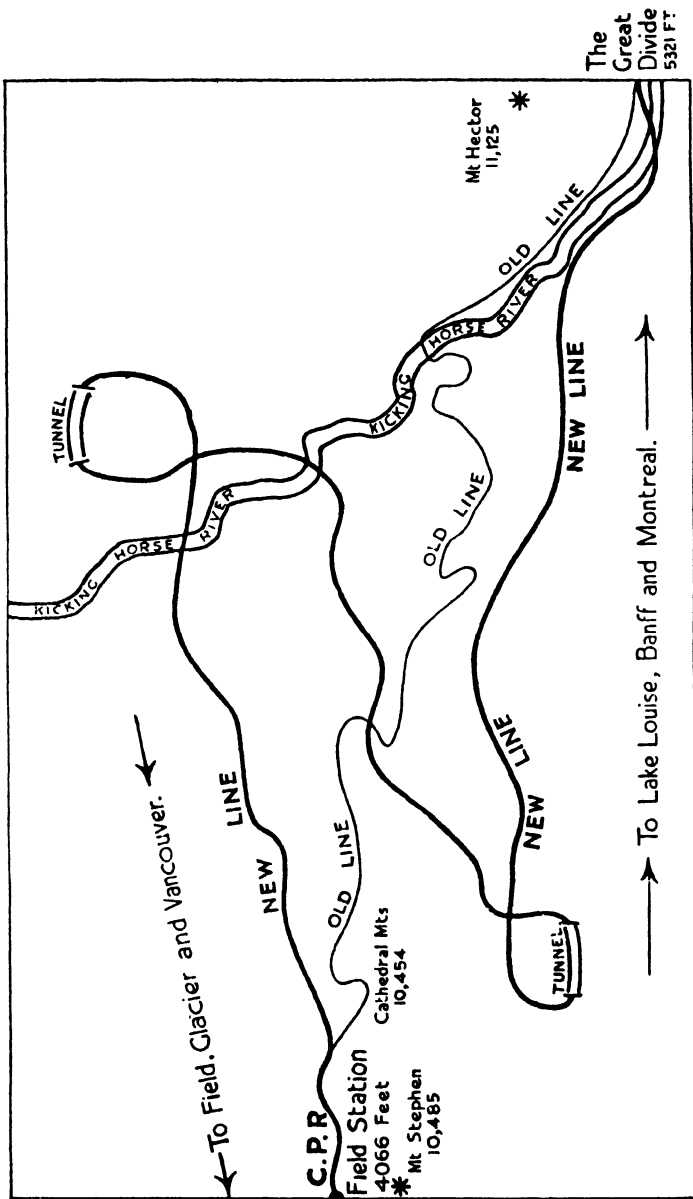
Parksville is a pretty place on the sea, very popular with the many English who live on Vancouver Island, and from here I took train to Nanaimo and steamer to Vancouver for the second time. I left Vancouver by the C.P.R. at six in the evening and reached Banff the following evening at ten. We were passing all day through the best of the Rocky Mountains' scenery which

culminated between Field and Laggan—a station now renamed Lake Louise. In the summer of 1919 I made this journey again and twice more during the winters of 1919 and 1920, and I entirely agree with all those—and they are not a few—who assert that the railway ride from Vancouver to Calgary is unsurpassed. Unfortunately, a great deal of this magnificent scenery is passed during the night, and some of it is concealed by ugly snowsheds—necessary to protect the rails during winter—or long tunnels—also necessary in order to cut down the grade and reduce the running expenses. Further, since I first traversed it, the track has been altered and some fine scenery cut out; the passenger no longer has the excitement of two huge engines pulling the long train 300 yards in length up a steep hill, whilst another giant pushes it up from behind, all three engines being plainly visible on some of the curves where the line almost doubled back on itself. Sometimes even four engines were required. On the other hand, the track is now 4 miles longer and gives some views which were not previously visible.

The highest point reached by the C.P.R. is 5,321 feet above sea-level and is called the "Great Divide." The trains generally stop here five minutes, allowing the passengers to see the monument erected and the point at which a sparkling stream divides into two, one part flowing westward to the Pacific and the other to the East.

I have not the space, the knowledge, nor the ability to give the history of the stupendous work undertaken by the C.P.R. or a proper account of its many activities; nor for a detailed description of the wonderful journey from coast to coast, which so many make without adequate stops at the delightful places *en route*. I am merely writing down a few impressions of what I saw. Like most tourists, I had to be content with a fleeting visit to Lake Louise, with its charming excursions to the valley of the Ten Peaks, the Lakes in the Clouds, and Paradise Valley. Many weeks might also be delightfully spent at Glacier and Field and especially at Banff, so that I was glad to be able to revisit these places both in summer and winter.

The Rocky Mountains Park, containing nearly 4,000 square miles, rivals even Yellowstone Park and Yosemite Valley in the United States in grandeur of scenery and opportunities for sport in its vicinity. It has an advantage over the two latter in being accessible at all times of the year, and a Winter Carnival is held annually at Banff. The hot sulphur springs are



very popular, and the Government is building a new bath-house with two swimming tanks in addition to those in use.

As on the railways through the American Rockies and farther South, and in some other parts of the world, the authorities cater for sightseers and attach observation cars¹ to the through trains. The trains run slowly owing to the severe curves and gradients, so that there is time to enjoy the views.

As for the scenery, one need only say that the Rocky Mountains possess everything which makes for beauty and grandeur ; snowclad mountains and gleaming glaciers ; gigantic rocks and beetling crags ; placid lakes and foaming rivers ; deep gorges and shining waterfalls ; wooded hills and smiling valleys ; verdant grass and brilliant flowers. Sport of all kinds is easily obtainable, though of course, like everywhere else, it is advisable to make earnest inquiry, to select the right season, and to go far from the madding crowd of tourists, in order to get the best results.

Two hours in the train from Banff brought me to Calgary, which lies at the confluence of two rivers, the Bow and the Elbow, about 3,400 feet above sea-level. This thriving city is too well known now to need description. When I visited it in 1906 there were 20,000 inhabitants, though in 1900 it numbered but 5,000. It now contains at least 60,000. From Calgary I drove 20 miles across the prairie in an uncomfortable one-horse vehicle called a " rig " to stay at a ranch. We passed through some large ranches on which thousands of horses² and cattle were feeding, across the Elbow River, and through an Indian reservation where brightly coloured wigwams enlivened the landscape. The grass was beautifully green and wild flowers abundant, and in the distance the Rocky Mountains were faintly outlined. Gophers gambolled on every side, and a coyote or prairie wolf followed us for some distance ; as, after a mile or two, houses were " conspicuous by their absence," and I met nothing but a party of Indian squaws riding astride—the usual mode for all ladies in the wild West.

As a famous divine remarked : " What is heterodoxy to-day is orthodoxy to-morrow," and the above passage in my diary reads strangely now when the side-saddle is almost out of date.

¹ Some of the observation cars on the C.P.R. are entirely open, which enables one to see the mountains better and to obtain the full benefit of the invigorating air.

² In some parts of British Columbia and Alberta, horses are left out all winter and fend for themselves, scratching the snow off the grass which keeps them in good condition without any extra food !

After some fly fishing for trout of moderate size in a tributary of the Bow River I returned to Calgary and took train via Moosejaw¹ for St. Paul, which was reached in forty-eight hours. I see a note in my diary that I first tasted a frog here, and that 50 million are sold annually for food.

This journey was hot, dusty, and uninteresting from the railway, which runs across the prairie, though I believe settlers are doing well. I was glad, therefore, to leave the train and travel to New York almost entirely by water.

The greater part of the water-journey was along the boundary between Canada and the United States. It necessitates many changes, but it is well worth doing if one is travelling light; heavy baggage can be easily registered to any point and then re-checked to one's destination. Not less than two weeks should be allowed, but it can be done comfortably in eight days.

After crossing the Great Lakes, you take a short train journey to pick up the steamer passing through the Thousand Isles and down the St. Lawrence River to Montreal; whence trains run in connection with the steamers on Lake Champlain and Lake George. After a stop-over at Saratoga Springs, you take the train to Albany for the fine river steamers on the Hudson which reach New York in about ten hours.

On arriving at Duluth from the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, I found a fine steamer of 5,000 tons waiting for me. It was as luxuriously fitted as most ocean greyhounds; but the meals were *à la carte* and more expensive than at a first-class hotel. Such a simple item as marmalade at breakfast cost me 30 cents, which would have bought two potfuls in England.

Going on deck next morning I was astonished to find no land visible and was told that the five Great Lakes contain nearly as much water as the Mediterranean, and that a greater tonnage of vessels passes the locks between Lakes Superior and Huron than through the Suez Canal! We certainly met an amazing number of cargo boats laden with iron and steel, etc. They were of a peculiar type with the funnel and boilers in the stern. The locks are maintained by the two Governments and are free to navigation. Those at Sault Ste. Marie were the largest in the world, but they take second place now to Panama.

We made five stops between Duluth and Buffalo and I had

¹ So called after the Indian name, "The creek where the white man mended the cart with the jaw-bone of a moose."

time to see a little of each place, viz. : Houghton, Mackinac, Sault Ste. Marie, Detroit, and Cleveland. The last named is the home of many millionaires, including Rockefeller, the Oil King, and it possesses magnificent residences and parks. We were much amused when in the States to see in a newspaper the following heading in large type: "The richest man on earth again enjoys chewing gum." It appears that the Oil King had gone on a voyage for his health and this was one of the daily bulletins.

At Mackinac I had a lovely drive along the high ground overlooking the lake through some shady woods, and at Sault Ste. Marie I visited a trout hatchery. There were still some hours to spare before our steamer got through the locks, so, after watching some Indians fishing in the river, I engaged two men to take me down the rapids in a canoe. It was rather exciting, but not so dangerous as I had anticipated, and they are only a mile in length.

I arrived at Buffalo on the morning of the fourth day, and after a short tour of the city I took an electric tram to Niagara Falls. They are 20 miles away and are reached in an hour. After gazing at them with great enjoyment from many different points and seeing the beautiful rainbows on the spray, I hired a mackintosh, boots, etc., and went down a lift 100 feet and through a tunnel to the back of the Canadian Falls underneath the rocks over which they thundered. By this means one obtains a better idea of their magnitude. Then I took a tram ride down the Canadian side of the Niagara River, a distance of 7 miles. This gave excellent views of the rapids, gorge, and whirlpool below the falls. The tram crossed the rapids by the Suspension Bridge and returned up the American side along the river bank. A walk on Goat Island, which divides the American from the Canadian Fall, a visit to the Cave of the Winds, and a trip in the *Maid of the Mist* which steams so close up to both falls that you get drenched with spray, complete the usual round for visitors. It is also worth while descending in a lift to obtain closer views of the American Falls.

That same afternoon a man foolishly attempted to swim the river just below where Webb lost his life. He was only in the water about ten minutes, for he was swept down 2 miles and dragged out half-dead on the same side as he had entered it.

Returning to Buffalo I took the night express for Clayton on the American side of the St. Lawrence River. This is a small

town at the head of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, and I had looked forward to getting some black bass and maskinonge fishing close at hand. I discovered I was too late for the former and too early for the latter; so, after catching a few small bass on a fly and some pickerel on a minnow, I left next day on the *S.S. Kingston* for the All-Water trip to the Sea (800 miles).

The steamer, having left Toronto the night before, called at Clayton about 7 a.m. and threaded its way down the St. Lawrence through 1,700 islands of all shapes and sizes; on many of them were beautiful houses with trim green lawns sloping to the water's edge and gardens full of lovely flowers. Most of the houses were prettily built of wood and painted; and nearly all had a boathouse (often an additional ornament) containing at least one smart steam yacht or motor-boat.

On arriving at Prescott about 10 a.m. we changed into a smaller steamer for negotiating the many rapids between this town and Montreal. The last rapids, called Lachine, caused some excitement, as spray reached the deck; the steamer gave decided lurches with a sinking motion and dashed down them at a speed of 20 miles an hour with steam shut off, avoiding the jagged rocks with little to spare. Shortly after, we passed under the magnificent 25-span Victoria Jubilee Bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway, which is nearly 2 miles long and took five years to build. At Montreal, we again changed steamers, and arrived at Quebec just in time for breakfast.

I stayed a short time at Quebec, which is a most beautifully situated and delightfully quaint old city; but, as I am not good at describing cities, I will quote from somebody who is.

“Unexampled for picturesqueness and magnificence of position on the American continent, and for the romance of her historic associations, Quebec sits on her impregnable heights as a queen among the cities of the New World. At her feet flows the noble St. Lawrence, the fit highway into a great empire, here narrowed to a mile's breadth. On the east flows the beautiful St. Charles, to join its waters with those of the great river. The city, as seen from a distance, rises stately and solemn, like a grand pile of monumental buildings. Clustering houses, tall, irregular, with high-pitched roofs, crowd the long line of shore and climb the rocky heights. Great piles of stone, churches, colleges, and public buildings, crowded with gleaming minarets, rise above the mass of dwellings. The clear air permits the free use of tin for the roofs and spires, and the dark stonework is relieved with

gleaming light. Above all rise the long dark lines of one of the world's most famous citadels, the Gibraltar of America."¹

The number of old cannon and mortars scattered along the ramparts and about the city is extraordinary. In the afternoon I took the ferry across to Levis, a city of about 10,000 people on the heights opposite Quebec, to visit the new forts which have been lately erected at a cost of over \$1,000,000 each.

I made some inquiries about salmon and trout fishing, and was informed that the best salmon rivers were in private hands, and that it would be necessary to travel a long way in search of good trout fishing. My informant advised me to try for *ouananiche*, and his description of the sport given by this extraordinary fish, which was then unknown to many, made me eager to start at once. He pronounced it (as also do others mentioned below) to be the gamest fish that swims, and said that it ran from 3 to 10 lb. in weight, rose greedily to the fly, and, on being hooked, was almost as much in the air as in the water—so continuously and rapidly did it leap.

Colonel Haggard's description in his introduction to Mr. Chambers's book entitled *The Ouananiche in its Canadian Environment*, which was lent to me by the courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada, and my own experiences at Lake St. John, fully bear this out. Colonel Haggard says:

"Whether the fish be hooked upon a fly or on a minnow, from the moment he first has the bait in his mouth until he is not only in the landing-net but actually 'grassed,' he always has a chance of escape, and even when landed he cannot be reckoned as killed. Such is his elasticity, and such the racket-ball nature of his backbone, that he resembles Rudyard Kipling's description of the 'Fuzzy Wuzzy' of the Soudan; an 'india-rubber idiot on the spree.' Even when you have got him in the landing-net he will at times bound out of it again! Bring him to shore on a somewhat steep, sloping bank, and, if you are not careful, he will, describing an arc like a rainbow, project himself over your stooping back, far into the waters whence he came; while, if you have so far succeeded as to land him in your birch-bark canoe, your only chance is to sit upon his head."

Colonel Haggard is inclined to believe that this fish is really a salmon trout, but Mr. Chambers, who is the great authority on the subject, after pointing out that the popular designation "land-locked salmon" is incorrect, describes it throughout his

¹ Charles Marshall.

book as a fresh-water salmon ; and Mr. Cheney, formerly the State Fish Culturist of New York, reported in 1896 as follows : " The land-locked salmon of the Game Law is no other than the sea salmon with a fresh-water habitat."

It may be considered settled at any rate that the ouananiche, whether it be a salmon or a trout, has its choice of fresh water or salt and prefers the former, since most of the lakes and streams in which it lives are connected with the sea. This is also supported by the difference in the colour of its flesh from that of *salmo salar* and sea-trout, for, though pink, it is never so highly coloured as that of fish which fatten in the sea. It is certain also that ouananiche spawn in fresh water, sometimes in deep lakes ; but for this purpose they generally run out of them up the rivers into the shallows as do the large trout in New Zealand, Sweden, and elsewhere. This is due to an instinct in many kinds of fish to protect their young from the attacks of finny cannibals. In fact, as is the sea to the true salmon, so is Lake St. John to the ouananiche taken in its vicinity.

The name ouananiche is the French form of the Indian designation, and it is pronounced something like " wannanish." Mr. Chambers points out that it has been spelt in no less than twenty-six different ways, but that no English spelling represents the Indian name so faithfully as the French form, which is also the oldest.

The season for this fish is from May to September. Excellent sport may be had in any of these months, but in different localities. For example, in the first three weeks good fly fishing is obtained at the mouths of the rivers ; but, when the spring floods due to the melting of the snow terminate, it is better in the rapid waters flowing out of the lakes ; and for the first month after the departure of the ice great numbers of fish are taken with bait by the residents of Roberval along the south shore of Lake St. John. From about the middle of July the best fishing is in the rivers ; and towards the end of the season several miles upstream. Large fish will then be taken on the way to their spawning beds.

An angler who arrives in May will not find the hotels open, but he will obtain sport quite close to the railway and avoid annoyance from mosquitoes, etc. Blackflies, sandflies, and mosquitoes are bad in June and July, though I did not suffer from them in August when fishing on Lake St. John. In the early part of the season salmon flies are used ; these are reduced in size, as in salmon fishing, according to the condition of the water,

and I used grilse flies. Most of my fish were taken on Silver Doctors and Alexandras; but Mr. Chambers puts Jock Scott first, then Silver Doctor, Childers, Durham Ranger, Professor, Coch-y-Bondhu, and, on dark days, a large Coachman.

In certain places, dry-fly fishing may be practised; but the best sport is in rapid waters and strong casts are necessary, as will be seen from the description which I give below of this fish's activities. I have culled some passages from Mr. Chambers's book because it is unfortunately out of print; and good fishing has become so popular of late years and so increasingly difficult to find, that I think the ouananiche should be better known. It is a pity that such a good fish cannot be induced to live in England, but the attempts made to introduce it have proved as unsuccessful as those to introduce rainbow trout and fontinalis to our rivers.

The ouananiche has been placed in the waters of the States of New York and New Hampshire; but, unless it has succeeded there, it is only found in a limited portion of the States of Maine and New Brunswick, U.S.A., the Province of Quebec, and the greater part of the Labrador Peninsula. It is said to be identical also with the fresh-water salmon of Swedish lakes.

The Labrador Peninsula is of enormous extent, but much of it is difficult of access. In order to fish there one must camp out; and, although ouananiche may be caught from the bank in many of the streams and lakes it frequents, a canoe is generally necessary, and this is also the case at Lake St. John. Lakes Tschotagama and Manouan to the north of Lake St. John are reported to be swarming with large ouananiche and with giant pike and trout. Pike of 40 to 50 lb. have often been caught there.

Mr. Chambers's description of the fish is as follows:

"The graceful proportions and splendid condition of the adult ouananiche found in rapid water in the spring of the year are not more remarkable than the beauty of its colouring. Clothed, indeed, in purple and finest silver, it undoubtedly fares sumptuously every day. In its various hues it reflects every shade of its natural surroundings, from the indigo-coloured storm clouds to the rose tints of the setting sun, from the purple haze over the distant hills to the pale green foliage of the bursting buds, from the darkest views of the deepest holes it frequents—the olive and bronze of the floating water weeds and the grey of the surrounding rocks, to the silver sheen of the moonbeams, the white-topped rapids, and foam-flecked, eddying pools."

The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke apostrophizes the ouananiche in the following terms :

“ But the prince of the pool was the fighting ouananiche, the little salmon of St. John. Here let me chant thy praise, thou noblest and most high-minded fish, the cleanest feeder, the merriest liver, the loftiest leaper, and the bravest warrior of all creatures that swim ! Thy cousin, the trout, in his purple and gold with crimson spots, wears a more splendid armour than thy russet and silver mottled with black, but thine is the kinglier nature. His courage and skill, compared with thine,

‘ Are as moonlight unto sunlight
And as water unto wine.’

The old salmon of the sea who begat thee long ago in these inland waters became a backslider, descending again to the ocean, and grew heavy and gross with coarse feeding. But thou, unsalted salmon of the foaming floods, not land-locked, as men call thee, but choosing of thine own free will to dwell on a loftier level, in the pure, swift current of a living stream, hath grown in grace and risen to a better life.

“ Thou art not to be measured by quantity but by quality, and thy five pounds of pure vigour will outweigh a score of pounds of flesh less vitalized by spirit. Thou feedest on the flies of the air, and thy food is transformed into an aerial passion for flight, as thou springest across the pool, vaulting towards the sky. Thine eyes have grown large and keen by peering through the foam, and the feathered hook that can deceive thee must be deftly tied and delicately cast. Thy tail and fins by ceaseless conflict with the rapids have broadened and strengthened, so that they can flash thy slender body like a living arrow up the fall. As Launcelot among the knights, so art thou among the fish, the plain-armoured hero, the sunburnt champion of the water-folk.”

It will be noticed that Dr. Van Dyke refers to the interesting theory that the *salmo salar* was not originally a sea fish which only visits the fresh water in order to spawn, but a river fish which, tempted by greed and a desire for travel, left the river for the ocean. Those who believe this regard the ouananiche as the better representative of the Atlantic Salmon ; whilst those who accept the popular view that salmon were from the beginning residents of the sea claim that the ouananiche is a deteriorated variety, owing to change of habitat and diminished food supply.

Mr. Clarke, who has caught ouananiche both in the United States and in Canada, says :

“ Two or three American Lakes, to which this piebald champion has been transplanted, know him as the land-locked salmon ; but in

Lake St. John alone does he display his amazing and obstinate strength, his marvellous finesse, his tempestuous somersaults, and his tremendous fighting qualities. Weight for weight, he is immeasurably the grandest game that has yet fallen to the fisherman's lure. In general outline the ouananiche is a far more graceful fish than the salmon, and in delicacy and in flavour of flesh is infinitely more palatable than either salmon or trout. As a game fish, affording stimulating sport, and fomenting excitement in its capture, he is absolutely sovereign of the watery kingdom. The sportsman whose hook the first time impales the fish will be dumbfounded at the tremendous leaps and fiery struggles of this heroic antagonist. His vigorous contentions are astounding, while at every leap into the air he turns a complete somersault, all the while shaking his head with the fierceness of an enraged tiger. These terrific leaps are so continuous that one seems to be fighting the fish in the air as much as in the water."

Lake St. John, which is 100 miles in circumference, is nearly 200 from Quebec; but a railway was built to Roberval more than twenty years ago, so it is easily reached in a few hours. One passes on the left the beautiful Lake of the Big Isles now called Lake Edward. This lake which is 20 miles in length and studded with islands, contains large, brilliantly coloured trout; but I did not try it, as the water is very deep and clear, and the fish are caught principally on minnows in the spring of the year or towards the end of the season in the Rat River which runs into it.

A few miles to the east of the line and almost opposite Lake Edward lies the Laurentides National Park where good fishing and shooting can be obtained. Licences are necessary—ten dollars for fishing and twenty-five for shooting, and the limit is one bull moose and two caribou. I had not time to try the trout fishing here, but was told that the rivers and lakes in the Park, which is a million and a half acres in extent, contain numbers of large fontinalis up to 8 lb. and great lake trout over 20. I understand the beautiful Marston trout is also found there. The great lake trout has been killed in Lake Superior weighing 53 lb., and many specimens have been taken in Canada over 30; but the larger ones are generally caught trolling with a minnow at a considerable depth.

I stayed the night on the south side of Lake St. John, and on the next day I went by steamer 25 miles across the lake to the Island House Hotel. This stands on one of the Thousand Islands of the Saguenay which lie at the outlet of the lake. Alma

Island is the largest of these. The waters on the north side of Alma Island are known as the Grand Discharge, and those on the south side as the Little Discharge. They unite at the east end of the island, which is 9 miles long by 3 in breadth, and form the river Saguenay. I was here several days and had a grand time with the ouananiche. On the first afternoon I killed four weighing 3 or 4 lb. each on a small Silver Doctor and lost a great many more. I also landed some chub, but these fish give in very soon, and the lake would be the better for their absence; as it would be also for that of the pike and the burbot which prey on their betters.

The best ouananiche I caught did not quite scale 5 lb., and I wish I could describe the wonderful fight he put up. He was 24 inches long, and I need only say that he fought and died as became a ouananiche! There is a good specimen of an 8-pounder measuring 27 inches at the Island House Hotel.

On August 11, 1906, I had the most exciting experience of my life; *i.e.* up to that time—the descent of the rapids of the Saguenay River in a canoe made of birch bark.

The birch-bark canoe is the only craft in which the Rapids can be safely negotiated, as it is exceptionally buoyant and easily repaired if a rock makes a hole in it. A piece of gum is carried in a cup and some cloth with which to repair a leak temporarily in case a rock is struck; but this kind of canoe is so tough and light that it may strike one and bound off uninjured. In the course of our journey of 40 miles we struck two rocks; but the water did not come in from below, although we often got some from the waves caused by the boisterous current. In fact, it was frequently nothing but a dexterous stroke of the paddle which kept us from being entirely swamped. The rapidity of the descent and the irregular though gliding motion of the canoe as it skims over the surface of the broken rapids, now rushing down a steep descent like an express train, now, with its nose pointed skywards, swept speedily up an inclined plane of water by the resistless impetuosity of the stream, give you the thrills of a lifetime.

I had two guides who stood up, or sat, at each end of the canoe, whilst I sat in the middle. By standing up they could see the rocks better; but, realizing how slight a movement would upset us, I felt less alarmed when they were sitting down. One cannot do with less than two men, for it would be certain death to attempt the Grand Discharge with only one. The journey down the

Little Discharge is less dangerous, and I confess that I sometimes wished I had gone that way like most tourists. My one consolation was a little air cushion which I kept tightly blown up, expecting to have to use it as a life-buoy every minute. The water roared and boiled and swept round in whirlpools, but the men never lost their heads; now giving a sudden stroke to avoid some jagged rock, then both paddling together as hard as they could lest we should be swept into a raging torrent where nothing could live. Sometimes they steered the canoe to a quiet bay between two rapids where we would land. Then one of them hoisted it on his shoulders for a few hundred yards whilst the other carried my belongings. This we had to do many times, twice walking through woods with thick undergrowth and full of wild berries, especially raspberries and blueberries. Several varieties of ferns flourish here, and the ground was often carpeted with pretty lichen and velvety moss.

The worst place was when we went over a Fall about which the men gesticulated and jabbered in an unintelligible tongue; each, apparently, blaming the other for taking such a risk, or suggesting some different place to steer over.

I really thought my last moment had come when we shot this Fall and the canoe plunged into the raging torrent beneath; but the men now, fortunately, kept cool; as, if the nose of our little craft had been ever so slightly turned in the wrong direction, we must have all been precipitated into the foaming water. Despite all their efforts, the canoe was carried away into a fearful whirlpool and twirled about like a match. At last, after superhuman efforts we escaped from its deadly embrace, only just avoiding being sucked under and engulfed. Both men were exhausted and rested for some time as soon as they were able to disembark.

