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SIR VICTOR BROOKE

SPORTSMAN AND NATURALIST

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A. Lawson

SIR VICTOR BROOKE, Bart.

Victor Brooke

1885.

Walker & Boutall Ph.

SIR VICTOR BROOKE

SPORTSMAN & NATURALIST

A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE AND EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS

EDITED BY

OSCAR LESLIE STEPHEN

WITH

A CHAPTER ON HIS RESEARCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY

By SIR WILLIAM H. FLOWER, K.C.B.

KEEPER OF THE NATURAL HISTORY BRANCH OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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DEDICATED

TO

HIS WIDOW

*

INTRODUCTION

In undertaking to write a Memoir of the late Sir Victor Brooke, coupled with extracts from his letters and diaries relating to travel and sporting adventures, I have not been actuated by the feeling that I possess any special qualification for the task, except that of an intimate friendship extending over twenty years.

With the slight literary advantages which I possess, that friendship, close as it had been, would not have been sufficient in itself to have induced me to attempt the onerous work, had not his widow urged me to do so, and expressed, with other relations, her opinion that my knowledge of his life and character, and the personal affection I bore him, would perhaps enable me to do more justice to his memory than any one else could have done, even though armed with better literary credentials. However that may be, I trust those friends and such of the public as read these pages will find much to interest them; and when interest is found wanting, the fault will lie with the biographer rather than with the subject of these memoirs.

O. LESLIE STEPHEN.

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CHAPTER I

MEMOIR

BEFORE entering upon an account of his early life and subsequent career, I will endeavour to bring before my readers what manner of man Victor Brooke appeared to those who met him when still in the flush and pride of a singularly gifted manhood.

Nature had endowed him with a great charm of presence. Refined features, most expressive eyes, and well-shaped head, fair hair and beard, beautifully proportioned, 6 feet in height, and 45 inches round the chest made him one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. Coupled with this he had a most winning manner that seemed to make even a casual acquaintanceship assume the guise of friendship, so genial, so bright, was his greeting. The open-hearted Irish nature appeared to reach its embodiment in him, and many a one has felt as if a breeze from the sea or the tonic air of the mountain had braced him, after a few minutes' conversation with his healthy unworldly nature. You could not be long in his company without feeling you were speaking to a man of great strength of character, and one who did with all his might whatever he put his hand to. It may be that sometimes he devoted himself to matters scarcely

worthy of his great powers ; but whatever it was, from science to sport or pastime, he gave it the very best of himself. This, coupled with an intense enjoyment of life, at least up to the time of his brother's death, and love of the companionship of his fellow-men, made him a most attractive personality. Even women whose society he sought but little never met him without feeling the charm of his enthusiastic nature.

It was this power of personal attraction, coupled with great mental ability, I think, that gave Victor Brooke his undoubted influence over men of all classes of life. If anything had to be done that required the amalgamation of divergent views and the convincing others, ofttimes opponents, of its advantages, you had only to get him to take it up, and the affair, whatever it might be, was brought to a successful ending.

At Pau, where he spent so many winters, this influence was most markedly felt, and the loss sustained there by his death most touchingly expressed by English, Americans, and Frenchmen alike.

A many-sided man full of interest in numbers of different subjects, he reached his highest point in his scientific researches in biological science. Sir William Flower has very kindly written for me a full account of his knowledge of him in that respect, and of the work he contributed to that branch of science. Without his aid I should have been unable to place before the public any adequate description of the labour and ability displayed by Brooke in the years he devoted to this engrossing subject. As a public speaker he had that rare quality of carrying his audience with him, and I have, in common with many others, deeply regretted that he never turned his attention to political life ; if he had, there is little doubt he would have reached no mean position among the representatives of his country.

The way was open to him, for his father had represented the County Fermanagh for many years, as had other members of the family before him; but at the time when it would have been most feasible, he was deeply occupied in his natural history studies, and later on, Lady Brooke's health compelled him to live abroad for the greater part of the year.

In sport and venery he was one of the greatest authorities, and possessed that finest of all sportsman's instincts, viz. the love of it for the pleasure it gave him in studying the habits of beast and fowl. Few men have known more of the game they pursued than Victor Brooke. In games of all kinds he reached a high proficiency, and at athletic exercises held his own with the best. Another quality he possessed which was known and immensely appreciated by his friends, was his great power of intuitive sound judgment. As a friend of his, a man largely engaged in important political and business matters, once said to me: "I would rather have Brooke's judgment than any one else's!"

In that home life in which a man's innermost feelings show themselves most distinctly he proved how capable he was of the tenderest care and sympathy to the beautiful but fragile partner of his life. From the earliest years of their marriage his wife had developed symptoms of delicacy that needed the greatest care and solicitude, and as time went on she was often for months together unable to leave her room. To most men of his intensely active nature this continually recurring ill-health would have been very trying; with him it only seemed to increase the love and consideration he had for her in all the twenty-seven years they passed so happily together. His one regret was the suffering that his love and devotion could not alleviate, and her enforced absence. That, as he so often said,

"took the edge off all his pleasures." This tender, gentle side of his character was but little realised even by his most intimate friends, but how deeply it impressed an observer is best shown in the following words written to Lady Brooke by Dr. Bagnell, his wife's medical attendant, after her husband's death :—

> With a perfect appreciation of everything that is holy, true, and just, he showed the most rare combination of a mind filled with tender feelings and affections, a body full of energy and vitality, and a heart that knew no danger, no fear, no dread for itself, only for those it loved ; a woman's tenderness and devotion with a broad powerful grasp, not to be conceived by those outside the inner life.

Such, in brief, are the numerous attainments he was happy in possessing, and such are the qualities that endeared him to so many people. With his faults it is easy to deal tenderly. They were but few and lost in the great breadth of his fine nature. Impatient, and at times irascible, and given, from the intense enthusiasm of his character, to think every one must be as interested in any given subject as he was himself, he sometimes led people to think he was a little egotistical. But when we remember that he lost his father at ten years of age, and at twenty-one came into a high position and great estate, and all his life had been a *persona grata* wherever he went, we can only wonder he came out of it so unspoilt. How few of us could have passed through the fire and retained the simple generous character he did to the last day of his life !

When all is said and done, the vast majority of those who knew him will think of him in the words of a friend of his, by no means given to gentle criticism : "He was a most lovable man !"

Sir Victor Alexander Brooke, Bart., was born at Colebrooke, the ancestral home of his race, on the 5th January 1843. His mother was Miss Anson, and had been Maid of Honour to the Queen, and Her Majesty graciously signified her wish to become godmother, and gave the name.

Originally of an English family, Sir Basil Brooke, the ancestor of the subject of these Memoirs, went over to Ireland in the time of Elizabeth and fought under Lord Mountjoy, was made Governor of the town and Castle of Donegal, and one of the Commissioners for the Settlement of Ulster. His descendant, Sir Henry Brooke, received a grant of lands in County Fermanagh, the present seat of the family. It was here that Victor Brooke passed the earlier years of his life, with his two brothers, Harry and Basil. The house, one of large size, lies in the midst of a very fine park, magnificently timbered, with a river running through it, and extensive woods dotted about the Demesne. There is also a large deer park a few miles from the house, which had been emparked under a Royal Charter of the time of James I., and which was entirely devoted to deer, and kept so completely secluded that the deer within it were practically in a wild state. With these surroundings, and an inborn love for natural history, Victor Brooke, from his earliest childhood, gathered an accurate fund of information concerning birds and beasts. He had a great power of imitating all the sounds they made, and when a child caused his governess much annoyance by imitating, under the schoolroom window, the noise pheasants make preparatory to going to roost. As soon as he and his brother could sit on a pony they went out with their father, Sir Arthur, on his visits to tenants in different parts of the estate. In 1853 he was sent to a school in Cheshire, and moved thence, in

1854, to one at Elstree Hill, whither his brother Harry accompanied him. This school was conducted on the old-fashioned principle that learning could only be conveyed by continual flogging, and to such a pitch was it carried that one year the boys determined to bar out the headmaster, and Victor Brooke, as one of the most adventurous spirits, was deputed to collect provisions. To do this he had to be lowered nightly from a bedroom window, and having procured a supply of loaves and cheese, hauled up again by the same process. This went on for several nights, and just as the boys had collected an ample stock sufficient to stand a prolonged siege, the plot was discovered, and dire punishment followed in due course. In November 1854 Sir Arthur Brooke died while his son was but ten years of age, and Mr. George Brooke, his father's brother, became his guardian. I have always understood from my friend that if any one could take the place of a father his uncle had done so, and the affection and respect with which he always spoke of him, showed how loyal his guardian had been to the trust reposed in him. In 1856 he went to Harrow and remained there some years; it was then that his great powers of jumping first showed themselves, as when only 5 ft. 7 in. in height, he was second for the school prize with a jump of 5 ft. 6½ in., and was only beaten half an inch by a boy 5 ft. 10 in. in height.

During the holidays at Colebrooke he rapidly acquired great proficiency with both gun and rifle; with the latter he and his brother Basil became so expert that they could split croquet balls thrown up in the air, and then do the same to the pieces until they were reduced to fragments. This accuracy was of the greatest service to him in India when his

life depended more than once upon making no mistake.

With his brother Harry he repeatedly paid visits to Castle Caldwell, a property belonging to his cousin, John Bloomfield, a wild, sporting place teeming with every kind of game. Here he learnt how to trap badgers and otters, and every form of venery, and spent many days among the Donegal Mountains after wild swans and geese. After leaving Harrow he went to a tutor in Northamptonshire, and while there he learnt how to ride well to hounds under the tuition of the best horseman in England, Jim Mason. In 1862 he was rapidly approaching his majority and decided to travel, selecting Switzerland for his first trip, followed by one to Norway; and in October of the same year started on a shooting expedition to Southern India, extending over sixteen months.

On the 5th January 1864, while still in India, Brooke came of age, and in his absence his brother Harry represented him at a great dinner given to the tenantry. In February he reached Colebrooke, and had not been there a month before the old thirst for sport and adventure overcame him, and with his brother he planned an expedition to Africa. They started for London to make arrangements, stopping a week in Dublin on the road. But here all his plans were entirely altered by his meeting at a party his future wife, Miss Bellingham, daughter of Sir Alan Bellingham, to whom he became engaged shortly afterwards, and whom he married on the 28th July of that year.

Brooke's engagement to Miss Bellingham was of a decidedly romantic character. At the party mentioned he pointed out to his brother and his cousin, Hastings Brooke, a young lady, and used these words: "Do

you see that girl sitting on the sofa? Mark my words, she will be my wife!" No case of love at first sight ever ended more happily, and the affection engendered at their first meeting only grew and strengthened throughout their married life.

The next four years he passed at Colebrooke, interesting himself greatly in the estate whose large extent, 32,000 acres, gave him plenty of occupation. His guardian, Mr. George Brooke, had handed it over to him in the highest order, advantage being taken of his long minority to carry out every improvement and satisfy every reasonable requirement of the numerous tenantry. The Colebrooke estate had never been highly rented, and in after years, when Sir Victor sold the major portion under the Ashbourne Act, no difficulty occurred with the tenants, and after the lands passed out of his hands, they extended to him the same good feeling and affection as when he was still their landlord.

During these years his love for natural history continued unabated. Winter and summer he gathered fresh stores of information, particularly in all that concerned the deer tribe. From his childhood he had been familiar with the habits, weight, and growth of the fallow deer, with which the Home Park and Deer Park at Largie had been stocked since James I.'s time, and on his return from India he started a herd of red deer, getting some from Lord Hastings and some from Raby and Stoke. The weight and size and noble proportions of the heads of the descendants of these deer struck with admiration every one who visited Colebrooke. In 1870 Brooke purchased five hinds and one stag of Japanese deer, adding later three more stags. In 1891 they had increased to three hundred! In them he took an immense interest, and it was his invariable custom, in

the latter years of his life, on Sunday afternoon to go to the covert they most frequented, and from a hill in the centre watch them feeding in the open glades below him.

At Castle Caldwell, previously mentioned, a romantic, lovely spot on the north-western point of Lower Loch Erne, Brooke found ample opportunity for the pursuit of a great variety of wild-fowl, and secured specimens of every species that was known to visit that part of Ireland.

Here also his brother and himself were given every facility by their hospitable host for stalking the wild fallow deer that roamed unmolested over a vast extent of rough covert and broken ground, only coming out to feed in the gloaming and stealing home just as the dawn was breaking. This form of sport particularly delighted Brooke, as requiring the greatest knowledge of woodcraft and the highest attributes of a sportsman. One old fallow buck that he had christened "Zageddee," from the peculiar character of his head, defeated him for nearly a month. He records in his diary how late at night and before dawn he watched for him, sometimes catching a glimpse of him, but never able to get a shot, till at last, in the gray light of a September morning, with the dew still heavy on his coat and horns, "Zageddee" was stalked and killed. His journals at this time and for many years afterwards, until he was compelled to live a great part of the year abroad, are filled with most minute notes of the birds and beasts he shot or observed, and most accurate accounts of the growth and appearance of all the deer in the Demesne and Largie.

Few houses in Britain showed more distinctly their owner's proclivities than Colebrooke: from floor to ceiling, in hall and passages, and many of the rooms,

heads of every variety were to be seen; the greater number shot by himself or his brothers, excepting a very fine series of sambur shot by General Douglas Hamilton. Amongst them bison, wild boar, moufflon, Neilgherry ibex, Pyrenean bouquetin, and every known variety of red deer, and a collection of Himalayan and Thibetan animals, including markor, barahsing, ovis ammon, burrel, etc., shot by his brother Harry, with a grand series of roe's heads killed by his brother Basil, and over the chimney-piece in the hall the huge horns of an Irish elk and two enormous German red deer, which he had purchased. Besides these were cases containing two of the tigers he had killed in India, and the famous black panther, and, most valued of all, the monster tusk of the great elephant, whose mighty bones, brought home from India a year after, lay in weighty massiveness round the foot of the billiard table. Any fresh guest, paying a visit to Colebrooke, was invited to put up with one hand the largest bone—a feat difficult of attainment, not on account of its weight (56 lbs.), but owing to its awkward size and shape, requiring knack and skill in balancing it. Most of us, I remember, managed to do so, but many powerful men found it difficult until they had acquired the knack of it.

Amid such surroundings, with his young wife and family, Brooke spent the first seven years of his married life; in the winter of 1868-69 he had to go abroad on account of Lady Brooke's health. It was in that year that the first symptoms of her delicacy became apparent, and they were recommended to winter in the Riviera, and chose Bordighera, where his brother Basil joined him.

Along this coast run the Maritime Alps, and the brothers found ample room for sport after wolves and

THE BIG TUSK. *To face page* 10.

badgers, and for fresh researches in natural history, the love of which had clung to them from childhood; with the elder brother it was in the following year to become a serious study, owing to his chance meeting with Sir William Flower, and from that time to the year 1879 he devoted himself to scientific subjects. Up to that date Lady Brooke had been able to live in Ireland, with occasional winters abroad; but at last it became imperatively necessary to choose for her some permanent residence in the south of France, and finding that Pau suited his wife's health better than any other place, he determined to make a home there, ultimately buying the Villa Jouvence, where he resided with his family for the after years of his life—only paying visits to Colebrooke in the summer and autumn. But his eldest son, the present baronet, after returning from America in 1885, took over the management of the estate, and on his marriage resided there permanently with his wife.

Before Brooke went to Pau, his friend, Lord Lilford, had told him of excellent ground for bouquetin (Pyrenean ibex), on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees, at the head of the Val de Broto, above the village of Torla. And to this district and its neighbourhood he made a great many expeditions, accompanied by his brothers, Basil and Harry, and latterly by Mr. Arthur Post, a very popular American gentleman residing at Pau. Mr. Post, to the regret of his numerous friends, died in 1884. It was in May 1878 that Brooke first visited the Vallée d'Arras, which he describes as of extraordinary beauty and grandeur. It runs out of the Val de Broto, and he returned to it repeatedly in subsequent years with ever-increasing pleasure.

Throughout his life Brooke took the greatest interest in physical exercises, and up to the time his health

failed he joined in all sports with a vigour and zeal that seemed to take no account of the passing years.

The powers that, as a boy of 5 ft. 7 in., enabled him to jump 5 ft. 6½ in. increased in after years, and attained their greatest development in the year 1870, when, in the London Fencing Club at Cleveland Row, he jumped 5 ft. 10 in., and afterwards cleared the bar put up to 6 ft., but knocked it down with his hand in descending.

Mr. Godfrey Pearse led the regular athletic class at these rooms, and Brooke took his place in his absence. I have always heard him describe Mr. Pearse as the most graceful athlete he ever saw. Brooke's physical strength was also very great, and his brother, Captain Harry Brooke, witnessed him lift the big dumb-bell (called Burnaby's baby), weighing 120 lbs., off the floor and put it straight up over his head with one hand and with slow motion without jerk. A wrestling bout gave him the greatest pleasure, and he was always ready to try a fall with any one whose reputation gave promise of an exciting struggle. In his younger days at Colebrooke he heard there was a noted wrestler, a policeman at Clones, some 20 miles off, who had beaten every one who had tried a fall with him. Brooke promptly sent him a challenge, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in defeating him. It is easy to picture the enthusiasm of the Irish peasantry on the occasion at seeing the local representative of the law measuring his length upon the ground. Though not an extremely fast runner, he was not far behind the best; and the following performance at the age of thirty-eight showed how little his muscular energies had left him with the lapse of time. The account of it is given in a letter to his brother-in-law, Mr. Wrench, and tallies accurately with the description of it given to me by many eye-witnesses.

"VILLA JOUVENCE, PAU, *Sunday.*

MY DEAR FRED—

. . . . . .

The Yankees one night in the Club were blowing real hard at a certain great hurdle-race runner, a Canadian who was in Pau, but whom they would not name, challenging any one in Pau in general, and me in particular, to run him. He was described as having run twenty-two races, and only lost *two*. I could not stand it, so took up the challenge, stipulating, however, for 200 yards and ten flights of 3 ft. 6 in. hurdles, each hurdle to be strengthened at the top by a heavy builder's plank, 18 yards between the hurdles and 20 yards run in. The ordinary is, as you will remember, 120 yards, ten flights of hurdles 3 ft. 3 in. in height, the hurdles delicate things that a man can break. The Canadian, Young, took up the challenge for his backers, and 200 francs a side was put on it, and the race fixed for 1st inst. At 10.30 on that day the Plain was swarming, and the greatest possible excitement existed. At the start Young darted away like a bolt, and I saw at once that he had the foot of me by a good bit, which I was prepared for. The first four hurdles he cleared beautifully, going at top speed, I following within my speed, and consequently losing ground fast, though by my flies at the hurdles, some of which were 15 or 16 feet, I gained a little of what I lost in the running. At the fifth hurdle, as he deserved, Young hit the plank, and was sent sprawling on to the grass, and my moment was come. As quick as a weasel Young was on his legs again, and we went almost side by side over the sixth, which he hit hard. I had now rammed on all the speed, and flew the hurdles one after the other in a frantic way, hearing the Canadian hitting each hard

about 5 yards behind me. At the ninth a louder crash told me that something had happened, and I afterwards learnt that my brave Young had turned a complete somersault over the obstacle. I held on, but felt that I was about done; to rise at the tenth hurdle my legs absolutely refused, so I threw myself over it, got up, staggered forward, and fell again on the flat, rose on my hands and knees, and saw the winning post about 10 yards on, and heard the yells of the bystanders on all sides. I knew I could not stand, so keeping my eyes on the place scrambled forward on all fours, and threw myself head over heels over the line. In a few moments I was all right again, and stood more danger of being torn to pieces by my friends, in fact the entire British community, than by any other after effects. Young was far worse after his fall over the ninth hurdle; he nearly fainted, and it was long before he came round. My calculations had been correct, and the extra 3 inches of the hurdles and 80 yards in the race saved me, though the great pace I was obliged to go at to win was very nearly too much for me. I need not say it is the last race I shall ever run."