The situation, as the frail craft glides with almost imperceptible velocity down a steep incline of smooth water, or dips into the hollow of a great sea, is thrilling in the extreme. Now it seems that the crest of a huge wave is about to break over the side of the canoe; the next instant we are lifted sideways out of the hollow. Then the bow is apparently upon the point of being submerged, when the man in front cuts off the head of the breaker with his paddle. In dangerous places where two currents violently collide, or close to the whirlpools which are constantly forming, the guides, resting upon their paddles, hold back the canoe until a propitious moment approaches for darting by.

Both men are seen to be struggling for life, straining every muscle to wrench the canoe out of a current that would dash it upon a rock, or forcing it against the treacherous, smooth rapid that would carry it down over a waterfall thundering ahead of us. Sometimes they appear to be making no headway, and you think with a strange sinking of the heart that the danger this time cannot be averted. The terrible roaring of the water in one's ears adds to the fears of the novice. Even for the bravest it is an exciting moment, for no swimmer could live here. One false stroke and all would be over. But the guides are equal to the occasion, and again the peril is past—only for a moment, however, for soon a fresh danger supervenes; and one gives a sigh of relief as the canoe passes into smoother water, where the stream is certainly rapid but it is only necessary to steer, and it is possible again to enjoy the wild beauty of the surroundings.

Let not my readers suppose that throughout the 40 miles we were always having hairbreadth escapes such as are described above, or that Fear, aroused by Danger, interferes too seriously with Enjoyment. The descent of these rapids, the crossing of their currents, and the skilful dodging of rocks, falls, whirlpools, and waves, which threaten to engulf all within their reach, certainly quicken the pulse and send the blood coursing through the veins; but familiarity breeds contempt, the skill of the canoemen produces confidence, and the traveller really does enjoy himself. Anyhow, he is fighting a game battle with the elements, and they are remorseless. He may break his leg or lose his life in the tip-over which is imminent; but "the fool is happy—let him die"!

In addition to what I have written above, the two chief impressions left on my mind were the clever way in which the guides found a route through the maze of channels which wash the shores of the countless wooded islands in the Grand Discharge, and the almost abrupt change of scenery after we had travelled about 25 miles. The river still ran swiftly, but the nerve-shattering rapids seemed to have been left behind, and the water assumed an oily, inky appearance. No more islands were to be seen, the banks grew steeper and steeper, and at the end of 30 miles we again saw signs of habitation and reached the house of a farmer. He was a French Canadian and understood my guides, but spoke to me in a language I found difficult to comprehend. I gathered that he was astonished to learn that we had shot the Fall and escaped from the whirlpool, as most canoes are

carried overland past that place, and he congratulated us on our safety.

After lunching at his house, I got into the canoe again—not without some qualms—and another three hours down the swift current brought me to Chicoutimi. This thrilling journey had occupied the whole day, for I had left the Island House Hotel before nine and arrived at Chicoutimi at seven; but it can be done more quickly, and many visitors drive the last 12 miles.

Early next morning I continued my journey down the Saguenay by steamer, and, after a short stay at Tadousac, which has a fine situation on the banks of both rivers, I travelled up the mighty St. Lawrence back to Quebec.

I was the only person who went to Chicoutimi the way I have described; the other passengers had either come by train from Roberval or taken a return ticket from Quebec by this same steamer, which descends the St. Lawrence by day and ascends the Saguenay by night, and vice versa. However, the descent of the Rapids is often made; and, considering the perils of the journey (for the river varies in height, and rapids which are run one day may have to be portaged another) it is wonderful how few accidents take place; which speaks volumes for the skill and pluck of the canoemen.

At Tadousac, which stands at the junction of the Saguenay and St. Lawrence, I saw the quaint little chapel of the Jesuit Mission built in 1747 on the site of a more ancient church 1615, the oldest in Canada; but I frankly confess that I was more interested in a huge pool, which had been made by the Government close to the sea for piscicultural purposes. It contained many large salmon from 20 to 40 lb. in weight, which were frequently jumping. The pool is fed by a small stream and flooded with comparatively salt water at every tide. The salmon are netted from time to time, and, after their spawn has been removed, they are returned to the water.

After touching at Murray Bay, a famous summer resort, we arrived at Quebec next morning. About 100 miles below Quebec, where the river is nearly 40 miles wide, we saw schools of white porpoises which were playing about the top of the water on both sides and in front of the steamer. I am told they are more correctly called whales; but they behaved like porpoises, swimming in line, arching their snow-white backs, and rolling over and over in the water; and they did not spout. At a distance it was difficult at first to distinguish them from the "white

horses"; but, when the sun shone, they appeared an even purer white and larger than polar bears. They grow 20 feet in length, and are killed for the sake of their blubber and skins which fetch about £40 apiece.

From Quebec I continued my journey up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, another noble city of which Howells writes: "Montreal has less that is merely mean in it than any other city of the American continent."¹ Then to New York by water, as I have sketched briefly above, and home across the Atlantic.

¹ *Their Wedding Journey*, by W. D. Howells.

CHAPTER XII

TRAVEL AND SPORT IN CANADA (*continued*)

THIRTEEN years passed before I again found myself in Canada. On this subsequent occasion I was at Montreal in the depth of winter, a few months after the Armistice at the close of the Great War.

I was bound for New Zealand on business, but my wife could not accompany me as she was unable to procure a passport. The Atlantic liner arrived late at New York, so it was useless trying to catch the boat at San Francisco. I obtained instead the last berth available on a steamer leaving Vancouver ; but it was not due to start for some weeks owing to circumstances which delayed so many ships throughout the year 1919. Consequently, I was able to journey across Canada in a leisurely manner, and to enjoy sport and travel totally different from those of my previous visits.

I left New York in the dark, through pelting rain and sleet which had made the streets slushy and disagreeable, and awoke next morning to find the train passing through a country deep in snow and clothed in white as far as the eye could reach. The appearance of Montreal as compared with New York was as striking too on this particular occasion as that between London and Nice in the month of February. I found that I had left a city of mackintoshes and umbrellas, with a population passing rapidly about its business in wheeled vehicles, for one in which the inhabitants were dressed in furs and snowshoes and walked about the streets almost as softly as cats, or drove through them slowly in sleighs. There was not a wheeled vehicle to be seen except a few motor-cars with thickly padded bonnets and radiators, and even the policemen had fur tippets and busbies. Instead of the clang of the street cars and elevated railways one heard nothing but the muffled footfalls of horses in the deep snow, and the pleasant tinkling of the bells round their necks. The air was clear and crisp, and, though I was chilled to the

bone in New York, I was now quite warm and comfortable in spite of a temperature at zero. One feels much colder in a temperature of 40° Fahrenheit when there is a bitter wind or a humid atmosphere than when there are 20° of frost and the air is still and bracing. Every one prefers a keen frost to a cold thaw.

Before leaving Montreal, I visited the St. James Cathedral and the church of Notre Dame; the roof of the latter affording me the view of the city and its surroundings so delightfully described in Howells' *Wedding Journey*. The St. James Cathedral is a reproduction on a reduced scale of St. Peter's in Rome; but, unlike most Roman Catholic places of worship, it is extraordinarily well lighted, as it is painted white and has many windows of plain glass. Owing to the mistake of a policeman who directed me I found myself at first inside the Archbishop's Palace which is built at one side of the edifice. The priest who admitted me asked if I wanted to confess. I said: "No, thanks, not to-day;" and, on his learning that I wished to see the Cathedral, he kindly showed me round but took the opportunity to complain all the time of the bitterness of Protestants towards Catholics, until at last to check him I said I was an Agnostic. He stopped and looked at me in horror as though I had confessed to a murder.

In the afternoon I drove up Mount Royal, after which the city is named, in a sleigh and obtained some fine views. Children were enjoying themselves by ski-ing and tobogganing on its steeper slopes; but the splendid toboggan slide of over a mile down which one used to glide at a pace of "umteen" miles an hour is, alas! a thing of the past owing to some speculator having bought the ground.

A wag told me that Montreal had given up holding an Ice Carnival lest intending visitors should think it was a cold place and avoid it!

The following day, February 6, I started for Toronto, passing through Ottawa, where I spent a few hours in order to see the stately Parliament Buildings and the Chaudière Falls. A thrilling experience to be obtained here is a ride on one of the enormous logs which shoot the timber slides near the Falls into the navigable water below.

Ottawa is said to be the most picturesque capital in the world. Its situation and surroundings would certainly be hard to beat. I found the Rideau Canal covered with ice of great thickness, and enormous blocks were being cut and carted away.

Toronto, the second city in Canada, with a population of over half a million, pleases everybody ; but I liked Hamilton, which lies at the extreme southern end of Lake Ontario, even better, and spent most of my time there. It is about an hour's journey from Toronto by train, but can be reached by an excellent and pretty road in summer by motor-car.

The whole of the 7th was spent at Niagara Falls. Words fail me to describe their loveliness in a winter setting. Magnificent and awe-inspiring as are the immense Victoria Falls in Africa, I do not consider any single view there finer than the one perfect view of Niagara ; and you never have ice and snow on the Zambesi. True, Victoria Falls is 400 feet high and over a mile wide, whilst Niagara is but 150 feet high and only a few hundred yards in width ; but the volume of water compressed into this small space is so immense that its density is said to be from 12 to 14 feet ! Further, the angle at which the American Fall is set to the Canadian, viz. almost a right angle, and the horse-shoe shape of the Canadian Fall add enormously to their beauty, whereas the Zambesi River glides over the precipice in an almost straight line. On the other hand, the beautiful tropical surroundings of the Victoria Falls, and the fact that these Falls have at present no sign of human habitation about them and remain in their original wild state are great points in their favour when comparing them with the Niagara Falls.

To me, speaking of what I have actually seen, Niagara seems to bear the same relationship to Victoria Falls as does the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and the beautiful Jenolan Caves of New South Wales to the Mammoth and Colossal Caves of Kentucky ; or, say, the European Alps to the majestic Himalayas. In each of these examples, the Grand Canyon, the Mammoth Cave and the Himalayas, you have, as in the case of Victoria Falls, something so vast that you cannot see the whole from any one point.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is 120 miles in length, 10 to 20 in breadth, and a mile in depth ; in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky you can walk 10 miles underground without stooping or crawling ; and, whereas Mont Blanc is 15,000 feet, Mount Everest is at least 29,000 ; also, when you go to Darjeeling to see a small portion of the Himalayas—the wonderful Kanchinjanga Range—you at first look far too low and at last see them far above the clouds as though in another world. Similar comparison might be made between Vesuvius and

Kilauea, the largest active volcano, the crater of which has a circumference of nearly 7 miles !

I was glad that I saw Niagara before seeing the Victoria Falls ; as my wife, having seen the latter first, was in consequence unimpressed by Niagara.

An American, having travelled widely in the United States, which possesses more of Nature's wonders than any other land, was not exactly staggered by some of the sights of Europe. His only reply to an old lady who was looking down with him into the crater of Vesuvius and said : " What do you think of that ? " was : " I guess we've got a little waterfall in our country which would soon put that spark out."

I went to see the large Power House on the Canadian side where about 150 men are employed in looking after the eleven huge dynamos, etc. This Power House is owned by a Company which has to pay one dollar per horse power to the Government for the concession ; so the Government does pretty well, as it has no expenses whatsoever except in connection with the beautiful National Park which has been laid out beside the river opposite the Falls.

Just above the Power House I saw an old scow aground on the rocks and was told that it had broken loose when being towed by a tug in order to dump some earth in the river about a mile above the Falls. There were three men aboard her, and, as they drifted down to certain death, one jumped into the water and was carried over the American Fall ; whilst the remaining two, unable to face the awful fate awaiting them, shut themselves in the little cabin inside the scow. One of them afterwards said that he did this because he knew his " old woman " would wish to have his body to bury. At that moment, when only 200 yards above the Canadian Fall, just as the barge was gathering momentum for the final plunge, it grounded on some rocks and became wedged. News of the accident spread like magic far and wide, and before nightfall thousands came in motor-cars, by train, and in vehicles of every kind to see the doomed men carried into the boiling abyss ; or at least the passing of the old scow. People climbed to every vantage-point all round and stayed up the entire night ; but the stout ship disappointed them all and was still on the rocks when I visited the Falls for the fourth time a year later.¹ Strenuous efforts were made to save the two men. One of them could be seen continuously pacing

¹ 1920.

the deck in an agony of despair. His hair turned white during that terrible night of suspense, and he was unable to give his rescuers the slightest assistance. Attempts to cast ropes aboard all failed, as the ropes were too short ; but by ten o'clock the following morning some kind of tackle had been rigged up, and with the aid of the remaining man on the scow, who was an old sailor and worked manfully at a windlass, the two men were hauled into safety. My informant told me gloomily that the third man's body was not recovered, as, on account of the rocks, they never find bodies which go over the American Fall.

"A nice lot of bodies come over the Canadian Fall," he added triumphantly.

I was disappointed to find that, owing to the mild (!) winter (though some say it is due to the new works being undertaken), no ice bridge had formed below the Falls this year, as one can generally walk across the river in February. The little steamer so prettily named *Maid of the Mist*, which takes people close up to the Falls, was lying in dry dock, and the aerial car which crosses the river a little above the Whirlpool was not working.

Saturday, February 8, was a red-letter day for me, as I at last achieved my desire of a sail on an ice yacht. The Badminton Library gives the following description of ice boating :

"There is probably no other sport which combines such an amount of excitement and exhilaration as ice yachting. The gambler, when at a single turn he has won a fortune ; the engineer on his iron steed at its utmost rate ; the balloonist as the storm clouds rush him through space in their maddest flights—all these experience sensations which thrill and nerve them, but even sensations like these sink into insignificance when the ice yacht acquires its greatest speed. The danger, the tremendous pace, causing a nervous excitement ; the ringing sound of the steel runners as they fly over the ice, and the very frailness of the vessel, combine to produce a series of impressions which must be experienced to be appreciated."

I also enjoyed the exciting sport of spearing fish through holes in the ice.

In the sheltered bays of Lake Ontario, where the ice attains a thickness of 3 or 4 feet, small square wooden huts are erected far out on the lake. In the middle of the hut a hole about 4 feet square is cut in the ice. Two sides of the hut have seats against the wall, and a stove is placed between them. This keeps the hut warm and prevents the hole from freezing. The fourth side has a door. You sit on one of the seats and dangle

with one hand something which will attract fish. As they swim unsuspectingly in the clear water, which varies from 3 to 6 feet in depth, you catch them by means of a gaff or a spear held in the other hand ; that is to say, if you become expert enough. I missed so many that I had to ask my friends to assist me. During the morning we got a 12-lb. carp, two perch weighing 3 lb., and some smaller ones ; but it was explained to me that it was a bad day, as, owing to some irregularity of the weather, the ice was making queer noises and ominous cracks which alarmed the fish.

There were at least a hundred of these little huts in one corner of the bay about 30 yards apart, and great numbers of fish are caught in this way.

Meanwhile, outside our hut a party of boys were amusing themselves by skating and running races in two little ice boats, each of which had only one sail but was capable of carrying three persons. The boys engagingly asked me to join them and taught me to steer ; but I found it most difficult to manage the little boats and was glad the wind blew softly. We had great fun and a good many upsets which sent me skidding along the ice. There was not enough wind for a large boat ; but in the late afternoon the breeze freshened considerably, and a couple of Canadians, with whom I had made friends, got out their ice yacht, and she was soon bowling merrily along at 30 or 40 miles an hour.

It is a very cold job, and you need to be well wrapped up to enjoy it. The boat goes so swiftly that she literally travels faster than the wind, and, after losing some of the momentum, slows down till the wind catches up and gives her another impulse. An exciting feature of the ice boating is that you may be carried on to thin ice and go through, so it is advisable to sail with an experienced man who knows where it is safe, as the boats are very heavy. My friends had several adventures of this sort. Our yacht was 30 feet long by 24 overall and had a mainsail and a jib. The deck was only a few feet wide, but the framework containing the forward runners measured 24. The runners or huge skates which supported the yacht on each side were 6 feet in length, the after runner, which also acted as a rudder, being 4 feet. This boat has done 60 miles an hour ; but the large racing ice yachts on the Hudson, which measure 60 to 70 feet in length and carry 1,000 feet of canvas, travel up to 90 miles an hour.

At a speed of 40 and less, the boat heels over, so that one of the side skates leaves the ice and you begin to wonder

whether she will capsize or not. When the rudder is put over and she swings round to go on another tack you have to hold on for dear life. If you get thrown out, you would go spinning along the ice and probably bark your face and hands badly if nothing worse. As Mr. Buck says in the Badminton Library volume on "Skating":

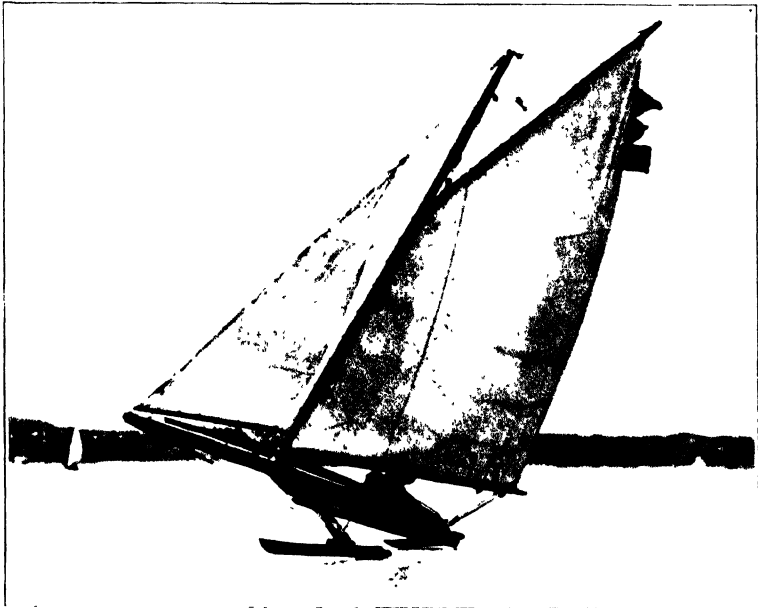
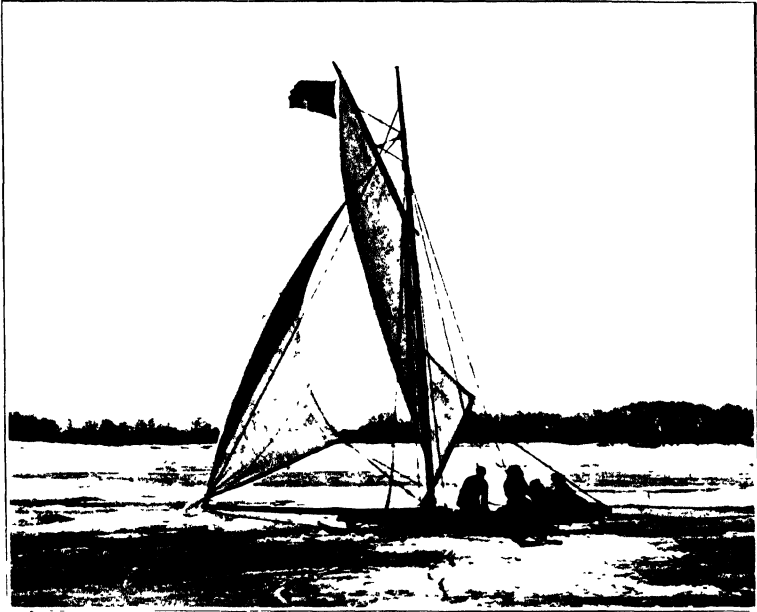
"The most exciting moments on an ice yacht occur when, in a heavy breeze, she 'lifts' or 'rears.' The sensation is something indescribable, when, rushing along at a tremendous rate, one suddenly feels himself lifted into the air, till gradually, as the skilful helmsman eases the yacht, the windward runner resumes its natural position on the ice. Ballooning in a gale may perhaps approximate in excitement to the sensation of the moment, but we doubt even that. Sometimes, however, the helmsman is not skilful, or the yacht is beyond his control, and the windward runner continues to 'rear,' the yacht decreases her speed and the boat gradually capsizes; the helmsman is thrown out of the box and the crew are left clinging to the shrouds in the air."

On the following day I went over to Hamilton again for some more ice boating and fishing; but my young friends had gone to church and the fish huts were closed, whilst the wind was light and shifty, and we could not get more than 20 to 25 miles an hour out of the ice yacht. I believe it is illegal to fish on Sundays here; there must be a lot of Scotties in Hamilton!

In the afternoon I took the Funicular Railway up the hill behind the city for the sake of the view. I then returned to Toronto and took the evening train for Winnipeg, arriving there about noon on Tuesday the 11th, and leaving for Banff the same evening at midnight. Monday, the 10th, was the coldest weather I have ever struck—25° below zero at 8 a.m.; but it was only 6 below at noon, and there were less than 20° of frost at Winnipeg.

It was a strange experience to get out of the train at one of these stations and pass in a moment from a temperature of 80° above to 25° below. The snow crackled under my feet, and, on drawing a breath, one felt the keen air tickling one's nostrils in a peculiar fashion. I soon felt as if I were losing my ears and quickly returned to the over-heated train. Extreme heat is far preferable to extreme cold.

The scenery along the railway between Montreal and Winnipeg has little to recommend it in winter with the snow covering the ground and no sign of life in the orchards and fields. In fact, there was no sign of any work being done or having been



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done. The land looked like a desert, and I chaffed the farmers on the train, telling them that all our fields were alive with busy people ploughing, harrowing, and seeding, etc., whilst rooks, gulls, and starlings would be following the plough; and that in New Zealand the land was green all winter feeding sheep and cattle galore without any trouble. The soil is so fertile about here that continuous crops of wheat can be grown year after year; and the farmers do not bother to conserve the straw and turn it by means of stock into manure, but they burn it in the fields after threshing. Sometimes they rest and clean the land by means of summer fallowing. As these arable farmers keep few pigs, sheep, or cattle, and it is too cold to go out, they have little to do in winter, and sit and read over the stove or take trips to the cities or sunnier climes. Roots are not grown; in fact, they would not grow as with us on account of the dry climate, and those farmers who keep stock grow alfalfa and Indian corn, and you see hideous silos in some parts of the country. These and the still more unsightly grain elevators would ruin the scenery if there was any. However, a change is coming in those places where the land has been worked for some years, and old settlers are now buying stock and manure-spreaders and farming less wastefully.

Winnipeg, with a fast-increasing population of about 200,000, is a handsomely built city, as both brick and stone are close at hand. It has the widest streets I ever saw, the main street being no less than 130 feet across. It has been jokingly suggested that it would pay to establish a *rd.* bus service to take pedestrians from side to side. Melbourne, Australia, has also very wide streets; and, to avoid accidents, foot passengers are made to cross at right angles and the police discourage "jay-walking."

Half a day was quite long enough to spend at Winnipeg in February, and I spent part of that watching a curling match, the first I had seen. It was very amusing to see the sweepers trotting down the ice and brushing for all they were worth, lest a speck of some sort should prevent their friend's stone from travelling the required distance. They were mostly Scotchmen, playing their ancient winter game, and it was all mighty serious to them. Perhaps they had a few cents' bet on the result, for I saw no smiles. Comedy becomes very nearly tragedy sometimes when a heavy man falls down on the ice and perchance hits his head against a stone. In Central and Eastern Canada, where Jack Frost and Jock Scott have it all their own way, curling is a favourite winter sport. Instead of a few weeks as in Scotland,

the braw laddies may play here for months; and in place of the raw cold air of their native country they may enjoy the game under covered rinks where spectators can look on without shivering. On account of the intense frost, some curlers use irons instead of stones. These irons weigh from 40 to 70 lb. and the stones from 30 to 40 according to the physique of the player; for the Royal Club of Scotland has limited the weight to 50 lb. The game has also become popular in the United States.

On Thursday, February 13, I arrived at Banff after breakfast and found the Ice Carnival in full swing. The little town now numbers nearly 3,000 inhabitants, for it is quickly rising in favour as the best known tourist resort in Canada. In summer, it would be difficult to beat, for, besides golf, fishing, boating, bathing, bear hunting, and mountaineering, there are lovely walks and drives in every direction; Banff itself is 4,500 feet above sea-level, and the surrounding mountains vary from 7,000 to 10,000 feet. Better specimens of big horn or mountain sheep can be shot near here than anywhere in the Province of Alberta, which is more famous even than British Columbia for this kind of game. Caribou, deer, and wild goats are also obtainable. The season lasts from September 1 to October 15.

A wonderful scenic road is under construction to Lake Louise and Vancouver in continuation of that from Calgary which was finished in 1919. It is claimed that this motor road will become the most famous scenic highway in the world.

A trip on the Bow River (which flows through the town) by canoe, motor-boat, or steam launch is not to be despised; and, in addition to the attractions afforded by a tribe of Red Indians, you can visit a natural cave in the rocks and see the curious Hoodoos or Ghost Rocks. Some of these strangely shaped white rocks are nearly 100 feet in height, and several of the smaller ones may be seen from the Banff Springs Hotel. The Bow has the lovely blue colour of all glacier-fed streams, and the rapid rushing Spray, which it joins near the hotel, is as white as its name.

Not far away you may visit the fine Museum and Zoological Gardens and see elk, deer, and a herd of at least one hundred bison in an 800-acre enclosure. There are very few places outside the United States and Canada where the American buffalo or bison, which once roved the prairies in countless numbers, can be seen.¹

¹ The herd in Buffalo Park near Wainwright has increased so rapidly that it is to be reduced this year from 8,300 to about 6,000; so there is no longer any fear of the bison's extinction.

Lake Minnewanka or Devil's Lake which lies nearly 5,000 feet above the sea is only 8 miles distant by a good road, and you can amuse yourself there with yachting and fishing for the lake trout which attain a weight of over 30 lb. ; though the expert will prefer to catch smaller ones, both here and in the mountain streams, with the fly.

The drive to the lake through the Rocky Mountains Park, called here Banff Park, is very beautiful whether made in summer or winter. After following the course of Whisky Creek, it crosses the plain at the base of the lofty Cascade Mountain with Cascade River on the right. The road then climbs high and passes over a "hog's back" whence you look down on lovely wooded valleys with the shining river far below, and the views of the mountains all round are entrancing. In summer the country is carpeted with white and yellow marguerites, willowherb, golden rod, painter's brush, bluebells, and many other wild flowers.

The lake lies in a deep valley and is 11 miles long. At the western end is an inn, and looking towards the east you can see some distance up Ghost River Valley. Here, too, are some of the curious rocks called Hoodoos.