In all games he took the keenest interest, and when lawn tennis was first brought into notice, Brooke pursued it with his wonted vigour, and was one of the first members of the Committee of the All England Lawn Tennis Association at Wimbledon, and never afterwards missed being present at the championships.

In 1880, some years before the present furore for golf arose, he was struck with its undoubted merits, and in England, Scotland, and Pau went through that course of heavenly joy and deep depression which the rest of golfing mankind never fails to experience.

It is difficult to understand how a game that for

centuries had been the delight and pride of Scotchmen should have remained so long neglected south of the Border. It is true it had been played for two hundred years at Blackheath, and for some little time at Hoylake and Westward Ho, but these clubs were practically supported by Scotchmen, and it is only of very recent years that the golfing iron has entered into the soul of Englishmen. But at Pau, thanks to the late Colonel Anstruther, a golf club had existed for more than a generation, and that and the lawn tennis club situated on the lovely Plain de Billere, received the full measure of Brooke's support and assistance. During the time he was captain of the golf club it increased largely in numbers, and the quality of the green rapidly improved, so that of late years it has become one of the best, if not the best inland green in Europe.

In 1884 the greatest sorrow of his life came to him when his brother Basil died.

In his letters and diaries the name is frequently mentioned, but it would not convey to the reader what such a loss meant to him. From boyhood his brother had been his chosen companion, and on every available opportunity they had joined in the same sporting expeditions, sharing the same danger and hardships. With tastes absolutely in common, they had studied natural history together, and played the same games with equal enthusiasm; and when Brooke was compelled to live more or less at Pau, his brother had taken much of the burden of the estate off his hands. No bond of union ever knit two brothers together more closely.

The illness that sundered it for ever originated in a trip that Basil Brooke had taken to Mexico. This illness developed immediately after his return to Scotland, where he resided with his family, and he was before long in imminent danger, but recovered suffici-

ently to be brought to London by his wife and brother for further medical advice. For some weeks, with the help of the greatest medical science and the most devoted nursing, the struggle between life and death was fought, but unavailingly, and on the 3rd August he passed away. During that time his wife and brother never left him, and it was very touching to see the big strong man, for Brooke then was in the prime of health and strength, nursing his dying brother with all the gentleness of a woman. I speak of these things from my own knowledge, having been present and permitted to share their sorrow and care throughout the illness.

He was buried at Colebrooke, and with him passed away much of Brooke's joyous nature. The old home that had been so endeared to them both was never the same to him afterwards.

It was this grievous loss that made Brooke turn to hunting as a sport that had no sad associations attached to it. In the winter of 1884 he had some horses over from Ireland, and hunted with the Pau hounds, and the following year accepted the Mastership.

Mr. Frederick Maude, whom he succeeded, had much improved the sport by substituting the wild fox whenever possible for the bag foxes that had been previously used on the days no drag was run. Brooke carried on this great improvement, and paid the peasantry liberally to preserve the foxes, and taught them how to stop the earths. All the Bearnais round about would have done anything for him, and with their help he transported from the Coteaux over seventy vixens, loosing them in the middle of the hunting country ; and by dint of many spare days spent in learning every inch of the district, he was able to show rare sport, accounting in seventy-one days' hunting for thirty-seven

brace of foxes. The new entry of hounds consisted of fourteen and a half couples—seven and a half couple from the Woodlands Pytchley, six couple from the Carlow hounds, and a grand couple of 26-inch young dog hounds, a present from Lord Fitzhardinge from the Berkeley. At the end of the season the Pau hunt presented him with a magnificent silver tankard.

The two following seasons were equally successful. Although a very hard rider he had hitherto escaped without any severe falls, but in the last year of his Mastership he broke his collar-bone, and there is little doubt in some way injured the lung.[1] As soon as he could ride again he was out with the hounds, but a bad cough developed. With care it might have cured itself, but care and Victor Brooke were far apart, and as soon as he was able to get on a horse he resumed his duties as Master; for some time he struggled on, fighting with an illness that refused to be thus lightly treated; as long as he could ride to the hounds, he stuck to it, but strength failing he entrusted them to a member of the hunt.

Week after week his cough increased, and at last became so serious that he determined to go to London and consult the late Sir Andrew Clark, an old friend of many years. Sir Andrew's opinion of his illness was very grave, and he ordered him at once to Egypt, as the only chance of effecting a cure. In March 1888, when he set sail, his condition seemed very alarming.

[1] There is no doubt, besides the injury to the lung from the broken bone, he had all his life tried his extraordinary physique too severely, and something in time was bound to give way. Mr. Maude has assured me that over and over again Brooke, coming in after a long day's hunting, would spend the best part of the night seeing the earths stopped in the district he was going to hunt next day, so as to ensure good sport in the morning. Only ten days after the broken collar-bone, with the top of his lung injured by it, he spent a snowy night following foxes through the deep snow in the Bois de Sauvagnon.

Captain Arthur Brooke[1] and myself saw him off from Gravesend, and we had sad forebodings that we might not see his kindly face again, so emaciated and worn did he seem. However, the fine desert air acted as a wonderful restorative, and he was able to return partially cured. In the autumn of that year, 1888, he was, however, still too unwell to resume the Mastership of the hounds, and, urged by his doctor, spent the next winter at Cairo with Lady Brooke. There is no doubt that he might have increased his length of life very much if during that time he had devoted himself entirely to recovering his health. But to a man of Brooke's temperament it was impossible to spend his life in preserving it, and as soon as he felt himself again comparatively strong, he set to work to shoot the foxes and wolves in the desert close at hand. In March he went on a brief expedition after ibex in the hills near Suez, and during the month of April carried out a long-cherished wish to make a journey to Palestine.

Few of all his numerous friends knew how deep-rooted a belief Brooke had in the faith of his childhood. The researches he had made in studying the past zoological history of the world, the friendships he had formed amongst men of all kinds of religion, and of those whose faith had left them, had not for one moment shaken his own views, and when the opportunity came of visiting the Holy Land, he gladly seized it.

Old as the subject is, and familiar as the scenery has become to Christians of all nations, it still possesses an undying interest. The simple, earnest faith with which he so lovingly describes the hallowed spots, lends a charm to his narrative that will appeal alike to those who have

[1] Flag-Captain Arthur Brooke, C.B., Sir Victor Brooke's first cousin, son of Mr. George Brooke and Lady Arabella Brooke. Captain Brooke died in 1893.

already trod the sacred country, and those who have still unsatisfied the longing to see with their own eyes the birthplace of the Christian religion. As he writes, we feel that to him, at least, the hero of the world's greatest tragedy is still a living presence. In imagination the centuries roll back, and the deserted places are peopled with the human life of old, and amid the ruins that looked upon his Redeemer, he seems to hear the hosannas still floating through the air. No trip he ever made gave him more pleasure, and I sometimes think that his broken health and consciousness that few years might be left to him, gave a solemn interest beyond that accorded to the most earnest observer.

I do not propose in this brief summary of the salient features of Brooke's life to do more than allude to the political warfare that raged in Ireland over the question of Home Rule. The subject has been ventilated in every form, and there are few to whom the details are not more or less familiar. To him, as to every one in Ireland who had a stake in the country, it was a vital question, and from the first he set himself with the other leaders of public opinion in Ulster to endeavour to defeat the crude schemes for Irish Government that distracted the country, and, as he said in one of his speeches, "fostered animosity between class and class." At the meetings of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, and on various platforms in the North, he expressed in graphic language and far-reaching words the intense conviction he shared with so many, that Home Rule meant ruin to the tenant as well as the landlord, to the smallest merchant as well as the largest dealer in commerce, and worst of all, would leave a legacy of hate that no time would heal. At the first meeting of the Landlords' Convention held in Dublin he was the

seconder of the principal Resolution, and spoke with an intense earnestness of conviction and graphic power of language that stamped him as one of those that have a natural gift of oratory. I have mentioned previously that the circumstances of his life prevented this power being devoted to the service of the State, but no record of his life would be complete without mention being made of his possessing those qualities that would have gone far to make an English statesman.

After the passing of the Ashbourne Act, Brooke felt that the relative position of landlord and tenant in Ireland must enter upon an entirely new phase. For three hundred years the Brookes had administered their property in Fermanagh with a just regard to the well-being of those renting the land under them; and the old feudal feeling of being a father to the people had been handed down from generation to generation.

Professor Huxley, in a letter written to Lady Brooke after her husband's death, thus alludes to the kindly relations existing between landlord and tenant on the Colebrooke estate :—

> I had a very great esteem and affection for your husband; others will speak of his scientific work, but one of the impressions of him that remains most strongly on my mind, is connected with a visit to one of his poorer tenants during the pleasant days we spent with you. One morning news arrived that Pat Somebody's holding had come to grief. We drove over to the scene of the catastrophe, and it was a sad sight enough. The cabin and potato ground lay on the side of a gully, pitched there seemingly on the "where it don't matter" principle. But in vindication of the opposite rule of action, a heavy storm had broken in the night, filling the gully and flooding all around, evicting poor Pat

without notice, and playing the mischief with his plot of ground.

What struck me, as a cold-blooded bystander, was the matter-of-course expectation on the part of the tenant that "Sir Victor" was the Providence who would put everything straight, and the equally matter-of-course acceptance of the part by the landlord — kind, thoughtful, and energetic about this business, as about all others, in which I ever saw him engaged.

I thought to myself that here, at any rate, the Irish landlord did not belong to the type depicted by certain political Nationalists—fierce, brutal, selfish, in fact carnivorous, except for the want of the right teeth.

Subsequent events therefore surprised me more than enough. I have done my best to think of my generous, kind-hearted friend as one of the oppressors, but quite in vain. The dull Saxon imagination is not equal to the feat. And my recollections of Sir Victor on this occasion have had a great deal to do with the doubt I have permitted myself to entertain, whether patriotism and veracity are necessarily associated across St. George's Channel.

Thus, as Professor Huxley says, in sorrow and trouble, poverty and distress, the tenants had come to their landlord for sympathy and relief; but under the Act, when the tenant had fixity of tenure, and could go beyond the landlord to the Court and have his rent settled, all the amenities of owning property and sense of responsibility were taken away. The landlord was no longer a free agent, no longer master of the lands that had descended to him from his ancestors. Brooke felt this keenly, and was one of the first to sell his estate to such of his tenants as wished to purchase,

only intending to retain the Demesne and Deer Park of Largie in his hands. The terms offered to them were such that the large majority purchased their holdings. The proceeds of these sales necessitated investments, and he determined to visit America and inquire into their securities.

Towards the end of April 1890 he started, accompanied by his eldest son, who was familiar with some of the places he proposed to visit, having spent some time studying horse-ranching at Calgary. Brooke's health at this time was far from being restored, and it was a great relief to his wife that he was not going alone. Much as he looked forward to the trip, and valuable as was the information he hoped to procure, yet it did not do away with an increasing disinclination to be far away from his wife and children ; his buoyant nature made him speak cheerfully of recovery to strong health, but I cannot help thinking he had forebodings that all was not well. His first letter to his wife after starting shows the effort it had been to him to leave :—

"Hotel Continental, Paris,
Saturday, 27th April 1890.

Those horrid good-byes, they take a lot out of one ; I wish I had never settled to go away, and still one would be really foolish not to make an effort to see a bit of the old Globe, and yet does the *jeu vaut la chandelle*, when one has to leave all one loves and give them pain ? "

This trip to America extended over some months, and though much of it was over familiar ground, his description of the great natural features of the country, and the glorious trees that never ceased to strike him with admiration, deserve recording. In Europe he had

studied the same species, as it were in miniature, and one can understand the pleasure it gave him to see the same kinds in America almost unrecognisable from their vast height and size. He also gained much information on the subject which had been the principal object of his visit, and repeatedly speaks of the great hospitality and kindness shown to him by American friends and acquaintances.

With Brooke's trip to America his diaries and letters of general interest ended, and there is little to tell of the last year of his life. On his return he had spent the autumn with his wife and family at Veule, on the coast of Normandy, and the following winter at Pau. He was scarcely strong enough to take any severe exercise, but managed to ride to the meets, and do a certain amount of hunting; later on he improved in health and was able to take bicycle rides with his son Victor without great fatigue. In all sports and amusements of those around him he took the same interest, but it had to be more or less as a spectator. Lady Brooke's health had for many years prevented her returning to Ireland; but she was so much stronger in the summer of 1891, as to be enabled to spend it at Colebrooke, and once more there assembled under the old roof-tree the three generations of the family. His son Ronald, in the 7th Hussars, was home from India, and his brother Harry and his wife, and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Basil Brooke, were welcomed once again to the old home, by the bright, hearty greeting that was soon to be met with no more. When much else has faded, how his kindly welcome will linger in the memory, and with it recollections of the grasp of his hand that never failed to meet you on the threshold. And so the summer passed, surrounded by so many that were dear to him, and amid the scenes familiar to him from boyhood.

As the autumn came on the family returned to Pau, and he remained with his son Douglas and his wife to entertain a shooting party, and afterwards to pay some visits. All went well till the end of October, when he broke a blood-vessel; this had occurred twice before while in America; the local doctor took a serious view of it, and warned him that he must cease all exertion and go out to Pau at once.

Early in November he reached London and rested for a day or two, dining with me the night before starting. The bleeding had not recurred, and he seemed to be fairly well and in good spirits. There was only his nephew, Brinsley Brooke, present, and I remember that the conversation was principally of delightful old days he had spent with Sir William Flower and Professor Huxley; little did we think that we were holding communion for the last time with that bright, eager nature. He was to start for Pau in the morning, and I saw him off; he looked very ill, and told me that an hour before there had been a severe recurrence of bleeding. Hasler, his valet, was very anxious about him, and it seemed inadvisable to take so long a journey; but he would go, and perhaps the mild southern air held more prospect of relief than any advantage a temporary rest might have given, and so I bade him good-bye. It is well, in a record intended to be devoted entirely to his memory, that I should not intrude any private feelings, but few men have bidden farewell to a friend with a sadder heart than I did to him that day.

He reached Pau in safety, but for some days was dangerously ill; however he recovered rapidly, and got so well that by the middle of the month he was able to get on a horse and ride to the meet a few times, an exertion that ought never to have been taken. But the

lines must have been present in his mind—"Better to break by the running stream than to lie on the dusty shelf." And so the end met him; the restless eager spirit impelled his frame to the last, and one November day he came home to die. A brief interval of acute inflammation of the lungs, and then on the 23rd the bright, enthusiastic nature passed away. How happy for him that the wife he loved so tenderly should have been there to hold his hand to the last.

His death evoked the deepest regret and sympathy at Pau; no foreign resident had made it so completely his home, or done so much for the attractions of the place. At the Memorial Service held before the removal of his remains to Ireland, the church was filled with those who had known him, and the municipality of the town was largely represented. All that was beautiful in that country of flowers was laid in tender recollection upon his coffin, and amid the mass of sombre surroundings the scarlet of the officials of the Pau hunt stood out in marked distinctness, meet and appropriate representatives of all the gallant sports he loved so well.

The funeral took place at Colebrooke, and over two thousand people attended it. None of the bitter feelings of the land question had ever touched his property, and though his tenantry had largely passed from under his sway and become masters of their holdings, yet the old affection for their landlord survived. From the thickly-populated lowlands to the far-off grouse mountains, they came with one accord to do him reverence. Large numbers were there, too, who had no connection with the property, including a prominent land league Member of Parliament. Some years before Victor Brooke had made a new family burying-place adjoining the churchyard; his brother Basil, who had carried out

his wishes about it, was the first to be buried there, and then their mother, the Honourable Lady Brooke, and now he was himself laid to rest between them. It is an emerald sward standing on elevated ground looking over the whole Demesne—around lie the woods that he had known from childhood, and close by the home endeared by a thousand recollections. Few sounds disturb that quiet spot, and it looks very peaceful in the summer evenings, as the sun sinks over the hills by Loch Erne, and reddens with its last rays the wild heather planted above his grave.

CHAPTER II

Sir Victor Brooke's Scientific Life and Work.
By Sir William H. Flower, K.C.B., F.R.S.

I FIRST met Sir Victor Brooke one Sunday afternoon at the Zoological Gardens, towards the end of the year 1870. He was walking with the late Edward Blyth, formerly curator of the Calcutta Museum, one of the most enthusiastic zoologists of our time. Blyth introduced me to him, and I was at once struck by the charm of his manner, his keenness of observation, and his genuine love of animal life in all forms. At that time he was purely a field naturalist, and the sportsman predominated over the man of science. I asked him to come and see me at the College of Surgeons, which he soon did, and the sight of the skeletons and anatomical preparations in the Museum kindled an eager desire to undertake a more thorough study of the subject than he had hitherto had the opportunity of doing. I was then commencing a course of lectures on the teeth of the mammalia, and he became one of the most regular and attentive of my audience, both for that year and several subsequent years, always taking the same seat in the front row, with notebook in hand, and remaining after the lecture to examine the specimens on the table or discuss points of interest that had been spoken of. As he had not gone through a University course,

systematic study of this kind was new to him, but he threw himself into it with all the energy of his nature, and soon gained a considerable insight into many departments of comparative anatomy, which he recognised as the basis upon which a knowledge of the affinities of animals must be founded. Although, in his published contributions to Science, he confined himself solely to that group to which he specially devoted his attention, the ruminating animals (oxen, antelopes, sheep, and deer), his interests and sympathies in natural history had a much wider range, and his eagerness to acquire knowledge of every kind was unbounded. Conversation with him, therefore, often took the form of a severe cross-examination; but the delight with which he hailed the acquisition of any new fact or the solution of any difficulty, was an abundant reward for any pains taken in conveying information to him. Want of knowledge of the languages in which so many of the works on Natural History he wished to consult were written was at first a great drawback to his progress. With characteristic resolution and ability, however, he set to work to overcome the difficulty, and a competent acquaintance with French, German, and Italian, was acquired by him before long with this sole purpose in view.

In 1873 the subject of the lectures was "The Osteology and Dentition of extinct Mammalia, with their geological and geographical distribution and relations to existing forms." This for the first time brought him into contact with some of the prominent facts of geology, which interested him greatly. In a letter which I have by me referring to this course, he writes: "To say how I enjoyed your lectures would be simply impossible; the view gained from them will always be remembered as a landmark in the path of

my zoological knowledge. I do trust we shall manage the trip to the Isle of Wight; it would be too delightful!" This refers to a suggestion that I had made to him, as up to that time he had never done any geological work in the field, to take an opportunity of realising by actual observation some of the phenomena which had been discussed in the lectures. We engaged the late accomplished geologist, Mr. John Morris, to accompany us, and give demonstrations on the spot of the relations of the different strata to each other and the characteristic fossil remains found in each. Unfortunately Mr. Morris was at the last moment prevented by illness from coming, but Brooke and I went together with the excellent guide and map of the Geological Survey in our hands. We had a very pleasant time exploring the whole coast-line of the island, and afterwards the famous Hordwell Cliff on the mainland, dear to British palæontologists as one of the few localities in the country for Eocene Mammalian remains. We searched in vain for a tooth of Palaplotherium. I believe the discovery of one on that day would have made him happier than was ever the finder of one of the largest diamonds in South Africa.

In the summer of 1875 my wife and I paid our first visit to Colebrooke, staying there a fortnight, and a very happy time it was. The collection he was forming had already acquired considerable dimensions, and he was then deep in the study of the classification of the ruminants. We spent all our mornings in the Museum mainly over skulls and teeth, carefully comparing, measuring, noting, and drawing, in the endeavour to find distinctive characters, capable of accurate definition, by which the various groups could be distinguished. It was a delightful quest though full of difficulties. So often it happened that when we

seemed to have cleared up some intricate point and had elaborated a careful definition of some special form of tooth, characteristic of a particular group, a troublesome exception would turn up, and we had to begin again and try to discover something more reliable and constant. In the afternoon we took long walks through the grounds and park, and looked at the living deer and other wild creatures which abounded there. The sympathetic interest that Lady Brooke took in all her husband's pursuits added much to the pleasure of the visit. She encouraged him greatly in his scientific studies, and never seemed so happy as in witnessing the delight he took in them.

In August 1878 the British Association for the Advancement of Science met at Dublin, and Sir Victor Brooke took an active part in the work of Section D, Biology, over which it was my lot to preside. He read a paper on "Certain Osteological Characters in the Cervidæ, and their probable Bearings on the Past History of the Group." The paper was not published, but much of the information contained in it was afterwards incorporated in a paper communicated to the Zoological Society referred to presently.

When the meeting was over, Professor and Mrs. Huxley, my wife and I, went to Colebrooke and spent a very agreeable week there. One morning Professor Huxley gave us a demonstration of the anatomy of the crayfish, from specimens fished out of the stream that runs through the park. He was just then engaged in preparing his well-known monograph on that creature, and was naturally very much at home with it. Sir Victor, Lady Brooke, and all the children formed most attentive spectators and audience. Although our host lost no opportunity of questioning the professor on subjects of science, he also, in his turn, gave us much

valuable information on the social and economic condition of Ireland, which Huxley was equally keen to learn from him; and I think that, on the whole, there was as much talk on history, politics, and the various social problems of the day as on biology or the natural sciences. The Irish question was then beginning to get serious, and Huxley seemed determined to get at the root of the whole matter; and it was during this visit that both he and I became convinced of the errors of that policy which has since been identified with the name of Mr. Gladstone. Certainly up to this time Colebrooke seemed to be a model estate, and nothing could be happier than the relations of the landlord with his nine hundred tenants.

Sir Victor Brooke was engaged for some years in collecting materials for an exhaustive monograph on the antelopes, sheep, and goats. With this object he visited most of the continental museums and made copious notes on the specimens belonging to this group of animals contained in them. He also carefully studied all that had been written about them by previous authors, and had brought together a large number of extracts and translations from works in various languages bearing upon the subject. Unfortunately his work was interrupted by the state of Lady Brooke's health compelling him to leave England for the greater part of the year. The specimens in his own large collection were all in London or at Colebrooke, and away from them and from the books necessary for continuing his researches, he was obliged, though reluctantly, to give up what had been for several years the principal object of his life. After the year 1880, or thereabouts, he did little more in science; but, as will be seen by the preceding memoir, transferred to foreign travel and other pursuits the energy he had

previously thrown into that of natural history. He never, however, lost his interest in it, and always clung to the hope that the opportunity would return when he might take up and complete what he had so well begun. The quantity of manuscripts he left behind him is evidence of an immense amount of industry, but unfortunately their fragmentary condition and the length of time that has elapsed since they were written, during which the increase of knowledge has advanced with rapid strides, make it impossible to publish them with any advantage, as his friends at one time hoped might have been done.

While the work was in contemplation, he took great pains and went to considerable expense in securing the services of some of the best zoological artists available, to draw on stone a large number of illustrations both of complete animals and of details of skulls, teeth, etc. These fortunately have been preserved, and have been most liberally placed in the hands of Mr. P. L. Sclater and Mr. Oldfield Thomas, to illustrate a work on Antelopes, which the first of these gentlemen had projected many years ago, but which was set aside during the period of Sir Victor Brooke's scientific activity, in the hope that it might have been accomplished by him.

List of Sir Victor Brooke's Published Contributions to Science

On Speke's Antelope and the Allied Species of the Genus *Tragelaphus*. *P. Z. S.* (*Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London*), 1871, p. 482.

This paper, though the first that Sir Victor Brooke published, shows throughout signs of the thorough manner in which he had entered into the work, and of the progress he had already made in mastering the

methods of research and difficulties of the literature. He has collected all the information obtainable from the examination of specimens and from books for the discrimination of the three then known species, and their geographical distribution, and gives an excellent woodcut of the horns of each, and a coloured plate, from a drawing by Wolf, of *T. euryceros*. A characteristic personal reference near the beginning of the paper is of interest. After mentioning that Mr. Sclater, who had described Speke's Antelope from very imperfect materials as long ago as 1864, had "subsequently collected some MS. notes on the subject, which he intended to form into a supplementary paper, more fully describing the species and its allied forms," he adds: "These notes, however, he has lately in the most generous manner placed in my hands for consideration, knowing my special interest in this branch of zoology."

On *Hydropotes inermis* and its Cranial Characters as compared with those of *Moschus moschiferus*. *P. Z. S.*, 1872, p. 522.

A very clear, concise, and discriminating anatomical description of the skull and teeth of this curious and then little known Chinese deer, with conclusions as to its affinities to the other members of the group.

On a supposed New Species of Gazelle from Eastern Africa. *P. Z. S.*, 1872, p. 601.

The original description of the fine antelope *Gazella granti* Brooke, compiled from notes and drawings by Captain Speke and Colonel Grant, no specimen having at that time reached this country.

On the Royal Antelope and Allied Species of the Genus *Nanotragus*. *P. Z. S.*, 1872, p. 637.

Contains an exhaustive account of the literary history and synonymy of *Nanotragus pygmeus*, the smallest of all the antelopes, and a comparison of its characters with those of the allied species, illustrated by a coloured plate and woodcut of the skull.

On a New Species of Antelope living in the Society's Menagerie. *P. Z. S.*, 1872, p. 874.

A previously unknown antelope from the Gambia, described and figured under the name of *Nanotragus nigricaudatus*.

On African Buffaloes. *P. Z. S.*, 1873, p. 474.

A paper throwing much light upon a small group of animals, the history of which was hitherto in a state of confusion. The literature had been thoroughly studied and the specimens contained in the principal continental museums examined. Professor Peters is thanked "for the indefatigable kindness and hospitality I experienced from him during my stay in Berlin."

Exhibition of Skins, Skulls, and Heads of *Cervus antisiensis*. *P. Z. S.*, 1873, p. 518.

On the Antelopes of the Genus *Gazella* and their Distribution. *P. Z. S.*, 1873, p. 535.

This paper not only contains a minute analysis of the characters of the known species or "persistent modifications," as he prefers to call them (nineteen are recognised), but also an attempt to show how the theory of evolution offers a reasonable manner of accounting for the present differentiation and distribution of the group. For this purpose the literature of the extinct species of antelopes has been explored, and the works of Wagner, Falconer, Gaudry, Gervais, and Huxley are

quoted. The conclusions are illustrated by a table indicating the supposed genetic descent and distribution of the gazelles.

On Sclater's Muntjac, and other Species of the Genus *Cervulus*. *P. Z. S.*, 1874, p. 33.

In this paper the special description of the three species of Muntjac is preceded by an interesting anatomical disquisition upon a peculiarity in the bones of the tarsus or ankle joint by which *Cervulus* is distinguished from most of the other Pecora, and the two different modes of reduction of the outer metacarpals in different species of deer (more fully developed in a subsequent paper) were first pointed out. The paper is illustrated by one coloured figure and many woodcuts.

On a New Species of Deer from Persia. *P. Z. S.*, 1874, p. 42.

The horns of *Cervus caspicus* described and figured.

On a New Species of Gazelle living in the Society's Menagerie. *P. Z. S.*, 1874, p. 141.

Gazella muscatensis—described and figured.

Remarks on the Identity of Certain Deer in the Society's Collection. *P. Z. S.*, 1874, p. 606.

Having examined the type of *Cervus savannarum* at Berlin, he came to the conclusion that an animal living in the Society's gardens had been erroneously referred to this species.

On a New Species of Deer from Mesopotamia. *P. Z. S.*, 1875, p. 261.

A description, with figures, of *Cervus* (*Dama*) *mesopotamicus*, a spotted deer closely allied to the fallow deer, but with less palmated horns, founded upon the specimens obtained by Mr. Robertson, the English Vice-Consul at Busrah.

Supplementary Notes on African Buffaloes. *P. Z. S.*, 1875, p. 454.

Since the publication of the paper on "African Buffaloes in the Society's Proceedings for 1873," "a large mass of material," Sir Victor says, "has passed under my observation, enabling me in some degree to confirm, and in some degree to modify, the opinions expressed in that communication." He describes the characters, synonymy, and geographical distribution of the three forms which appear to him to be recognisable —viz. *Bubalus pumilus*, of Western, Western-equatorial, and the northern parts of Central Africa, *B. æquinoctialis* of North-Eastern Africa, and *B. caffer* of Africa south of the equator—and concludes by stating that it is not improbable that they all grade into each other on the confines of their respective geographical ranges.

Exhibition of Original Drawings of Two Species of Koodoo (*Tragelaphus strepsiceros* and *T. imberbis*). *P. Z. S.*, 1875, p. 470.

Supplementary Note on *Cervus mesopotamicus*. *P. Z. S.*, 1876, p. 298.

Description and figures of four additional antlers sent by Mr. Robertson.

On *Cervus schomburgki* (Blyth). *P. Z. S.*, 1876, p. 304.

Contains some additional information upon this little known species of deer, with figures of a normal and abnormal pair of antlers, and also some observations upon the effects of castration upon the growth of antlers of deer in general.

On the Deer of the Philippine Islands, with the Description of a New Species. *P. Z. S.*, 1877, p. 51.

The author commences by saying that, "With perhaps the exception of the simple-horned deer of South America, comprising the subgenus *Coassus*, there is no group of existing *Cervidæ*, concerning which our knowledge is so inexact and so fragmentary, as that relating to the small Rusine deer of the Philippine Islands. With the desire of remedying this defect as far as possible, I have for some years paid particular attention to the subject, and during several visits to continental museums have enjoyed (thanks to the great courtesy of their conservators) ample opportunities of studying the materials bearing upon it which they contain. I regret that the result of my investigation is not more satisfactory, and it is solely in the hope that an exposure of the nakedness of the land may attract the attention of future naturalists travelling in the Philippines to the subject that I venture to lay the following notes before the Society." The paper is exhaustive both as to literature and description of specimens, as far as the material permits, and is illustrated by three plates and a woodcut.

On *Gazella granti*. *P. Z. S.*, 1878, p. 723.

A full description, with figures, of the head and horns of the species previously described from less perfect materials (*supra*, 1872, p. 601).

On the Classification of the *Cervidæ*, with a Synopsis of the Existing Species. *P. Z. S.*, 1878, p. 883.

This is quite the most important of all Sir Victor Brooke's contributions to science. It extends over forty pages of the *Proceedings*, and is abundantly illustrated with figures of all the characteristic forms of deer's antlers, and contains the results of a large amount of work and thought upon the zoology, anatomy, and palæontology of the group. It is divided into five sections :—(1) Introduction. (2) On the division of *Cervidæ* into sections larger than genera. (3) On the subdivision of the sections into minor groups. (4) Geographical distribution and remarks thereon. (5) Synopsis of the existing *Cervidæ*. The primary division of the *Cervidæ* is based upon the condition of the rudimentary lateral metacarpals. In one group the proximal, and in the other the distal, portion of these bones only is present.

On a New Species of Gazelle from Western Africa. *P. Z. S.*, 1878, p. 929.

Gazella walleri—described from the skull and horns only, which are figured.

In conjunction with his brother, Basil Brooke.—On the Large Sheep of the Thian Shan and other Asiatic Argali. *P. Z. S.*, 1875, p. 509.

An important paper, containing much information collected from various sources, upon a subject involved in great difficulty. An abstract of the laborious and careful researches of Mr. Severtzoff (whose papers had been translated from the Russian for the purpose) is given, and the skull and horns of several of the species are figured. The species described are *Ovis poli* (Blyth), *O. kareleni*, *heinsi*, and *nigrimontana* (Severtzoff), *O.*

ammon (Linn.), *O. hodgsonii* (Blyth), *O. brookei* (Ward), and *O. nivicola* (Eschscholtz). The first four occur in Turkestan, the others in different parts of Asia. *O. brookei* (Ward, *P. Z. S.*, 1874, p. 143) was founded on a skull and horns in Sir Victor Brooke's collection, supposed to come from Ladak, and so named "out of respect to the assiduous labours undertaken by that gentleman, who is now engaged in the production of a monograph of the sheep, illustrated by Mr. Wolf."

Besides the above papers contributed to the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, the following were published elsewhere:—

On the Dwarf Buffalo of Pennant (*Bos pumilus*). *Ann. Mag. Nat. History*, vol. xiii., 1874, p. 159.

On the Existence of the Fallow Deer in England during Pleistocene Times. *Nature*, vol. xi., 1875, p. 210.

The antlers of *Cervus brownii*, a deer living in England in the Pleistocene period, cannot be distinguished from those of the fallow deer (*C. dama*) generally supposed to have been introduced by the Romans.

CHAPTER III

Journals of Norway and Sweden, including Ascent of Sneehätten and Perilous Attempt to climb the Virgin Peak of the Vaugacullen.

AGE 19.

IN the year 1862 he left England for a trip in Switzerland; but as the tour was over familiar ground and did not possess any special feature of interest, it is not necessary to allude to it further. On his return he immediately made preparations for a visit to Norway, and commences his diary as follows:—

On Monday, 16th June 1862, I left England for Norway and Sweden. The object of my tour was to get a thorough insight into a country which, comparatively speaking, is very little known, and to fix deeply in my mind the topography of one of the most lovely countries in the world. I intended to devote more time to Norway than Sweden on account of its superiority in natural scenery. Having only just returned the Monday before from a most delightful tour in Switzerland, the intervening week was a scene of preparation for my intended trip. This proved a much greater business than I had any conception of, especially having planned another trip to follow close on my return, viz. to India. I had, therefore, to settle things for it as well.

He went by Brussels, Cologne, and Hamburg, to

Copenhagen, where Thorwaldsen's Museum seems to have awakened in him the greatest admiration.

> This is the sight of the North; it is of its kind unrivalled. Well, indeed, may his countrymen be proud of such a man. He was the son of a poor carpenter from Iceland, and was born in Copenhagen in 1770. His genius prompted him to go to Rome, where he designed his first statue, Jason. This being seen by Mr. Hope of London, he was so struck by its beauty that he ordered it in marble, and from this moment his fame was established, and commissions poured in upon him. His collection is in a building of Egyptian architecture, and very ugly; round it are painted different events in his life, and over the door is a bronze statue of Fame drawn by four horses. Within the building there is a courtyard, in the centre of which Thorwaldsen lies buried. . . . The number of his works collected here is 650. They are mostly classical, and beautiful in the extreme. To stand there, and think that this is all the work of one man, and that he is lying buried in the middle of them, impresses serious thoughts upon one. His most beautiful works, I thought, were the statue of our Saviour and those of the twelve Apostles, substituting St. Paul for Judas; these he presented to the Church of Our Lady. Our Saviour is standing over the altar, as if looking down on the congregation; the expression of the face is most beautiful—a mixture of gentleness and majesty. No one could look upon the face without a feeling of reverence and awe involuntarily coming over him.

From Copenhagen he proceeded to Christiania, and thus speaks of his first view of the coast of Norway:—

> On going on deck we found ourselves close to the coast of Norway. I was by no means disappointed

with my first glimpse of the object of my journey; wildness in the extreme was the prevailing feature in the scenery, rocky islands covered with heath; the air was delightfully clear, and everything looked quiet and still; in fact, one of the most striking features about Norway is the stillness of the mountains and forests. Fredericksberg is a lovely spot, situated at the western entrance of the Christiania Fjord; the scenery is splendid, the mountains running all in gentle slopes, never exceeding 1000 feet, are covered with forest, chiefly pine—the wood begins right from the water's edge. . . . The islands are numerous, but so blended with the mainland that it is almost impossible to detect them. This, of course, takes greatly from the effect. If the islands were more detached, parts of the Fjord would much resemble the upper Lake of Killarney.

At the time Victor Brooke was in Norway there was only a small piece of railway open from Christiania to Eidsvold, and the rest of his journey was done by steamer and *carriole* to Lillehammer, Lechervark, and Dumboas, where he turned off the Throndhjem road to the sea at Romsdal. Of the valley running down to the Fjord he speaks as being "the finest thing he ever saw; the mountains rising in sheer precipices to the height of 4000 and 5000 feet, and topped by craggy peaks covered with eternal snow."

Returning to the main road, he describes his first view of Sneehätten, and determination to make the first ascent that year. The feat in itself was not remarkable, but deserving of notice for the endurance displayed and determination of character in one so young. There is no doubt that his experiences in Switzerland and in Norway in relation to mountain-climbing, particularly his gruesome adventure in the

Lofoden Islands, gave him great confidence and resource while pursuing chamois, ibex, and moufflon in after years.

"NORWAY, 16*th June* 1862.