I drove there on Sunday, when the Carnival was over, in order to do some ice-boating, but had to be content with skating, as the snowdrifts made sailing too dangerous in a high wind. We made one attempt all the same, but it ended in disaster. Three of us started the yacht, which measured 25 feet by 18—a little smaller than that I sailed in on Lake Ontario. She carried two sails. As soon as we got under way, the wind took complete charge and we were carried along at high speed ; we had not gone far before we went full-tilt into a snowdrift. It was as well that the accident took place as soon as it did, or worse would have happened. The snow had frozen hard and the shock was terrific, but we were expecting it and held on for dear life. Though our arms were nearly torn out of their sockets, we received no serious injury, as the boat did not actually capsize. The steersman was less fortunate, for he was unable to hold on and the impact sent him flying. He whizzed along the ice about 20 yards and came into violent contact with another snowdrift. The fact was, he tried to steer the yacht between Scylla and Charybdis, and, when she struck Scylla, he found Charybdis ! Fortunately, he was not much hurt beyond cuts and bruises ; but the experience had shaken him considerably and none of us were inclined to continue. The boat had to be left where

she was, and we hauled down the sails as rapidly as possible ; nor did the wind moderate sufficiently to allow us to get her away that day. Her owner told me that he could do sixty miles an hour in a strong breeze.

The Ice Carnival was a great success, and the whole of Banff made holiday, whilst people flocked here from every place between Winnipeg and Vancouver. The figure-skating was first-rate, for valuable prizes had attracted the best exponents from all over the Continent ; but the most exciting thing in the programme was, of course, the ski-jumping. Great numbers of people were on skis and in snowshoes, and there were races for both old and young of both sexes. The finish of the men's ski race was a steep hill, and it was a splendid sight to see them careering head-long down it. In fact, a few fell over and did so literally ; fortunately, snow is soft.

The ski-jöring which took place on the Bow River was also a novel sight to me. Boys rode ponies, to which were attached two long ropes, and a man on skis held on to these ropes whilst the ponies were urged to full gallop. Beyond the winning-post the ponies sheered off to one side to allow the men to go rushing on ; and, in their efforts to stop themselves, they frequently went end over end and got hopelessly mixed up with their skis, to the huge delight of the spectators. I think it required a good deal of pluck to take that job on. The ski-jumping, however, required much more, for the landing-place was not too good ; and several of the competitors came hurtling through the air, only to come a fearful " purler " on touching the ground and roll over half a dozen times. Some of these men were expert ski-jumpers who had just been competing at Revelstoke. You would feel certain that the man had at least broken a limb if not his neck ; but after a few moments of suspense he would rise and, looking exceedingly dazed, shuffle off amidst the cheers of the crowd. If a man succeeded in landing upright and keeping his balance, he travelled on at a terrific pace over the frozen ground, the impetus of the jump carrying him at least 200 yards. Not a single jump was less than 100 feet, and the best was 140.

The hockey matches were also fine to watch ; but the players were rather rough, and several had serious falls in consequence and were carried off ; though I think all recovered. The Ladies' Hockey Match, Calgary *v.* Edmonton, was good ; but they treated each other as roughly as the men and three were carried off hurt, one being unconscious. A girl, who had been tripped (I think,

accidentally) by the hockey stick of one of the opposing side, got up and slapped the offender's face ; whereupon the referee ordered them both off the ground amidst the jeers of the onlookers.

Just outside my hotel at the Cross-roads an Ice Palace had been erected, constructed of enormous squares of solid ice and surmounted by the Union Jack. The inside was hollow, and one could climb to the top, a height of about 30 feet. The whole was illuminated with different-coloured electric lights at night and looked even more beautiful than by day. The blocks of ice were almost transparent and of a lovely pale green colour.

The most delightful thing at Banff in winter is the Toboggan Slide. This is a mile long, perfectly straight, very steep to commence with, and ends with a long level piece where your toboggan slackens pace and finally comes to a stop near the Ice Palace. It is made of solid ice at the side of the road on the steep hill above the town, and there is just room for the toboggan. The sides are banked up so that the toboggan cannot leave the groove, and only one is allowed on the slide at a time ; so it is perfectly safe—at any rate, they have not had an accident yet. Twenty-five cents is charged for the use of a toboggan for twelve hours or less. The slide is lit up at night by electric lights and Chinese lanterns, which produce a charming effect ; so the fun goes on merrily all day and up till midnight.

On my first evening I saw two pretty girls toiling up the hill with a toboggan ; so, as I was going to the summit to see the fun, I offered to drag it up for them. When we got to the top, one of them said politely : “ Won't you come down with us ? ” I replied that I had never been on a toboggan in my life and was sure to tumble off or upset them. She replied, “ Oh, my sister and I will make a sandwich of you and then you can't fall off.” So they did, and, my word ! didn't I enjoy it ! We dashed down that hill at what seemed like a mile a minute head first, and I had to hold on for all I was worth ; but we got to the bottom all right, and I spent quite a lot of time on the slide after that.

There were some thrilling moments when the toboggan gave a jump as it cleared a bumpy place in the slide ; the passengers have to hold very firmly at these places, and the girls generally add to the excitement by screaming. On one occasion, I saw a cat cross the slide just as a party was going down full-tilt. They went clean over the cat, which was carried down under the toboggan for at least 20 yards. Then the toboggan passed on, leaving

what I expected to be a lifeless body ; but not a bit of it. The cat got up, shook herself, sat down again, and collected herself ; and then trotted slowly and meditatively across the road towards a garden where she was lost to sight.

The Carnival ended with a successful Fancy Dress Ball, and on the evening of the 16th I left for Vancouver. The journey through the Rocky Mountains was delightful. Less snow had fallen than usual this year, but this was an advantage ; for, instead of everything being clothed in white, the patches of snow showed up the different colours of the rocks and added variety to the scenery. The fine scenery of Kicking Horse Valley and the Selkirk Range was passed in the night ; but a year later, when accompanied by my wife, we did this portion by day and obtained wonderful views till a heavy snowstorm late in the afternoon obliterated everything. Shushwap Lake, near Sicamous, where the line drops to 1,150 feet above sea-level, was seen to advantage on the former occasion. We were three hours passing along the lake and at times nearly 700 feet above it. For over 50 miles the line winds in and out the curving shores, whilst geese and ducks fly over the waters and light and shadow play upon the opposite bank. The sun was shining brightly, and there was no ice except in sheltered bays. In fact, where the Thompson River issues from Lake Kamloops, through which it flows for 17 miles, I saw some Indians fishing with long sticks and string.

The beautiful Fraser Canyon, the principal feature of the last part of the journey to Vancouver, I saw at its best in summer ; but it is always a remarkable sight. Those who pass through this canyon in August may see the eddies packed with salmon, their back fins out of water as they rest preparatory to making a rush round the next point. Several more canyons are traversed, in which the train ascends and descends by narrow ledges cut in the rocks, whilst the river roars and swirls many feet below.

The latter part of the journey, where great herds of cattle and thousands of horses were grazing on the green patches bordering the railway, was a great change from the emptiness of the snow-covered prairies and unploughed stubbles. It appeared there as if the labourers had struck and the whole population had fled. Or, one might come rashly to the conclusion that the Canadian farmer of the prairie is a lazy man, whereas the exact opposite is the case. The truth is of course that his labours are, owing to the weather, compressed into short periods of time, which must be terribly strenuous.

On arriving at Vancouver, I sailed for New Zealand via Victoria, Honolulu, and Fiji, and returned by the same route the following June.

After a tour in Vancouver Island, described in the previous chapter, and a delightful visit to Lake Louise and Banff, I returned to Vancouver via Sicamous, Vernon, and Okanagan, and the new branch railway from Penticton through some of the finest fruit country in British Columbia. Okanagan Lake is over 100 miles in length, and the C.P.R. steamer took the whole day in traversing it.

Before leaving Vancouver, I made some inquiries about big-game hunting. I was informed that the district of Cassiar is still the best for shooting bear, moose, caribou, and wild goat. My informant said that the shooting on Vancouver Island is not to be recommended; although bear, whitetail deer, and mountain lion or cougar are to be found there. Several accidents, he told me, had happened, as the hunting-ground was thick forest and snap-shots were taken at anything moving; so that now scarlet caps were worn to prevent one being mistaken for a bear when crawling after game on all fours! Just before I arrived, there was a tragic accident of this kind, and a case occurred of one Indian shooting another. The defence was that he took his compatriot for a moose! This was accepted, so anyone who knows what a moose looks like will infer that some tribes of Indians are not so handsome as they are painted. Some Indians hold the moose in veneration, and it is said that they never kill one without mentally ejaculating "Forgive me, O Moose!"

Sir Charles Piers gives some excellent hints on big-game hunting in his recent work, *Sport and Life in British Columbia*. The Great War upset my plans for hunting there, so I cannot tell my readers anything first-hand about this kind of sport, which is undoubtedly the best this country has to offer to those who can afford the time and money. An Official Bulletin of the Game of British Columbia is issued annually by authority of the Legislative Assembly, which gives all the information required and some splendid photographs of the country and its wild animals.

On the evening of July 24 I left Vancouver for the North by the fast and comfortable steamer *Prince Rupert*, belonging to the Grand Trunk Railway. After two days' steaming in lovely weather through still waters and superb coast scenery,

we arrived at Prince Rupert, a few miles from the borders of Alaska.

On the way, we touched at Ocean Falls and Swanson Bay, both of which have enormous pulp and paper mills. The passengers were courteously shown over the plant, which is highly interesting. These lumber towns have streets of wood, not wood block paving but long planks; and most of the buildings are cheaply made of wood and corrugated iron; as in mining towns, which may also have a butterfly existence.

I spent three days at Prince Rupert, so this did not give me a chance to see anything of the halibut fishing for which it is famous; as at least a week is required in order to get to and from the fishing grounds.

I went over a large Cold Storage Plant, which contained halibut bigger than myself, enclosed in ice, and many salmon ranging from 10 to 80 lb. I also visited a Fish Cannery and did a little trout fishing. The bait most used here, though illegal, is salmon roe; so I could not expect to find many trout, and amused myself, instead, with watching men and boys gaffing and foul-hooking the salmon in a river flowing into the harbour. The favourite place was a bridge, under which the fish were packed in rows sixty or seventy abreast. Every now and again, a shoal of salmon—principally cohoes and sockeyes running from 3 to 12 lb. weight—would make a dash upstream under the bridge, and some of them leapt a fall a little above where I was standing. Men were walking up the banks on either side, pulling out fish which were resting in the little pools on their way to the spawning grounds; others were throwing lines weighted with lead and armed with triangles of hooks from the bridge or below it. The fish were caught in various parts of their anatomy and hauled unceremoniously ashore, or escaped with terrible gashes in their sides. This is of course also illegal; but "when the cat's away the mice will play," and I imagine the Government rangers have more ground than they can watch; as is the case also in New Zealand.

Prince Rupert, owing to having become the terminus of a transcontinental line, rose in a few years from non-existence to a position of some importance; but it has not progressed as quickly as was expected. Many of those who bought land are holding for a rise, and it was strange to see the queer little shacks put up at street corners, which some day will have a

building worthy of the situation ; and tumbledown places in the midst of a long line of imposing erections.

The population when I visited it in 1919 was little over 6,000 ; but the city has been laid out in modern style and should make rapid strides, as, in spite of being 500 miles north of Vancouver, it has a mild climate and a good situation, and the harbour is safe and commodious. Some of its inhabitants grumble at the rainfall, which they say reaches 75 inches, or three times that of the east coast of England.

The train journey of a thousand miles from Prince Rupert up the Skeena River, the Bear and Beaver Rivers, and Upper Fraser to Edmonton, deserves more space than I can give it. Many lakes are seen, and the valleys and canyons through which the railway winds are much wider and less rugged than those between Vancouver and Calgary. The views of the Rocky Mountains are less grand, although there is some very fine scenery about Jasper and in the Yellowhead Pass.

The railway passes through the Jasper National Park, a region of forests and snowy peaks. Beautiful lakes and mountain streams abound ; and, though shooting is not permitted within these 4,400 square miles, there is no embargo placed on trout fishing. The track attains its highest point in the Yellowhead Pass—3,723 feet—which compares somewhat unfavourably (from the tourist's point of view) with the height of 5,321 feet reached by the Canadian Pacific at the Great Divide ; but both these are insignificant compared with the height of the railway passing through the American Rockies, which is over 8,000 feet, and that of the only transcontinental line in South America, which is tunnelled through the Andes at a height of over 10,000.

The only large town between Prince Rupert and Edmonton is Prince George, which is an important centre for lumber and fur, having been a Hudson Bay Company's post for over a hundred years. There is good hunting near here for moose, bear, and deer, which can be cheaply obtained ; and innumerable lakes and streams afford excellent fishing.

Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, stands in the middle of a prosperous farming district and has become an important railway centre. The Hudson Bay Company established a post here in 1795, and it has long done a big trade in fur. A wonderful lake and river tour can now be made from here to Aklavik in June and July, as the railway to Waterways on the Athabasca

River has been recently completed. Aklavik lies nearly 1,800 miles to the north of Edmonton and less than 100 from the Arctic Ocean, so the midnight sun is visible there from June 1 to July 15. A great trade in furs is done with the Indians and Eskimos.

From Edmonton I took the G.T.R. to Winnipeg, stopping off at Watrous in Saskatchewan to bathe in Little Lake Manitou, and at Portage-la-Prairie in Manitoba to visit a ranch.

On leaving the train at Watrous, I motored 3 miles to Little Lake Manitou, which contains important mineral properties. I was told it was impossible to sink in the water, but found this was not the case; though the water was certainly more buoyant than any I have swum in except that of the Salt Lake in Utah. There you really can take a seat in the water and fold your arms without fear of sinking. The water of Lake Manitou had a horrible taste; and, though it was now the end of July, its temperature was barely 70° — 10° below that of Salt Lake at the same time of year—so I could not stay in long.

A great many houses have been built along the shore, and numerous camps were established in the wooded country adjoining it. The waters throw up a curious deposit on the beach, and many claims have been staked out in the expectation that this will prove to be of great value. An enterprising person has already collected some of it and sells ointment, etc., made from it for various ailments, both here and at a chemist's shop in Winnipeg.

After leaving Watrous, I spent a fortnight in visiting farms in the neighbourhood of Portage-la-Prairie and Brandon, flourishing agricultural towns and two of the chief grain markets of Manitoba.

At Brandon, I visited the Government Experimental Farm and the Indian Industrial College, which are doing excellent work. The labour-saving machinery on the farms was most interesting, and it was soon easy to understand why Colonials and Americans smile at our prodigality in labour. In Canada and the United States, farm labour was, and in many districts is, so difficult to obtain that something had to be done. This fact stimulates inventors to devise machines, and farmers encourage them by their willingness to try anything that may be of assistance in preparing and harvesting the crops. Thus, I saw two men, each driving six horses drawing an 8-foot binder to which was attached a stooking machine. These men were

able to cut 50 acres of wheat between dawn and dark and leave the field stooked without any further assistance. In an English harvest field, you will frequently see one man driving a 6-foot binder drawn by four horses, one of which is ridden by a man or a boy ; and there will be two or three men setting up the stooks for every binder in use.

If the American or Canadian farmer does not use a stooking machine, which is only suitable for flat ground and not yet perfected, he employs one man to stook for each 8-foot binder. I am fully aware that neither the stooking machine, nor one man per binder for stooking, is possible in England. Our crops are heavier ; we wish to conserve as much straw as possible ; and our summer atmosphere is not sufficiently dry to allow of our stooks being made anyhow. But we might at least employ only one man or boy to drive a 6-foot binder now that these machines have been so much improved. In fact, many of our farmers do so. In Australia and the Argentine the atmosphere is so dry that a further advance can be made, and some machines are used which not only reap the grain but thresh it at the same time.

The British Isles labour under a great disadvantage compared with those countries where the crops can be quickly threshed after cutting ; for ours have to lie out in the fields for weeks exposed to the weather, and then, unless carted to the engine, they must be taken home and stacked, where much is devoured by rats and mice. The Canadian farmer threshes his crops in the field soon after they have been cut ; and, instead of putting the grain into sacks, he uses a threshing machine called a blower from which the grain is poured into a two- or four-horse waggon and carted direct to the elevator. Here it is weighed and graded without any further trouble to himself, and he receives his cheque according to its quantity and quality. The British farmer after having carted his corn—very often in one-horse carts to his stackyard—has to thatch his stack (unless, perchance, he has large Dutch barns), wait his turn for the threshing machine which pours the grain into sacks—tip the sacks into his granary—dress his grain himself, and cart it in sacks to the miller or nearest railway station. All this extra carting and handling adds greatly to the expense, and partly explains why he finds it difficult to compete with imported wheat.

On one farm in Canada, I saw machines drawn by eight

and ten horses which drove up a line of stooks and hoisted each stook, containing perhaps ten or a dozen sheaves, into the wagon, which then dumped them down close to the threshing machine. Two men pitched them into the machine which cut the string with which the binder had tied the sheaves, whereas in England a man is usually employed for this purpose. As a rule, Canadians employ half the labour we use when harvesting. So it is also with ploughing and harrowing. Throughout the United States and Canada, where oil is cheap, tractors are used to draw four- and six-furrow ploughs; and in Australia, where oil is dear, one man drives eight or ten horses drawing four- and five-furrow ploughs or several large harrows. In our country, the single-furrow plough and small harrow are still the most common implements, though we have some progressive farmers who use two-furrow ploughs and tractor-drawn cultivators and harrows. We have not of course the advantage of climate, enormous fields, level ground, virgin soil, and broad roads; but the lesson impressed on my mind was that we do not make sufficient use of man power. This is the secret which has been learned in the United States and our Colonies. Give a man as big a machine or as many horses as he can possibly manage, so that out of the man—the unit of labour—you get the maximum amount of work of which he is capable. Not that the man need work harder himself; it is the machine or the horses he controls which do the work. You can then, of course, afford to pay the labourer a high wage, as is done abroad, and yet make your farm or your business pay.

From Brandon I went to Winnipeg, and then south to the United States boundary, where I had a delightful time on a large ranch (the centre of four farms of 2,500 acres each) belonging to an American millionaire. The Swedish manager told me he was using ten horses, twelve men, and seven tractors to run 2,500 acres, instead of seventy horses and twenty men used by his predecessor. Harvest was in full swing, and I drove a twenty-horse Rumely tractor drawing four 8-foot binders for ten minutes; in which time I cut more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres of wheat! This outfit was cutting 100 acres in a day of ten hours. I felt very sorry for the manager's wife and little girl, who had to cater for all the extra harvest hands. English people have little idea of what hard times the women have on farms in the "wild and woolly" West. The men came in from the fields perspiring freely and sat down unwashed in their shirt sleeves

to eat at one long table with the manager and his family. The harvest hands were of several nationalities, and their table manners far from appetizing ; but one should not criticize, for their hearts were in the right place and they were working at high pressure.

The manager motored me back to Winnipeg some 50 or 60 miles, and we drove some distance along the Assiniboine River, which unites with the Red River at that city. Our motor drive was enlivened by a collision with a cow. The driver, after striking it full in the ribs with the off tyre, merely cursed the beast and remarked to me that he thought she would have made way for him. The cow was not resentful, like the one I touched when driving through the streets of Cambridge which darted in front of me after a dog, but moved apologetically out of our path. My Cambridge cow turned round, retreated 10 yards, and charged the car ; but, noticing that her adversary did not move, she stopped short, smelt the radiator, burnt her nose and tongue, and took herself off disgruntled.

After staying one day at Port Arthur, to see the wonderful grain elevators at Fort William, I took a steamer across the Great Lakes to Sarnia. This was a disappointing trip, as the steamer was terribly crowded and uncomfortable. The food and service were bad, as it was difficult to deal with the big crowd of tourists, many of whom were seeking refuge like myself from the dust and heat of the trains. Also there was nothing to see except the locks at Saulte Ste. Marie, which I had seen before ; and we passed through them so quickly that there was no time to leave the steamer or shoot the Rapids of the Soo as I had done previously. The lakes are so large that one is generally out of sight of land, and this time, owing to severe forest fires, we were much troubled by smoke, the most unpleasant kind of fog. I read in *The Times* of June 4, 1923, that bush fires were general over the country north of Lake Superior, and that the entire fire-ranging service and hundreds of volunteers had been organized to protect ten towns threatened with destruction. Also that at Graham, 100 miles west of Port Arthur, people were forced to go on the lake in boats for safety ; whilst hundreds of men were fighting the flames in the White River and Franz districts 250 miles to the east. The whole of the country for hundreds of miles was enveloped in smoke, and a great pall of smoke was covering the whole of Ottawa and the Gatineau district. The damage done by this particular fire was estimated at 8 million dollars.

Forest fires do incredible damage throughout this great continent, and trains have had miraculous escapes in passing through them. I have seen them more than once, but fortunately not near enough to cause alarm; and at night they are a fine sight.

From Sarnia I took the train to Woodstock, changing there for Port Rowan, where I spent a few days black bass fishing in Lake Erie. That was good sport, as the fish fight well even when taken with bait; but it is not, of course, to be compared with fly-fishing. These fish are not taken with the fly here. The favourite bait is soft shell crab, but they are also caught with minnows or worms. My fish ran from a few ounces to nearly 3 lb. in weight. On one occasion I hooked two at once and then thought I had got a record. Both were landed with some difficulty, as each weighed nearly 2 lb. There are two kinds of bass indigenous to Canada and the United States, and they are found in many of the rivers and lakes of Central and Eastern Canada. They are called small-mouthed or striped, and large-mouthed or white. As a matter of fact, the small-mouthed black bass loses its stripes as it grows older, and the large-mouthed is only a little lighter in colour than the other. Each attains in the North a weight of 7 lb., and in the warmer waters of the Southern States, notably Florida, 14 or 15 lb. There is no more reason for naming the fresh-water bass a black bass than for describing the so-called white rhinoceros as white. The two kinds of sea bass are more correctly distinguished by being named white sea bass and black sea bass.

I left Port Rowan on August 18 for Simcoe, where I got an electric car for Brantford. Here I visited the huge Massey Harris Works and those of the Cockshutt and Verity Ploughs. Next day, I went on to Hamilton and visited the still larger works of the International Harvester Company. One of these companies has a splendid system of co-operation with its workmen, including a plan of profit-sharing, and strikes are unknown.

On August 22 I arrived at Montreal and embarked on the White Star liner *Megantic* for Liverpool.

After leaving Quebec, our Captain decided to take the northern passage round Newfoundland, and we ran through a lot of ice, which produced so much fog that we had to anchor for nearly twenty-four hours. At one time we got too near land and heard the fog-horn booming ominously off the coast

of Labrador. Our own ship kept up a most infernal din, so that it was impossible to sleep. For hours the whistle was sounded every minute as we steered slowly and cautiously down the river. When we stopped, the whistle was sounded every five or ten minutes only; but then it was blown twice each time, so we did not score much. However, our reward was in seeing icebergs and whales. Of the latter I have seen so many that they are no novelty; but their great size is exciting, and waiting expectantly for them to come up to spout always gives one a thrill. I once saw a school of whales extending for 10 miles off the Falkland Islands, near South America; but in spite of many journeys round the world I had never seen an iceberg.

When we rounded Cape Horn, we were hoping to meet with some, as they are often visible there towering to a height of several hundred feet, and the colouring of Antarctic icebergs is magnificent. The first we saw was a disappointment, as it was neither very large nor very beautiful—in fact, one of the officers dismissed it contemptuously with the description “a little growler”; but next day we passed one half a mile in length, and what it lacked in beauty it at any rate made up for in size. Owing to the ice melting most rapidly under water, an iceberg becomes undermined and pieces break off, so that eventually the mass of ice becomes very irregular and fantastic in shape.

After reading Mr. Moncrieff's fine description of bergs in *The World of To-Day* no doubt I expected too much, and we were unfortunate in having the sun obscured:

“Crystal mountain islands, carved by wind, waves, and sunshine into beautifully terrible shapes, glittering under snowy crests, studded with gigantic icicles and pinnacles, shaded with delicate tints, streaming with cascades of melted water, marbled with blue veins by their refreezing, often sparkling in the sun like a mass of gems, or veiled in a rainbow mist of their own splendour.”

An iceberg observed by Sir John Ross and Lieutenant Parry was $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad, and 153 feet high; this would have made even the large one I saw seem small.

The lowering of the temperature generally indicates to sailors the presence of floating ice long before it is visible, so that the accident to the *Titanic* was an extraordinary piece of bad luck.

The rest of the journey home was uneventful, and in another week we had passed the Giants' Causeway and were steaming

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between the coast of Ireland and Rattlin Island, which was a great hiding-place for German submarines. As we cast our eyes towards Scapa Flow, we rejoiced to think that we were sailing over the graves of many of those horrible steel fish.

CHAPTER XIII

STALKING RED DEER IN NEW ZEALAND

DEER are not indigenous to New Zealand, but have been introduced from Scotland and from English private parks ; or, in certain districts of the islands, from Australian herds which themselves originated in the British Isles. The present narrative is confined to my own experiences during the seasons of 1913 and 1914, 1919 and 1920, and to these I have added such information as I have been able to obtain and consider accurate.

During visits to New Zealand in 1909 and 1912, touring and the pursuit of the monster brown and rainbow trout occupied most of my time. When the trout fishing began to decline, I was able to devote a little attention to this other branch of sport.

Alas ! the same mischief had been at work as with the trout, and in some parts of the country deer had become so numerous as to be a pest to farmers, and had to be shot indiscriminately. In many places where magnificent heads had been secured year after year, malformed antlers appeared ; and the deer, which, on account of the rich feed and fine range of country, had at first grown so much larger and bigger-boned heads than their ancestors, began to produce poor, weedy specimens not worth powder and shot. The famous Wairarapa district in the south of the North Island is a case in point. Three thousand animals had to be shot there in one year by contract.

These observations apply only to those districts where deer have been introduced a very long time. Just as the angler in search of the bigger fish selected those lakes and rivers where the trout had lived long enough to grow abnormally large, but not so long as to have seriously reduced the stock of food and become lean and lanky ; so the deer-stalker could choose his hunting-ground, or move farther and farther afield. It is only fair to state that great efforts were, and are, being made by

the authorities to keep the fish in check by netting and the animals by shooting, so that sport should not deteriorate. Also, the country is large and varied, and fresh stock is constantly being introduced; thus, every now and then some new region is thrown open to the sportsman, who may secure in his first or second season, at small expense, a trophy such as he might vainly seek in Scotland for half a century.

Deer-stalking as carried on in New Zealand differs in many respects from that in Scotland. The story of the noble Duke and his guests would be impossible under the Southern Cross, though it may bear telling again. The Duke's head man came to him one morning. "What shall I do with the gentlemen to-day?" "What happened yesterday?" "Well, your Grace, Lord X. had a shot at a beast, and Mr. G. saw a fine royal." "Very good. You might let Lord X. kill a stag—a small one. Give Mr. G. a shot at one, or show him another." "And what shall I do with the other gentleman, your Grace?" "Oh, take him a damned long walk!"

The country where the animals live is far more varied than Scotland. Deer forests cannot be rented. There are no shooting lodges or experienced Scotch gillies; and you must be prepared to camp out, fend for yourself, and put in hard and occasionally risky work. At times, however, Dame Fortune may present you with a head without much trouble.

Thus, one evening, after a day of teeming rain spent in fruitless climbing up almost inaccessible rocky crags, I found myself in a lovely glade in the forest and sat down to rest. I was just saying to myself: "Why don't stags come and feed here, instead of putting me to the trouble and risk of seeking them where I have to hang on by my eyebrows?" when a beautiful, dark-coloured stag with wide-branching antlers came trotting through the forest less than 30 yards from me. Without rising, I threw the Paradox gun to my shoulder and—missed with both barrels! The stag turned and bounded away. Then, with fatal curiosity, it stopped at the edge of the clearing about 70 yards distant and looked in my direction. By this time I had reloaded and, though much excited and by no means steady, made a successful shot, and the animal went down like a stone. It proved to have one of the best heads in my collection, and would have been a good royal but for the fact that it had not grown the bay tines. This is the case with most stags in certain districts, due, I suppose, to the same defect in their ancestors,

and I have shot several good ten-pointers which should have been royals.

On another occasion, after wandering about the tops of the hills all day in hopes of finding a stag whose horns had barked the trees to a considerable height, I was worn out with fatigue and hunger and about to seek my tent in despair. Taking one more look through my field-glasses across a deep valley, I spied a wild goat perched on a projecting rock of an inaccessible mountain. The old fellow had no doubt caught sight of me without making me out clearly, but, being so fagged, I did not give him further thought. To my intense astonishment a few minutes later (for he must have covered the distance with incredible swiftness), he appeared on my side of the valley and ran straight towards me. When about 50 yards away he realized his mistake and turned; but my rifle was already levelled, and he fell in his tracks. He had quite a good head, but the smell of that animal is beyond description; and, though ten years have elapsed, his head is still banished from the room where most of my trophies are displayed.

The year following, I was deer stalking in the North Island, near Rotorua, in quite a different type of country, where the fern grows higher than one's head. Having risen early to look for a stag I had seen the day before, I wandered about for over five hours and sat down to rest at about ten. At that moment the very animal I was seeking came briskly over the opposite hill and stopped to gaze round ere descending into the valley between us. Although I moved my hand as stealthily as I could towards the Winchester rifle at my side, the stag detected me, and there was time for nothing better than a snap-shot. A clean miss! Had not the weapon been automatic the quarry would have escaped, as I seldom hit a moving object with an ordinary rifle. Still sitting, and steadying the rifle with an elbow on each knee, I followed the galloping stag with it and pressed the trigger four times in quick succession. Two bullets took effect, and the animal fell headlong at the bottom of the hill.

There are at least three distinct types of country where the red deer is found in New Zealand, although each is, of course, very hilly and well watered. There are streams running down nearly every gully, where the animals find both food and shelter; beautiful rivers flow through wide valleys, whither come the stags from the mountain tops to seek the hinds; numerous

lakes and pools are also accessible to them. In the thermal region, which covers 6,000 square miles, they can take hot baths if they wish and sample the various medicinal springs.¹ The first of these types is open and rolling land of tussocky grass. Here, in the centre and south of the South Island, you may view your quarry through powerful glasses miles away, and spend half the day manœuvring for a favourable position to secure a shot at close enough range to make sure of killing outright. As is often the case in hunting, you have to be very careful to avoid alarming animals which you do not wish to shoot; for they might send the one you are after galloping to safety. Also, the direction of the wind has continually to be taken into account, for it is apt to chop and change most disconcertingly. In this terrain (where some of the mountains attain a height of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet) you may follow the deer up into the snow. Trees are rare, many of the gullies have thick scrub, and some of the ground is very stony and boulder-strewn. Here you will see the *kea*, or green, sheep-eating parrot, almost as tame as London pigeons. On the lower slopes sheep are often met with, and these sometimes warn the deer of your approach.

The country described above is a favourite one. It is administered by several acclimatization societies, and the licences they issue (at a cost of £2 or £3) allow the holder to kill two or three stags, on each of which he must place one of the metal tags provided, and state when and where the animal was shot. Anyone found with an untagged head may be prosecuted and fined £50. Hinds and fawns are immune, but they are frequently shot for food; because full-grown males are not good eating in the rutting season, which coincides with the shooting season—March and April, the south-equatorial autumn. It is advisable to apply in good time for a licence, as they are limited in number and sometimes sold out long before the season opens. In the more popular districts it has been found necessary to ballot for licences and beats, the residents naturally having special privileges.

The second type of country is the densely wooded region near Nelson, in the north-east corner of the South Island. Here you may be fortunate enough to meet with good stags on the tops of the mountains above the forests. Or, if you will get up morning after morning before sunrise, you may find a beast in open country near the river, before he returns to the seclusion of high ground or deep forest.

The beautiful paradise duck and small blue mountain duck are common beside the rivers ; whilst the liquid notes of the bell bird and the rapturous singing of the *tui*, as well as the friendly antics of the fantail, cheer you in the vast solitudes. Rabbits abound and afford good sport with a pea-rifle or shot-gun near camp on off-days. Mosquitoes are rare, but sandflies occasionally give a little trouble ; therefore make sure your mosquito net has a mesh small enough to exclude them.

If you decide to climb, it is necessary to start in the dim morning light and make for your tent well before the sun goes down ; it is no joke getting bushed, as that may ruin your health if it does not cost you your life. Fortunately, when it is foggy and on very wet days, stags seem to dislike high ground, so you need not seek them there in such unpleasant weather. Some hunters get over these difficulties by having a large tent on the low ground, and a very light silk one, containing a couple of blankets and enough provisions for three days, for carrying up the mountain.

In this thickly wooded country most sportsmen rely on finding stags by ear. This scarcely comes under the head of stalking ; it is an art in itself, as, when stags are in thick forest, one might wander for days without sighting the animal unless guided by its voice. Stags when mating roar defiance at each other, and perhaps seek to call the hinds and impress them by their deep voices. The sound itself can only be described as an ugly noise and a most annoying one when sleep is being sought, for the din is often kept up all night long.

A stag will roar for hours in one place at intervals of a few minutes, and if he has a really deep voice you can be pretty sure he is an old one and worth shooting. It is then possible to creep up to him (provided the wind is right) without arousing suspicion ; for he makes din enough to drown the sound of footsteps, and if he hears anything he may think it is another stag approaching. Close shots, rapidly aimed, are the rule in the forest, so that here the 12-bore Paradox gun, with its large bullet, is a very good weapon.

This district is so large and well-stocked that about a thousand stags are killed yearly, though many of them are not worth shooting. A licence costs only £1 and permits one to kill six stags. I shot there in 1912 and easily got four in a week ; but on coming again seven years later I found that the heads had deteriorated still more, and now it is necessary to go a long way

in order to get a good one. The New Zealand standard is high, and stags which I did not shoot at would have been much prized in Scotland. The deer of this district grow fine, thick, black antlers with white tips; but the stags are mostly eight-, nine-, and ten-pointers. Unfortunately, they rarely grow the bay tines.

I wish I could describe the different types of men who hunt the deer. It is sufficient to say that this country is thoroughly democratic and most of the stalking is easy and cheap; so Tom, Dick, and Harry try it. Hence you have to learn to keep your temper if some one gets up before you and kills a stag which you had marked down as your own, because it was close to your camp and a long way from his! I once shot a stag and went back to camp to fetch my camera, having taken the precaution to tie my handkerchief on one antler. Two hours afterwards another hunter sighted the antlers, stalked and shot the stag, and I arrived just in time to claim it!

One man heard a stag roar in the forest just above his camp for three days and nights in succession, but confessed that he dared not go near it! Another, who took out a licence in the district I was hunting in 1913, used to sally forth on a white pony, whistling loudly, and apparently expecting the stags to come and feed out of his hand. A third took a friend with him to carry his rifle; but not the whisky-flask! The friend, who knew nothing about hunting, but was not overburdened with fat, arrived first at the top of a hill; and, seeing two splendid stags, which had been fighting and were now eyeing each other within 50 yards of him, he waved his hand to the would-be Nimrod, still toiling painfully upward, and shouted loudly: "Here you are. Two beauts!" (beauties).

Very few professional hunters are met with, as there are not many men who either wish to pay much or can afford to do so; the season is short, and those professionals who take out parties carry a rifle themselves and are mainly out for the sport of the thing. I was fortunate in finding a taxidermist who is a thorough sportsman and has had considerable experience in deer stalking. This man accompanied me on several occasions, cooked my meals, and skinned the animals. He has hunted for twenty years, is an excellent shot, has a perfect genius for approaching within easy distance of a roaring stag, and is quite indefatigable. Yet his best head so far is a fourteen-pointer, which tends to show how important an element is luck. He sets up heads very



A FINE 10-POINTER (p. 221)



BRINGING HOME A STAG SHOT NEAR LAKE ROTOTTI

well, has done several for me, and his prices are about half what one pays in London.

It is necessary to camp almost always ; but in the third type of country—that near Rotorua, in the centre of the North Island—stags have often been killed by people living in the town and using a motor-car to take them within easy reach of their quarry. The country extends for many miles round the lovely lakes of Rotorua and Rotoiti, and far southwards to Galatea and Taupo, 20 leagues away, where are the finest rivers and lakes for trout fishing which the world can show. This is nearly all fern country, but there are, too, lovely woods and a great deal of ti-tree bush and tute. The hills are not high ; fatigue in climbing them arises from the fact that one has to battle through bracken head-high, and it is difficult to move quietly. One is helped by the tracks made by wild horses among the fern, though these animals often disappoint you when you are looking for a stag, and they are apt to give the alarm.

One morning, about five o'clock, my taxidermist friend and I were hunting near Lake Rotoiti. We had seen a hind and fawn, and were following through the fern the tracks of what appeared to be a large stag. My companion complained that I was making too much noise ; so I lent him my field-glasses and said I would return to camp and catch a trout for breakfast. An hour after leaving him, I was walking down a grassy valley which separated the hill he was climbing from a yet higher one. My attention was caught by a tree on top of the latter, for it appeared to have branches resembling the antlers of a stag. It puzzled me somewhat ; and, after going forward some paces, I faced about and walked back to have another look at it.

To my astonishment, the tree had altered its aspect ; and the truth dawned on me that it was really a magnificent stag, which was standing behind a bush and had turned his head to gaze across the valley. Having tested the wind and selected the only place to ascend the hill where the animal could neither see nor smell me, I made several vain attempts and fell back, baffled and disappointed. Whether the stag had heard my clumsy efforts to reach him and concluded that a rival was coming to give battle, I know not ; at all events, as I lay panting at the bottom of the hill, he roared twice and deliberately came down towards me.

I stood up in the high bracken, well screened from view, and waited till he had advanced within 150 yards, when he stopped

and roared again. Fearing he might see or wind me, I determined to risk a shot, in spite of the fact that the fern almost entirely hid his body. I afterwards stepped the distance and found it to be 136 yards. On receiving the bullet, he bounded forward into the open and then stood still, presenting an easy mark. Again I pressed the trigger, but, to my amazement and mortification, the Winchester missed fire, and the stag passed out of sight, hidden by bracken.

I took the magazine out of the rifle and discovered that, after firing, the automatic action had cocked the hammer correctly, but had not taken a fresh cartridge into the breech. Quickly reloading by hand, I sought an easy place to climb the hill, in order to follow at once and secure another shot. I succeeded in finding a long, sloping ridge, and, hauling on the stout stems of fern, I toiled upwards so slowly that I despaired of ever seeing the stag again. Heart pounding ribs, I reached the summit at last, and gazed in all directions. Then I waited to recover breath, and, after listening for some time, crept cautiously forward.

By good fortune, after passing through a clump of very high bracken and ti-tree, I suddenly saw the stag standing in a small clearing 30 or 40 yards away. At the same moment he saw me, ran along the edge of the high fern, plunged down into one of the gullies radiating from the hill we were on, and was instantly lost to sight. Meanwhile, I had fired each of the four shots in the magazine at him, but was uncertain whether he was struck or not. Reloading rapidly, I ran round the top of the hill, expecting to see him reappear from the gully and hoping for another shot. No sign of him, though I searched the whole hillside for two hours.

Without a dog, it seemed hopeless to find the animal, for the place was terribly thick and the gullies were impenetrable on account of the tute, matted fern, blackberry bushes, and a vile kind of thorn known as "Lawyer." This is as bad as the Wait-a-bit thorn in Africa, and I am told it is so called from its grasping nature! I had just abandoned the quest when my friend, who had heard the shots, arrived on the scene.

"Where's the meat?" was his first question. I related what had happened, and together we searched afresh, but to as little purpose as before. We descended the hill in silence, after he had cheerfully assured me that he had often known cases like this, that we should never see the stag again, that I should take better aim at the heart, and so forth.

At the foot of the hill, running my eye over the ground again, I said: "Do you know, we have been looking in the wrong gully all the time!" I insisted on going over the whole ground once more, showing him where I had fired from and seeking to reconstruct the scene. He was so good-natured as to ascend that horrible hill with me again, and we followed the route I had taken up to where I had fired the last shot. This time we were overjoyed to find the stag lying in the gully into which he had plunged out of my sight. He turned out to be one of the finest ever shot in New Zealand, and that is saying a good deal. The head, a beautifully even sixteen-pointer, weighed, when cleaned, 20 lb., and had a beam of $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches. One sixteen-pointer and two fourteen-pointers have since been shot near the same place.

This district, which is the easiest and least tiring of any to hunt in, also the least difficult of access, has not been open many years. The Rotorua portion of it was opened in 1912. This particular herd originated from two stags and four hinds sent from Australia and liberated about 1893. Only a dozen licences are issued, and they are eagerly sought. They cost £3, and not more than two heads may be shot. For those who have only a short time to spare, or who have done no stalking before, no better place could be found. The country is beautiful; it affords capital trout fishing; and it is almost the centre of the thermal region—a tourist's paradise. I know of four men who shot here for the first time in their lives and killed respectively, during the first week, a twelve-pointer, a thirteen-pointer, and two ten-pointers.

To anyone who wants a thoroughly wild and lonely spot, I would mention that in 1920 Stewart Island was opened to deer-stalkers for the first time; only four licences are allowed. I am told that there are some very fine stags. The scenery is all that can be desired; but the weather is liable to be atrocious, and the hunting is mainly forest. The island is reached by one small steamer weekly from the Bluff, and, if the sea is rough, she does not run!

Footnote page 222. On page 69 in the Badminton Library it is stated that stags often travel great distances to reach the coast and bathe in the sea in order to recover their health.

CHAPTER XIV

SOME EXPERIENCES WITH MAN-EATING LIONS

IN the year 1910, I was given the opportunity of accompanying a Government official who was making a tour over some of the tribal districts which he administered in Central Africa. Though the collection of taxes and the settlement of disputes occupied a good deal of his time, we joined forces for hunting expeditions where possible; one reason for this was that, on account of the tsetse fly, hunting had to be done on foot; and, since most of the natives vanish or make for a tree on any alarm being given, the moral support of a second white man is a factor which cannot be overlooked when following elephant, buffalo, rhinoceros, or lion.

The surrounding country was bush more than forest, for the trees were small and not close together; here and there one came across a *vley* or *dambo*, i.e. a large, grassy clearing, which might be anything from 100 to 1,000 yards across—a welcome break in the forest. In these *vleys* the ground slopes gently down from either side to a stream which, in the wet season, expands into a broad river; they sometimes extend for miles, and the grass, when thoroughly dry, is lighted and burns right up to the edge of the forest, and even into it, though the trees themselves, being full of sap, do not catch fire. The grass fires generally take place in June or July, and serve the useful purpose of destroying vermin and noxious insects; while the natives protect their villages from destruction by means of trenches. It is hardly possible for hunting to be carried out until this firing has occurred; and judging by references of early African travellers to the custom, it appears to be one of long standing. As soon as the fire has done its work, fresh young grass springs up and attracts the game from the hills, so that early morning finds herds of wild animals feeding in the *dambos*, before the sun's burning rays drive them to the shelter of the forest.

Our retinue consisted of about seventy natives; human

beasts of burden are the only ones available, and each man can carry a load of 50 lb. We fed our carriers on the game killed by us, and on meal obtained in the villages.

One afternoon, we arrived at an exceptionally large village of over 100 huts, and a most enthusiastic reception was given us by the numerous inhabitants. The whole population turned out *en masse*. First, the men approached and lined the path on both sides, kneeling or lying down and clapping their hands; then we passed through a double row of yelling women and girls, who placed their hands in front of their mouths, waggled their tongues, and gave utterance to a peculiar cry which is known as "lullilooing." This is the customary method of showing welcome, pleasure, or submission. The general hubbub was increased by the naked children, who ran alongside our "boys" or fell in behind with the procession; shrieking, of course, for above all things the natives love noise.

The chief, a fine old fellow of commanding appearance, had already caused a place to be prepared for our camp a little way from the village; so that tents were quickly erected and tea ready. Very soon, followed by twelve old hags bearing baskets of flour on their heads and a few chickens and eggs, the chief himself appeared. The gifts were solemnly presented and as solemnly accepted by Mr. A., who in turn produced his offerings, calico and matches, which were greedily accepted. The native "Thank you" was expressed by the recipients lying on their backs and patting their stomachs! We gave the flour to our "boys," for it is too coarse for Europeans to use and is rarely free from bits of stalk. The chickens and eggs we did try; though, in regard to the latter, it may be said that the standard of respect due to old age observed by white people evidently differs from that of the natives.

The following evening, Mr. A. and I went out to seek game and came across a herd of hartebeest; we killed one and wounded another, though dusk came down before we could find the latter. Next day, Mr. A. had to inspect a village 3 miles off and asked me to take the hunters and ten men to try and recover the wounded antelope. Accordingly, a new hunter, who came in with a good character from an English officer, my regular gun-bearer, a lad carrying my camera, an English-speaking "boy," and the dozen stalwart *machila*—or hammock-bearers—started off with me for the *dambo*.

On arriving near the outskirts of the bush bordering the

grassy plain where we had lost the antelope, I made all lie down and stole softly forward with rifle and field-glasses to see if any game was in sight.

Seeing nothing, I left the twelve "boys" and the camera-bearer in the bush, with orders to follow us should they hear a shot. I then proceeded with the other three to the place where we had last seen the hartebeest. I wished to test the new hunter's tracking abilities so went on alone with him, gun-bearer and interpreter a little in the rear.

I had brought my double-barrelled .465 with the object of making short work of the animal as soon as we found it, for to tell the truth I was feeling rather bored with the pursuit, seeing that it had no horns worth getting; but of course no sportsman leaves a wounded beast to die if he can help it, and we wanted the meat.

It was now nine o'clock. We were fully exposed to the sun's rays, which were warming me up considerably; and, not expecting to see anything for some time, I gave my rifle, weighing 11 lb., to the hunter to carry in addition to his assegai. We had proceeded in this way about 100 yards when we came to a few low, scattered bushes, and lost the spoor.

We were seeking for it, hidden from the gun-bearer and interpreter by these bushes, and I was close behind the hunter with my eyes fixed on the ground, when suddenly he stopped, and, pointing ahead with his spear in his left hand, thrust my rifle into my grasp with his right, pronouncing the thrilling words, "*Bwana! Nkalamo!*" ("Master! Lion!")

And there, sure enough, less than 30 yards to our direct front, in the shade of a bush, stood a full-grown lioness. She was three-quarters facing us, her head erect and slightly turned, her keen eyes gazing steadfastly in our direction. I can hardly say that my heart did not beat faster, but at that moment I felt quite cool, as two thoughts flashed through my brain. First, her great size and level back impressed me; she seemed to be standing on tiptoe and to have no suggestion of the stooping appearance or sloping quarters with which I was familiar in the Zoo. She also looked lean and active, with none of that well-fed sleekness peculiar to animals in captivity. Secondly, it swept into my mind that, come what might, I must make certain of killing or disabling her with the first bullet; for in the position which she had taken up, an immediate charge was probable if she were wounded.

I therefore dropped on to one knee and took careful aim

at the shoulder. Unluckily, just as I was in the act of pressing the trigger, the lioness turned her head away, took one step into the grass, and was out of sight behind another bush.

I could not restrain the pressure of the trigger; the hammer fell at the same instant, and all too ruefully did I realize that I had done the worst thing possible—I had wounded her somewhere in the hindquarters. This would mean a highly dangerous pursuit and the probable loss of the trophy; as the lioness would certainly seek dense covert, whence it would be difficult to drive her, apart from the question of following the spoor. Fearing an attack, I opened the breech and put in another cartridge; and, whilst the breech was still open, a lion, which must have been lying flat in the grass like a hare in its form, suddenly sprang up! Neither my hunter nor myself had the faintest idea he was there till we saw him move.

We were completely at the creature's mercy; but, as luck would have it, he turned tail, bounded after the lioness, and was out of sight before I could close the breech and get the rifle to my shoulder. From first to last, neither animal had made a sound. Remaining perfectly still where we were, and with eyes fixed upon the spot where the pair had disappeared, we shouted for the man carrying my second rifle.

Meantime, before he arrived, I got a fleeting glimpse of a lion or lioness crouching low and running rapidly through the grass between the bushes some 50 yards away, a little to the right. The gun-bearer and the others ran joyfully to us, thinking I had killed the hartebeest; but no sooner had the hunter told them that I had wounded a lioness than their jaws dropped, and they all began to clamour for return to camp. I told them to stop their noise and to lie down, except the hunter, gun-bearer, and interpreter. To the last of these I entrusted the revolver which is generally taken in the *machila*, the gun-bearer had my .318, the hunter his assegai, and myself the heavy .465. My hunter and I walked in the middle, the other two on the outsides, with instructions to shoot at once if the lioness charged, for in such an event there would be no time for giving commands. None of them had fired a shot in their lives, but they would not have come at all without weapons; and, if they could not hit, they might at least frighten the animal.

Something of the danger of our position may be gathered from the following extract from an article in *The Daily Graphic*, entitled, "Shooting the Charging Lion."

"The difficulty of shooting moving objects with a rifle is immeasurably increased when that object is rapidly charging the shooter with the object of taking his life. Sir Alfred Pease tells us that in order to stop a charging lion the bullet must be placed in the brain, neck, or spine; a shot in the heart when the animal is within sixty yards cannot be relied upon to stop his progress. It is on record that lions shot through the heart have had remaining sufficient vitality to close with, and badly maul or even kill, their enemy before collapsing.

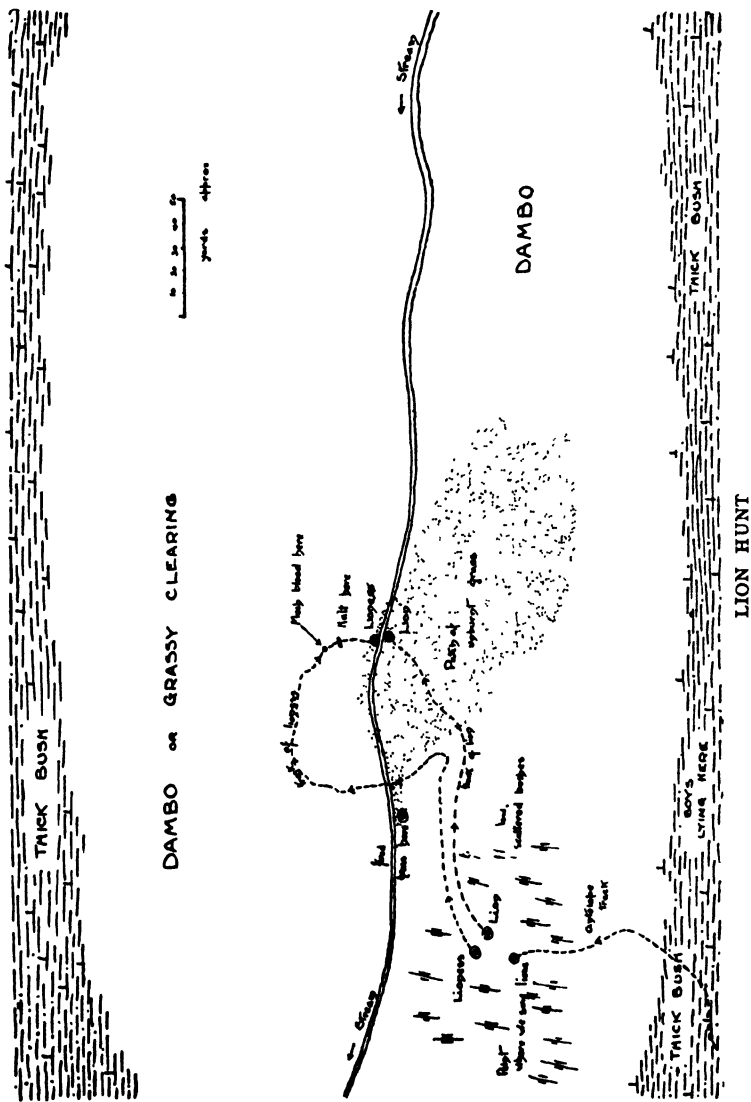
"If one critically regards the anatomy of the 'king of beasts,' it will be found that the vital spots mentioned present very small targets at which to aim, even were the animal motionless. But when we consider, as this intrepid lion-hunter tells us, 'the lion when he charges is coming faster than a greyhound,' it will be seen that this form of shooting may rightly be considered as coming within the category 'most difficult.'

"While agreeing that this may, in truth, be regarded as one of the most difficult shots possible, it must be admitted that very few men—created of nervous temperament as we are, with brains to realize to the full the risk encountered—can have sufficient confidence in themselves to feel that their skilful direction of a bullet will avert all danger."

We advanced very slowly and deliberately, the hunter intent on the spoor, and the rest of us keeping our eyes open for danger. It was not long before we came upon drops of blood, and all went well until the tracks led us towards a patch of high, unburnt grass. Hitherto we had had a fairly clear view up to 50 yards, or even more; but it was, of course, hopeless to try to follow the animal into this thick covert. The "boys" would have none of it; to advance alone was pure folly. So I suggested setting fire to the patch in order to dislodge the beast; but my hunter pointed out that such a course would infallibly spoil the spoor if the animal was wounded, and, if it were dead, the skin would be destroyed.

He again advised a return to camp, and pointed out that in the meantime the lioness would get stiff from her wound, would be weakening from loss of blood, and be less dangerous. I hated the idea of going back for help, and it struck me as horribly like showing the white feather. To be quite candid, I had felt in a bit of a funk all the time and was disgusted with myself for having so little pluck.

My only consolation was the story of the major who remarked to his colonel on the battlefield: "Sir, I believe you are frightened!" "Yes, I jolly well am," retorted the colonel, "and if



you were half as frightened as I am you'd d—d well run away ! ”

The moral was, I take it, that mind subdues matter ; though some minds have so little imagination or experience that the possessors feel no fear because they do not see any cause for it. At all events, it would never do for me to show cowardice before natives, and I was puzzling what to do in this *impasse*, when a bright thought struck me. “ Are you sure,” I remarked to the hunter, “ that both lions went in here ? ”

No blood was visible just there ; so we went back a little way and discovered, to my relief, that it was the unwounded animal which had entered the high grass, the tracks of the other leading down to a stream running through the midst of the plain. There were only occasional pools, as it was nearly the end of the dry season.