The ascent of the Dovre Fjeld begins here, and in about one and a half hour's time you reach the beginning of the plateau, which is nothing more than a large flat plain of moorland, with nothing but waste and desolation as far as the eye can stretch. On each side this desert land is lined with mountains; on the north side we first saw the Norwegian Mont Blanc, Sneehätten. It looked a magnificent mountain, covered with snow from top to bottom. I was determined the moment I saw it that I would make the ascent the next day. From the Fjeld was just visible a small black spot on the top, which, I found, is supposed to be an extinct crater; this, of course, would make my expedition of double interest. Jerkin was reached about eight o'clock. It is a capital station; by far the best along the road. It consists of about three houses, all belonging to the same man. We ordered dinner, which made its appearance in a short time, and consisted of reindeer's steaks; they are capital, not unlike venison, but of a much wilder flavour. While at dinner up drove two *carrioles*, and then a third, and in them were three Dutchmen. As I looked at them from where I sat, I saw they were wiry, strong-looking fellows, and I began to get a little uneasy about my expedition to Sneehätten, about which another anxiety had presented itself since my arrival—namely, that of *first ascent*, as I had heard the instant I arrived that no ascents had been made this year, as the mountain was in a very bad state, owing to the snow and cold. This, of course, made me all the more anxious, as I said before. My determination was immediately made up,

which was that it should not be my fault if an Englishman was not the first as usual, even in so trivial a matter as the present case. I called my *courrier*, and told him I meant to start that very night, and should be quite ready in one hour's time. He talked about cold, etc. etc.; but I was not going to be deterred, so away he went to get guides, etc. Exactly at 10.30 I was in the saddle and off, much to the disgust of the Dutchmen. I had two guides; one to guide me to the base of the mountain, which was fourteen English miles off across the trackless Fjeld, the other to help me in the ascent. I also took with me lots of provisions in the shape of hard eggs, black bread, brandy, and port wine. Having heard the cold was intense, almost unbearable, as the top was approached, I had put on my warmest shooting coat and big sailor's jacket, also my waterproof gaiters and a wideawake hat. The ride to the foot of the mountain was truly wild; in fact, to any one who really enjoys nature in her wildest haunts, what could be more glorious than picking your way across a 14-mile desert of nothing but rocks of the most fantastic shapes rising in every direction out of the stunted heath, surrounded with mountains on all sides? All the time the object of our expedition stood straight before us like a gigantic ghost, seeming to get farther away the faster you go to reach it. The light also added to the wildness and strangeness of the scene—everything looked distorted into unnatural shapes; it was just the kind of light that would make one mistake a house for a mountain 2000 or 3000 feet high. Just as we got on to the snow three animals glided swiftly away from under a ravine. I took them for wolves, but upon them coming a little nearer into the light I saw they were three magnificent reindeer. They soon stopped galloping, and, settling into their

long easy trot, pulled up on the top of a snowy knoll, and turned round, taking a quiet survey of my party. This was almost too much for me ; the temptation was strong to return, procure a rifle at any trouble, and, no matter what time or trouble it cost me, get that glorious head to hang in my room, so that when a lazy old beggar, not caring to go anywhere, I might quietly, from my bed, where I should be dozing with the sun streaming in on my weatherbeaten 'phiz' at ten o'clock A.M., feast my eyes on such a satisfactory souvenir of one of the most delightful expeditions it ever came to my privilege to go through ; but it was no use, I knew. First of all, the utter impossibility of getting a rifle ; and, secondly, the enormous difficulty of getting near these icy monarchs. They will sometimes trot 50 miles away when disturbed, and any one who has travelled in Norway knows what that means. So on we went, and at last, after traversing large unbroken fields of snow and scrambling still on the ponies over rocks big and small, all lying in heapless confusion, we reached the place where the animals were to be left. It was under a large rock, the only one visible of any size for miles round ; all the rest were covered or all but covered with snow. Here I took a *small* pull at the brandy and black bread, my guide who was to accompany me a *big* one. I did not as yet feel the cold much. We then started—1.30 o'clock. Now the walking was not so bad ; our way leading us through long tracts of snow. Then the real climbing began ; it was not very steep, but every step you went you ran the no slight risk of spraining or breaking your ankle. I never saw snow in such a bad state ; it was very deep and very soft, sometimes letting us down to our waists, sometimes to our ankles among nasty jagged rocks under it. We had about one and a half

hours of this, then much firmer walking for an hour over very hard snow. It was, I suspect, naturally as soft as the snow below, only it was frozen by the intense cold. I never knew what cold *could do* till I was up there; my port wine was icy cold, almost frozen; the flakes of snow blown in my face froze immediately, giving me a good deal of pain, especially my ears (my left ear did not get quite well for some days after). It was not, however, near bad enough to make me think of giving up my object, so we stuck to it, and presently we came to such hard work that, notwithstanding the cold, I was thrown into a violent heat; the snow had, I fancy, fallen in the night and had not had time to freeze, and in consequence we had in some places regularly to *force* our way through the snow. The sun rose about this time, and it was a most wonderful sight. There we were, the only two human beings within miles round, clinging to the frozen mountain; snow being blown all round us by an icy wind; all the snowy mountains round being lit up; clouds were racing round the bottom of Sneehätten; the top was every now and then visible to our aching eyes against the gray sky. It was certainly enough to satisfy my lust for wildness. In about one hour more we gained the top. As you approached near to it, it reminded me greatly of that of Mont Blanc—that of a round cone; but when on it, it ran in the form of a ridge along the top of the sides of the crater, into which black abyss you looked. There were, however, clouds rolling about inside, so that we could not see the bottom. The view from the top would no doubt have been splendid, commanding as it does the whole of the Dovre Fjeld ('Fjeld' is the Norse word for mountain range); but we were not fated to enjoy this sight to perfection, as it was only now and then we could get

even a glimpse through the clouds which were blown round our heads. The cold was awful! I should not have been able to bear it had it not been for the perspiration I was in, caused by my previous exertions. I could not, however, leave the top till I had pushed my way through the snow to the top of the peak which extends to the other side of the crater, and it is supposed by Forbes to be the higher point of the two. This I do not think is the case; in fact, I am sure it is not.

We then started for the descent, which we made the same way we came. The view was splendid; what was dim in the early morning was clear and shining in the sun, and everything looked cheerful and bright after the wild, cold, windy perch we had just come down from. At the bottom we lost our way, and had no slight difficulty in finding it, but after many rattling (in every sense of the word) falls, and the slow, tiresome work of tracking our own footsteps for 2 miles or so, we found the horses and man all nearly frozen. Here we were glad enough to have another 'Specer,' having been seven hours at least up to our knees in snow. It was four o'clock when we reached the summit, seven when we joined the horses, and 1.30 when we started. The ride home was tiresome, wet and almost frozen as I was. I was rather tired, having had hardish work the last *fifty-two* hours, and only two hours' sleep. We arrived at Jerkin about 9.30."

From Throndhjem he went by steamer to Hammerfest:—

> The sunset about this time began to get beautiful, the tinge of deep orange never leaving the mountains and sea till the sun made his appearance again, which he did in about one hour. I shall never forget the

first view of the Lofodens, stretching as they do 150 miles S.W. The sun was setting at the back of them, and the outline of their jagged peaks stood out in hard relief against the sky.

To these islands he returned from Hammerfest and spent some days there with fellow-travellers whose acquaintance he had made on the road. Together they ascended many of the peaks in the neighbourhood, all of considerable difficulty, owing to their excessive steepness. But the highest, Vaugacullen, was still to be attempted, with what result the following account from his diary will tell. There is no doubt his immense muscular power and capacity for standing fatigue saved his life on that occasion.

"NORWAY, 1862.

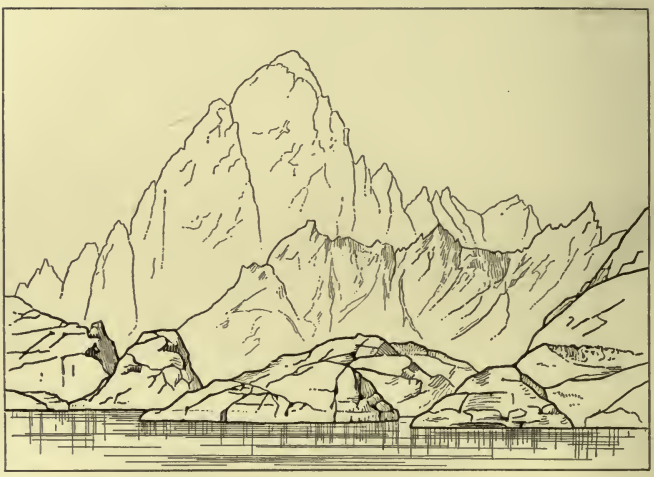
Breakfasted and then rowed off to examine Vaugacullen, the highest peak in the Lofodens. What charmed us so much about it was the reputation it bore for danger among the Norwegians. Tradition said that one man was killed on it, and that two Englishmen tried it some time ago but without success; they found it utterly impracticable. No doubt, the supposed fatal accident, coupled with the dark precipitous look of the mountain or rock, for it was nothing but a huge rock, gave it the name which it bears of 'the dangerous old man.' It was seven English miles from Swolvear, which distance we had to row of course. Clay and Bicknall stopped about the foot of the mountain sketching, while I set off on a voyage of discovery. I was not able to see much of what I came to see—viz. some way that looked practicable from the bottom—so commenced with my glasses to climb a portion of the shoulder as a kind of lookout from which I might make some useful discovery, if there was such a thing to be made, as to the line I should take when I attacked

his majesty. It was uncommon hard work, that self-same climb; but no doubt I thought it harder than it really was, having had a hardish scramble instead of sleep all the night before. Gigantic ferns—growing on a slope so steep, that had it not been for these ferns, I don't think I could have got up,—pushed me back in the most rough and uncouth manner; but they must be excused on the plea that it is seldom indeed that they see visitors; but I was not going to be beaten by them. I had fixed my eye on a place from which I could see (as I thought) all the mountain, and get there I was determined I should; so at last, after passing one or two ticklish-looking places, I arrived safe and sound on the little gap that I had marked with my glasses from below. What was my disgust when I found that I was cut off from the real Vaugacullen by a deep black ravine, the sides being formed by gigantic precipices. It looks as if the mountain had been split in two, rendering it, as I at once saw, perfectly inaccessible to anything at this side. I then examined the part I had come up, and found that I had most likely come up the only accessible way, which was, in fact, nothing more than a narrow niche, in which ferns had grown, and by pulling yourself up with these you managed to get up a place that otherwise no one could have got up. After examining as much as I could of the mountain, I retraced my steps and found Clay and Bicknall in a great fright, thinking something must have happened to me, as I had unintentionally stayed away three hours. The row back in the boat was dreadfully cold work. The next morning I started early for my friend again. I enjoyed the row there immensely; I had a much better boat and men than the night before, and I was only too glad of having another opportunity of examining the mountain.

I could not make up my mind which side I would attack him at all; the side I saw looked inaccessible, so after a little indecision I made up my mind to go round to the side farthest from the sea and take my chance of finding some way there, by which I might reach the top. Now to get there was the next question; this was no easy matter, all the mountains round rising in black staring precipices as if to guard their king from the 'aspiring foot of man.' The only way I could rely upon was to try and scale a black, ugly-looking ridge, at the far side of a basin hemmed in by mountains and filled with huge boulders of rock which at different times had come down from the 'old man.' If I could manage this, I saw it would be the easiest way to the part of the mountain I wanted. Accordingly, when I came opposite to the valley or basin, I made the men row me in; and after putting my wraps, etc., in a log hut that was uninhabited, and telling the men to wait till I returned, I set off with some biscuits in my pocket and a flask of port wine, determined to do the best I could. My road lay, as I before said, over huge rocks; this, the sun being unusually hot, I found very trying work; it was one continual set of jumps from one stone to another, and as it lasted for about 3 miles, I was not sorry to sit down amongst the last rocks and take out my glasses and examine the work. Before it looked a bad enough precipice from the sea, but it looked ten times worse when I found myself just under it, straining my eyes and neck in the effort to find some kind of a way up. This I found it was impossible to do; I could not see what would do for a foothold and what would not from where I was; I must set to work and climb till I found myself stopped; and then, as I knew quite well, the chances would be that I could not get down again.

This I know was foolhardy, but the lesson it ultimately taught me was cheaply earned however—viz. that it is a piece of unjustifiable rashness to attempt to ascend any mountain known to be so dangerous and difficult alone, —one man cannot stand the work, even if he manage by some great chance to get a certain way without a serious accident; this, even if I did not think of, I did not appreciate at that time, so I turned up my sleeves and began. For some way I managed pretty well; I was fresh, and the climbing was pretty easy, owing to some small ridges, with a little scanty grass growing on them; these, however, soon stopped, and all I could get to hold on to were mere inequalities in the rock, all very well for a short time; but, as I found nearly to my cost, wonderfully trying and tiring when the strain lasts for nearly two hours. There was only one place where I could rest; there I threw myself down, squeezing myself between a projecting rock and the side of the mountain. After resting for a minute or two I examined my situation. I must own it was not an enviable one. I had, with the greatest difficulty, climbed into a place from which I saw no possible way of getting out. With one glance I saw that to descend, even had I wished to, was impossible. What was to be done? I was about three-quarters of the way up, and if I could only climb 20 feet higher, I could easily reach the top of the ridge. I looked about for some minutes, and I must say my investigations did not raise my spirits. I never saw a more awkward place; to go to the left was impossible, nothing but the wall of a precipice presented itself to me; to climb straight up was equally impracticable, as the rock slightly projected; to the right was my only chance. The great difficulty consisted in getting across a great slab of vertical rock

which was too wide to step across and offered no little ledge on which I could rest my foot. Half-way there was one small ledge just as high as I could reach above me, and another as far as I could reach with my Alpenstock below me. I saw these were my only chances, and that the sooner I tried it the better; so leaning down I placed the point of my pole firmly on the ledge, leaning all my weight on it to try it; it seemed firm as iron. I then stretched my left hand above me and caught the top ledge. I tried it with the same result; it was as firm as iron. All now depended on myself; propped up by my right hand and pole, and held by my left, I had to swing my legs across the smooth slab on to a small, strong ledge on the far side; it was a trying moment. Had the pole broken I must have gone with a 'whiz' on to the rocks, some 450 feet below me. The pole, however, did nothing so unpleasant; it merely bent, causing a very unpleasant feeling as I lit safely on the aforesaid ledge, which position I nearly lost as soon as I had gained it, and in the effort to sustain my equilibrium, nearly dropped the pole; they happily were all 'nearlies.' The rest of the climb to the top was comparatively easy, very steep, but good ledges projected here and there, giving me capital hold and footing; with the help of these 'luxuries' I reached the top of the ridge. I have called it a ridge as yet, and I have done right; it certainly is and always was, I suppose, a ridge; so narrow was it that, exhausted as I felt, I had to clasp it firmly with my legs and lie flat on my face; I took a mouthful or two of port, and after getting a little rested, took out my glasses to examine as usual. I found that the knife-like ridge I was on ran towards the Vaugan, but was cut off from it by a ravine similar to the one I had seen the day before; these ravines are



THE VAUGACULLEN. *To face page* 53.

perfect characteristics of the mountain; it seems surrounded with them; in fact, it is like a huge sugar-loaf, with all the sides separated from the loaf by a sharp knife and left standing. I suppose these curious rocks in the mountain were formed long ago, when all the Lofodens, as well as Norway, were locked in ice. Be that as it may, they were regular stoppers to me, not that, I think, even if the cleft were not there that side would be practicable, made up as it is of sheer smooth precipices standing as it were one on the other. These observations did not take me long to make; the next I found a good deal more puzzling—that was how to get down from where I was, and when down what line I should take; to go back the same way I came I knew to be impracticable, so before taking any further trouble about the mountain, I set to work to try and make out a line by which I might return to the boat. All I could see was that the wild valley into which I was looking was hemmed, like the one I had left, with perpendicular precipices; one small gap I saw was my only outlet; the ascent to this in one or two places was very steep, but practicable; how the other side might be I did not know, but I would have to take my chance for that; as to the Vaugan, I could see more of that below. Below! how in the world was I to get there? The west side of the ridge was if anything more perpendicular, certainly more destitute of anything to hold on by, than the side I had come up; but it had one great advantage, namely, that of being not so high; this was of the greatest consequence for this one reason—the *length of time it would take.* What I was most afraid of was exhaustion; if I got tired of holding on I was done for; this I should certainly have done had I attempted the old side, supposing the descent practicable, which I don't think it was. The new side

consisted of two precipices, divided by a kind of sloping plateau, about 6 feet wide, on which I might rest; this plateau was about 100 feet or so below me. After looking at several places, which I did by crawling along the top of the ridge, I at last fixed on a part that did not look quite so steep as the others. I examined it well before I settled on it, which was more than necessary, as I saw, if once I started, I could not possibly get back again. Assured that it was my best, indeed my only chance, I sat down, with my back to the rock, and putting my pole down as far as I could, poked about till it caught on something firm; before it did this, however, it dislodged several stones which took a couple of jumps, and the next minute were dashed to pieces on the smooth glacier-marked rocks below me. Having no wish to imitate these unfortunate victims to my climbing propensities, I took the greatest care, and so in a way which I never since could clearly recall to my memory, got half-way down the first part; then came a very awkward place—the cliff went so straight down it was impossible for me to continue my descent in the same manner that I had started, which slow and particularly uncomfortable mode of progression I had not been able to change. Now came the necessity for doing so; squeezing one knee and part of my leg into a kind of hole, I gently lifted my alpenstock, on which I had been resting my whole weight, using it as a kind of prop, and placing it across my chest from left to right like a bar, and taking my knee out of the hole the moment I had the pole fixed, I swung gently round and caught a ledge with both my hands, letting my pole drop, which, of course, never stopped till it got to the bottom; this was a great loss to me, as I most certainly could not have got as far as I had done without it. I was now about 20 feet

above the place I had marked out for resting on, but I hope I shall never take as long to go 20 feet again. Once or twice I thought I must have dropped from the exertion of holding on; at one place I held on for a moment and seriously meditated letting myself fall, with the chance of catching the ledge; but I saw it was useless to think of it; my stick when it fell took no notice of it, but slid over it like lightning. At last I reached it, but found that I could not stop on it; it was covered with loose crumbly earth, on which I slid towards the brink of the precipice. Tired out as I was, I saw it would never do for me to risk losing my senses either in sleep or fainting, for I felt unpleasantly like the latter once or twice; I suppose from the great exertion, coupled with the unusual heat of the sun. Accordingly I at once set to work to descend the last part; it was about 100 feet more. I managed it somehow, but how I cannot tell. All I know is, I looked at my watch as I sank, completely done up, at the bottom on the snow (it was the first place where it was not too steep for snow to lie), and found that *four hours*, *by no means* of the shortest kind, had I been clinging tooth and nail to those delightful (?) rocks. Delightful or not, I was not sorry to be under instead of on them. I never admired a view more than I did that moment. Presently I fancied I heard the most exquisite music, like a glorious band in the inside of the mountains. I was almost beginning to fancy I had been transported back into the days of fairies, and that a castle, etc. etc., was going to rise out of the earth, in which some angelic princess was to be found who would welcome the weary traveller, as having been the first to scale the mighty barrier which divided the land of mortals from the heavenly land over which she reigned supreme, for which gallant act he was entitled to be rewarded by

her own fair hand. Yes, this must be the case, thought I, as I heard the hum of myriads of wings; these, no doubt, are her fairy messengers sent to summon me to her gentle presence. But no, I was too soon undeceived; a sharp pain upon my unromantically warm forehead quickly brought me to my senses, and upon opening my eyes, the first thing that met their hazy glance was a great, long-legged mosquito very busy on the bridge of my nose. No doubt the poor fellow, who still stuck to the old system of doctoring, thought he was doing a kind act in thus restoring my slightly scattered senses; if so, the beauty of the proverb, 'Virtue is her own reward,' must have struck him *forcibly* in all senses of the word, as my finger descended upon his devoted head. Upon sitting up and rubbing my eyes I soon found an explanation to the sounds I had heard. Hundreds of mosquitoes surrounded me, and I have no doubt it was the buzzing of their wings, which, though not a welcome, is by no means an unmusical sound, that seemed to my overstrained nerves like sounds of music; it was not a time to indulge in such fancies—I must make up my mind what to do. The thing to be settled was, which shall I do? Give up the Vaugacullen and set off to find my way home which I knew would prove a long job, or still persist in trying to make good my object? After having again resorted to my old friend the opera-glasses, I decided on the latter, at the same time making up my mind to two things. First, to take care and not get myself into such a mess again as I had just escaped from; and secondly, never to attempt alone to ascend a bad mountain again. Had I had a trustworthy companion with me, nearly all danger might have been removed by alternately holding a rope while the dangerous places were being passed. My best way lay up a great

snow slope, every bit of which I had to cut steps up, the snow being hard and slippery. This I found extremely tiring, having no one to relieve me (as is always the custom in Switzerland). However, I managed to reach the top of it, when another cliff had to be scaled ; this was rather too much, having had quite enough of crags for one day ; one thing was evident, however, which was, it was the only way up, so it had to be climbed. It was steep but not really dangerous, there being plenty of niches to put my feet on ; it was my last push however. On reaching the top I found another long steep snow slope, up which steps must be cut, and then a tremendous precipice. I saw it was useless ; tired as I was I could never have managed, and so, not wishing to spend a night on the side of a precipice not unlike the one that had given me so much bother that day before, I reluctantly gave it up. Had I had a companion we might have managed, but I could not say for certain. Taking out my compass, I made out about the line to be taken ; of course I would keep as far as possible to the line I had made out from the top of the ridge. This was over a small narrow pass ; the approach to it was very steep, but a green slope lay right up to it, on each side of which there were craggy rocks, in some places very precipitous. This latter was much the shortest, and after considering the two I fixed on it ; I afterwards found wrongly, for though the other was longer, it would have been easier work, considering the amount of the same kind of climbing I had had already that day. I found it dreadfully hard work ; I never remember being so tired. Several times I had to lie down, but dared not stop long for fear of falling asleep, when a roll over would have most unsatisfactorily ended my expeditions ; but 'Come what come may,

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.' The pass was gained and passed, and nothing but a long stiff winding walk lay between me and the boat, and consequently my *Aftensmag* (supper). The only place of any difficulty was the pass; this was nothing, and was amply repaid by the view of the Vest Fjord—a light purple tinge covered everything, lighting up the snowy mountains on the mainland. This died softly away, leaving the dull gray look that the mountains in the north of Norway have at night. I was too tired to stop long, but pushed on and reached the boats at twelve o'clock P.M., and Swolvear at one, finding old Clay, with his head out of his window, anxiously expecting me."