On arriving at the bank, my hunter pointed to a big splash of blood, saying, “ See, she has jumped this ! ” As the bed of the stream was about 6 feet deep and 10 wide, I felt somewhat uneasy at this evidence of the creature's unimpaired activity in spite of its wound. However, we went slowly through the bed of the stream and up the rising ground on the other side, on towards the bush. After awhile, the tracks turned right-handed, and more blood showed. Another right-handed turn followed shortly and led down towards the stream again, but to a point about 60 yards above where the lioness had crossed it.

We now received a warning from the tracker that the lioness was proceeding very slowly, and that we must keep a close lookout. Nor had we gone far before he stopped and pointed towards the ditch (or dry bed of the stream) 30 yards in front of us, saying he was convinced that she was hiding there and might spring upon us. Hearing this, the other two refused to go a step farther, despite my entreaties and offer of bribes. I did not relish walking up alone, and suggested that they should go back to where she had jumped the stream ; telling them that they were to fire the grass on the other side, and so drive the lioness out whilst the gun-bearer and I watched, ready to shoot as she bolted.

This course they carried out, while I passed as anxious a ten minutes as I can remember, for I expected to see the lion bolt as well. I shall always believe that this was a concerted move on the part of the two animals, and that the pair of them were in that ditch awaiting our attack.

The patch of high grass into which we had first tracked them led directly down to the stream, to a point just opposite where we

were standing ; fortunately, it did not go beyond, and our view was obscured only by a few low bushes. The dry grass burned like tinder, and the wind, blowing upstream, favoured my plan. Though the flames ran along the ground and quickly reached the spot where we supposed that the animals lay, nothing appeared ; and, when the fire had passed some distance beyond, I again asked the natives to go up to the stream with me. In spite of my pointing out that the lioness must be dead or too sorely wounded to give any trouble, they all refused.

At last, by complimenting the hunter on his bravery from the moment we had come upon the lions, offering him ten suits of clothes (*i.e.* ten yards of calico), and, finally, taking the spare rifle from the gun-bearer and giving it to him, bidding him show the rest that *he* was not afraid, I persuaded him to walk up to the ditch with me.

Cautiously, foot by foot, and side by side, we went forward, whilst the rest watched ; and, on reaching the bank and catching sight of a tawny form, I all but fired, for there she lay !

She had only just breathed her last, and deep down in the bed of the stream, her head on one massive paw, she was stretched out on her left side. The savage mouth was partly open, with the teeth in their prime, only two being slightly worn. The bullet had struck her about a foot behind her shoulder, and had passed diagonally through the body, so that it was an amazing thing that she had travelled so far. In point of fact, the delays during the pursuit were all in our favour ; otherwise we might have come upon her a few moments earlier, at the stage when a wounded lion is most dangerous.

My camera was sent for, and the " boys "—as soon as they could be prevailed upon to touch her—dragged her out, danced round her body in a ring, and then took her to where she had first been seen, so that the photograph gives some idea of the country in which the chase had been conducted.

All tracks of the lion were destroyed by the fire. We saw no more of him, nor could I find any traces of the hartebeest. I think that the pair must have devoured it and had been lying up near the kill in order to guard it from hyænas and vultures.

The " boys " now cut a small tree down ; and, after tying the forepaws together and the hind-paws in similar fashion, they slung the lioness on it and carried her to the village. Before we left the *dambo*, the fire had almost burned itself out, after having consumed a big patch of dry grass.

Magical, indeed, was the result when, on approaching the village, the "boys" burst into a song, the like of which I had never heard before. The whole population poured forth to meet us, the people clustering round me and throwing themselves at my feet, clapping their hands and shouting themselves hoarse. Later, from my friend, who also came out, I learned that this was the "Song of the Lion," and he confessed that when he heard it bitter jealousy rose in his heart; for he had been eleven years in the country and had never had the luck even to get a shot at a lion; whilst I, who had been there little more than a month, had slain a man-eater—the ambition of every sportsman!

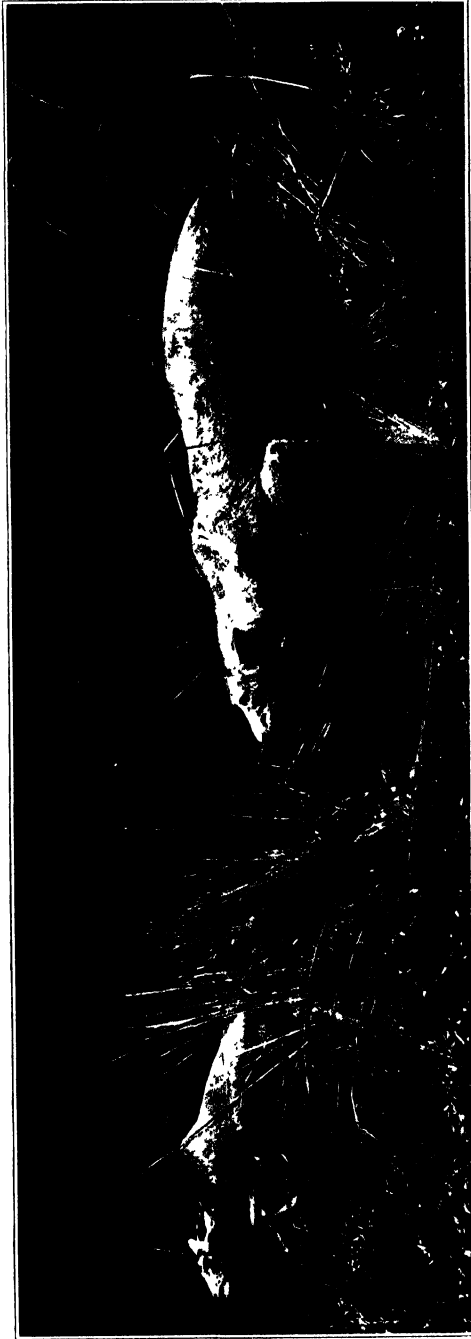
"I can't shake hands with you!" he remarked ruefully, though he relented a few minutes afterwards and apologized. Selous, most famous of lion-hunters, who shot at least thirty lions single-handed, was in Africa three years before he saw one; and lions were far more numerous in his day than now. But it certainly was galling to my friend to hear, "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands," when David was, in fact, a "new chum"!

It appeared that these two lions had been visiting the villages within a radius of about 5 miles, and the headman of this village complained that he had lost four of his people by their depredations.

As soon as the men put down their load, all the natives began to dance round the body, singing the "Song of the Lion," making hideous grimaces, and shouting opprobrious epithets at the fallen queen. It was evident that they did not hold the belief in "werelions" common to some African tribes, who think that a chief may change himself into a lion, kill whom he pleases, and return to human form again. Those who believe this greet a lion as soon as they see or hear one by clapping their hands, the usual form of salutation.

After we had skinned the lioness, the men drove their assegais into her body and smeared themselves and their children with her blood; but none ventured to eat any flesh. The blood-smearing they did in the belief that it would strengthen them or might act as a charm against other man-eaters. This fashion resembles that of the Chinese, who are reputed to have indulged in cannibalism to the extent of consuming the galls of criminals; the gall being regarded as the seat of courage.

Having cut the body into halves, we had it carried out into



MY LIONESS AND RECORD KIDSPRUNGLER
Set up by Rowland Ward

the bush about a mile outside the village ; and, in the expectation that the lion would follow his mate, a trap-gun was set over each portion. The bait was hemmed in all round with branches of trees, so that any animal approaching could only secure it at one place. Across the entrance of the trap was a piece of string, so arranged that the animal seizing the meat would, at the same time, pull the trigger and receive a deadly charge of slugs in head or chest. But the lion did not return that night, and we were obliged to continue our journey next day ; and so fast did we travel during the succeeding days that I could not get the skin of the lioness properly pegged out for drying ; at the expense of shrinking the skin, I managed to save it by rubbing it all over with arsenical soap.

The traps were left as they were, with instructions to the natives to bring them after us, including the skin of any victim. About a week later, they were sent on with the news that both traps had been fired by hyænas ; these were not killed owing to the muzzles of the guns being set a little too high.

That the lion had returned was also clear from the spoor ; but, instead of touching the body of his mate, he avenged her death by carrying off a man from the outskirts of the village at sundown. We were too far away to be able to return, as the chief requested us, to shoot the lion.

We came across several villages with stockades, and some which had been deserted on account of the attacks of lions ; but I had no further adventures with them till three months later, when a man-eater actually had the audacity to investigate my tent.

This had been pitched about 100 yards from the magistrate's house, in an open space on the edge of the forest. I slept there quite alone, for my meals were taken with my friend ; and the " boys " slept in the village which lay in the hollow on the other side of the *boma*. This word is used to indicate both the residence of a magistrate and his office or place of business.

I am not going to pretend that I liked crossing the few yards between the house and my tent in the dead of night when the moon and stars were obscured by clouds. However, I always carried a lantern and a .455 six-chambered revolver ; and I became sufficiently used to it not to feel cold shivers run down my spine when jackals or hyænas uttered their unearthly noises. But on this particular evening there was the unmistakable sound of a lion close at hand.

A fire is not a sure protection against a hungry man-eater ; though a moving light, such as is displayed when a man carries a lantern, is reputed to be a much better safeguard at night than all the rifles and revolvers ever made. This may be so ; but I have read in *The Man-eaters of Tsavo* that a servant carrying a lantern for a man on his way to dine with the author, Colonel Patterson, was none the less seized by one of the famous man-eaters. Further, although lions avoid tents on account of the guy-ropes, which suggest a trap, there are three or four instances on record of lions entering by the door of a tent.¹ At least two authenticated cases are known of lions having attacked tents. A man, appropriately named Lyons, had his tent pulled down over him by two lions not far from Lake Tanganyika ; but he managed to get at his rifle and frighten them off by firing it. An Administrator of North Western Rhodesia had his tent dragged away from over him one dark and rainy night, and was left lying on the ground under the wreck of poles and mosquito curtain. The tent was found the next day half a mile away torn to pieces.

I reached my tent in safety, carefully tied up the canvas across the doorway, undressed, and got into bed, when I again heard the moan of a hungry lion not far from the door. I was up in a flash, and snatched my Paradox gun, which lay ready loaded on the floor. Listening intently, with every sense on the alert, I heard the brute on the other side of the tent. The night was pitch-black, rain was pelting down, and to see the animal was impossible. After a few seconds of anxious listening, my nerves could stand it no longer. I poked the barrel out through the curtains and fired into the air ; then, reloading, I sat on the bed and awaited events. Imagination painted the brute prowling round and round the tent before making an attack, against which I was practically helpless in the dark.

For a couple of hours I remained like this, but only the pattering of the rain on the roof reached my ears ; and at length I laid down the rifle at full-cock on the floor and got into bed again, revolver in hand, in which position I found it when, at daylight, I woke up.

Hurrying across to my friend's house, I told him what had happened. Not even the report of my rifle had reached his ears in the dark hours, and it was plain that he regarded the whole thing as a nightmare. Nor was there any corroborative

¹ See Chapter XVI in *The Man-eaters of Tsavo*.

evidence, seeing that the heavy rain had entirely obliterated the lion's spoor. However, the unexpected did happen, and my story was confirmed in a most extraordinary way, though I myself did not become aware of it until a fortnight later.

Within a few hours of the sceptical reception of the account of my night-raiding lion, the "boys" who had been sent out by the magistrate for news or spoor of elephants returned, reporting that a big bull had been seen two days' journey northwards, and, with my guides and one of Mr. A.'s hunters, I started off at once.

On my return a fortnight afterwards, almost the first remark which greeted me was to the effect that my luck had certainly not yet deserted me. Seeking enlightenment, A. proceeded to explain that the very lion which I had frightened away by firing my rifle through the tent had come back the following night, entered the village, and carried off a man into the forest!

My friend, it appeared, had been awakened by the natives at dawn, and had at once given chase accompanied by his remaining hunter. The victim had been dragged with his legs trailing along the ground, the tracks being easy to follow as the lion had travelled fast; after awhile, however, the beast had settled down to a walk, and the nature of the ground rendered spooring difficult. Eventually, whilst making a cast forward and passing round an anthill, the trackers came face to face with the lion at a distance of, perhaps, fifteen paces. He was crouching flat, with his head between his paws, gazing fixedly at the disturbers of his peace. The headless body of his victim lay close beside him.

Mr. A., thoroughly taken by surprise, and thinking that the animal was in the act of springing, fired on the instant, without taking aim. The bullet missed—at any rate, on careful examination of the ground later, no trace of blood could be found—and the lion charged straight at him. He had no time to reload, and his gun-bearer, whilst handing him the second rifle, pulled the trigger either by design or accident, but did not hit the lion.

Had the beast been wounded, it would assuredly have retaliated, so that possibly this was the best thing that could have happened. As it was, seeing and hearing this fresh discharge in its face, the animal turned aside at the last moment and, running swiftly by them, plunged into the long grass. A. fired once or twice more, but without result, and the lion, having stopped for an instant at a distance of some 200 yards, gave one final glance at his enemies, and disappeared over a rise. Some slight details as to the subsequent history of this man-eater can be given; for

on my arrival in England ten weeks later, I received a card from my friend couched in his usual laconic style :—

“ DEAR STEWART,—

“ The man-eater returned and took two girls in broad daylight. Followed it up and was hot on the spoor when I heard two shots. On hurrying to the spot, I found that a trader who collects otter skins from the Banguelo natives had killed it.

“ Just my luck ! He was a fine, big-maned lion.

Yours ever,

“ A.”

I am pleased to be able to give extracts from A.'s letters, which show that his luck was not always out, for he has since shot two lionesses, and he tells me that I brought him good fortune.

“ You will be interested to hear,” he writes, “ how I got my first lion. I was taking a rest by the wayside when four or five animals were seen crossing the path about a couple of hundred yards ahead of us. Some one said they were wild dogs, another hyænas, and a third vowed they were lions. As soon as I heard that, I seized my rifle and ran as hard as possible to try and head them off before they could reach a patch of bush they were apparently making for.

“ They got there first, but on looking about I saw the head of a lion, which was standing under a small tree about thirty yards off, looking at me.

“ I fired at once, and the head disappeared. Reloading immediately, I saw another beast standing there, and this time took aim at the shoulder. She fell at once and rolled over, growling savagely. Running up close, I gave her two more, which silenced her. She could not get up, for the first bullet had passed through both shoulders, shattering the bones.

“ We could find no trace of the first animal ; but I do not think the natives wanted to, as they were afraid of having to follow it up. They maintained that I had fired at the same beast both times ; but I am certain the first was a lion.”

The second letter relates some further experiences of A. :—

“ I am writing this in my tent, with the rain pouring down outside ; you know how it can rain out here. I have just had a bit of luck and presented myself with a Christmas box in the shape of a lioness. ‘ Boys ’ getting grass for shelters reported three puku on the dambo. It was raining hard, so I waited till it stopped. On going out, no sign of the puku, so walked along the edge of the dambo and came to a sharp bend to the left. Rounding this, came face to

face with the lioness, twelve paces away, lying down 5 yards from the kill (a female hartebeest).

"The native hunter was carrying my '318, just in front of me. I was close behind, smoking a cigarette. He handed me the rifle in no time, and so quickly that I had it up to my shoulder before I noticed the cigarette in my mouth. I thought this might spoil my aim, so gradually worked it out of my mouth with my tongue whilst I held the rifle on the beast. As soon as I got rid of it, I fired and hit her left shoulder, smashing it completely; she never rose from her lying position, and died where she lay. Of course, I gave her two more in order to run no risks. She was a very old beast; one incisor was clean gone, two others were almost level with the jaw, and only one sound one. If not a man-eater, she jolly soon would have been.

"Now that I have got going on lions I hope to make a bag of them.

"Only last week a headman of a village fourteen miles away came and reported that four lions had visited his village two nights running, killed ten sheep the first night and five the second. B. and I went out the third night and took up positions in huts, with a dead sheep tied up in front. The lions came about ten. B. had all the luck and got in four shots with 'S.S.G.' Next morning we found the blood-spoor, followed it up and came on the wounded beast. It had only a flesh-wound in the hind leg. I caught sight of it first, and let rip four times as it ran away but, I believe, missed it each time. After the fourth, it stopped, and B. got in a shot at the root of the tail and another in the shoulder, and he was done for. A fine male. We followed on the spoor of two others that were with him up to the time we shot at him; but they never gave us a wink of them."

African tribes vary considerably in courage. Some have been accustomed in days past to submit without a struggle to their more war-like neighbours, who stole their crops and carried off their women year after year with impunity. Others, like the Masai of British East Africa and the Awemba, who proved the best of my gun-bearers and carriers when I hunted in Northern Rhodesia, possess plenty of pluck and stamina.

The Angola of Central Africa, whom Livingstone knew intimately, and those intrepid followers of his who carried his body to the coast through difficult country and savage tribes, showed admirable courage on many occasions. The Angola, according to the great missionary explorer, made a practice of killing lions as soon as they took to raiding cattle and were thus liable to become man-eaters. When lions grow old and lose their teeth and activity, they take to the easy hunting of domestic animals, women, and children; hunger causing them to lose their

natural fear of man. Even a confirmed man-eater will turn tail and avoid trouble if he has had a meal recently.

The Masai, who are well aware of these facts, destroy lions as soon as they find their cattle or villages are being attacked. Nor is theirs the valour of ignorance and lack of imagination, for they frequently come off badly in these encounters. Quite recently, two young Masai boys were brought into Nairobi Hospital suffering from severe bites and scratches inflicted by a man-eating lion. The beast had been tracked into a patch of dry grass by sixteen warriors armed with nothing more than spears. As soon as the animal was driven out of this a seventeen-year-old boy wounded it with a thrust. Instantly the lion turned and leaped at him, knocking him down and clawing him from head to heel. A second lad, barely eighteen years old, rushed to the rescue and plunged his spear into the lion's body. The beast turned on him too, and in an instant had hurled him aside, badly ripped and bleeding. But now the rest of the Masai attacked. There was a moment's quick play of spears, and the man-eater fell, stabbed to death.

The late Theodore Roosevelt, in *African Game Trails*, gives a similar account of a lion-hunt which he actually witnessed.

CHAPTER XV

SALMON FISHING IN NORWAY

ABOUT the year 1903, my wife, my cousin, and I rented a stretch of a celebrated salmon river in the north of Norway for the month of July. None of us had ever caught a salmon, so that we were burning with excitement as the time approached for casting a line ; and, having had to pay a high price for the beat, Scotch canniness made us determine to be on the river at the break of day on July 1.

Owing to rough weather, the ship was late in arriving at Trondhjem, and it was only by dint of hard travelling all night through rough country that we reached the farmhouse, which was included in the rent of the fishing, at ten in the morning. Imagine our disgust and annoyance on finding that the tenants for June had not left, and we could neither get into our rooms nor obtain a bath ! Also, the landlord told us that they had already fished the pools that day and caught two fine salmon of 20 and 24 lb. weight !

I regret to say that all this, in addition to the irritation due to want of sleep and a diet of copious cups of coffee throughout the night, caused anger to get the better of our manners, and we said many bitter things about these gentlemen, who were sitting at breakfast in an adjoining room and must have heard every word. About an hour afterwards a polite message reached us from them through the landlord, to the effect that they were very sorry for exceeding the time allotted and had fished the pools because they were assured there was no possible chance of our reaching the river that day. Further, they wished to put any knowledge of the beat, which they had fished for several consecutive seasons, at our service, and sent us some tackle and two fishing-rods for our immediate use.

Struck with remorse and feeling sure they had heard all the unkind things we had said, we did not know how to reply ; but, to our unspeakable relief, the landlord stated that both

the gentlemen were deaf and dumb! Their information was exceedingly useful to us, and we made an excellent catch during the month of over 1,000 lb. weight of salmon, representing about fifty fish, the capture of the most important of which I will now describe.

On the third day, our first salmon—a beautiful fresh-run fish of 16 lb.—was landed by the lady of the party, although she had never caught a fish of any sort previously; and I fear that my cousin and I, who rather fancied ourselves as fishermen, ill concealed our jealousy at the occurrence. The following evening, a little after nine, I hooked a fish which in the first few rushes took out over 100 yards of line. This was evident, because my reel contained 80 yards of dressed line and 100 of backing or undressed silk, so that one could estimate pretty well at any time how far away a fish was. It was therefore necessary to follow in the boat and reel up as quickly as possible. The current in this river is so strong that one is obliged to employ two boatmen to row against it, and the depth is so great that fly-fishing is of little use; so we generally fished by “harling,” *i.e.* rowing from bank to bank with spinning rods, drawing spoon-baits or artificial minnows. When the river became lower we were able to cast the fly in one or two pools, and my cousin secured his best fish—one of 30 lb.—in this way. After hooking a fish, one usually landed at the first opportunity and played it for perhaps half an hour from the shore, till our chief boatman (known as a *fastman*) was able to gaff it.

On this occasion, I played the salmon for an hour but could only once bring it within reach of my *fastman*. He struck at it with the gaff, but missed it, and this frightened the fish so much that it dashed out into mid-stream and again took out well over 100 yards of line. We had, therefore, to follow it in the boat and land from time to time farther down the river, whenever there seemed an opportunity of bringing the fish to bank.

I knew it was a very large one, as it had leapt out of the water twice, but my boatman declared that it was over 50 lb.; so that, realizing it was the trophy of my life, I exercised the utmost caution and did not put anything like the proper strain on rod and line. This was also due to inexperience, as I had no idea how much the rod and line could bear, and I was using a single gut trace, which, to the tyro, seems weak. The rod

was also rather whippy, being 17 feet long and intended for fly-casting. Consequently, the fish did just what he liked and made full use of the rapid water. When he wanted a rest he would bore out into mid-stream, resist all my efforts to reel in, and allow himself to drift with the current, which quickly carried the boat down also.

It was now nearly midnight, and my wife, having become anxious, had sent my cousin to look for me. He viewed my fruitless efforts from afar, and after he had run about 2 miles along the bank, I at last succeeded in coaxing the salmon to his side of the river, so that, when it made off again to the middle, he got into the boat with us. As he did not return and it was close on 1 a.m., my wife sent a second messenger, the landlord; but he became so excited and interested in the struggle that he, too, ran along the bank and boarded the boat at the first opportunity without giving another thought to her hopes and fears.

By this time we had travelled nearly 4 miles down the river, and it was past two o'clock. The landlord, who was an expert angler, and my cousin were full of advice and most anxious to have hold of the rod; but, although both my arms were aching and I longed for the fish to give in, nothing would induce me to part with it or to take any undue risks by putting a greater strain on the tackle than I thought it would bear.

To make a long story short, I landed no less than thirteen times on each side of the river, but was unable to induce the fish to approach near enough to the side for anyone to reach it with the gaff; and we all now fully believed it was going to prove a record catch. To do this, the salmon would have had to scale considerably more than half a hundredweight, as 67 lb. is the record for this river. After proceeding in this way 5 miles downstream, we came to an enormous pool of great depth, where there was not much current; and I was informed that there were rapids below, so that the boat could go no farther. At this juncture the landlord made the excellent suggestion that, as the fish would not approach the shore, it should be gaffed from the boat. The salmon was still game, however, and I could not reel it in near enough. I then fortunately remembered having read somewhere that when large salmon are hooked on the Tay—a very rapid river—the rod is put down and the fish drawn in by taking the line in the hand. We accordingly tried this method. The fish yielded surprisingly

quickly and was skilfully gaffed by the landlord, so we rowed triumphantly ashore. To our astonishment it only weighed 32 lb.

The whole struggle had taken six hours and twenty-five minutes, and it was probably as gallant a fight as any fish of its size has ever put up ; but the amazing thing is that a fish should attempt to go so far in its efforts to escape. I have caught great numbers of salmon, but none of them (nor any others that I ever heard of) travelled more than a few hundred yards ; and most were landed within 50 yards of where they were hooked.

None of us relished the idea of walking home ; but, fortunately, there are no thieves in these parts, and no one possesses a lock and key, so we procured a horse and trap from a stable close at hand and drove home. The boatmen returned it in the afternoon, together with a fine slice of the fish, and rowed the boat back upstream.

My cousin is certainly the most conscientious, painstaking and persevering fisherman I have ever known ; but he does not meet with the success his efforts deserve. Our success was gall and wormwood to him, and he redoubled his efforts. The usual hours for fishing were nine to one in the morning and six to ten at night. This is as much as can be expected of the boatmen, and we did not usually keep them out so long. My cousin spent the whole afternoon trout fishing, and invariably kept his boatmen out far into the night, which is almost as light as day throughout the Norwegian summer. When they rebelled he commandeered my wife's, and, on the night he left for England, persuaded the landlord to row him about till 3 a.m.

Once, when he came in to supper at ten, we chaffed him on giving up so early. He replied gravely in his deep voice : " I wanted to go on, but the boat was not with me." We rocked with laughter, but he only said, still more seriously : " How can you go on fishing when the boat is not with you ? "

He surprised us one morning by stating that he had made careful calculations and computed that each salmon we caught cost us eleven hours, forty-four minutes, and three seconds. Very likely ; we had not thought of working it out. I wonder how many days and nights each salmon cost him ! Anyhow, his energy was rewarded by the capture of one sensational fish at least.

Having read that nothing has ever been found inside a

salmon taken in fresh water, he determined to put the statement to the test and insisted on every fish we caught being cut open and carefully examined. One day, he came to us in a state of great excitement and produced the backbone of a small fish and a shapeless mass of disagreeable messy matter, which he had taken from the inside of a 30 lb. salmon. This he packed carefully in a tin box and dispatched to the editor of the *Field*. The editor acknowledged it but said his expert (Mr. Tegetmeier) was away on his holiday, so it would be kept till his return ! History does not relate what Mr. Tegetmeier said on receiving the horrible stuff, which had been polluting his house for days ; but he pronounced the bone to be that of a herring, which the salmon had swallowed in salt water before ascending the river.

My cousin had the salmon carefully set up ; and the herring bone, with a suitable inscription, reposes sedately beside it !

About a fortnight later, when reeling up preparatory to going home at 10 p.m., I was fast in a big fish. After a determined rush downstream, which took out all my line as far as the backing, the salmon made upstream and came towards the boat so fast that it was all I could do to keep the line taut in spite of hauling it in hand over hand. As he continued to travel up the river and the boatmen were unable to row against the strong current, I landed and ran along the bank, putting all the pressure I dared on the fish in an attempt to turn him.

At last I succeeded, and down he came again, giving me a rapid sprint in the opposite direction. Then he went up again and I had to go too. Thus the struggle continued for over an hour without any of us seeing the fish, who was complete master of the situation. At the end of the second hour, feeling determined that I would not be kept out all night for the second time, I gave him the butt and managed to bring him near the shore. It was pouring with rain and the sky was overcast, so he did not see my watchful *fastman* with the gaff.