Before leaving the Lofodens he mentions the way the inhabitants have of getting from one island to the other upon what he describes as snow shoes, in the form of canoes, upon each foot, and the balance kept partly by the feet and partly by a long paddle. These shoes resemble what so many people have seen lately at Captain Boyton's Water Show.

From the Lofodens he went to Bodö, and there planned an excursion into Lapland, with his friend Clay, including an ascent of Saletjelind, the highest mountain in the polar circle, but bad weather and Clay's illness prevented them, and he had to content himself with shooting excursions to some neighbouring islands. At Veblungsnoes, near Romsdal, he joined a stalker named Erick, and went with him into the mountains in pursuit of reindeer. Here the Journal ends, and I have no record of what luck attended them.

CHAPTER IV

First Portion of Indian Trip—Extracts from Journal and Letter to his Sister relating to the Man-eating Tiger

AGE 19.

ON the 20th October 1862 Brooke started on his sporting expedition to India, a trip that he had looked forward to with intense pleasure. The best information had been procured for him as to the most favourable districts for big game. His original plans had included Bengal as well as Southern India. Later on, however, he found that if he were to return to England in time for his majority, Bengal must be given up. On reaching Madras, towards the end of November, he proceeded to Mysore, and there received information that raised his enthusiasm to the highest pitch. For three years a man-eating tiger had been devastating the country around Benkypore, a place near Shimoga, 150 miles north of Mysore; two hundred natives had been killed, and the great trunk road rendered impracticable for travellers. Hitherto no success had attended the many efforts made to destroy him; only in one instance had the tiger been seen within shot.

Though far from confident that he could succeed where so many had failed, Brooke determined to see what he could do, urged on by the dire suffering and loss sustained by the poor natives.

The Chief Commissioner of Mysore, on hearing of

Brooke's intention, placed every assistance he could render at his disposal, and the Rajah lent him elephants and shikarees.

Thus provided he started for the district inhabited by the tiger, stopping a short time on the road at Asikere, Kadur, and Tarikere, where he made his first acquaintance with Indian game.

"KUDDOR, MYSORE PROVINCE,
NUGGUR DIVISION, S. INDIA,
12th December 1862, *Friday*.

Yesterday evening I shot and bagged my first head of Indian game. Having arrived from Arsekiere about four o'clock P.M. I lost no time in getting out my small Moore rifle (one I had bought on purpose for antelope shooting), and set off alone to try and stalk a black buck antelope, which deer I heard abounded in a large flat plain covered with small bushes between Kuddor and the Barbalriddan Hills. I walked away at a great pace, and for some time in vain. At first I kept a very sharp lookout, but the glare of the sun soon rendered this very distressing to the eyes. As I was walking with my head down, trying to see tracks on the hard baked earth, I heard a rush, and looking up I saw a beautiful black antelope bounding along, followed by two does; they were about 100 yards off, and gave me a most difficult and uncertain shot, as they did not go in a straight line for 10 yards, hopping over the low, stunted bushes like india-rubber balls. I fired both barrels after the lovely creature, but missed him completely, and had the satisfaction of hearing my balls go 'ping' across the plain as I watched the tip of those much-wished-for horns gradually disappear. Making the best of it, I loaded and, sucking an orange, determined to keep

a sharper lookout; it was, I began to fear, in vain, as the evening was just drawing to a close. Just as I had given up all hopes and was making my best way to the bungalow I looked to my right, and there I saw a herd of about twenty-five antelope standing looking at me. Where was their lord and master?—not a sign of him; I dared not wait, so took a steady aim, and my little conical went crash through the brain of an old doe. I fired the other barrel through the smoke at another, but with no result. As the smoke died away I looked up, and there I saw the old buck of the herd looking at me. I knelt down, loaded as fast as possible, but lo! he was gone, and in the distance I saw several airy forms almost flying through the air, and at their head was one more lovely than all the rest, sailing along with apparent ease, reminding me of the sea-gulls in a storm in the 'Bay of Biscay O!' However, half a loaf's better than none; in like manner, a doe antelope's better than no deer. This deer gave me one of those wonderful instances of the tenacity of life in all animals of the genus *Cervus*. Though my bullet had gone right through her brain, she bounded about in a mad manner, and I had to send two more bullets before the fairy-like form was quiet. Her skin was worth having, so she must be got home at all hazards. The only way it could be done was to shoulder the beast myself, so I swung it over my shoulder and trudged home, a distance of about 3 miles, and any one who has carried hares that distance can give an idea of what sort of work carrying an antelope must be, especially in India. Old Gough had news for me when I came. Three tigers had taken up their abode in some huge boulders of rocks close to the town, and one of them wandered about the town at night. To-morrow morning I intend going to examine the place, and see what can

be done. We found the venison of the antelope uncommonly good. Like most game, it must be either used at once or kept some time. Men have been sent out to look for the tigers, so that if they see them they can bring me back word, or *kubber*, as it is called here.

This morning Gough and I started at 5.30 to examine the place where the tigers are supposed to be. We found it to be a mass of rocks, with bits of jungle dispersed here and there. It was a very ugly-looking place to shoot a tiger, as to get at him it was necessary to either walk clean up to the mouth of the cave they were supposed to be in—while rockets were let down to drive them out—and shoot him as he charged, the chances of which were greatly in favour of the tiger; or else to sit in a *mechaun* at night, and tying up a bullock, wait until he came and killed the poor brute. For some time I could find no tracks; at last, however, in the dry sandy bed of a small stream, a young Mussulman, a peon of Gough's, stopped suddenly and pointed to a great roundish mark in the sand. It did not require much woodcraft to say what kind of animal made that track. It was the first tiger's *pug* (as it is called) I had ever seen, but I knew it immediately. For some time I was puzzled by not being able to find the same track again anywhere. What bothered me more were the smaller tracks, exactly the same shape as the big ones, marking the sand in all directions. I called Gough, who was trying to get a shot at a partridge, and after a little time the first report struck me—namely, three tigers; putting one and two together, I came to the very reasonable conclusion that it was an old tigress and two young ones. Not having a shikaree, I did not think I would venture my first tiger

in the manner first mentioned (namely, rockets), so ordered a *mechaun* to be put up, and a young (*baille sufyad*) white bullock to be tied up, stating that I intended sitting up and trying to kill their 'evil spirit' for them (the natives of India imagine when a tiger comes near their village doing harm to their flocks, and even to themselves, that Allah has sent an evil spirit to harm them in every way), but that they must do all they could to help me. This I managed to make them understand through Gough, who most kindly acted interpreter for me. After pointing out the places I wished the bullock and *mechaun* placed, I took my Purdey, a two-grooved rifle, the heaviest gun I have (a beautiful weapon, carrying a $2\frac{1}{2}$-oz. ball and weighing about 13 lbs., which I consider light for the size of the bore—eleven; nevertheless, it is almost a perfect gun, and one a man may trust his life to any day), and followed up the track with great care; it led to a large clump of aloes, standing by itself, separated by a sandy tract about 50 yards wide from a small jungle. I pushed my way into this, half expecting to be charged [*Note*—written some time afterwards—'A most foolish, rash, and unscientific affair altogether. Had the tiger been there, nothing could have saved me had she charged'], but the old lady was not in it (very well for me, I suspect), and I could find her *pug* no further. I then went to see the place where she had killed a bullock; it was in the middle of the small jungle before mentioned. There were the remains plain enough. We then returned to the bungalow. On the way home I bagged a brace and a half of quail with Gough's gun, and missed another. There seem a great quantity about, also several partridge. I had not time to waste, so had to leave them. After breakfast I made all the preparations necessary for the

night's work, and then went out and had a long hot walk in the very warmest time of the day after antelope; but though I saw many does I only saw two bucks, and these I could not get near. At 3.30 I returned, had a good bath, and then dinner, after which I set off for the *mechaun*, two coolies carrying my camping bed, and the young Mussulman who first saw the *pug* carrying my Moore, and another man my Purdey rifle. All these, except the Mussulman, I intended sending to the right about as soon as I arrived at my place. Gough came a short way, but his foot was so sore he could not go all the way; he had rubbed it badly the day before at Arsekiere. I found a quantity of natives sitting in their white sheets waiting for me. They certainly respect the proverb: 'There's safety in numbers.' There was no time to lose, as it was already growing dark, which it does very fast in India, the twilight being exceedingly short. We took the bullock and tied him up, climbed into the *mechaun*—the natives disappeared in the shortest time I have ever yet seen them do anything,—and all was quiet. What a night it was! still, silent, and lonely as a churchyard. For a long time I lay looking at the sandy river-bed, fully expecting to see the dull, dusky, dark form of a tiger come creeping up towards the trembling calf; but I looked in vain. Even had a tiger come I doubt if I could have fired; it being so dark I could hardly see 10 yards before me. Of course I had a bit of white cotton gummed on my muzzle sight; but even with that my aim must have been uncertain in the extreme. Better chance presented itself as the moon rose, casting a gray ghostly hue on everything; this it did about 11.30 o'clock. About this time one of the big eagle owls common in India began its mournful hooting, adding to the

sadly beautiful melancholy of the scene. Occasionally I looked back at the Mussulman ; there he sat motionless as a statue, with a look of stern anxiety depicted on his dark swarthy face. For about the space of three hours we both remained in exactly the same position in which we had settled ourselves. The stillness began to get overpowering, and I was just dozing off, despite all my efforts to the contrary, when a movement on the part of the calf quickly restored my weary senses. It rushed about for a minute, and then stood at the end of its rope, trembling so that I could *hear* it in the *mechaun*, and staring in one direction. I suspected the cause, so cocked my rifle quietly, and strained every sense and nerve to make out the enemy's position. I listened with painful attention, and at last made out distinctly a low guttural purr. I knew it was the tiger, and expected to see her every minute ; but was fated to be disappointed. The strange appearance of my *caché* had warned the cunning brute, and the next time I heard her she was some distance farther away. My chance was over. Nevertheless, I tried to keep awake ; but though I did my best I could not, and dozed for about one hour between two and three, and dreamt I was going to be married—a very different occupation to sitting up for a tigress, I take it. At five exactly I wrapped up my bed, and started for the bungalow. The moon was still shining bright, and it being just the time of the morning a tiger was likely to be on the lookout (I was obliged to go, having promised Gough to be ready to start very early this morning), I made the Mussulman walk close behind me, and cocked both barrels of my Purdey, and kept a sharp lookout. No tiger molested us, and we arrived at the bungalow about 5.30.

We started for Tarikere, a distance of 18 miles. We arrived, having pretty good bullocks, about twelve o'clock. Fresh news of tigers; there was a man lying in the village, most probably dying from a wound inflicted by a tiger. Here was fresh work for me; seeing a pony was an absolute necessity, I asked if there was one for sale. I was informed that a Mr. Price, an assistant engineer, had one; it turned out satisfactory—a gray, well-bred-looking animal, with very oddly-shaped legs. I gave him 150 rupees for it. In the evening Gough and I went to look at the tiger's haunts, which were in a cocoanut garden belonging to the *amendar* or head of the village. The jungles, though small, are very thick, and difficult to beat, and there is a very close-growing sugar-cane crop, which if he gets into, it will be a very ugly job to get him out. On the way home a man came running to say the tiger had just killed a bullock in some long grass. I was immediately for going and shooting him on foot, but Gough advised so strongly to the contrary, declaring he would not go near the brute, that I gave it up. I believe it turned out to be a humbug after all, but I am not sure. I have ordered two elephants, which the Rajah has most kindly lent me to try and despatch the Benkypore tiger with (one of the most noted man-eaters I suppose ever known; he is supposed to have killed over two hundred people, all natives), to be stopped when they arrive, and I intend going to the Barbarbuddan Hills to try for sambur and bison for a week. The next day Gough and I rode to Sandy-werry, which is half-way up the Barbarbuddan Hills; the ride is beautiful, and the getting out of the burning plain into the cool atmosphere of the high grounds most gratefully refreshing. Found Porter a nice hospitable old boy, and his son a nice young

fellow, very fond of sport, and knowing something more than a little about it. The next day we (Porter jun., Gough, and self) rode to the wild-looking bungalow on the top of the hills, and beat several woods, but with no success; a wild-cat gave me an awkward shot, and I missed her; I also got a shot at a sambur, but had my 25-yard sight up instead of 100; and it being a long shot I fired under a good way. Gough went down to write some letters, and Porter and I tried on. I was stationed at the end of a small wood, with my Purdey in my hands, when I observed a small, curiously-shaped deer creeping through the long grass just outside the wood. I dropped my Purdey, not wishing to make a mess of the skin with the large ball, and took up my heavy Moore and broke its back. I found it was what commonly goes by the name of Jungle Sheep, but its proper name is Bekree; it is very much like the Roe-deer of Scotland, but not such a graceful animal; they offer a difficult shot, as they run very low, with their heads in a straight line with their bodies. After I had shot this we went to the old broken-down bungalow, where I had ordered all my things to be brought up to, intending to devote some days in this dreary spot to stalking sambur, and if possible, bison. After breakfast, which was a regular hunter's makeshift meal, Porter returned to his father's bungalow, and I went off with an old shikaree to try for sambur. We crept and dodged about the tops of crags, and peered into the sunny little glades dispersed here and there in the vast jungle at our feet. We at last caught sight of a young stag; but something had alarmed him, and although I lay watching him with my deer-stalking telescope for a long time, his mind would not rest, so at last he disappeared into the forest. Better luck attended us next stalk; we were on the

top of a high rocky hill, and at the edge of a small wood my shikaree pointed out a sambur feeding. I directed my glass in that direction, and made out the horns of a very fine stag and another hind. I, of course, wanted to stalk them, but the old man said there was a large plain between the nearest shelter and the deer, and that we should find it impossible to get a shot; I was not of this opinion, as I saw it was to save himself the walk that made him hold back; so would stand no nonsense, and when he saw me set off in real earnest he followed. It was a difficult stalk, though not near so bad as it looked; we crept through the long grass like cats; but alas! just as we were getting within shot an old hind put up her head and saw us; not a moment was to be lost, or else the three sambur would have dashed into the jungle. I raised my Purdey, carefully covered the old doe's shoulders; firing for the heart, I pulled and over she went, and I then took a snapshot at another, as they disappeared in the bushes, but missed. I was satisfied with the thought of one, and ran on with eagerness to examine my first sambur, but lo! she was gone—not a trace of her could I see at first; feeling sure I could not have gone far astray in my shot, I looked for traces of her, and found no difficulty in doing so. Little trees were broken in a straight line; this must have been the course she took; it was so, and with little trouble we tracked by her blood, and found the huge beast lying quite dead at the foot of a large forest tree; I was very much struck with her great size; she was much bigger than any Red-deer. The bullet had gone completely through her, and must have touched either the lungs or heart; such is the strength of these splendid deer. I returned well satisfied, though I could not help sighing when I thought how near I was bagging the stag. I

found Gough waiting with a regular dinner for a hungry stalker, and didn't I just do it justice! Tired I was in earnest that night; it was the first day's hard work I had had for many weeks, and the overland route does not improve the wind. Next day Porter came up at seven o'clock, and we beat a few of the smaller jungles. I requested to be placed at the end of a wood running into the one they were going to beat, knowing that when the old cunning deer hear the smallest noise they make off instantaneously, quietly going away, and nothing more is heard of them; the mistake of not putting a gun well forward is one most commonly made. I had not been there five minutes, the beating having begun, when with a rush three sambur passed me. I only managed to get one. After that we had no luck, the beaters being wretchedly bad. I stalked in the evening, but had no luck at all. I was lonely enough that first evening on the hills.

The next day I and the old shikaree were off at daybreak, and I had a very nice stalk after a young stag sambur which I bagged. It was curious enough; he was a long shot off and under me; I fired farther back than usual, as he was standing very foreshortened. I thought I heard my bullet hit, but on seeing him trot quietly and unconcernedly down the hill I fancied I must have been mistaken, so fired at one of the hinds and missed it; at the report of the second barrel the young stag fell like a shot dead. I immediately thought my second barrel must have glided off a stone and killed him; but on going down I found my ball had hit just where I had aimed, and tracks of blood all the way down from where I had fired the first shot; so much again for a sambur's strength; the ball had gone right through the most vital parts, and out of his left breast in a diagonal direction. After that we caught

sight of a sounder of wild pig feeding on a plain, and after a neat stalk got within 15 yards of one and 30 of another, the others were all round us, but were smaller. I fancied the nearest was the old boar of the sounder, especially when I saw him trot in our direction ; indeed, I began to think he had spied us, and was going to charge, but he settled down, and went on rooting up the ground ; it then struck me if I shot the 30-yard one which looked the bigger of the two, the other, if it were the boar, would charge, and I should, if I shot well, get the two. Accordingly I fired, when, instead of charging, away went the whole herd as hard as they could, the one I fired at among the rest. I thought I could not have missed altogether, so looked about and found blood, tracked it up, and when the traces stopped, described circles ; the second I took I found a fine old sow dead as mutton lying among the rocks ; the ball had gone a little too high. This was good sport before breakfast. I then went home, had something to eat, and set off by myself to try my luck. I never had worse—never till that night did I know what it was to be regularly miserable ; not one single head of game was to be seen, and I did walk a great way. When looking at my watch I found I had got one hour to go back what had taken me four, and it was uphill, and such uphill work ; a terrific toothache came on ; it nearly drove me mad—I was completely done up, and the pain made me worse. I was knocked about in the most painful way ; my feet ached and ached again ; I thought I should never get back ; it came on pitch dark, and I had two jungles to go through infested with tigers—that is to say, only this morning I had seen the marks on a tree where one had sharpened his claws. In the day-time these jungles are so thick one can scarcely find the way ; once lost in them at night and one's chances

are very small. I don't recollect when I was so tired, and I wanted all my wits and nerves, and both of them were distracted by the awful pain. So intense, however, was the stress on my senses in feeling my way through these pitchy woods, expecting every minute to hear a low growl at my back (nothing could have been more likely, as the jungle has never been beaten, and the tigers are as bold as possible), that my toothache ceased; had it not, I almost think these words would never have been written; how I got through it as it was, it is most difficult to say. I mentioned this little adventure to Colonel Porter and his son, and they both agreed I had had an uncommon narrow escape. No one who has not been in an Indian jungle can form the smallest idea of the tangled mass of rank vegetation which composes it; to be lost in one at night would be anything but an enviable position. Just as I emerged from the last jungle, the first thing I saw was the huge shadow of a sambur deer upon higher ground than where I stood. I could hardly see my rifle; nevertheless I fired, but missed, and had the satisfaction of hearing him crashing away through the forest. My misfortunes were not over; on my way across the rocky hills, between the jungles and the bungalow, I knocked my knee a terrific bang against a rock, actually bruising a hole in my strong shooting knickerbockers; men with torches were now in sight, and most willingly did I give my heavy Purdey rifle up to one of them and limped home."

From Tarikere, Brooke made expeditions to every place where the tiger had last been heard of, accounts still coming in of men killed or injured.

I have had a long talk with the *duffodar* (head shikaree) about my great object, the Benkypore

man-eater. I have promised him a rifle if I get him while he is with me. His answer was: "Sahib, I did not come to preserve my life, but to lose it in your service; such were the commands of his Highness, the Rajah, and to obey him was I born." I hope he will prove as good as his word; I expect he will be well tried!

Brooke here adds a note—"A greater set of impostors never chewed rice or betel nut." For many days and nights Brooke watched for the man-eater at likely places, and several times tracked him in the jungle but without success. At last, however, he was rewarded by coming face to face with the savage brute, and would no doubt have finished his bloodthirsty career but for the untoward accident mentioned in the following letter to his sister, written from the Neilgherry Hills some time after:—

"OOTACAMUND, NEILGHERRY HILLS,
1st February 1863.

. . . . . .

First of all where am I? In no other place than the charming 'Blue Mountains' (or Neilgherry Hills), teeming with English people; so much so that to-morrow I start off again to the wild forest glades, with two tents which constitute a capital substitute for old C. B.[1] (any way for the present), to stalk the grand stag sambur from 'early morn to dewy eve.' How you would open those dear little eyes of yours could you but picture to yourself some of the wild exciting scenes your respectable old brother Vic has been playing first fiddle to lately. I must try and give you an idea. I'll begin with my escape from a tiger; I have not mentioned it before, for fear of making all you dear, anxious 'old folks at home' uneasy, but now I write

[1] Colebrooke.

the story, also present a promise that you need not picture the like ever happening again, as I will never let a beast like a tiger come too near my most valuable carcase. To make you understand what kind of a creature a wild, royal tiger is, I will just mention two things. First, a full-grown male tiger could take *Gamecock*[1] in his mouth and *jump over the deer park gate* with him. You can hardly believe it, but I tell you it's true, and that's enough. The man-eater that I was after took an Indian buffalo, which is heavier than a very large English bull, and jumped a wall 8 feet high with him in his mouth; there's the proof. Secondly, so fearful is their strength and activity *combined*, that I myself have been in the same bush while a tiger killed three full-grown Indian bullocks in three strokes of his awful paws; so thick was the bush that, though I was not 20 yards from him, I could not see him. One more little instance: A tiger, after he kills a bullock, will sometimes take him and *chuck* him 10 to 15 yards away with a single toss of his huge head, like old Dandy would a rat. Well, now for my simple tale! I had been after a remarkable large powerful tiger for some days,—sometimes tracking him for hours, sometimes watching from hills, sometimes out for nights trying to see him, but for some time in vain. Good-luck had hid his cheerful face. What made me so anxious was that he had eaten a poor little Hindoo herd-boy and nearly killed another native. At last my efforts and patience were, I fancied, going to be rewarded. I tracked him into what is called a nullah—that is a kind of very narrow valley, about as wide across as the river and very thickly wooded. I knew by certain signs the monster was in, so now to get him out. I sent six men with matchlocks to defend the beaters should the

[1] A horse his sister rode.

tiger attack them, and told them to divide themselves amongst them, and then beat the small valley or nullah towards me. I placed myself at the end of it and just between the tiger's two runs (or pathways) leading from it. All men in India, except one or two donkeys like myself, get up a tree or something of that sort. I had never seen a tiger in his native home, and so despised the tree, so stood my ground; I must tell you (from reasons too long and intricate to explain) that it was impossible for the brute to get away without almost running over me; as a tiger seldom leaves you, preferring to put you in his pocket *en passant*, the moment was an exciting one. I felt *pretty* cool. At the first shout of the beaters out of bush at the farther end of the nullah walked the glorious tiger. *My first tiger.* He looked enormous even at that distance, about as far as from the dining-room window to the rhododendrons; I could see the frightful swelling muscles of his arms rounded, as Tennyson says, like a brook running over stones (the gentle poet alludes not to the tawny tiger). I felt cooler still. He walked straight into the thick bushes below me, and I had the satisfaction to know in thirty seconds I should be face to face with the furious brute and within 10 yards. About the expiration of the thirty long, long seconds the nearest bush slid softly to one side, and right in front of me, about the length of the dining-room, out swaggered the magnificent creature, and came straight towards me with long, powerful, spongy strides. I had reached my climax and felt cool, as if I were drinking tea, far cooler than I am as I write this. It certainly was a trying moment, and one that a great stake lay on a single move. Nearer and nearer glided the tiger. I slowly and carefully raised my favourite rifle, and the sights played on his awful head between those two

frightful glaring yellow eyes. This was the most trying of all things named; he was coming straight towards me, and a tiger always springs forward when fired at or hit, and woe betide the man, beast, or tree that comes in his way when his monkey is up. It was a very awkward position, and so called forth every power. I glanced off the rifle and saw the tiger-path he was on turned off about 5 yards (the length of your bedroom) before it came to me. I was behind a low bush about the height of your head, but so like a tree is my coat, and so occupied was the tiger with the thoughts of 'those he left behind him,' that he never saw me, but the chances were in two steps more he would. All this that takes so long to describe only filled up the space of four or five seconds, but in such seconds one lives a lifetime. Already he was turning slightly to one side, leaving poor me out of his straight, *direct* course anyway, and already I was beginning to slightly pull the fated trigger. I thought, 'In one or two more strides you're mine'; and as I looked at the awful head, the long, lithe, powerful body, the frightful fore-legs, as thick and hard as billiard tables'; and above all, as I listened to that low, savage threatening growl, like a heavy waggon going fast over a wooden bridge, I felt a proud bit of feeling rise in me at the thought of fighting the '*Great Cat*' out on his own ground. I was just pulling the trigger when a whiz past my ear, a sharp crack, a terrific grand *roar*, a sensation of some great danger flying past my devoted head in the shape of a very noisy thing in a striped waistcoat, two or three tremendous crashes in the bamboo jungle, and all was as it were a dream. Now for the explanation (a case of Lord Byron, 'explain your explanation'). A rascal, a very naughty man, a regular nasty creature of a man! O words! how inadequate you are to

express my rising feelings. Well, this biped, this black, two-legged animal whom I had placed as sentry away off on a hill behind me, to mark the tiger should I only wound him, got so excited that he crept down, and first of all making his own position good by climbing a rock, fired past my head (and mighty close too) at the tiger, though the beast knew he must most likely bring the tiger on me. He missed him, but, already angry, the enraged brute boiled over at this fresh insult, and sprang with an awful roar close past me like an overgrown arrow. Had the culprit fired one iota sooner—that is, before the tiger's head was slightly turned from me—I pity my unlucky star. Often in looking back to this exciting adventure I feel deeply thankful to One who takes care of us when we don't take care of ourselves, for my certainly most narrow go ('escape,' you ought to call it, 'go' is only for schoolboys like me). I daresay you are tired of tigers, so I must conclude my lecture on the noble animal, simply adding that had I hit him matters might have been worse, as tigers are hardly ever killed with one ball, and the smoke of my gun would have brought him on me; considering this affair in all its lights, and adding to it since, experiences too long to relate here, you need never fear for me again. I understand the noble brutes now and respect them accordingly, so consequently shall in future keep a respectable distance."

I do not gather from his Journal or letters that he ever again succeeded in coming across the man-eater, though he spent many weeks and spared himself no trouble or fatigue. With other game similar ill-luck pursued him, notably in the case of a very fine panther, for which he had watched night after night over bait. The panther at last came, but passed under the tree in

such a manner that Brooke could not bring his rifle to bear upon him. On another occasion a bullock had been killed by a tiger, and over it

I climbed into a very thick tree, where a few sticks had been arranged for me to sit on. Settling myself in a position that I could shoot from, and remain a long time in, I made the village shikaree climb up, and another man came too. After sitting about an hour, some children, just outside the jungle, began to play and make a noise. Knowing that it was worse than useless expecting a tiger to come while this noise was going on, I sent the second shikaree to stop them. He did so, but did not return. Now the real watching began; all was as still and quiet as one could wish; no sound but the leaves dropping, and the notes of different birds (as yet, I am sorry to say, unknown to me) was to be heard. Any moment he might come. It is most exciting work, that waiting for a tiger. The animal himself comes so noiselessly that you do not know which turn of the head, as you keep gazing round, may be surprised by his glorious form. It was two o'clock, the hottest time of the day, when we first went. Five o'clock is the most likely hour; five came, passed, and still no tiger. I was beginning to give him up, when the shikaree, who was sitting lower down, touched me. *Bagh* (tiger), whispered I; he nodded. I looked in all directions, but could not make him out, and was beginning to fancy he had not seen the tiger, but that, thinking I had given up hope, he meant to put me on the watch. About five minutes elapsed; it was getting very dark, very quickly, when straight before me, through the leaves of the thick tree I was sitting in, I saw the tail of a tiger. It was moving; in a second more the whole

of his body came into view. He was a very large, gaunt, powerful-looking brute, very light-coloured, with a remarkably large head. He walked straight away from me, and seemed to be looking for something. Could it be possible he had missed the bullock? It might be, and if so, he was going off back to the jungle. It was one of those crises which require sharp, quick decision. It was getting dark fast. In ten minutes more I should not be able to shoot; it must be risked. I took up Purdey, aimed just as quietly at him as if he was a rabbit (I never felt less excited about a shot), probably caused by the feeling of not being able to kill him, from the position he was walking in. Unless I had broken his spine it was perfectly impossible to kill him. Only his hindquarters were to be seen. I pulled gently, over went the huge brute, and commenced roaring and tearing up the ground. In a second, however, he was up again, and dashed into the bushes, still roaring savagely.

This tiger was never got, though next day they tracked him on foot by his blood for a long distance, a very dangerous proceeding, which most men in India consider simple madness. Brooke, however, justifies himself in the following words:—

This is the worst and by far the most dangerous part of tiger-shooting. Many, very many, men leave a tiger alone after he is wounded, so desperate do they deem, and rightly too, the work of following them up. This, however, I do not consider fair. By wounding him you render him desperate, and certain death to any one going near him unarmed. Besides that you leave the poor brute in pain, and no one with any love and admiration for what is grand, could think complacently of these really noble animals

being left to die in suffering, and all because the sportsman was too cautious to go and put him out of his misery.

On his return to camp, through an interpreter, he heard the shikaree's story.

What was my horror to find that, when he first touched me, sitting under a bush about 5 yards from the dead bullock were two tigers. There they sat licking their lips. Every moment he expected to hear me fire (so thick was the tree he could not see me or see the tigers beginning to eat). It seems about this time poor I, who was quite unconscious of their vicinity, made the very slightest movement. One of them immediately cocked his head and made a sign to the other, who got up as if to silently reconnoitre the premises. It was at this one I fired. Oh! *me miserum*, as poor old Æneas used to say in his trouble. Most likely had I not fired I should have got a double shot. A lesson is taught, experience gained, but alas, how dearly! Never again shall this pen have to record V. A. B.'s imprudence, want of judgment, etc., in firing at a tiger unless at a vital spot.

CHAPTER V

Second Portion of Indian Trip—Extracts from Journals and Letters to his Mother and to his Cousin, Charles Okeover, from the Neilgherry Hills—Successful Sport with Tigers, Bears, Sambur, and Ibex—The Black Panther and Monster Tusker.

AGE 21.

TOWARDS the end of January he left this part of the country, and thus sums up his experiences :—

> This book is drawing to a close. The latter part of it is, I am afraid, one series of failures and disappointments. Such cannot be helped. To such trials the true sportsman must make up his mind. They are only forerunners and examples of the more serious ups and downs of life. At the time they are hard to bear with a proper amount of cheerfulness ; and when success does come to crown the sportsman's hard-fought efforts, he will value it none the less for all the many times it has slipped away when just within his eager grasp.

In this very wholesome frame of mind Brooke left the Shimoga district, and went back to Mysore, and from there started for the Neilgherry Hills, where the bad luck he had previously had entirely disappeared, and in the eight following months he secured a bag of unequalled quality and variety of game. The Neilgherry Hills lie about 70 miles south of Mysore, and at that time teemed with game of all sorts. The highest hills are about 8000 feet, covered with timber

and masses of jungle, and broad expanses of more open country. The invigorating air and majestic character of the scenery make it the beau ideal of a sportsman's hunting-ground, very different from the steaming, burning plains Brooke had just left. Here he had the good fortune to come across several well-known sportsmen, who were able to give him much valued advice, and the experience he had himself acquired in the last two months enabled him to enter upon his second expedition with renewed hopes and prospects of success.

He made Ootacamund his headquarters, and from there penetrated to the wildest parts of the Neilgherry Hills. Before starting afresh he thus writes to his mother :—

"OOTACAMUND, *1st February* 1863.

To-morrow at daybreak I start with tents on a ten days' (or perhaps more) expedition to a most wild, uninhabited part of these hills. A Captain Brine is coming with me; he is the first man I have met in India that I could live with, and he makes up for all the others. He is a most keen, experienced sportsman; in looks he reminds me *very strongly* of Uncle Ned; he is just like him, only more worn-looking, and more silver in his jet-black hair, a silky black beard, with snowy traces here and there, constitute the only difference in the general contour of face. He is about the bravest of Indian braves, with twenty-two summers in this scorching clime; all in all, you might travel very far and not find a more pleasant companion or a finer-looking man. Many and many is the to me most thrilling story he can tell of successes and escapes. I could not help thinking it was a subject for Whyte Melville, to see Brine and me searching in the graveyard here for the grave of poor young Hancock, who was killed by a tiger at the foot of these mountains

and buried here. It was a wild, drizzling day, and the clouds were flying across the churchyard, playing round the sad-looking, tall, white tombstones, and almost adding to the difficulty of our mournful task. We found it at last with the simple inscription—

Here lies
Captain the Honb'le . . . Hancock,
late of the Fusiliers.
He was killed by a
Tiger
near this place on the 22nd of Dec. 1858.
Aged 24 years.
This monument is erected by his sorrowing father,
Lord Castlemaine.

Brine and I stood for some minutes gazing at it, and I daresay what we both had so often dared and so narrowly escaped never struck us before with such clammy horror. Poor fellow! only six months before he had been asking Brine, as they both came out together—Brine being then a well-known sportsman in India, and a great authority,—how to shoot tigers Brine's answer was: 'Always climb a tree at least 20 feet (a tiger will knock a man out of a tree 4 feet higher than the dining-room ceiling with one bound), and when you wound a tiger or knock him over don't go near him for some time, and then when you do, look out for squalls.' Not one month afterwards, as the poor fellow was on his way here, he heard of a tiger; it was the first he ever heard of even. Away he went, got up a tree, had the jungle beaten, and he got a shot quite close, and knocked the tiger over motionless; down he got, quite excited, to examine it, and was stooping to pick up his paw, when, with one stroke—his dying struggle—the huge brute almost cut him in

two; in three or four hours he was dead. The tiger died as he struck him. In the same yard there was another case of a death from a tiger—a poor fellow called Willoughby—and, if I mistake not, a Captain Hughes killed by an elephant. About the last, I am not sure. At Tarikere, where I met the adventure related in my letter to Constance, there were the graves of three English officers, encircled by a low wall and shaded by three gnarled old trees. Two were killed by tigers, and one had committed suicide—driven to it, I suppose, by the loneliness of the place. So feverish and unhealthy, no one would live there. Nothing is so saddening as to see the monument of a once-loved son or brother in happy little England, rearing its pallid head in the midst of wild, unheard-of jungles, with no one to look on it with anything but the idle eye of curiosity.

If there was a tinge of 'blue devils' about my letter when after that man-eating tiger, you now see the cause. I did not care for you to see it before, but if hid any longer, it would stand like an island alone in a vast sea, marking the first striking affair in my life that you don't know of. When you feel that you will know everything; I hope it lessens the anxiety I fear you must feel now and then. Don't be afraid of tigers in future. I know now I'm not afraid of them, and others know it, which, to be honest, is a satisfaction. But it now is, in my eyes, a matter of foolish risk to stand before a tiger, and I never will do it again if I can help it. You have my promise, so I know you will feel quite light about the heart again. Tiger-shooting from elephants or from trees is quite safe, especially when Hancock's sad warning of going near an apparently dead one is held to view. In my present expedition I expect deer-stalking, which is, after all, my favourite sport (bar the glorious bison). It is *so*

delightful. Up before day, and sitting on a crag which overlooks a wide extent of wood and glade, waiting for the clouds to melt away and the sun to rise, when, like a panorama before me, suddenly appears the whole extent of blue mountains, and many a wild nook and corner, with either the stately bison or an old stag feeding unconsciously below us ; the little gay-coloured birds making the beautiful green woods quite joyous with their morning notes, the crows of the wild-cock (common fowl), and perhaps far away the majestic roar of the 'dread destroyer,' as he goes to his mountain home. Midst such wild scenes as this I have spent many a happy hour, and hope to do so again. I am working very hard at every Indian subject. The history (most complicated, and allowed by all to be most puzzling), natural history, religious manners and customs of the Hindoos and Mussulmen (the latter are Arabs, who overran the country years ago, and governed it till we took it from them), and last, but by no means the least important, the present Government of India. I am deeply interested in it, and shall always feel so—in fact, feel almost an old Indian (not in mind, I most fervently hope). The curious characters I have met this last three months would make a book. I am thoroughly up in all coffee-planter's matters, having stopped off and on a month with one (Porter of the Barbaboodens). It is a most money-making business, and I would like to see Harry well in one. It beats the army to fits ; you learn more and see more of real life, and in ten years you return worth three or four thousand a year. I have met three or four young fellows who are off home, married and settled in England at the age of thirty, with such like good fortune. That's better than retiring with your pension, minus one leg, or something as melancholy. Besides, the

life, madam! the life! What's a brandy-and-water-and-cigar life when compared to roaming the wild forests far and wide? It takes capital to set one going, but in five years you are repaid, and from that date money tumbles into the bank in a style unknown to any but the race of coffee-planters. Depend on it, it's the way to finish your days, if you have any left to finish, happily, in a snug old home, with a cheery little wife, in some corner of foggy ould Ireland."

To his Mother.

"Ootacamund.

Back again from my solitary expedition *versus* the ibex. I have had desperate weather and desperate luck, so much so that the combined forces for the first time proved too much for the rough hunter, and drove him into the settlement for rest and shelter. One evening, on returning to my little tent, dead tired with the tremendously trying ground I had been hunting over from before dawn, wet through from head to foot by the most terrific storm (one of the harbingers of the monsoon) that regularly darkened the air, and turned every ibex path into a running brook, and every brook into a rushing cataract, through every one of which we had to wade, holding the rifles over our heads, disheartened by bad luck—in fact, undergoing one of the worst of the many trials a sportsman's life entails—I was cheered up by the appearance of a well-known and right truly welcome handwriting lying on my old camp table. I am so glad to find that my yarns don't weary you all. I would indeed be sorry if I thought none of you took any interest in the wild scenes I am now revelling in. Oh! the joy, the real true pleasure, to be far away from the haunts of men, and wander far

and free midst the grandest, noblest works of an Almighty Being; to roam alone with a dear old friend in the shape of a trusty rifle, letting one's thoughts roam also amongst lands of their own; no sound heard but the murmuring of the mountain brooks, the scream of the black eagle, or the wild whistle of the ibex, as amidst the curling mist on some dark jutting crag he keeps his watchful vigil. A man who can live in such scenes as these, and not feel his whole nature ennobled for the time, must be indeed made of some adamantine substance.