The man struck at the fish, and the gaff got firm hold ; but he was unable to bring it in, for, as soon as the salmon felt the steel, he plunged forward and dragged the man headlong into the river. The other man was sitting in the boat some distance off and could give no immediate help.

Flinging the rod down, I rushed to the rescue, for I feared the man would drown or, at least, that the salmon would escape. Fortunately, the water was not deep and the *fastman* regained his feet. Pluckily holding on to the fish with one hand, he gave

me the other, and by a herculean effort I pulled them both out. We only got the salmon to the edge of the water and were both so exhausted that all we could do was to lie on the fish with our feet in the stream.

Finally, the second boatman came to our aid and killed the salmon, by knocking it on the head with a stone. It measured 51 inches in length and weighed 49 lb.

CHAPTER XVI

LECHWE SHOOTING IN THE SWAMPS OF LAKE BANGUEOLO

THE hunting of these handsome antelopes is generally attended by considerable discomfort and the practical certainty of malarial attacks owing to the unhealthy nature of the country they frequent.

However, by the courtesy of one of the officials in the employ of the Chartered Company, I was able to get to their feeding-grounds comparatively comfortably in the Government boat, and the excellent native guides whom he provided brought me so quickly within reach of my quarry that I had secured my trophies and left the pestilential swamp almost before the mosquitoes were aware of my existence. Also I was fortunate in visiting the feeding-grounds at the very end of the dry season, when the rivers were at their lowest and little wading was necessary.

After the adventure with the man-eaters, which I have described in Chapter XIV, we travelled towards the Chambesi, the largest river flowing into Lake Bangueolo. The first two villages passed after leaving the man-eaters' resort were deserted ; as, when the lions had broken into two or three huts, the natives left their old tumble-down dwellings and went to larger and stronger villages farther off. In general, they are not allowed to leave a village without permission from the chief, who is responsible to the authorities and has to account for his people. By this means, a check is put on murder and witchcraft, and without some such arrangement the hut-tax might be evaded. It is an excellent method, also, of keeping in touch with the natives.

During the next few days we marched along the Chambesi River, and were troubled by tsetse flies and a few mosquitoes. In the evenings we harled for tiger-fish by means of a small, collapsible canvas boat, towing a spoon-bait. We had to row

each other in turn, as it seemed next to impossible to teach the natives to do it.

The tiger-fish is described by Major Hamilton¹ as the king of all the indigenous fish of South Africa.

"Of slender and graceful build, covered with large and silvery scales, ornamented laterally with horizontal black stripes, his fins and forked tail of orange red, his personal beauty is as striking as his boldness and courage. Were it not for the crocodile, he would be the chief tyrant of the waters in which he makes his home and amply revenges himself upon the newly-hatched reptiles for the toll which the larger ones extract from his species."

Those we caught were not particularly good to eat, but made a welcome change in our dinner menu. The largest I can vouch for weighed 16 lb., but they are said to exceed 30; we lost a great many and did not land any over 3 lb. They gave good sport, for they are game from start to finish, making determined rushes, leaping high in the air, shaking their heads, and never sulking, except as a prelude to still more vigorous action.

I received several bites from tsetse flies near the river. Most of them were like the prick of a pin, but one over the eye troubled me a little longer than usual.

The "boys" robbed six bees' nests in two days. I took photos and kept at a respectful distance. They brought me the honey, some of which I ate and found good, though rather strong. Hassan, my Somali tent-boy, got stung on the lip, which swelled considerably, and when the bees got too active I noticed the "boys" brushing them off their heads and arms; but the stings seemed to have little effect on the natives. I once saw them put to flight by what they described as very savage bees, probably hornets. They also robbed the nest of a very much smaller insect and devoured the honey, together with a few ants which happened to be crawling over it. This diminutive species of bee has no sting and, like the others, makes its home in the hollow of a tree. Though stingless, they have a horrid habit of buzzing about the eyes and tickling the skin by sucking it as common flies do. I did not try this honey, not fancying the look of it, but understand it is slightly acid with an aromatic flavour.

It was at this time that I first saw the little bird known as the "honey guide," whose peculiar habits were described by

¹ *Animal Life in Africa*, by Major Stevenson Hamilton.

writers nearly 200 years ago. Incredible as it may sound, this bird, by insistent twittering and fluttering from tree to tree, shows the way to such places as bees have selected for their nests, and will not leave you in peace till you follow it and do its bidding. It is a great nuisance when one is pursuing game and can only be temporarily driven away by missiles; but at other times it is exceedingly useful. Apparently it does not care about the honey, but devours the stupefied grubs and bees after they have been smoked out. The "boys" used to encourage the bird by attempting to imitate the curious whistling and chuckling sounds of the honey-badger. This little animal understands perfectly the invitation of the honey-guide and answers the bird by hissing and whistling as it hurries to the place indicated by its friend, where they thoroughly enjoy a meal of honey and grubs together.

Hornets are fortunately rare, for, if you should brush a tree in which they have nested, as may easily happen when passing through the forest—they attack instantly. I was once stung behind; on rubbing the place incautiously with my hand, I felt a violent pain all up my arm and saw hornets buzzing about me. I ran for my life and escaped with only the two stings; but my arm swelled considerably and I could not sit down comfortably for days.

The first village near which we camped beside the river had a high, strongly-built palisading round it for a safeguard against lions, which the inhabitants said they heard every night. Our "boys" were too frightened to sleep out, but crowded into the huts; so the villagers must have had a stuffy time, as it was pretty hot about there then. We had descended from the high plateau; and October, the month before the rains commence, is generally the hottest of the year, as indeed we found it. Large fires were made between our tents at sunset to keep the lions away; so we had a warm time too. None came very near the huts, but I was disturbed in the middle of the night by their noise. It is a grand but awe-inspiring sound and makes you feel a bit creepy inside your flimsy tent. The growling of lions heard in the Zoo is a poor example of what they can do when giving a concert in the forest.

On the following day, we sent all our ninety carriers and their loads by land a distance of 7 miles to the village of Mun-konta on the shore of Lake Chaya, whilst we travelled down the Chambesi, here about 100 yards wide, in the Government

boat to the same place. It is more than double as far by water, but my friend had some taxes to collect at a village on the river bank, and this mode of progression was a delightful change from bicycling on narrow native paths, being jolted about in a *machila*, or marching in the hot sun.

The Government boat was a capacious old tub built of steel, and it was provided with a large awning under which we sat pretty comfortably in deck-chairs. A gentle breeze blew up stream, dissipating the human odour and keeping us pleasantly cool. Our luncheon baskets and rifles were placed under the seats along the sides, and the personal "boys" and hunters stowed themselves away as well as they could. Those for whom we could not find room were conveyed in about a dozen native canoes, which raced along on each side of us in great style. The boat was manned by two steersmen and fourteen to sixteen paddlers, who relieved each other from time to time. They stood on the seats and used very long paddles, five or six on each side; but they did not keep good time, so we only made about 3 miles an hour with the help of the slight current. The paddlers were in high spirits and sang more than we cared about, those sitting down beating the sides of the boat as a drum.

They had a poor repertoire, and the songs consisted mainly of a repetition of something like this:

" Waiisa—Sekumbe
'Chomo—Waiisa,"

the chorus to which was:

" What-ho, mati-mati,"

evidently learned in the mines of the South.

At first the banks were lined with small deciduous trees and a few palms, for we had descended about 2,000 feet from the plateau, and bananas are cultivated about here. The trees, however, soon ceased; the river split into channels divided by reedy islands, and we passed between dense walls of papyrus nearly twice a man's height. Hippopotami could be heard grunting and splashing in these impenetrable thickets, but none showed themselves; and, except for numbers of black cormorants, we saw little sign of life. Otters are plentiful, and a trader I met made a considerable sum by exporting the skins, which he obtained from the natives for a yard of calico apiece. I bought about forty from him at 1s. to 1s. 6d. a skin; in London they would have fetched ten to twelve shillings, as, in order to prevent

their extermination, an export duty of 2s. 6d. had been placed on each. Mine were made into a beautiful carriage rug; but if the fur is plucked, it becomes soft and fit for coats. The otters are mostly dark brown in colour; but we did not see any, for they feed at night. The natives trap them.

At the end of an hour and a half, the monotony was relieved by a village, which my friend taxed and censured. The inhabitants lined the left or south bank and gave us a great reception. The men clapped, the women "lullilooed," and the children looked on wide-eyed. A great many were clothed in antelope skins; but calico, the sign of approaching civilization, has now reached this district.

As we got amongst the large islands farther down, the calico decreased and skins became correspondingly numerous. These the women scrub with stones, so that they become beautifully soft and pliable; the natives also make interesting patterns on them by means of dyes from certain leaves and roots. A few tawdry ornaments were to be observed here and there. The chief caused the customary presents of fowls and flour to be brought to us, although we did not propose to stay the night.

A little below the village, the river widened to about 120 yards, until several islands again split it up, and we took a narrow deepish channel which led directly into Lake Chaya. This is a fine sheet of water about 6 miles long and 1 to 2 in width. Munkonta, the place to which we were bound, is built on rising ground close to the southern shore, but the huts are hidden amongst the banana plantations. There are at least two other villages on the opposite side—also surrounded by dense clumps of banana plants 15 to 20 feet high. The inhabitants, who belong to the Awisa tribe, use the lake a great deal, paddling their long narrow dug-outs with great swiftness and dexterity. They live principally on fish, which they both spear and net, and the root of a plant called *kalundwe*. This is dried and pounded into flour. It is then mixed with water and made into an unsavoury hodge-podge, like the *poi* of the Hawaiians. I think it is what we call arrowroot.

The nets are cleverly made out of reeds and the bark of certain trees. Another method of obtaining fish is to poison the water so that they float on the top. African natives are not particular as to their food, and Livingstone observed that they will eat a stale fish as readily as a fresh one. The canoes are made of several kinds of wood, that of the *mulombwa*,

which is called "the oak of Central Africa," being the favourite, as it is both ant- and borer-proof. The Awisa also set traps for game, and spear antelope from canoes as they swim across open stretches of water after being driven out of the swamps. Zebra meat they despise.

There are no lions in the immediate neighbourhood, but many hyænas and jackals.

The first thing we did on arrival at Munkonta, after the usual polite exchanges between our *ulendo* and the chief and his people, was to pay off most of our Awemba carriers and sign on some Awisa in their place. Our tents had already been erected, with the entrances opposite each other, in a shady spot, and everything was soon stowed away; for this was to be our headquarters for some time.

After a couple of days spent (as my next chapter will show) in successfully hunting tsessebe, an antelope which is only found in two places in Africa but is here in great numbers, we left most of our stores at Munkonta and continued our journey down the river in the Government boat; but this time we carried our tents. I took enough provisions for four days, but my friend laid in supplies for ten, as he advised me to return here as soon as I should succeed in bagging a lechwe, and to shoot and fish in this district till he came back. He would have to tax and census the villages in the Banguelo swamps, which could only be reached by canoes—a most uncomfortable business which meant being under the glare of a pitiless sun by day and tormented by several brands of ferocious mosquitoes by night.

We had mosquito-nets over our beds, of course, but we could not dodge these active little pests always, even with the help of fly-swishers. I must have escaped malaria by a miracle, as from this moment it was rife among our "boys."

There is also a species of mosquito which has been proved to transmit the germ of elephantiasis, so I may be thankful to have escaped this loathsome disease as well. What risks one runs for the sake of sport! However, I should not like to have missed securing a lechwe.

Lechwe antelope are almost as fond of water as are situngu and often stand up to their middles in it; but they are less shy than the latter and feed by day as well as by night. There are two species, known as the red and the black, both being of the same beautiful chestnut colour; but a portion of

the body of the black variety is a blackish brown and the under-part white. The red have longer horns, at least four specimens of 30 inches having been obtained in N.W. Rhodesia. Only the black are found here, and, till recently 20½ inches was the record. The horns are lyre-shaped and well ringed, a beautiful trophy. A well-known collector is said to have paid £400 for the first specimen obtained. These animals have a curious way of running when disturbed, stretching out their noses and trotting leisurely away, the head low and horns laid back along the sides of their necks. Soon they break into a springing gallop, sometimes bounding high into the air and splashing a great deal when crossing the flooded places.

Where not afraid of crocodiles, they take readily to deep water, as they are excellent swimmers. The shoulder-height is about 40 inches, and weight 180 lb. Females, hornless.

The fleet of canoes again accompanied us, carrying some of our personal attendants and baggage. A hitch occurred at the start; for, when the boat was fully loaded, it proved to be aground. This was soon and easily remedied. The paddlers lightened the load by leaping overboard, and, with the help of the porters we were leaving behind and some of the villagers, she was shoved off, and away we went amid hearty cheers.

Mr. A. fished part of the way from the little canvas boat which was towed behind, and, by harling with a spoon, caught a few tiger-fish. Meanwhile I took a nap, and, as he had no shelter from the sun, he soon gave it up. Lunch was partaken of on board without any halt, and early in the afternoon we arrived at the large island of Seleuci. A place had been prepared for our landing, the papyrus having been cut down and a track made through the swampy margin of the river; but we had to be carried about 20 yards to get ashore dryshod. Natives had come from the nearest village, which lay 5 miles distant on the other side of the island, to carry our belongings across, word having been sent the previous day.

After leaving the neighbourhood of the river, we had to walk over a hot dusty plain with scarcely a tree between us and the horizon. No living thing was visible except a hovering hawk, a speck in the sky. The greater part of this plain was dry, sandy soil, incapable of growing anything, and we found the wretched inhabitants of the island lean and hungry-looking. Most had come here to avoid taxation, and when my friend went

the rounds, they fled from place to place. He made a few of them prisoners as an example to the rest, and some came and paid the tax ; but, with only two native police, he did not think it advisable to "bite off more than he could chew."

There was another obstacle in the way, and no small one—the difficulty of transport—for our boat was fully loaded, and canoes were difficult to obtain. It was satisfactory at any rate that they showed no fight, for they have only been under the British a few years, and are but nominally so at present, owing to their retiring nature and swampy strongholds. Fortunately, they have not the pluck, physique, nor martial spirit of the Awemba, to whom they used to pay tribute in fish. All those we met seemed easy to deal with if a little sulky-looking ; they have seen very few Europeans, and every movement of ours is regarded with curiosity. The brushing of teeth and hair amuses them greatly. Our rifles, field-glasses, and household goods are looked upon with awe and wonder.

Women and little children run away if we walk in their direction ; and they evidently think the camera an invention of evil spirits and liable to kill them outright. To get a snapshot it is necessary to stalk them even more carefully than game.

All here are clothed in lechwe skins, which look comfortable and picturesque, especially when a baby is riding on its mother's back in a fold of the skin, not unlike a young wallaby or kangaroo in the dam's pouch. The foxy-red skins of the puku are also worn and look fine ; but they are stiffer and longer haired than those of the lechwe.

Next morning Mr. A. went out early on business, and I started for the swamps with my hunter, several local natives, and a few of my "boys"—the natives paddling us through the narrow lanes of water in canoes. These they paddle or punt with great skill, standing up, one at either end, and never losing their balance. The canoe is not a comfortable vehicle for the passenger, as it heels over to one side or the other at every stroke and is only a few inches above the water, which sometimes comes over the gunwale. There are also likely to be several leaks, caused, I suppose, by the ravages of insects and ordinary wear and tear.

As dug-outs are unsinkable, the owner, having neither clothes which a wetting will make uncomfortable nor goods which can suffer injury, only keeps sufficient water out to prevent the

craft becoming water-logged and difficult to propel. The leaks he stops in primitive fashion with bits of bark and grass, but there is nearly always some water in the bottom of the boat.

The natives made a seat of grass for me in the middle and, with an air-cushion and the lunch-basket at my back, I could endure it pretty well for awhile! To-day it was mostly a case of punting, and it often became necessary for the "boys" to get out and pull and push the canoe over shallow, muddy places. At times I too had to get out and squelch through horrible mud, when I found my Wellington fishing-boots very useful, as they also protected my legs from leeches. The leeches attacked my followers and made their feet bleed. Water plants were plentiful and I noticed many lovely lilies, white, purple, pale blue, and a few pink ones. Most of them are about the size of our common whites, but they frequently stand up 5 or 6 inches above the water, and this adds considerably to their effect.

Soon after starting I killed a crane and several teal and larger kinds of duck, though it was no easy matter shooting in my cramped sitting position. It being impossible to turn far, I shot birds flying to the right from the left shoulder and vice versa. When they fell, the "boys" became desperately excited and paddled and punted forward with such great eagerness and vigour that it was necessary to shout: *Pōli-pōli!* (Carefully) or *Būni-būni!* (Slowly). I was anxious lest we should upset and the rifles and cartridges get wet, in which case sport would have been over for the day at any rate. The camera had been left behind to avoid risks.

I also found it advisable to shoot almost directly forward, as on one occasion I fired to starboard and the canoe shipped a lot of water; but this was the only wetting I got. After this, I took no chances, put the shot-gun away, and told the paddlers to make for the swamp of the lechwe.

At the end of another hour or less, my guides pointed out in the distance a herd of these handsome little buck, numbering several hundred. They were feeding on the coarse reeds of a wide plain, which, in the wet season, is an impenetrable pestilential swamp. I landed at once, and after a little wading (being carried over the deeper places on my sturdy hunter's back), reached some fairly dry ground. The reeds, which extended for miles in dense masses, had been scorched by the sun and laid almost flat, forming a pretty level surface, and most of the water under them had become dried up, so that I

did not have to wade, as is generally the case when following these antelopes. They retire as one approaches, but stand again with curious gaze; so that by not advancing directly towards them, one can approach, as with tsessebe and other plain-dwellers, to within a distance of 200 or 300 yards, if they have not been recently disturbed. I found it difficult to get near this herd, so I sent the hunter and English-speaking boy in one direction to attract their attention, and again advanced diagonally towards them with my "Paradox" gun. This is only sighted up to 150 yards, and I was fortunately able to approach within 180.

The animals had now moved to a distance of about 200 yards or less from a tallish patch of reeds, the only bit of cover in sight. Creeping up to it and throwing myself at full length, I soon recovered my breath and examined the graceful creatures through the glasses, to discover the one carrying the best horns. Meanwhile, they were staring at the blacks and had not suspected my evil intentions; besides, I was now well hidden. Rising carefully to a sitting position, I took a full sight on the one I had selected. At the report he bounded 30 yards and fell dead, the herd making off before I could get another shot. An old wart-hog, startled by the discharge of the rifle, came running out of the reeds from another direction with his tail in the air, and it was obvious he would cross my front within easy range.

I kept perfectly still, not even reloading the right barrel, and, as he passed at about 50 paces, bowled him over with the left. The "boys" came running up to secure the game, and, whilst they were cutting up the meat, I followed the herd and succeeded in approaching two lechwe bulls who were fighting on its outskirts.

The herd moved on again, but these two were so busy with each other that they paid no attention to me. I could have bagged both, but contented myself with the larger.

It was now about eleven and the sun felt terrifically hot on the shadeless plain, so, sending the game back to camp, I retired to the reedy pond, where my first lechwe had been shot; and the "boys" made me a tiny house of grass. After a light meal out of the lunch-basket, moistened with cold tea, I lay down and slept till nearly three o'clock.

The "boys" managed to make a fire of grass and boil a kettle of water, so I was able to have some fresh tea; and,

shortly afterwards, not entirely satisfied with the heads secured, I started in pursuit of lechwe again. They had not gone far, or perhaps it was a different herd; but apparently my shots had frightened them, for it was now impossible to get within a sporting range. I adopted different tactics, such as dividing up the herd by going straight for the centre; then walking aimlessly in their direction, and finally lying full length on the ground and getting the "boys" to chivy them about in the hopes that some might come within shot of me; but all to no purpose. At last, I gave it up in despair and retreated to my grass hut, concealing myself within on the chance that some would return to their feeding-ground. This plan succeeded, and I knocked one over at 220 yards, having to finish him with a second bullet; and, just as I was about to start homewards, another herd passed my hiding-place. With a lucky shot I killed a fine bull with horns $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the best of the lot.

Since the first shot I had, of course, used my ".318 Accelerated Express" by Westley Richards, which hits very hard and is sighted up to 600 yards; but for distances over 200 yards I use a telescopic sight in order to lessen the risk of wounding. I have had little occasion to use the telescopic sight in Rhodesia, as wide plains are much rarer there than in British East Africa; so one can generally stalk within 150 yards.

On the way home we came upon many more lechwe leaving the water after drinking, so during the day I must have seen nearly 2,000. Having obtained the specimens I wanted, we did not molest them, and, as is not infrequently the case, they appeared to understand our peaceful attitude and stood within easy shot for some time. We arrived at the tents after dark to find my friend had had a wearing and strenuous day with unwilling taxpayers and fugitive natives; but, like a true sportsman, he forgot his own worries and warmly congratulated me on my success.

Further, he unselfishly insisted on my returning to Munkonta, saying I could be of no service to him and it was no use my staying in a fever-stricken district after my main object in coming there had been attained. He himself expected to have at least a week's unpleasant work in the swamps, travelling from island to island by native canoe; as the Government boat was too large for the narrow, shallow channels which would have to be followed.

On arrival at Munkonta, I paid the boatmen a yard of calico

each. This generous gift of $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ apiece pleased them so much that they promised to take me across the lake next day, and I could thus avoid the uncomfortable and not too safe dug-out.

My object in crossing Lake Chaya was to obtain a cow tsessebe ; but, as is described in the following chapter, I very nearly lost my life instead.

CHAPTER XVII

TSESSEBE HUNTING ON THE PLAINS OF NORTHERN RHODESIA WITH SOME NOTES ON HYÆNAS AND "DRIVER" ANTS

TSESSEBE or Sassaby are only found to the south of the Zambesi River, with the solitary exception of the comparatively small isolated detachment in Northern Rhodesia which is seldom disturbed. Here they grow larger horns than in the South.

Captain Stigand thus explains the phenomenon of their present distribution. After pointing out that, in addition to persecution by human beings, natural changes are continually at work, to which some animals find it impossible to conform, such as an alteration in the character of the vegetation, or the springing up and outward expansion of a new species, he says :

"When conditions such as this arise, a barrier is often put across, separating the area of the former distribution of the species into two or more parts, and it is conditions like these which account for the finding of a small isolated detachment of some species far removed from the country inhabited by the bulk of its kind.

"Thus, tsessebe were at one time distributed over the whole of the country from Lake Bangueolo to the Zambesi, living in the tracts of open plain then existing throughout the country. The thick bush which now covers this country gradually spreading made it uninhabitable to them as they are plain-lovers, and at last the only retreats left were those great open flats to the south of Bangueolo which are now almost the only large open spaces in the country."¹

Topi and roan antelope offer in East Africa similar cases of this broken distribution of species.

Tsessebe attain a height of about 12 hands and weigh from 300 to 350 lb. The general colour is dark chestnut ; and the whole coat has a satin sheen, noticeable also in that of their

¹ *The Game of British East Africa*, by Capt. C. H. Stigand.

cousins, the hartebeest, whom they further resemble in their long fiddle faces and ungainly gait. They are sometimes as stupid as they look and possess an insatiable curiosity which often proves fatal ; but can, if put to it, outdistance the swiftest horse. The horns, which measure 14 to 16 inches, are ringed and spread outwards and upwards with a curious bend.

I only spent three days in hunting these animals, but was fortunate enough to obtain (as in the case of the klipspringer, Crawshay's water-buck, and the black lechwe) one of the largest specimens that had been killed up to that time ; that is to say, in the records collected by Rowland Ward during the last thirty years. Larger specimens than he has recorded have no doubt been shot, but his book¹ is the only one in which a systematic attempt has been made to collect such statistics.

It is a curious fact that fortune so often favours the novice in shooting and fishing, as also in cards and gambling, as though to lure him on to destruction. *Quem Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat.* Beginners' luck is proverbial. A Scotchman had the good luck to come on a magnificent elephant the first day he looked for one ; but he also had the bad luck to be charged and killed by it !

Having arrived at midday at the village of Munkonta on Lake Chaya with my friend, the Resident Magistrate, who was busy with the census and hut-tax as described in the last chapter, I crossed the lake in a canoe the same evening.

The chief, or headman of the village, obligingly came with me as a guide and was paddled across in another canoe accompanied by my hunter. We then walked about a mile through scattered "bush" and reached a large plain extending farther than the eye could reach in every direction. It was covered with tussocky grass and sand, and there were a few ant-hills and depressions in the ground, which might give one a little, but very little, assistance in stalking game. After disturbing a few oribi, we saw in the distance some herds of zebra, and, soon afterwards, what I had come in search of—a group of about forty tsessebe.

Mr. Lyell² says they can be seen in herds of a thousand, but we did not find more than fifty together. The large herds of zebra paid little attention to us as we passed them at about 300 or 400 yards, and, on nearing the tsessebe, which I now saw were

¹ *Rowland Ward's Records of Big Game.*

² *Hunting Trips in Northern Rhodesia*, by D. Lyell.

accompanied by about twenty zebra, I went forward alone, carrying my "465." As soon as the zebra suspected that I had murderous designs, they began to prove a nuisance, repeatedly spoiling my stalk and letting the tsessebe know that I was not to be trusted. It was most awkward crawling on hands and knees and pushing a heavy rifle which had to be carefully protected from sand and grit; and, until I adopted a light pair of motor-gauntlets, I made my wrists and forearms quite sore. The animals did not move far after detecting me, but tantalized me by getting behind the zebra which I did not want to shoot, and gauged to a nicety the exact moment to make a bolt for it. Besides my desire to obtain the horns, the "boys" were quite out of meat, and it was imperative to obtain something for our larder; so at last, losing patience, I fired at a zebra.

The bullet went right through him and struck another which walked behind as I was pressing the trigger, killing both. The soft-nosed bullet had expanded a good deal in passing through the first animal and made a huge wound in the second. Strange to say, the herds did not move away, but viewed with amazement and curiosity the accident which had befallen two of their number; and the tsessebe, evidently unaccustomed to firearms, actually came nearer to see what was the matter. This was my opportunity, but I was so anxious to take it that I fired at the nearest without, as usual, looking through the glasses to see which carried the best head. The horns only measured 14 inches, so it was necessary to follow the herd up again, when I succeeded in bagging a very fine head measuring 17. The horns of the largest recorded by Rowland Ward, which was also shot here, are $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Of course we had to leave all the animals as they lay, and send for them next day: for the light was failing, and it was quite dark when I got back to the village.