I intend in this to give you the account of a day's ibex-stalking that occurred during my last expedition. It will, I fancy, interest you, and give you some notion of the difficulties and trials consequent to the grandest sport in Asia. It will also show that to bag an ibex is not the easy thing a person not understanding these things might be led to imagine. The walking is most fearfully trying to the very strongest and determined sportsmen. This, of course, renders a man, unless in superb condition, a little shaky and unsteady, especially when you also consider that an ibex is the most wary and watchful animal in the world; his gifts of scent, sight, and hearing, even to an old deer-stalker like myself, are obstacles almost insurmountable. Nothing but indefatigable patience, and firm, unswerving perseverance, will ever enable a man to lay his hands on the wild, battered head of an old gray ibex. When disturbed, ibex will travel off to other grounds, sometimes going for seven days and seven nights without hardly stopping—pretty good in even these locomotive days. I mention these facts just to show what a weight depends upon one when often, after perhaps a most tedious stalk, you find yourself breathless, cut, reeking hot, and excited, within shot of a wild old

customer; and in this place I may as well tell you, that I consider all my success with ibex and the noble sambur to be owed to old Largie Deer Park. I may safely say the schooling I had undergone from a small boy on that dear old hill has made me what I am (I say it with a bit of pride)—a patient, persevering stalker. Once disturb an ibex, and in this wide world there is nothing that I know of so difficult to accomplish as to get within shot of them. I'm off to-morrow for some weeks after ibex and bison, which latter noble animal I have seen very little of. And now for the ibex-stalk.

A day that will ever remain a strongly-marked one in my sporting life was just softly dawning, as I stepped out of my street-door into the clear fresh morning air. Not a sound was to be heard; the dead silence of an Indian night had not as yet been broken, even by that early riser, the black robin. Calling my faithful follower, Francis by name (a native shikaree or hunter who carries my second rifle and acts as guide; he is a Christian, and as dear a creature as ever walked), we started, followed by a tall athletic Lascar—a fine handsome fellow, with an eye like a panther's. His duty is to carry a spare gun if one extra is wanted in case of tigers, panthers, or elephants, and also to skin the dead game and carry the spoils home to the tent. The hill we intended hunting over that day lay about 4 miles behind the tents, and was well known to Francis and myself as about the best ibex crag in the Neilgherry Hills. With 'hope,' which somehow, despite all one's previous experience, will 'spring triumphant in the human breast,' we strode over the rough craggy ground, in the uncertain light of the gray morning, at a pace that soon brought us within examining distance of the great mountain,

which rose in a series of broken precipices to the height of 8000 feet. The top of this hill constituted the most lovely park-like tableland. The beautiful red blossom of the rhododendrons, flushing in the warm genial light of the rising sun, made the place look more like some beautiful pleasure grounds in England than the abode of the wild ibex and the eagle. As we came to the last undulating wave among the low hills at the foot of the precipices we halted, and lying coiled up in the long green grass, took out our glasses, and set to work to examine every possible nook into which an ibex might have stuck himself. At this early time a mere casual glance from an experienced eye will detect an ibex from among the rocks ; it being their feeding-time, there is certain to be one or two on the grassy slopes, which will direct your eye to their locality. Having discovered the position of the herd in general, the next step is to make out the 'sentinel' ; this post is generally assigned to an old female who has seen many a stalker defeated by her unwearying watchfulness. To get within shot is often impossible, owing to the old witch having taken up a position that commands every possible approach. Nothing but long experience enables a man to determine whether the stalk is practicable or not ; should he decide in favour of the latter, he must lie and watch the herd until the old doe goes off her post, and another, perhaps less *au fait*, takes her place ; this change is effected by the old lady getting up and poking the next sentinel in the ribs with her nose. The new guard never mutinies but goes to its post at once. Well, we had not even got the glasses up when Francis touched me gently, and we both instantly sank lower into the ground, like a snail into her shell. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles off we saw a handsome brown buck ibex (I think I told you an

ibex is first a kid, then a young buck, then a brown buck, then a black buck, and lastly, a grand old saddle-buck, having the gray mark on his back; it takes many years before they get this mark; and I need not say that it is seldom indeed the sportsman's eye is rewarded by a sight of one of these magnificent old patriarchs) walking along the tableland above the precipices. Presently another brown buck followed, and then a young buck, then two does and a kid, and lastly, the black-gray body of a noble old patriarch hove in sight, following with slow dignified steps his grand and great-grand children. Whilst watching this noble old ibex, Francis became suddenly greatly excited, and I saw what I at first took for an immense bear on intimate terms with the old gray ibex. Up with the glass. Ye gods! what a monster! I despair when I think how unable I am to make you conceive what a splendid, noble, old patriarch was that ibex. Francis, who I suppose knows more about the Neilgherry ibex than any man, said he never laid his eyes on anything like him. I should fancy he numbered some fifty summers. Where he was not gray as hoar-frost he was as black as bog oak; his glossy sides shone in magnificent contrast to his milk-white stomach. His gray saddle inspired me with the same respect an old man's beard does, and his old battered head and massive yet graceful horns, bending with a gentle sweep over his shaggy neck, made my heart bound about like mad. I swore in my heart that I would follow that old buck if I slept a week of Sundays after him on the bare mountain-side. You will hardly understand the almost sickly excitement which we got into with such a prize before us, and all the difficulties that spring up one by one. The ibex were, as we instantly saw, returning after their

feed to some well-known and perhaps inaccessible rock, their sleeping-place, where they intended spending the day. The buck that we first saw was the sentinel, and had his aged father not been there, I would have deemed him well worthy of all my skill. The herd meandered listlessly over the grassy sward in among the rhododendron trees, and it was almost unnatural to see these wild creatures in such a lovely spot. Letting them get a rise between us and them, we started off up to the crags as fast as it was possible to climb. The fearful fatigue of such pulls can only be conceived by such men as have experienced it. Suffice it to say, at the top the wind of all three of us, including myself, though I am in the hardest condition (my weight is scarcely over 12 stone ; 13 stone 6 lbs. it used to be), came in sharp gasps, my legs trembled with the long tension in the muscles, and the perspiration flowed in little Niagaras from our faces. Down we sat and killed two birds with one stone, taking off my boots and getting fresh wind. Having taken off everything that would impede any snake-like motion through the grass, and leaving the Lascar, much to his disgust, behind us, gently then, as if our very lives depended on each and every step, we crept like two tigers after our noble game. Dodging from one tree to another, we at last came to the rise, at the other side of which we felt certain we should see the ibex. Haste was necessary ; as once the ibex lay down, and the sentinel had chosen his place, we would have had to wait all day in patience. Stepping into his footsteps, I followed Francis, who was trembling with unusual excitement, an expression of the most deep anxiety settling on his dark face ; no gambler ever felt the weight of the next throw more sharply. Step by step we gently appeared over the ridge, when my eye just

detected the mane of an ibex in among the grass. Down I pushed Francis, and we crept under a big bush, and carefully raising my head, imagine the thrill that shot through me; there, within shot, about 90 yards off, was the monster ibex, feeding, unconscious of any danger. Immediately behind stood the sentinel buck, a princely fellow, with a most graceful head. The rest of the herd were not visible. Now came the trying moment; the old hermit was feeding straight from me, offering a most uncertain shot, and still I was afraid to wait in such close proximity to the guard. I determined, however, to risk the latter; to lie like a weasel, with one eye through the tangled bush. Farther and farther away fed the ibex, and at last I saw it was necessary to risk getting to the next bush; with great difficulty it was accomplished; hardly were we concealed by it when, guess my horror at seeing the other old saddle-back, within 25 yards, looking straight. At any other time I would have indeed been lucky, but as it was, I was bent on nobler game, and wished Methuselah the Second anywhere but there. Now then, 'Jack,' your aid, old gun! The ibex's shrill whistle cut through our heads, and the next instant every ibex rushed to the sentinel. Alas! old buck, too late, the rugged ball from the trusty old rifle was too much for you. Down he went, sprawling over the rock, and away went the herd like the wind, my second bullet flying among them, but doing no harm. What cared I? Oh! what a thrill of madness ran through me; why not get the other? Seizing my second rifle from Francis's hand, I dashed off in my stockings after the herd, passing the prostrate ibex, merely stopping for a second to look at him, and as his wild jealous eye met mine, I felt how I had won a stake worth running for. After the others I cut, and

got a long shot, but did no good. Francis then came up, mad with excitement and joy, and told me he had left the Lascar who had run up with the ibex. As we got near the place, what was my horror to see the old fellow on his legs and going at a sad slow walk away. Knowing how dangerous it is to run after any wounded animal—you only drive them on when they would otherwise lie down—I loaded and then followed him gently, but oh! how can I write it? I saw every stride the powerful beast was gaining strength. I ran, oh! how I ran, and at last, exhausted, fired my barrel, but who shoots straight after such a run? I missed, dropped the old gun, and tried to keep the wounded beast in sight, but rise after rise he gained, and at last disappeared in among the precipices. I knew my fate then, and will your kind hearts blame the old hunter when he owns that two great salt drops, perhaps perspiration, rolled slowly down his weatherbeaten cheek? It was a trial, the hardest I ever had in my shooting experience; I never got him, and what I went through looking for him, I won't trouble you with, but will conclude with fondest love to all.

I am off to-day after ibex for two weeks."

To his Mother.

"Ootacamund,
Neilgherry Hills,
2nd March 1863.

One more short glimpse at civilisation again. I only returned the day before yesterday from *the most happy month I ever spent;* for four weeks Brine and I never saw anything but the wild mountains and forests and our cosy little tent; we have had glorious sport, and I most thoroughly enjoyed myself. First of all, Brine has

risen instead of fallen in my estimation ; he is a brave, good, determined shikaree, and a delightful companion. You would have laughed had you seen us leave here—Brine and I leading on two rat-like animals, and all the baggage carried by coolies (the lowest caste of Hindoo). In this style we proceeded some way till we found a place that struck our eyes as a likely spot for an old stag or two, and there we camped, sending the coolies, who are as noisy as the crows on a summer evening, back again. It was a wild and beautiful spot we pitched upon—the forest running all round us. I intend, if I can, to give you a short, but I hope satisfactory, account of all my successes (B. killed nothing) ; I leave out the blanks and disappointments, which have at times been not a few. To make you understand my adventures, it is absolutely necessary you should know something of the animals they take place with. From what I have already told you, I am sure the sambur stands high in your idea of the grand and beautiful mixed. But you have never heard a description of an old stag ; he is grander than the veriest old royal that ever toed the heather ; he is larger, more powerful, more symmetrical ; and with all this he is such a hermit, he is scarce ever seen by man ; his haunts lie amongst the most glorious crags, forests, and mountains ; and he is *never* seen save at the setting or rising of the sun ; his mane is like a lion's. This is a moderate head, who knows, though, that I may have to draw a 'monster stag'? The whole sport, to sum up this dry stuff, is like Red-deer stalking in the olden times, only on a far grander scale ; the work they give you is no baby's play I can assure you. Well, we settled to work, and for some days nothing happened—no deer were to be seen. One day I was in the tent writing, B. sitting opposite, when a yelping in the wood outside the tent was heard,

and a pack of wild-dogs and two hinds (female samburs) passed *ventre à terre* close past the door. It was a most curious sight and one seldom seen. Accustomed as we are to seize a rifle at a second's notice, I bounced up, seized mine, and from the tent bang went one barrel at a wild-dog; missed him; bang went the other at the largest hind; she flinched and staggered, but still held on; bang went Brine, and over she rolled, dead, with a ball through the neck. It was exciting; only I wish I had bagged a wild-dog; they are great curiosities now and seldom seen. That evening we went up as usual, climbed on to a crag, got well hid and watched all round the edges of the small *sholahs* (woods), in hopes of a pair of antlers making their appearance; but no, we sat till dark; and though we commanded a vast extent of wood and mountain, not even the youngest aspirant to a pair of sticks made its appearance. Next morning off two hours before light (all the time we were out there, we were only four mornings we were not away at 4 A.M. or 4.30), and stumbled away to a rocky pass for all kinds of animals; we expected to see Mr. Bruin, but saw nothing at all except a truly grand sunrise. We now saw we had made a mistake in our camping-place, so determined to have a drive (beat, you would say), and then the day after leave for a place Brine had seen during an expedition and always put it down as a sort of heaven among shooting grounds. The drive took place the next day, and I feel bound to give you an idea of the difficulty in getting men—you may pay what you like but they won't come. Why? because they are generally so *badly treated.* Not so with us; I have seen enough of different natives to know that kindness finds its way to the hearts of all, especially the *ladies;* get the fair sex on your side, no matter where, Lapland or India, and you may move the world. This Brine and I knew,

so all our meat of the old hind we had killed went to them ; the consequence was, when we went down to the valley (the Orange Valley, so called from the quantities of oranges that grow), many pretty little black-eyed girls and boys, all stark naked, rushed out to meet us, and we found an array of men ready to beat. Away we went to beat a rocky hill, and I was posted, commanding a capital pass. One was a ledge down the side of a precipice opposite me, and the other was to my left. Hardly had the beaters commenced when I saw a stag come trotting out down the left-hand pass ; he was a young gentleman. However, I wanted to get him, but the fates still were unkind ; he turned off the run and passed me about as far as the cottage bridge (200 yards). I fired ! thud went the ball ; he staggered but recovered himself, and away he went ; and to make it short, I never got him. Loaded quietly and watched from my tuft of grass like an old tiger. I expected my shot would have caused any other deer that might have been in it to shun my pass and take the one Brine commanded, so was surprised to see a fine young stag creeping down the ledge on the face of the precipice and coming towards me ; down he came, cleared the waterfall with one bound, and the next moment the tip of his antlers appeared below me. I judged my distance and fired. The stag reared in the air and fell dead with a heavy crash into his very tracks far below. It was a grand sight. The stag was a full-grown but young deer ; his antlers small. Beat all day ; the sun very hot ; I could hardly stand in one place, my feet were so scalded. The next day we got some natives from the small wigwam village to carry our two tents and traps, and repaired on foot across the sweet, fresh mountains to our new ground. Scenery grand. Our first sight of the promised land I shall never forget ; the wildness

and grandness of these mountains is softened with such a gentle beauty, that they have completely won my heart, and have made me decide for many reasons to put off my visit to Bengal for some months ; when I do go, I shall consider myself bound to spend all the rest of the time with the two H's. I may as well here ease your mind by stating the reasons which have made me so alter my plans. The Himalayas I entirely give up. First, this part of India is much the most healthy, and I cannot but feel that I should overdo myself if I take the immense journey I at first planned. Had I not knocked about so much before this Indian trip, I would not think a second ; but I feel a longing to be stationary for a little. Secondly, the shooting in this Presidency is the only kind in India that would please me. In Bombay and Bengal everything in the sporting line is done on elephants, and the real habits of animals are never seen. Now you know me well enough to know I don't care for fuss and bother—stalking is all I care a pin for. I don't think I shall take even my guns to Bengal. You will see by the adventures I spin out what funny sights I see by following every animal among his native haunts. I am quite an authority even now among old sportsmen from nothing but my mode of shooting. Thirdly, I don't mind telling you now, as it is all over, but the amount of uphill work I have had, and the endless vexation and bother—what with servants and many other little crosses I have cleared myself of—has made me work up in the ins and outs of this part of the world, and I feel quite at home, so don't want to have it all again. Fourthly, I have made such a friend. A Colonel Hamilton.[1] Does the name strike you ?—

[1] The Colonel, afterwards General Douglas Hamilton, mentioned in this letter, is the author of *Records of Sport in Southern India.* I met him in after years at Colebrooke, where he was ever a welcome guest ; his

Douglas Hamilton! He played with you all at Sudbury 'long, long ago.' Dear old Sir George he remembered with feelings of great respect. He fancies you were too young to remember him, but Sophy, as he calls her, he well remembers. There was a large family of them. How things do come to pass in this world. Fancy him meeting me out here and finding all his old childhood's days brought back in a great big flood to his mind. I cannot tell you how I love the dear old fellow. He is the acknowledged best sportsman (stalker; he never shot off an elephant in his life) in Southern India—Old Velvet Foot, as he signs himself in his letters in the *Sporting Magazine*. He is the most exquisite draughtsman, and is employed by Government to sketch different parts of the hill ranges in this Presidency. Every adventure (and there are some funny ones) he has a small rough sketch of, and for the twenty-five years in India he can give an exact account out of a most accurate journal. Since I began this, I have been out with him after ibex (wild goats), the most difficult animal in India to bag; the account will come in its place. I was four days out in what he calls his 'wigwam' (the old hunters' wigwam). It is a hut he built to shoot ibex from eight years ago; he is forty-five years old and is going to retire, and how I long to introduce him to you. The dear old boy! Fancy him in England! He has the most glorious beard, like a great waterfall, and as silky as silk. He will win you to him by his genial manner in half an hour, and his funny way of telling adventures would amuse you uncommonly. One thing you will thank him for, I know, is, he makes me draw; he says it has been the greatest pleasure in

collection of sambur heads is, I believe, the finest ever sent out of India; he presented them to Victor Brooke. General Hamilton died about two years ago.

his wild lonely life. I go with him again on Wednesday, the day after to-morrow. Excuse this long digression, but it will, I hope, make you give me credit for an increase of sense. Our next place of camping was on a little greensward ; I can't describe the beauty of the spot, so won't try ; you must use your imagination. An old jungle cock (wild domestic cock) was standing on it when I first saw it, and he crowed and shook himself as much as to say, 'Hallo ! All you ladies, come and look at a new kind of monkey ; I never saw such a thing before !' That evening I went out for a stroll and found fresh marks of father Bruin all about, and saw plenty of tracks of deer. Next morning away at four o'clock ; the country being unknown, we had to explore it. After wandering about some time, we saw a great precipice looking down into a beautiful forest ; clambering to the very edge, I lay looking over the edges of it for a pair of sticks ; presently a lovely head peered out of a lot of brushwood some hundreds of feet below. I showed it to Brine ; it was a fine young stag, with very fair antlers ; it was an awful shot, but I felt confident in my favourite Purdey rifle (old Jack as I call him), so took steady aim. The stag bounded in the air and fell dead with a heavy crash. It was a fine shot, I must own. Such work as we had, carrying the head and meat home, we did all ourselves. I find this letter will take too long if I spin it out too much, so must go to the best parts. When we came back to the tents, we found a bear had walked quietly past them, sitting on a rock and staring at them in blank astonishment. We never saw him again, so don't be uneasy. We found some wild men at the tents waiting to see us and ask for meat. They said a 'monster stag' lived in the glen, and that *a tree* grew from his head. Brine and I set off to what was considered his favourite haunt and

found his huge footmarks and his bathing-place. From that moment I had no peace; I watched morning and evening in hopes of seeing my 'heart's own darling,' but for many days in vain. I shot more young stags, but I despised them. Where, where, was the 'Monarch of the Glen'? At last, one evening, returning late home in a very wild, solitary spot where no white man's foot had ever trod the earth in search of game, I first saw the grand old stag. The sun was just setting, and all the western sky was tinged with pink. The little birds were warbling their evening song; the old jackals were just popping from their dismal holes. The belling of deer was rousing the silent echoes of the grave, dark crags, and all nature seemed to add its charm to the moment. Brine was walking first and I was following, puzzling my head as to when I should be rewarded for my trouble. I don't know what made me do so, but I turned my head to look at the lovely sunset, when a sight met my gaze which sent a feeling through me that the grim old Mysore man-eater would have failed to do. My knees trembled, and involuntarily I sank into the long grass. Brine like clockwork did the same. On a rise of a hill, full in the light of the sinking sun, stood the 'Muckle hart of Glen Strae.' His huge, massive antlers stood out in grand relief against the soft colouring of the sky, and his long matted mane looked like what one fancies an old lion's, as he strides about in the cool of an African evening. I was rapt in the scene with such deep interest that I did not think of getting at the deer. He stood quite still and silent, looking at us with a long fixed gaze. At last I thought of the stalk, but alas! it was too late; we never should have had light; so with a feeling that sickened me, I was obliged to satisfy myself with watching the to me fatal shades of night close themselves round my darling.