Early next morning, I went out to the same wide plain, but spent most of the day watching the herds of zebra and tsessebe and taking photographs. Mr. A. joined me later, after he had censused one of the villages near the lake, and he shot two tsessebe and a marabout stork. This large and repulsive-looking bird, with its almost naked pink head and neck, huge and powerful beak, and scavenging habits, is possessed of the most beautiful, soft, snow-white, downy feathers on its under tail-covers. It is common all over tropical Africa, and we are allowed six on the licence, so I killed two later to provide decorations for my wife's hats. The storks were attracted by the game, for they

are often the first to arrive at kills and can more than hold their own with vultures. There were soon several of these birds on the scene, but it was necessary to shoot them with the rifle, as they would not allow a nearer approach than 100 yards. A serval, or wild cat, also came to try and steal some meat whilst I was stalking storks. Mr. A. had a couple of shots at her, and I was just in time to see her making off like greased lightning.

My friend's method of shooting tsessebe was quite different to mine and vastly superior. He advanced boldly towards them, disdainful all cover. After the animals had moved away several times, curiosity overcame caution, and they waited to see who this persistent individual was and what he wanted. On approaching within 250 yards, he sat down, selected a bull, and fired. His second bull gave him a long, stern chase, as it received the bullet too far back, and he had to give it two more with his ".318" before it succumbed. He followed it so far that we parted company, and returned to camp independently.

Meanwhile, I shot an oribi, and, about sunset, started towards the lake. One of the "boys" was carrying the little creature on his back just behind me, when I suddenly heard him utter an exclamation. Turning round, and following his gaze, I saw that a hyæna, which had appeared from nowhere, was following us and had now stopped with its eyes fixed longingly on the antelope. Without losing a moment, I dropped on one knee and took careful aim with my heavy "Holland," which by good luck I happened to be carrying. So far as I could judge, the beast was 70 or 80 yards distant. The bullet sped true, striking it full on the shoulder and knocking it down. With great pluck, it got up and hobbled off on three legs, so that another shot was required to give it the *coup de grâce*. It was a big male animal of the spotted variety, with a fine mane.

On our return to camp Mr. A. could hardly believe my luck; and there is no doubt that I should not have got a pot-shot at a hyæna in any place where much hunting is done, for they are extraordinarily shy and very rarely abroad before dark. This was the only one I saw, though I frequently heard them at night. They are reputed to laugh, but more often make unearthly yells; and the chuckling sounds resembling laughter are probably due to impatience whilst the lion is leisurely eating his fill.

Hyænas are, as a rule, the most cowardly of animals; but many instances are on record of their approaching sleeping men

and tearing off part of the foot or the whole side of the face, or snapping off the hand at the wrist. Dr. Livingstone had a hunter who lost his upper lip and part of the nose in this way. These sneaking creatures do not carry off a man as a lion does, although they have even greater strength in their jaws and have been known to crack the big bones of oxen and to gnaw through the thigh-bone of an elephant ; but they crawl up, make a snatch at what they desire, and run off quickly. As they can bite through bones as easily as other creatures bite through meat, it is not difficult for them to snap a man's hand or naked foot off ; but the cheek or the buttocks are more often attacked, for they approach from behind. There are three varieties : striped, spotted, and brown, all of which are found in Africa ; but the striped is also a native of Asia. During the Pleistocene, or latest, geological epoch, hyænas were found in England as far north as York, and also in Ireland.

In 1821, a remarkable find was made by a Yorkshireman named John Gibson. Noticing a number of curious bones on a road which was being mended at Kirby Moorside, he traced them to a quarry near Kirkdale Church. This was afterwards proved to have been in ancient times a den of hyænas. Apparently, hyænas (unlike lions, which have the misfortune to be killed and eaten by hyænas as soon as they have grown old and feeble) die in their beds, for the remains of nearly 300 of these beasts were found in their den. Among the débris were also discovered the teeth of lions and the remains of several bears, elephants, wild oxen, bison, Irish elk, wild boar, reindeer, and red deer ! Bones were given to hyænas in the Zoo, and were subjected by them to much the same gnawing and cracking as had evidently befallen those found in the den. It was also observed that the beasts devoured such portions of the bones as were missing from those found in their ancient lair.

The spotted hyæna, which is the largest of the three African kinds, is by far the most common in Rhodesia. It stands over 30 inches at the shoulder and weighs 130 lb. Their chief food being carrion, sick or wounded animals, and the leavings of leopard and lion kills, they often follow the latter on their hunting expeditions. For this reason, lions sometimes do not revisit their victims, realizing that there would be nothing left ; for a hyæna eats skin and bones as well as flesh. Hyænas are fond of offal and refuse of every description ; so that they frequently hang about native villages and sometimes carry off children.

They have been observed more than once watching the flight of vultures in order to find the carcass the birds are making for. The natives hold them in great veneration, calling them, with good reason, "The graves of their ancestors," for a body must be buried deep indeed to escape being exhumed by these scavengers. Not only so, but it is the custom of some tribes to leave their dead to be devoured by them.

The late Theodore Roosevelt¹ gives the following account of their boldness when hungry :

"The sleeping sickness camps, which were established deep in the heart of the forest in Uganda far from the haunts of the tsetse fly in order to prevent the spread of the disease, suffered terribly from hyænas. These animals quickly found out that many of the inhabitants of these camps were a helpless prey. In 1908 and throughout the early part of 1909 they grew continually bolder, and, haunting the huts and entering them by night, frequently carried off and ate the dying people. To guard against them, each little group of huts was enclosed by a thick hedge ; but, after a while, the savage beasts learned to break through these, so that every night armed sentries had to patrol the camp, and every night they could be heard firing at the marauders."

On the day after shooting the hyæna, I went down the Chambesi to the lechwe swamps as described in the last chapter, and, on my return to the village of Munkonta, I again crossed Lake Chaya in search of tsessebe. I was anxious to obtain a female, for females also carry horns, though thinner and shorter than those of males. I soon fell in with a troop of about twenty, and, as there was no cover except a few isolated ant-heaps and an occasional tree at distances of a mile or more apart, I adopted the plan of walking towards but not directly at them. The nearest they would allow me to approach was about 250 yards, and then, having to fire in a hurry, I could not be certain of the sex. The result was a bull with moderate horns ; so, leaving the hunter to cut off and skin the head, I followed the remainder of the herd.

They led me on and on across the plain, often stopping as though to give me a shot, but again moving on as soon as I stopped, till I got very much farther than I had any idea of. Also, I did not wish to make another mistake and kill a second of the wrong sex. When at last I managed to shoot one, I could not see the "boys" anywhere and scanned the limitless horizon in vain for a sign of life of any sort.

¹ *African Game Trails*, by Theodore Roosevelt.

Taking a seat on the dead beast, I tried to recall the direction in which I had left them; but in the heat of the chase I had lost my bearings completely. I therefore waited, thinking that my attendants might have heard my shots, or would spoor me up. After what seemed hours, my camera "boy" and interpreter appeared and undertook to guide me to the rest. It was now eleven, and I was feeling tired and desperately hungry and thirsty, having had nothing since 5 a.m., and then only a light meal of cake and cocoa. On the way back, two little oribi jumped up, and, darting off to a distance of 100 yards, stood eyeing us. I had already sat down with rifle ready, expecting them to stop; but there was no time to pick out the male, so I shot at the nearest which was, unfortunately, the female. This diversion may have confused my guides, or, possibly, they had already lost the way; but, whatever the cause, they both confessed after we had wandered over the plain for three hours or more that they had no idea where they were.

We each of us thought the route lay in a different direction. I therefore tried to obtain assistance from the compass, and, as my reading of the compass agreed with the opinion of one of the "boys," we proceeded on that course. My mouth was terribly parched with thirst, aggravated by the sandy soil, and hunger and fatigue combined to make me feel a wreck; but my companions stuck to it manfully.

It was killing work walking in the blazing sun without any shade, and I would have bartered my soul for a drink. As it was likely we should have to spend the night in the open and my strength was failing, I thought it advisable to make for the only tree in sight. I then fired two cartridges, reserving the remaining half-dozen for emergencies. Luckily, I bethought me of lighting the grass, which in the end proved our salvation.

The "boys," who had been too busy selecting tit-bits from the tsessebe I had first shot and carrying the meat to the boat to notice my absence, commenced at last to follow my footmarks. The smoke of the fire guided them more quickly, and they succeeded in finding us about an hour before dark. Had the darkness fallen before they found us, they would doubtless have deferred the search till the following morning and I should have had a horrible night. My two "boys" were almost paralysed with fright at the thought of spending the night unprotected, and we were all racked with hunger and thirst.

I was more relieved than I can say, and it was a very

unpleasant experience ; though it is much worse to be lost quite alone than with others, even if those others are only blacks.

The tsessebe and oribi were not recovered, as I never came to this horrid place again, and we were unable to explain where they lay.

After draining the water-bottle and making as hearty a meal as the lunch-basket provided, I started for camp, but met with a fresh misfortune on the way. Before getting into the boat, I must have stepped on a party of " driver " ants.

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with these ferocious little creatures, I will quote from the excellent descriptions given by Dr. Livingstone and another missionary, whose name unfortunately escapes me.

" The ' driver ' ants go together in countless and incomprehensible numbers. In the middle of the glistening, rapid-running stream of insects are the females, not much larger than ours, whilst along the sides run the soldiers guarding them from attack, and these are about four times the size of the others, for they attain over an inch in length. The defence of the females is no matter of necessity, but rather gallantry, for these female viragoes are abundantly able to defend themselves. No creature so small ever had such a bite. They are all provided with jaws and with stings, and they know how to use both vigorously. If you cross their path, you will soon experience a sensation which is usually compared to numerous red-hot pincers applied implacably ; for these ants do not let go. The course prescribed by ardent advisers is either to instantly strip off all clothing, yelling the while at the top of one's voice so that those who object may go the other way ; or to make a dash for the nearest water and tumble into it.

" When the ants come to a place where there is food to their liking, they scatter and spread out over a large area. They make frequent visits to the villages and white man's premises, usually in the night, spreading over the whole place, the ground, the houses inside and out, and through the roofs. Here they act as scavengers, driving before them or devouring all insects and nuisances, such as other kinds of ants, cockroaches, centipedes, and snakes. Nevertheless, if one should hear the language of the average white man upon the occasion of their nocturnal visitations when the ' drivers ' have wakened him rudely and driven him headlong out into the dark and perhaps the rain, there to shiver during this untimely house-cleaning, one would not for a moment mistake it for an expression of gratitude.

" Sitting hens must be kept carefully out of their way. If they should gain access to a chicken house, they would leave nothing but bones and feathers."

No animal food escapes them except by flight. These are the horrible creatures to whom African chiefs used to deliver their enemies. They are indeed the lords of the jungle, for there is nothing, not even the stately elephant or savage lion which can withstand their attack. Dr. Livingstone says :

“ A cow having been slaughtered, men had to sit up the entire night burning fires of straw to keep the ants off. They travel across the country in vast numbers like an army marching abreast, in a column several inches in width, all pressing forward eagerly in one direction. If a person happens to tread on one of them, they run up his legs and bite him with surprising vigour. Nowhere does the pugnacity of man or beast exceed theirs.”

It may now be easily imagined what I went through on that journey across Lake Chaya. I had torn off every shred of clothing before we had gone many yards and did an involuntary jig whilst getting rid of them as best I could in the dark. But for the crocodiles, I should certainly have leapt into the water. Nor were my troubles yet over, since the mosquitoes attacked me so fiercely in the tent when I sat down to my lonely meal that I was compelled to wrap a rug round my legs and dine in veil and gloves, with “ fly-swishers ” working overtime. Although my nightly dose of five grains of quinine warded off the fever which these tiresome pests were dealing out to all around me, I was confined to bed for the next three days with some mysterious disease and had several fainting fits.

A more recent account of “ driver ” ants was given in *The Times* during June, 1923.

“ The ferocious raiders known as driver ants inhabit the tropics of the Old and New World. They do not appear to form any nests of their own but occupy temporary quarters, in some cases being supposed to leave their queens and young in the nests of other species. The queens may reach 2 inches in length, the males 1 inch. The workers, of which there are several castes, are long-legged, active creatures ; but they are blind and hunt by scent. The marvellous feature in their habits is the ordered discipline which controls their predatory operations. Thus Mr. Loveridge, who inhabited a well-built stone house near Kilosa in Tanganyika Territory and was attacked for five days by an army of driver ants, observed that, as soon as his counter measures had made the interior of his house dangerous for the invaders, discipline prevailed and no more columns or stray individuals tried to enter it.

“ He noticed on the first morning that several columns of five to

six ants in width were entering the stonework base of the house, the head of the column having already climbed the door plinth and reached the roof. Soldier sentries were stationed at intervals of 2 inches along the line of the columns. Beetles were running and flying in numbers before the advancing hosts, frequently with one or more of the red furies attached to their hind legs. Crickets and grasshoppers were being carried off, feebly waving the one or two legs which remained to them. Small ants, permanent inhabitants of his house, sought refuge beneath his books and papers in efforts to evade the flanking scouts seeking hither and thither along the line of march for fresh supplies for the columns. Only the inch-long black 'stink-ants' which dwelt in warrens under the floors offered any resistance; they lurked at the entrance of their holes and from time to time seized a raider by the jaws and bit off his head.

"Soon the driver ants learnt to leave the 'stink-ants' alone and also the 'cocktail ants.'

"Later on, Mr. Loveridge was reading one evening in his room under the belief that his counter measures had been successful when he became gradually conscious of many small noises making altogether a volume of sound. The sound was made by the feet of countless multitudes of ants moving over the white-washed wall of his bedroom and swarming on the bookshelves, in possession of the whole territory. They had thrown a living bridge across the saucers of water in which he had placed the legs of his bed and were covering the inside and outside of his mosquito curtains. Every minute an insect fell from the roof with ants clinging to it; most of them were large plant bugs, and the air was speedily made foul with the odour they gave out as the ants bit off their legs and carried them off. They swarmed up his legs and sent him flying from the house accompanied by a squealing rat whose unhappy nestlings, unable to escape, were picked to the bone. Of his tame crocodiles, one was apparently dead, overpowered by ants; the other was lashing about in the shallow water of its tank, now turning its belly, now its back, upwards in frantic effort to throw off the creatures clinging. There was a great commotion in the tortoise cage. Some box-tortoises had defied attack by drawing their heads into their shells but had been so scared that they did not venture to put them out again for several days. Soft-shelled land-tortoises had fared badly, many of them having scores of ants clinging to them, biting off their eyelids; but they were rescued in time by being thrown into a drum of water.

"Geckos and lizards, although insectivorous, fled or were overpowered and turned into skeletons.

"On the fifth day the invasion was over and the innumerable columns were withdrawn, the house having been surrounded with a layer of hot ashes; but Mr. Loveridge doubts, as well he may, whether the services of the driver ants in destroying noxious insects repay the

alarm and damage they cause ; the more so as their presence in the neighbourhood drives almost every living creature that can escape to take shelter where it can."

And these ants are no respecters of persons.

I once read of a missionary who was preaching to some natives. A brother missionary listening to the sermon was admiring the vigour of his discourse and the fine theatrical gestures, with which, in spite of the intense heat, the preacher was punctuating his sentences. He thought, however, that these gestures were decidedly more animated at times than the words seemed to warrant. Soon they became violent, then noticeably irrelevant, and finally of questionable propriety. He looked on with increasing amazement and consternation as the preacher became wilder and wilder and his gestures almost frenzied ; until at last the latter shouted " Ants ! " and made a bolt for the nearest cover, where he threw off his clothes with the utmost celerity. His colleague then tried to continue the service, but found it quite impossible owing to the laughter of the congregation ; each one telling his neighbour all about it, at the same time slapping and scratching his person in attempts to copy the unfortunate preacher's strange antics.

The experiences of many travellers coincide as to the extraordinary intelligence displayed in ants' raids.

A sleeping man may be covered from head to foot by a mass of these insects, which, until the moment comes, refrain one and all from harming him. Then simultaneously, and apparently at some given signal, every ant digs its pincers into the flesh, and, doubling its body, pulls with all its might in an endeavour to tear out the piece of flesh it has seized. The victim, thus rudely awakened, springs up with a shout, rending off every stitch of his garments. Should assistance be available, a few minutes will suffice to scrape off most of the insects from his body ; but probably several will have penetrated deep into each ear, where, until evicted by the pouring in of oil, they will cause exquisite torture, as they bite and tear at the sensitive parts of the organ.

A man, who had tied up a calf overnight, found nothing left of it in the morning except the clean-picked bones, and Major Gibbons had a similar experience in the case of two live guinea-fowls confined in a cage. Major Hamilton himself had to spend a night in the open minus great-coat and blankets, owing to his tent being taken possession of by these pests. He

had noticed single ants of this species wandering about the camp during the day in the apparently aimless manner typical of ants in general, little thinking they were scouts of a formidable army close at hand. Next morning not an ant was to be found, and nothing more was seen of them though he remained a week encamped in the same spot.

A missionary travelling up the Zambesi had a worse experience; for, having pitched his tent on an island, he discovered too late that it was infested with "driver" ants, and, disregarding the risks from crocodiles, he stood up to his ankles in the river till morning. He had allowed his servants to take the boat and proceed to the mainland in order to sleep at a native village and get some food. The fate of a sick man or helpless infant, discovered by these terrors when temporarily left alone, need not be enlarged upon.

Besides the incident related above, I find the following note in my diary :

October 5, 1910. Called at 4.30, being determined to shoot something if humanly possible, for we were all "furious for meat." Saw duiker and roan on one *dambo*, and zebra and hartebeest on another. There was also a large black and white stork walking about not far away, presumably looking for a breakfast of frogs. He detected me instantly, but did not say a word, so I secured four hartebeest and one zebra, the latter having obligingly run close to my hiding-place.

The photos of the last-mentioned being cut up came out well, as this operation, together with the distribution and tying up of the meat, was not completed till nearly ten. Although the sunlight appears very bright, the actinic rays are not strong here, and many films were underexposed in consequence.

Each "boy" tied chunks of raw, bleeding flesh on to whatever he was carrying, regardless of the blazing sun and a host of flies; or, which mattered more to me, of the effect on the whole outfit. A.'s property was old, discoloured, and valueless, not to say disreputable, so it did not occur to him that this was of any importance; but I now realized to the full the meaning of sundry disagreeable stains about my tent and belongings generally, and insisted on having every piece of meat tied up in grass before being attached to the load. Even then, each "boy" started off as if pursued by a number of bees in the act of swarming, the balked flies circling and buzzing furiously about his head

and gory hands, and I commanded as bloodstained a crew as any pirate captain who ever sailed.

We kept the youngest hartebeest for ourselves, and, not arriving at our camping ground over 20 miles distant till late evening, it was dumped down in the darkness close to my tent. This trifling error might have had serious results; for next morning, when about to spring out of bed, I caught sight in the dim light of something moving on the mackintosh covering which formed the floor. To my horror I discovered that the tent was alive with ants—ants of the most abominable species, the ferocious and justly dreaded soldier or “driver” ant. My “boys,” who took no notice of bees, very little of tsetse, and did not quicken their walk for hippofly, would run as if the devil was after them when these ants were sighted. In Australia a similar variety is well named the “bull-dog” ant. Happily, the countless hosts which had invaded my quarters were fully engaged with the piece of hartebeest which had first attracted them, and my tent was being used for the massing of reserves and reinforcements. I was thus able to make good my escape with merely a few flesh wounds.

Dr. Livingstone relates how he once accidentally stumbled against an army on the march, with the following result:

“Not an instant elapsed before a simultaneous attack was made on various parts. Up my trousers from below, and on my neck and shoulders from above.”

He discreetly draws a veil over what happened to the intervening portions of his body; I know only too well from bitter experience.

“Their bites were like sparks of fire, and there was no escape from them. I jumped about for a second or two, then in desperation tore off all my clothing and picked them off one by one as quickly as possible.

“Anyone observing me would have pronounced me mad. It is really astonishing how such small bodies can contain such a large amount of venom. . . . If one is riding, they rush up the animals’ legs, soon letting the rider know that he has disturbed their march, for they possess no fear, attacking with equal ferocity the largest as well as the smallest animals. Their bites are so terribly sharp that the bravest man must run and then strip and pick off those which will cling with their hooked jaws as with steel forceps.

“They have even been known to kill and eat pythons when

lethargic after a meal. These ants make their nest a short distance beneath, not above the soil." ¹

I have seen them coming out of a hole in the bank of a river which I supposed to be their nest, but Major Hamilton says : ²

"They are purely of nomadic habits, wandering about the country in great armies composed of millions of individuals and seldom remaining long in one place."

In West Africa, I understand, they are black ; but, as he remarks, in Rhodesia they are of a reddish brown colour and the workers from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch in length.

¹ *The Last Journals of David Livingstone.*

² *Animal Life in Africa*, by Major Stevenson Hamilton.

CHAPTER XVIII

“LEVIATHAN WITH AN HOOK”

ABOUT the middle of January, 1913, I arrived in New Zealand, that paradise of the sportsman, for the third time. My programme was to tour by motor through the lovely scenery of the South Island, and spend the months of March, April, and May in deer stalking, pig hunting, and trout fishing.

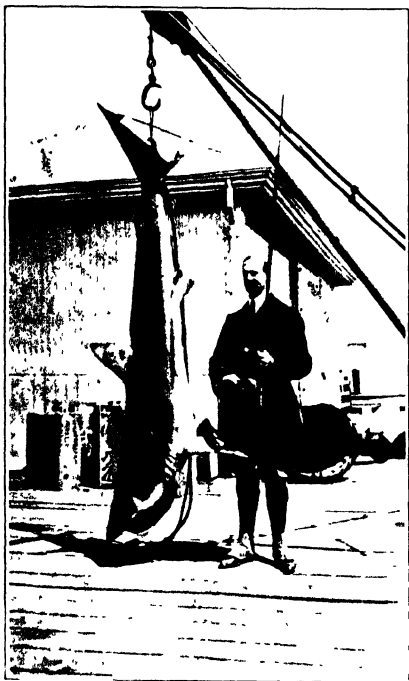
Whilst the car was being overhauled, there were a few days to spare, so I went to the Bay of Islands, near Russell, for some sea fishing. Russell, which lies in the extreme north of the North Island and was the first place in New Zealand to be settled by white men, is now much frequented by anglers who wish to catch sharks, swordfish, and kingfish. They are caught from a motor-boat, “harling” a small fish on a single steel hook attached to a strong piano-wire trace in the same manner as in tarpon fishing off Florida, or in tuna fishing off Catalina Island, near the Californian coast. Kingfish run up to about 120 lb. in weight, and pull terrifically hard for their size; but they are inclined to bore down deep, like tuna, and do not leap from the water, as a rule, like the tarpon. The fish especially frequent the shelter of large buoys placed to show the fairway for steamers approaching Russell, and dart after small fry from these hiding-places; but they may be caught almost anywhere along the north coast of New Zealand.

On February 26, 1913, I went out at 9 a.m. from Russell in a small motor-boat, perhaps 12 feet in length, steered by a fisherman who had been recommended to me as a cool hand. He certainly lived up to his reputation, as you will hear. I had the same rod, reel, and line on which I landed a 6½-foot tarpon near Tampico in 1909, as described in Chapter V. After netting some small fish for bait, we proceeded about 6 miles down the bay and commenced fishing for kingfish near the buoys

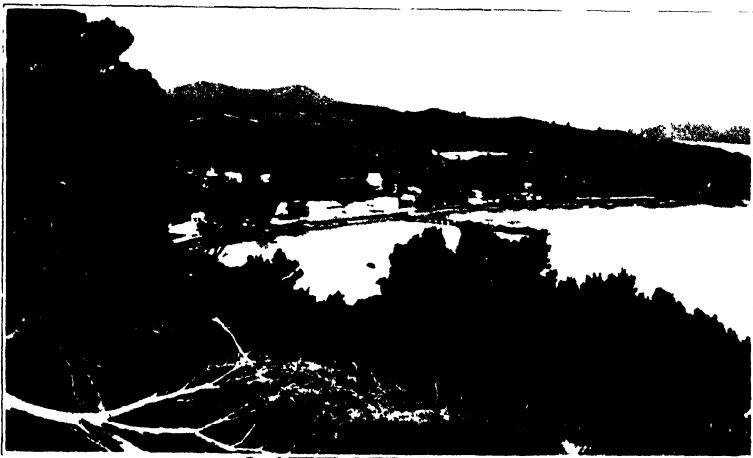
marking the fairway. The weather was fine and sunny, and the sea smooth and of that lovely blue colour it takes so frequently in tropical waters. I could see down to a considerable depth and fancied, as we again and again trolled past the buoys, that there were some monster kingfish lurking in their shade. Anyhow, nearly every time we passed one, there was a violent tug at the line, and I had an exciting struggle for several minutes till the boatman gaffed the fish and lifted it into the boat. By lunch time I had got half a dozen nice ones; but their size was a little disappointing, as I had been led to expect anything up to 100 lb. in weight, and the largest was only 33 lb. However, they pulled much more than their weight and proved as game as any kind of fish that swims.

After lunch I soon had hold of another, which turned the scale at 17 lb. and kept me very busy for twenty minutes, although I gave him the butt repeatedly. When you consider the strength of the tackle and the fact that there was no current or obstacle of any kind to assist the fish, you will get some idea of the strength and courage of these fish. The next one proved a teaser. Try as I would, I could not draw him near the surface at all nor even get a glimpse of him deep down in those transparent waters. Once or twice, as I was reeling in and thought that at last he must show himself, he went off again with tremendous power and made my reel hum to the tune of I don't know how many revolutions to the minute; for I was quite weary of holding the handle by this time and let the drum revolve occasionally to give myself a rest. I ought to explain that, in addition to the two ordinary checks, the reel had the ingenious kind of check already described in Chapter V.

After playing the fish for over an hour, I said to the boatman, "It must be a record;" for it seemed as strong as ever and at times I could not pull it in at all. At the end of another strenuous fifteen minutes, peering down into the water as I was reeling in, we saw a whitish thing coming toward the surface and I said with disgust: "It must be foul-hooked and perhaps not bigger than the others after all." An hour and a half passed; and the boatman, who was trying to get a glimpse of the fish whilst I was toiling with the reel and keeping all the pressure on the rod and line I was capable of, declared that only the head and shoulders of a fish were on the line. The next moment



MY
400-POUND
SHARK



RUSSELL (BAY OF ISLANDS)

we realized what had happened, for the head and shoulders of a large kingfish appeared, followed by an enormous shark; but it did not immediately dawn on me that the shark was actually attached to my line and firmly hooked. He soon made this clear, however, for, on catching sight of us, he dived into the deep and my line fairly whizzed.

"Cut your line, cut your line!" cried the boatman, "You will lose everything."

"Not I," I said, "I shall try to catch the devil."

"Impossible!" said he, "he is as big as the boat."

This was nearly true. After a while, the shark stopped, but it was half an hour before I saw him again, a very busy half-hour, too, and I began to think I ought to have taken the boatman's advice. Even then the shark was a long way off, and I could not pull him in, try as I would. He was right on top now, with his back fin just above the water, and seemed to be mocking my efforts to reel in the line. "The mountain would not come to Mahomet, so Mahomet must needs go to the mountain," and I accordingly directed the boatman to start up the engine and follow the brute wherever he went; for, having realized his power, I was afraid he might take it into his head to move off, run out every yard of line, and break me. I suggested also to the boatman that he should stab the fish in the head with the boathook if he could get near enough. I now exerted all my strength to keep the shark on the surface, so that the boatman could attack him. The shark did not realize what we were going to do, and sometimes allowed the boat to approach quite close; so that the boatman was able to drive the boathook into his head on at least four occasions. Had the point been a little longer, we might have ended the battle pretty quickly; but these pricks only tended to infuriate the fish and did not weaken him as much as we had hoped. Every time he was struck, he churned up the water and went off with about 100 yards of line without my being able even to check him; and we saw that in this way we should never succeed in weakening him sufficiently to give us the mastery.

The head and shoulders of the kingfish were also very much in the way, and our next efforts were directed to cutting them off the line. This, after several attempts, the boatman managed to do very cleverly, and I was able to get more power on the shark. I had now been playing him for nearly three hours and was feeling very tired. I suggested to the boatman that we should

make towards the shore, coax the fish into shallow water and beach him ; but this proved a failure, as he simply would not come. About this time, the shark had a brilliant idea, too, for he suddenly let himself go down, down, deeper and deeper, till I thought he would never stop. I presume his intention was to sit on the bottom until we should give up hope and leave him in peace. Against this manœuvre I was helpless, and we thought he really had done for us, for, if the sea were deep enough at that place, he could have run out in this manner every inch of my line. However, when he had gone about 150 feet, as far as I could tell by the line, he stopped. I tried to raise him, but it was, of course, quite impossible, and we were in despair. Then, as a last resort, I suggested to the boatman to steer towards the land whilst I let out about 80 yards of line and got a side pull on the fish. This strategy proved successful ; for the shark, not liking his " innards " being jerked sideways, rose again to the surface. We lost no time in making towards him and I reeled in rapidly. in case he should make a rush and take the remaining 30 or 40 yards off my reel ; but he seemed tired, though sinister looking, and remained passive on the surface as if resting and awaiting events. We still had a weapon in the boat which had not been tried—the gaff.

This was too small to hold the shark ; but the boatman thought that if I put all the force I could on the line, thus securing the fish's head, and he gaffed it in the tail, we might then paralyse the shark and get it ashore in that fashion. This did not succeed, however, for although he struck at it many times, the gaff never got fair hold and the fish went off as easily as Samson, when bound with the seven green withes. But this gave the boatman an idea, and he said that if I could gaff the shark in the tail for the fraction of a second, he would slip a noose round the small portion of it, and then we could hold on to the rope. We therefore tried this plan. I wound up my line fairly close, and then, laying the rod down in the bow with the line free, seized the gaff and attempted to strike the fish in the tail as soon as my companion steered the boat near enough. Strange and incredible as it may appear, these tactics succeeded, though not of course at the first attempt.

At last I got the gaff in, held up the tail for a brief moment, and, in a jiffy, the boatman had dexterously whipped the rope round it. Just in the nick of time, I let go the gaff and held on to the rope with the boatman, for everything depended on

making it fast before the shark should discover what we were about. Looking back on it now, I cannot imagine why the fish was fool enough to let us do it, for he could have defeated us with ease. However, we succeeded, and made for home just as dusk was coming on, towing our prize tail foremost. It was now three hours and forty minutes from the time he had been hooked, and we were a long way from where I first started playing him. When we got to the quay there was considerable excitement, and four men tried to lift the shark, which was still alive, out of the water, but could not. There was a neat little crane close by, which was easily worked by hand; so we hauled him up by the tail with this. I disconnected the trace and left the hook still in the fish.

Next day, after the fish had been photographed and measured, I was told I had better get him away as soon as possible, or I should get summoned for a nuisance; so we towed him out about half a mile from land, cut his head off, extracted the hook from his inside, and let him sink. He measured 9 feet 3 inches in length and 4 feet 2 inches across, that is, from tip to tip of the side fins.

I was not able to weigh him myself, not having the means; but, as large sharks (*i.e.* over 8 feet long) may be reckoned as weighing 40 to 50 lb. per foot, an estimate of 400 lb. will be well within the mark.

Two days later, I was again in Auckland and took the head to the Museum. The curator pronounced it to be a blue, man-eating shark and set it up for the moderate sum of £3, making no extra charge for its unpleasant condition.¹

You could have smelt the thing 50 yards off, and people fled at my approach, holding their noses until they had put a considerable distance between us. The smell of the head was terrible; it made me very unpopular in the hotel! and I had to tip a cabby handsomely to take it away. We first drove to a sporting shop in the city to try and get it stuffed. The customers hurriedly decamped and the shopkeeper, with his fingers to his nose, drove me out of the place. He recommended my taking it to the Museum, so I had to bribe the cabby again. It was a funny sight to see him holding his nose with one hand and the reins in the other.

On thinking over the whole affair, I conclude that the shark must have bitten my kingfish which, judging by the head and

¹ A reproduction of the head is shown on the back of this book.

shoulders, was about 30 lb. weight, into two or three pieces, going off with a great rush each time and making me think I had an enormous kingfish on. He finally took the head, swallowed it hook and all, and then, feeling the hook, violently ejected the head, but the hook remained in his gizzard. The head and shoulders of the kingfish had actually been ejected the whole length of the wire trace, which was more than 6 feet, and the knot tied to this trace prevented them from slipping back again. The line passed right through the gills of the kingfish, so it appears that the kingfish itself must have been hooked in an extraordinary manner to allow the shark to get hooked as it did. I do not pretend to explain how everything happened, but have told all that the boatman and I, the only witnesses, know about this strange affair.

Since the foregoing incident occurred, a New Zealand weekly printed, during the season of 1919, a photograph of a boat with a hole in it which had been caused by a shark leaping out of the water and falling inside the boat. Both the Mako shark and the swordfish leap out of the water like tarpon when hooked, and recently a swordfish charged a boat, breaking off its sword, which remained sticking in the woodwork; the fish was subsequently captured.

Shark fishing with rod and line has now become a regular sport off the New Zealand coast. The largest shark captured there up to 1921 measured 8 feet 10 inches, and weighed 387 lb., so my record has probably already been beaten.¹

About the same time as I caught the shark near Russell, a Mr. Morgan, an Australian who had been prospecting in New Guinea and catching large sharks there, started to fish for them with rod and line off the beach at Bondi, near Sydney. He was so successful that shark fishing with rod and line is now a regular sport there also; and the local council, putting the cart before the horse, actually accused him of enticing the sharks to the shore and making the beach unsafe for bathers!

During four seasons he killed 103 sharks including seven varieties, the heavy breakers assisting him to tire them out. One of these which measured 9 feet had an extraordinary hotch-potch in its maw, and on the top of everything else was a little

¹ Since the above was written a Mako shark, weighing 442 lb., was caught at Russell by Mr. H. White-Wickham on a 16 oz. tarpon rod. The measurements were: Length, 9 ft. 6 inches; Girth, 4 feet 11 inches.

spaniel dog curled up as though asleep. The monster had sucked the animal in without touching it with the formidable-looking teeth. Sharks, as do crocodiles, use their teeth for holding their prey or biting a piece off something too large to swallow ; for their food is bolted whole.

Mr. Morgan's method of catching them was to hurl out his hook baited with some large fish as far as he could into the surf and wait till a shark swallowed it. He fished with a very strong cane rod 7 feet long, similar to those used for tarpon and tuna, and a multiplying reel with 300 yards of 24-thread line. He had a belt round his body with a socket for the rod butt, and a strap over his shoulders to which the rod was fastened about 18 inches from the butt ; so that his right hand was free to manipulate the reel, and the heavy strain on the left hand was assisted by the shoulders. If he hooked a larger fish than he could manage and got pulled into the water, he had a knife ready to cut the line.

I give a photograph of one of the first sharks he landed, which measured over 8 feet. He told me that his chief difficulty was the crowd drawn to the spot when he had a fish on ; as, although this fishing was only done late in the evening and at night, numbers of people who were listening to the band on the promenade rushed down to the beach and impeded his movements whilst he ran up and down the shore fighting the fish. Consequently he was obliged to enter the water ; and, as the sharks swim in very close at night in pursuit of the shoals of fish which come up with the tide, this was not pleasant.

He and I tried for sharks in March, but we did not get a bite ; as most of them leave the shores, apparently for the open sea, at the end of December or enter the famous Sydney harbour, where I met with some success as described in Chapter II.

Sharks frequent the beaches and Sydney Harbour to some extent all through the year ; and many of the bathing places have wire netting to exclude them, or a man rows about in a boat and warns lonely swimmers.

These fish are easily frightened by splashing, so fewer fatalities occur than one might expect ; but most people bathe close inshore in company with hundreds of others, and there is little danger during the daytime. The man who was attacked as described in Chapter II was bathing very early in the morning and quite alone.

CHAPTER XIX

FLORIDA AND MY FIRST SWORDFISH

FLORIDA is a land to which one should take the rod rather than the rifle. Sport of some kind may be obtained with the rifle, it is true ; but the fame of her fishing resorts is so great, and they are so numerous, that one naturally thinks of this country as an anglers' paradise. I had longed for many years to try my luck there ; but Florida does not lie in the track of the globe-trotter, so that a special journey is necessary, and the opportunity did not come till February, 1924. She possesses several rivers and many lakes well stocked with fish, especially black bass of large size ; but it is the wonderful sea-fishing off her coasts which attracts anglers from all parts of the world. This is due mainly to two reasons—the peculiar formation of the coast line and the presence of the Gulf Stream. There is, doubtless, a third reason why fish congregate there in such incredible numbers and infinite varieties ; namely, the abundant food supply ; but, were it not for the first two, the principal source of food might long since have dried up or at any rate have become a mere trickle.

I venture to say that nowhere is the old saw, " Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, etc.," so strikingly verified as in the waters of Florida. Every angler of experience has had a fish he was playing followed by a larger one, and sometimes actually seized and swallowed by a trout, pike, or some other finny cannibal ; but this happens so frequently in Florida waters as to cause no comment and even to become a nuisance. It illustrates, at any rate, the point I wish to make—that the principal source of food in the sea is *fish*, and it is the vast numbers of fishes round the coasts of Florida, attracted in the first instance by the sheltered bays, numerous islands, frequent tide rips, and the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, which not only bring predatory fish of every kind and vast size to her shores but also induce them to stay there.

Anyone fishing there must be struck by these two things—the many varieties of beautiful fish he catches and the great numbers which are snatched from his hook as he hauls them to the surface. Sometimes he may be so fortunate as to bring the offender to book; for if, as is most frequently the case, it is a shark or a barracouta, the “biter may be bit” by swallowing hook as well as bait; but, more often, the fisherman is annoyed by finding that the attacker has severed his fish neatly in two or bitten it off just below the gills, so that nothing but the head is left upon the line.

Thus, life in the seas round Florida is “just one damned thing after another.” As to the variety of fish, it is often asserted that one may catch a different species every day in the year, and I do not doubt it, for I caught something different every time I went out and might easily have continued to do so had that been my object. Mr. W. H. Gregg states that more than 600 varieties may be taken on the East Coast alone.¹

This State has long been renowned for tarpon fishing; but, as I had already a fine specimen from the Panuco River in Mexico, and tarpon fishing in Florida is at its best in May, my principal aim was to add a few new sorts of fish to my collection; and, especially, to obtain sailfish, bonefish, and a dolphin. Also, I hoped to catch some sharks unlike those I had taken in other parts of the world. For various reasons I could only spend nine days, or half-days, in fishing; yet, such is the luck that befriends the novice, and so great are the opportunities for sport here, that in this short time I achieved nearly all I set out to do.

It is true that I only landed three sharks, and only one of these differed from the six kinds I had previously caught; but the capture of this fish—a sand-shark—caused a sensation; for, to the amazement of my boatman and myself, it contained, when opened, three young ones perfectly formed—about to be born. In fact, we let one go, and it swam fearlessly away. Probably, we should never have known of their existence but for the fact that my boatman had a desire for the liver. He explained to me that he always took the liver of sharks, because the oil derived from it is of great value for preserving metal from rust. This remark of his seemed familiar, and I recollected that a Mexican had used similar words after he had assisted me

¹ *Where, When, and How to catch Fish on the East Coast of Florida*, by W. H. Gregg.

to land a large sawfish, as is described in Chapter V. Fascinated, I watched my boatman cut the fish open, though with little hope that history would repeat itself. The boatman, a stolid Norwegian, merely remarked that he had proved an excellent midwife ; but, on questioning him closely, he said he had never seen nor heard of anything like it in spite of forty years' fishing experience and the capture and cutting up of hundreds of sharks of many kinds. Others to whom I have told the story also disclaimed all knowledge of such an occurrence, although they had been in at the death of great numbers. Unfortunately, I had no means of preserving the young sand-sharks or their mother and reluctantly consigned them to the deep after taking some photographs. The sand-shark is, compared with most sharks, a small fish ; for it averages only twenty-five pounds. This one measured 3 feet 9 inches, and each of the young ones 9 inches.

Of all the fish which may be caught off Florida, the most sought after are sailfish and bonefish. The sailfish is perhaps the most beautifully proportioned fish known ; also, it is as beautiful in colour when it first leaves the water as in form ; for the body is bronze and silver, and the huge dorsal fin, which spreads out like a sail and gives the fish its name, is dark blue with black spots. Projecting from the mouth is a round, pointed bill or sword, from 8 to 12 inches long, which has given it the names of spearfish, spikefish, and swordfish. It uses this bill to kill its prey, and, when trolling for these fish in the Gulf Stream (for they are found nowhere else,) one is warned by the boatman to slack out the line for 50 feet as soon as a touch is felt.

Thus the trolled bait appears to be dead, and the sailfish seizes and attempts to swallow it. The angler must now strike hard in order to fix the barb of the hook in the bony mouth. When the fish feels the hook, he leaps into the air ; and, if suitable tackle is used and he is handled lightly, he will, perhaps, continue to leap twenty times or more and perform the celebrated feat known as "walking on his tail." This action has to be seen to be believed and is almost impossible to describe ; but you can imagine the intense thrills that it affords the fisherman. Great numbers of sailfish are lost through being struck too soon and on account of its great skill in leaping and throwing the hook. I heard of an angler who landed only two out of twenty-six strikes.

Whereas the sailfish often measures 7 or 8 feet and weighs

up to 80 lb., the bonefish seldom measures over 2 feet, and a tenpounder is a very large one. This fish does not jump nor sound and scorns to take advantage of weeds or obstructions, but relies solely on speed and power in his efforts to escape. The reason is that he is only caught on the shallow mud-flats, whither he comes from the ocean to feed on crustaceans as the tide comes in. The water for hundreds of yards around is only a few inches deep, and it is usual to pole along the shallows a flat-bottomed rowing boat, to bait with a soldier crab, cast 30 or 40 feet, and wait patiently for a strike. One may also fish from the shore in many places. The bonefish is even more difficult to catch than the sailfish; for he is very shy, his bite is barely perceptible, and light tackle is advisable in the clear water. Furthermore he fights so vigorously that, even if the line holds, the hook may tear out. He thinks nothing of running 400 or 500 feet of line off the reel without a pause, and many anglers consider that he is, pound for pound, the king of all swimmers, not excepting the ouananiche. No wonder, therefore, that the bonefish has, like the sailfish, become a serious rival of the tarpon. The bonefish has an advantage over both in that he is excellent eating.

After a rough but delightful passage across the Atlantic, two days in New York, and two days on a comfortable train, we found ourselves on February 18 in the rapidly growing city of Miami. Those who know what England is like in February, or have experienced the bitter winds of New York, will understand how we revelled in the sunshine and warm but invigorating winter climate of Southern Florida.

Mr. Gregg says: "Do not try to catch fish on the East Coast of Florida except the migratory ones—bluefish, kingfish, and Spanish mackerel—during the prevalence of a norther or in windy weather." This advice is good, but it cannot always be followed; as, owing to the great number of visitors, boats have to be engaged in advance.

Having made some inquiries concerning professional fishermen, I hired a small motor yacht, which towed a fast fishing launch, and started on a four days' cruise amongst the Keys. I was not successful this time with either sailfish or bonefish, but landed the sand-shark already mentioned and many fine kingfish, Spanish mackerel, bluefish, barracouta, grouper, and amberjack. All these fish are generally caught by trolling, and they put up a good fight if light tackle is used. Many thousands of

kingfish, Spanish mackerel and blue fish are taken by handlines for the market.

The groupers and amberjack, which run up to 60 or 70 lb., are terribly hard pullers and make for the rocks. The biggest amberjack I killed measured 49 inches and weighed 41 lb., and I had a great fight with a grouper weighing 34. Two others got the better of me, reached the rocks, and broke my line.

The barracouta, or saltwater pike, is well named the tiger of the sea, for his boldness and ferocity far exceed that of the shark. He has been caught over 60 lb. in weight off Florida, but runs smaller in Californian waters, where he is very numerous. The largest I caught on this trip measured 4 feet and weighed 25 lb. Whilst I was playing a second just as large (or larger judging by its head), a still bigger one darted up and carried off three-fourths of it. These fish have terrible teeth, sometimes projecting half-an-inch from each jaw, and they have been known to attack bathers.

It was a 30-mile sail northward to Miami by the inside passage; so, after one more unsuccessful morning's fishing for bonefish and a couple of hours trolling in the Gulf Stream (where I caught my first dolphin), we made all haste back in our twelve-knot motor boat to the parent ship. She was anchored in Angelfish Creek just off the ocean in company with several other house-boats, whose owners were fishing in the various creeks about the Keys.

The dolphin is the loveliest fish imaginable in the water, and a brave fighter. He is even more lovely if possible when you first take him out, and his rapidly changing hues of gold and silver, blue and green baffle description. One enthusiast says, "he is the personification of beautiful colour alive."¹ I was so delighted with mine that, although he weighed less than 10 lb., I had him set up.

Then some one told me that Long Key was *the* place for sailfish and bonefish, and that all the best boatmen and most skilful fishermen had migrated there; so I wired to the hotel proprietor. The reply was: "No rooms available and all boats booked a fortnight ahead."

Long Key is an island half-way between Miami and Key West, the last island of that wonderful archipelago which extends all the way from Palm Beach on the east and Tampa on the west to within 80 miles of Cuba.

¹ *Tales of Fishes*, by Zane Grey.

Old fishermen were constantly complaining to me that "things were not what they used to be" in these waters, and certainly, anyone who expects to rival the feats Mr. Gregg performed twenty years ago will be disappointed. He wrote then that on Indian River and Lake Worth "the goose that lays the golden eggs" was being killed, and quoted the saying of a wise old Indian: "White man heap dam fool he kill all the deer and catch all the fish, bimeby he got none; heap dam fool."

Fortunately, nets, which do the most mischief, are barred in many of the best places; not indeed by the laws of man which are too often made but to be broken, but by the ramparts of the busy coral-maker; so the future of Florida is assured. Further, anglers have wisely combined for their own protection; and, besides the clubs at Palm Beach, Miami, and other places, a flourishing one has been formed at Long Key quite recently with the following objects in view.

1. The use of light tackle so as to give the fish a sporting chance and the angler more fun.
2. The release of small fish and a limit to the number of large fish taken.

Prizes are offered to members who release the greatest number of sailfish after capture in each season, and sportsmen are recommended to limit their catches to the following: Two jewfish, two sailfish, five tarpon, five amberjack, six barracouta, six grouper, and ten kingfish. The last three are edible, so a larger number is suggested—provided, of course, none are wasted.

Having been disappointed in my attempt to get any fishing at Long Key, I went by the marvellous railway across the viaducts to Key West; but the sea was so rough that I soon returned to Miami. I did not hear of any tarpon being caught except a few by night in sheltered places.

I now fell back on my first boatman, who rose to the occasion and did his utmost for me. The first day was a blank except for a shark and a bonito, but I saw two sailfish leap after some flying fish, which was encouraging. Some "Portuguese men-of-war," sailing jauntily over the water, till snapped up by an enormous turtle, were a pretty sight in the beautiful blue waters of the Gulf Stream; and, even when sport was slow, it was a delight to be out on this lovely ocean where you never know what strange sights you may see next. Sometimes a large school of fierce fish would start to feed, and the sea for an acre around would be flecked with white where they rose to the

surface and seized mullet or small fry for their supper. As the shoals of little fish sped over the surface or sprang high in air in terror of their pursuers, you could hear the hissing of the water as they left it and it dripped from them. Anyone who knows how a pike in a river will cause a dozen little roach to skip out of the water in all directions will be able to imagine what it looks like in the sea when that scene is multiplied a thousand times. There are sometimes at least a thousand fish in the schools of big ones, so my words may be taken literally. Then there are the birds: huge pelicans, man-of-war hawks, many kinds of gulls and ducks, and, nearer shore the great eagle buzzards, slim kingfishers, both grey and pure white herons, and the beautiful egrets.

March 22 was my sixth attempt at sailfish and a red-letter day; for perseverance was at last rewarded, and, not only did I get my sailfish, but he put up a most wonderful fight. I was fishing with the regulation light tackle; but this is much stronger than the words imply. I caught him with a ballyhoo. This is not a joke. It is a small fish, as queer as its name, with a bill like a snipe.

I was peeling an orange, and the boatman was winding in my line to put on a fresh bait. Whilst idly watching the bait come nearer in the clear blue water, I suddenly saw a long shape following it up to within 10 feet of the boat. The man saw it at the same moment, yelled "Sailfish!" and handed me the rod. I am afraid I forgot all the instructions about letting the line slack and then striking hard.

My first impressions are somewhat confused, but the next thing I knew was that the water opened immediately behind the boat and let out a great fish. Up in the air he went, and out of his mouth went that hook and bait; but, so hard did he throw it, that somehow the hook caught again on the top of his head, though we did not find that out till later. In another moment he was 20 yards away, tearing the line off the reel at express speed, and, after six more magnificent leaps, he began to "walk on his tail," throwing the water in every direction. Then he sounded and did just what he liked with me for the next hour. More than once he caused me terrible anxiety, as he made for the boat so fast that I could not reel in line quick enough, and once he passed right underneath it to the other side, 40 yards to starboard.

It was an awful moment when the line was slack, for I feared

he was gone. Had I known then how insecurely he was hooked, and the hole my hook was gradually making for itself, I should have felt certain he had escaped. He soon made his presence felt again, and my next fear was that the line would be cut by the propeller, for the boatman had started up the engine in order to follow the fish, lest he should run every inch off the reel. Quickly I plunged the point of my rod deep down in the water, whilst the man stopped the engine ; and, holding the rod vertically, I passed it carefully round the stern. Fortunately, the fish kept deep, so this manœuvre succeeded. Then I settled myself firmly in my seat, with the butt of the rod fast in the socket of the belt at my waist, and began to fight in earnest. The boatman could not understand why, in spite of all the strength I put into the battle, I could not master the fish ; for, having seen it leap, we knew it was not over 8 feet. Neither of us had any idea then that the fish was foul hooked ; and, when he went down deep and could not be brought to the surface, although I strained the tackle to the utmost, we feared that a monster shark had seized him. I succeeded at last by continuous " pumping " in getting him up again ; but the effort tried my rod so severely, that, in spite of its stiffness, it bent like a willow and has remained bent ever since.

" Pumping " is a technical expression in sea-angling for efforts made in raising heavy fish from the depths. You hold the line tight and lift the rod with all the strength at your command till it is nearly perpendicular ; then, lowering the rod quickly to the water, you wind in the line at the same time. These motions are continued as long as the fish will let you, or until you are exhausted. Perhaps he won't permit it and dashes off again, or the hook pricks him unpleasantly and he comes to the surface of his own accord.

Our fish sometimes did so, then down he went again, or he would vary this by headlong rushes straight ahead. Once or twice he went ahead so far and so fast that he tore nearly all the 300 yards of line off my reel, and I had to yell to the boatman to go at full speed.

It was all the boatman could do to steer the craft in such a way that I could play the fish on one side of the boat, or to prevent it from passing underneath and causing complications. From time to time, the man, seeing that I was working hard and getting very fagged, whilst the perspiration streamed off me, would encourage me by saying, " It's all right, you've got a good

rod, a fine reel, and a new line, so don't worry yourself, you'll get him." Or he would goad me to greater efforts by saying, "You'd better get him in or a shark 'll have him"; so I gave myself no rest and worked and worked till my hands blistered and my back and arms ached. I know I worked hard, for my arms ached for the rest of that week. I carried a scar on my knuckles for a fortnight where the handle of the reel hit them and made them bleed.

The fish took us far out in the Gulf Stream, and two cargo boats from New York passed close by us, whilst men looked down from their lofty decks and cheered as they saw me straining every nerve. The great waves that they made rocked our boat to such an extent that I fell out of the chair; and, before the fight was over, the wind got up, and I had the choppy seas to contend with as well as the struggles of the fish. At the end of an hour and a half, when we saw a third steamer approaching, the boatman urged me to reel in, saying that the waves would make me lose him or the steamer might cut the line; so I did all I knew and at last got the monster close to the side of our boat. I was pretty well "all in," but so was he; and, after one more rush, a last desperate attempt for life on seeing the foe, he lay near the top, and I brought him within reach of the gaff.

That was a great moment—something you never forget. The Norwegian gaffed him skilfully at the first attempt. The fish banged his tail violently against the boat, so, throwing the rod down, I sprang to help. Whilst the boatman hauled with the gaff, I seized the slippery tail and dragged with might and main. Thus together, little by little, we hauled him on board, and then—the hook fell out!

How thankful I felt that the fish was mine and for all the strokes of luck that had made him mine! It seems absurd that we should strive so hard, feel failure so keenly, and get so uplifted when we land a big fish; but so it is with most of us. I could not think of anything but that fish for the next week; and, two months later, as I write this, I feel thrilled by it still.

I did no more fishing at Miami. At Palm Beach I tried in Lake Worth, the Inlet, and once or twice on the ocean, but did not meet with much success. I added a few more varieties, such as sheepshead, whiting, yellowtail, sand-perch, pompano, grunts, schoolmaster, porgies, and skipjack to my collection, and caught a few more kingfish and bluefish; but that was all.

I left my sailfish with a taxidermist at Miami, who measured and weighed him and promised to set him up for ten dollars a foot and send him home. He measured exactly 7 feet and weighed 59 lb. Sailfish weigh light, as, unlike sharks, they are slim and slender.

This chapter does not pretend to give much information about Florida ; it is only a brief account of an angler's experiences there.

My wife and I took a great fancy to Miami and have determined to revisit it next year, when I propose to devote a chapter of a book, now being prepared on foreign travel, to some account of it ; for I can assure you that it is not called the " Magic City " without good reason.

With this intention I will take leave of my readers and wish all who carry rods and rifles " Good Hunting."

THE END

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