He never moved but disappeared like a shadow almost imperceptibly. It was the most imposing scene I ever saw. I need not say I slept little that night—phantom antlers of gigantic size floated before me in ceaseless motion. Some days after we settled to sleep in a wild man's ruined hut, so as to be off before daybreak to some very wild country. What would you dear folks think when I tell you we knew for certain that a tiger, a black panther (very rare ; I saw him, but he was too quick ; I never got a shot), and an old bear all lived within as far as the deer park of our rackety old wigwam? We slept well, bar the fleas which, saving your presence, abounded. I was aroused during the night by the belling (note of alarm or surprise of the sambur) of the deer all round us. Long ere day we were off and perched, well hidden, on a commanding height ; just as it was getting light I made out a large pair of antlers growing as if out of the top of a hill. I found it was a very fine stag lying down ; I had a very difficult stalk of *two hours and a half* and bagged him—a long and good shot, as he was going at speed. The very next day, still with faint hopes of the 'monster,' I was off in the dark. Just as light was stealing quietly into each dark corner in succession, I thought I saw some brushwood moving violently about a mile down. Up with glass. Picture my emotions, for I cannot describe them. It was indeed the proud old lord, cleaning those heavenly antlers by taking up the long lemon grass and brushwood and tossing it about. He had just had his bath, and was cleaning the mud from his head and neck. How I watched his every movement. After doing the toilet business to satisfaction, he thought he would just pluck a leaf or two before going to his lair for the day, so up on his hind legs he got. I can't go through all, but

must conclude this yarn. He after many most interesting manœuvres fed straight towards us and walked into a very small *sholah* (wood). Thinking he would stop there some time, Brine went round to give him his wind, whilst I cut him off from his favourite jungle. As I was on the way there the old stag and I met *face to face;* my heart turned two or three somersets and then stuck in my throat. He saw me plainly as I saw him. He was an awful long way off, but no time was to be lost. Now or *never;* I fired! The stag gave a convulsive bound but recovered, and placing his immense antlers along his back, he charged like an old bull bison through the long brushwood, straight to the forest. I thought all was lost, but was led towards the spot; I fired at him; as I went there I fancied I heard a sigh and a heavy breathing, but attended to nothing, got the track, followed it up, and oh! my dear, good mother, round a turn we found the aged stag stone dead, looking in death like the most grand, *grand* picture. His antlers were enormous. Oh, how I long to see them safe in dear old C. B.! how you will appreciate them! I assure you, my greatest pleasure at times is to think of showing you all my trophies, and feeling they are thought something of. Hard won they are, but it's that which adds the deep pleasure of having deserved them. Could you have seen the proud expression in the glazed eye of that old stag; his immense size; his matted mane; in fact, the glorious old fellow, as he lay when I first touched him, I should be happy, but I must be content with you seeing the grand head. He is one of the finest stags that has ever been shot in India. Hamilton says he must be twenty or twenty-five—fancy, older than myself! I killed five stags in that expedition and in the last month four—one very fine stag and a grand old black buck ibex. The most difficult creature in

India to stalk, shoot, or bag; they inhabit the most inaccessible crags; and it is a grand sight to see a fine old weatherbeaten buck standing on a peak, with clouds drifting wildly round him. I bagged mine very easily, comparatively speaking; but it is a great trophy—except the old stag and the bison's head my most valuable as yet. I hope this has not bothered you; but I am sure the 'old stag' will find a corner in your affections when you see him."

To his Mother.

"Blackwood Cottage, Ootacamund,
20*th April* 1863.

Just in for a few days to the settlement and then again off for the wilds.

. . . . . .

And now for the story of the death of my *first two tigers;* they are both exciting, but the first was unsatisfactory and the latter is satisfactory. The first I take from my Journal.

Tuesday.—Off at daybreak to the stags' pool; as we were cautiously looking about (for deer), a hollow roar resounding deeply round the valley caused us both—Brine and I—to crouch, and Brine's eye made out two tigers on a very craggy hill about one mile from us. On looking with the glass we saw that they were tiger and tigress (the tigress may be known from her slighter make; her more vicious and longer face; her lighter colour; the beauty of her skin, and her smaller size). The latter was lying down, and her husband was looking into her amiable (?) face, swaying his huge head backwards and forwards with a sleepy but impatient motion. It was a very grand and imposing sight to watch these two noble brutes

enjoying 'domestic felicity.' We looked at them for about a quarter of an hour, then, having determined to stalk them, took our line of country and started. We were obliged to make a circuit of some 3 miles, so as to come down over the rocks above them (always keep above a tiger). The country was very rough, and I got one severe fall, but am not much the worse. As we neared the back of the hill, on the other side of which the tigers were basking, we began to take every precaution. I took off my boots, fearing the nails might make noise enough to reach the watchful ears, and made Brine sit down, while I went to reconnoitre alone. I crept straight down to a rock I had marked, from which I calculated that I could kill one or both; at first I saw no tigers and was beginning to fear they had vanished, when the noble old male tiger walked full in view, about 60 yards lower down the hill. I made a sign to Brine, and at the same time took cool, steady aim at the tiger's shoulders. Bang!—the tiger bounded full 5 feet in the air, and coming down with a heavy muffled sound on a rock below him, slipped off that with a loud crash into the brushwood below. There he lay for a moment quivering in all his enormous limbs. Thinking he was dead, I would not fire the other barrel, expecting the other tiger, but presently the dying monster moved slightly and set himself rolling down the hill. Fearing we should lose him, Brine fired and hit him, again rolling him over motionless. But not dead yet; he struggled, and bump, bump, down the hill he went again, crashing through the low, long brushwood like a huge cannon-ball. I fired again and again, the bullet told but did not stop him. Crash, crash, crackle, crack! Bang! down the hill he went like an elephant in a bamboo jungle. As he came to the bottom all life seemed gone; he regularly

bounded with the severity of the bumps as he fell from rise to rise, and coming to a high rock, about the height of the dining-room, he disappeared over it with a heavy thud into the thick brambly nullah which divided the hill we were on from the next. 'At last I've killed a tiger,' thought I, with intense satisfaction. But where is the wife all this time?—till now nowhere to be seen. But when all our barrels were empty, on a rock, about 10 yards from where the other tiger was when first fired at, we saw the grim, sleek-faced, yet beautiful creature standing eyeing us with the most savage, determined look in that 'cold gray eye' of hers. Keeping my eye steadily fixed on hers, I rammed down the ball, put on the cap and prepared to extinguish her; she had never moved a muscle all the time. Steady, bang! divil a move, your ladyship. Troth I missed her—don't ask how. I can't say it is the only shot of the kind I have missed in India; I felt as if a giant had swallowed me, so very little did I appear; I could only just see out of my boots. The tigress then jumped off the rock and walked sulkily away. Brine fired and missed; she was now a long way off; and as she bounded into a small wood, with her tail swinging behind her, I let fly and hit her. She gave a roar, and took an awful spring into the jungle; presently out she came again and lay down to cool her wound in a brook; after doing this she disappeared again. We went to look at the first tiger and found him mizzled; *he had crept off!* All that day and the next we looked for him; but though we were sure he was dead, we could not find a sign. This last expedition, *six weeks afterwards*, I found part of his skull, and that is all I shall ever find of *my first tiger*. Unsatisfactory; but I am glad I found even it. Now for the other—the great bag of V. A. B."

The following is partly an extract from his diary and partly taken from a letter to his mother :—

"INDIA.

Up at four o'clock. My eye still felt very weak and sore. At Glen Strae we saw no deer, so turned sharp to the right (the coffee-planters having gone) and examined the high precipices hanging over the Mayar Valley in hopes of ibex ; nor were we disappointed, as we immediately descried an old doe lying at the edge of an awful precipice. Examining the ground well with glass we discovered a kid with her, and also two other ibex—one a buck—lying on the eagles' crag. The old mother and young were divided from the others by the jutting sides of what I have named the eagles' crag. It was a most interesting sight to see the old lady rise in a few moments and encourage the little one to follow her round it. How they kept their footing is a matter incomprehensible to me. The little kid did not like it at first, but presently it plucked up courage and turned the dangerous points. It was now my turn ; the mother and kid had lain down again, the old one choosing the very highest point of the crag. The stalk was a most difficult one, and I despaired of making it good. 'Never say die!' carries one through queer things, so I took off my boots and went at it. With great care I managed to get within 150 yards of the ibex, and fancied I was going to succeed after all, when up jumped the old doe. I cannot tell even now whether she saw me or not ; but any way, such was my impression at the time, so I covered her and fired ; she reeled off the rock, and the brown buck instantly bounded into her footsteps ; without taking Purdey from my shoulder, I pulled at him, and over he went—down, down, through the air like a round ball—

away, away, far over the precipice into the jungles below. The other ibex got off as only ibex can, and I never saw them again. On looking over the precipice we at first agreed that to recover my ibex was impossible; but after a minute or two's indecision my old climbing propensities got the better of me, and I determined to try the climb. Fool! little did I know what I might lose by it. We were both suffering greatly from thirst, and Brine said he really could not come with me, but would go to the hut, so I went alone. *Experientia docet*, and I had not climbed since a little child for nothing; my eye readily planned out the way down, and down I eventually got, but not without two heavy falls, in both of which I seriously injured my dear old Purdey rifle. The heat was terrible, and my thirst was raging like a furnace. At the bottom a little water trickled slowly through the rocks. Oh, what a Godsend! warm and horrid as it was; and after all my pains, though I looked till I was quite exhausted, I could not find the ibex. So back again I climbed, regained my rifle which I had been obliged to leave behind me half-way, and after some queer work got to the top and home again tired, disappointed, and disgusted. After a desperate breakfast I went to the saddle in the evening and tried a long shot at a peacock but missed. Bad headache that evening; sent Purdey in with a note to Hamilton.

6th August.—At earliest dawn I started alone for the Peak Rock, but only saw a small ibex and two hinds, and could not get a shot at them. Fired at a sambur but missed him. The heat being great, I had a bathe and then went home utterly disgusted. On the way saw marks of a bear. A dreadful storm came on in the evening.

7th August.—Started with B. before dawn for some

new ground which I wished to explore. The scenery was noble; the rising sun having the grandest effect among the cliffs and crags jutting up on all sides. But no game—what can be up?—no game to be seen. B. not being up to work, I went off alone to a ridge that looked over some new ground, about a mile more N.E. than we had yet been. The breeze on this ridge was one of the most delightful luxuries I ever experienced. I lay and enjoyed it thoroughly, looking over that grand scenery. A sambur kept belling below, and I heard two bears laughing in the long lemon grass far below me. Nothing appearing, I turned and strolled quietly homewards. Just as I was descending into a dip in the side of the hill, walking on a deer-run, high trees and brushwood being on each side of me as high as my head, I saw a splendid tiger descending into the dip on the far side on the same path as me. It was decidedly an awkward position. The worst of it was, I had not my dear old rifle. Oh! how I cursed that horrid black buck ibex now. I squatted instantly and hastily arranged my plans. They were as follows:—A tree overhung the path about 80 yards from me on the tiger's side of the dip; I determined to try and brain him as he passed under it. To let him into the thick underwood in the nullah would be madness, as the next time we saw each other it would have been face to face at about 5 yards. On came the tiger, and a grand beast he looked as he swaggered along. Slowly he came to the tree, and when he was under it he lingered as if conscious of some danger. Oh for Purdey! I felt; had I but the old gun, I should kill him dead. After a little delay on he came again, with his huge head swinging from side to side, with his tail in the air; away he went crash through the thick matted underwood, as

though it were grass. I had missed him clean; I fired the second barrel, but with like result. After dashing through the briers, etc., for about 100 yards, the tiger sprang on to a rock and looked all round him for a second or so, and then on he went again. Maddened with disgust, I loaded, and like a fool ran after him, but luckily he was not wounded, or dearly would I have paid for such rashness. Low-spirited and disgusted, I strode home. I saw him again that evening, but could not get a shot; I saw nothing.

8th August.—Not feeling well, I lay in bed this morning, and about eight o'clock B. sent in to say he had seen an old gray boar, but failed to bag him. I got a shot at a splendid peacock; with Purdey he would have paid dear enough, but I missed him with Moore clean. In the evening I went and sat for the boar, thinking I might see him, but he dodged me in an extraordinary manner. He is a fine old boar. The clouds darkened, and I thought an awful storm was coming on, but it blew over.

9th August.—Started off alone for Glen Strae at earliest dawn. Saw an old hind lying down, and watched her for some time. I then went round by the ibex rocks, and amused myself by throwing stones at lizards. My shoes hurt my feet sadly. In the evening B. went to the sentinel and I to the boar's hill. About five o'clock, with my glass, I saw B. fire, then run a short way and fire again. Presently he came towards me, and I saw he was on his way home. Nothing being likely to be on the move after the shooting, I went slowly round the hill and down to the big *sholah*, meeting him. He told me he had wounded one boar; but it being so dark and the cover thick, he did not like to follow him that evening, and that not 100 yards back he had met my old friend, the gray

'dodger' boar. Hardly were the words out of his mouth when there was a rush behind us, accompanied with the grunting growls of the very same boar. Out he rushed over the open space, every bristle up. Just as I put up the gun there was a growl like distant thunder; a yellow mass slid over the bubbling torrent that lined the *sholah*, bounded up the rise, and with one awful spring, launched itself on to the old boar's back. Over the two rolled in a deadly struggle. At first the old boar seemed to hold his own, and inflicted one or two ferocious gashes in the tiger's breast, but it was only for a moment. Driven mad with fury, the awful paw rose and then descended with a muffled crash on the old boar's back, and the next instant those dreadful fangs were deeply buried in the gallant old pig's throat. All this happened almost before we could draw breath. Oh that I had waited to see this grand fight out! but all the coolness was driven out of me at the suddenness of the sight. Coolness in one's room at home and coolness standing within 20 yards of a royal tiger and a mighty boar in mortal combat are two very different things. Hardly taking aim, I let fly, and both barrels went into something; but the fight still went on. So engrossed with her object, the infuriated beast never heard the shot or felt the bullets. She was now shaking the boar, just as a dog does a large hare. Presently the wounds she had received began to tell; she got weaker and weaker, let go the boar, and slunk off to the *sholah*. The boar, finding himself free, toddled off, staggering like a drunken man. The tiger, when she got to the torrent, pulled up and looked round her, and for the first time discovered our presence. As she did so she exposed her full broadside, and B. most imprudently fired at her. Whether he hit her or not I cannot say;

anyway she never flinched to the shot, but for a second or two stood coolly facing us. It was, I must own, a very nervous minute. Had she charged she must have killed one or both of us, but her heart failed her. Whisking her long tail, she bounded grandly over the roaring torrent and disappeared into the wood. Not a sign of the pig was to be seen, so, it being too dark to think of tracking, we reluctantly returned to the hut, cogitating on the heavy work we will have to-morrow—one wounded tiger and two wounded boars. Oh that I had Purdey!

10*th April*.—Off at the earliest dawn. We could not find a sign of the boar. This is most singular; how he escaped after the awful mauling he got quite beats me; I can't understand it. Immediately found blood on the tiger's track—quantities of it—leading straight up the hill. It was the most ticklish piece of tracking by far that I ever experienced. Had the wounded tiger been anywhere near and alive, so steep was the hill, that to stop a charge would have been hopeless. Expecting to find her dead, we still kept the track. In one or two places we found that she had lain down, and sticks and twigs were saturated with her blood. At one place the track led into such a thick place that we described circles round it; but, do all we could, we could find no more blood. Thinking she was in this tangled mass of jungle, we made B.'s second man climb different trees and look in, but no sign of her; nor did we ever find her track farther, though we came back after breakfast with several of the Todas to help, and spent a long time looking for fresh blood. We were just as unsuccessful with B.'s boar, never hitting off the track. Utterly disgusted with this run of bad luck, I turned into bed that night with the fixed determination that, come what might, I would account for the

next tiger I saw, or he should account for me. As we came back from B.'s boar we found the black monkey that I had shot two days ago had been eaten by a tiger. I found the track close by the remains, which consisted of a piece of fur here and there. Ordered a buffalo from the Todas. Purdey arrived. Hurra!

Saturday, 11th April.—Not feeling very well, I lay in bed and had a good long sleep, which much refreshed my wearied body. At two o'clock went with the Todas, and tied up the buffalo at a pass in the big *sholah*, well known to B. and self as a regular tiger walk. Sat till 5.45 in hopes of seeing something of the tiger.

Sunday, 12th April.—Strolled out at dawn with the rifles; looked at the buffalo, but he was not touched. We then sat on a high rock I have named the 'Watch Rock.' Presently B. called me and said he saw a stag. Wanting meat, we determined to stalk. I arranged the stalk. B. was to go up and stalk him if possible on the hillside on which he was quietly browsing, and I would get between him and his wood, and cut him off if alarmed or wounded; this answered admirably. B. got a shot and grazed him, whereupon he made off with a bound to his wood, but a ball from the dear old rifle crashing through his shoulder at about 100 yards rolled him over and over. He, however, regained his legs, and, without knowing it, charged straight at me, but I dropped him dead with a ball in the neck.

I have built a hut in the stags' glen—a kind of shooting-box; and it is to that place I shall ever look back with the fondest affection. The Todas (the aborigines of these hills) are a fine, manly race, totally different to any of the other tribes of Hindoostani. The origin has puzzled our most persevering and clever wiseacres. They wear no covering to the head

at any time; in fact, their only dress is a long white sheet thrown round them. They have a decided Roman cast of feature, are tall, well made, olive-coloured complexions. The women are beautiful; many a Belgravian maiden would covet their eyes, teeth, hair, feet, and hands. The men are handsome, with long curly hair, jet-black. Their sole occupation is herding immense flocks, or rather herds, of buffaloes. These animals are nearly wild, and will charge a white man in the most savage and inconsiderate manner. The Todas live in small wigwams (huts) in total darkness; their habits are simple and primitive to a degree; they consider us trespassers, and themselves as the only lawful inhabitants of these charming hills. When first I went to my hut they had never seen a white man, so I allowed them to bring their young ladies, who seemed extremely anxious to see such a curious sight, and let them have a good stare, which I returned with decided interest. They consider me their protector, as they say, 'When the great hunter is here, we fear no tigers for our herds; at a wave of his hand the striped demons vanish!' They consider tigers as devils sent to persecute them by one of their gods. To go back to our bit of mutton. These Todas came to me on my arrival, saying that two tigers were doing them immense harm, killing buffalo after buffalo—a tiger and a tigress. The tiger they described as an immense animal, and the tigress as a most savage, cunning brute that they very seldom saw, though she did more harm than her more reasonable spouse. I promised that I would set to work and do my best to rid them of either one or both. I demanded one buffalo to be given me as necessary to accomplish my purpose. This they willingly acceded to. I then set to work and made myself thoroughly acquainted with the

fastnesses, walks, drinking-places; in fact, all the habits of these two tigers in particular. My great experience with tigers in general stood me in good stead. (Hamilton says I have seen more of tigers and their habits than perhaps any man of twenty years' shooting now in Southern India—more than himself.) How bad my luck has been with them you may see, but the ice is broken. The tigress, I found, was extremely cunning; her smaller footmark being found only among the wildest crags in my hunting ground. She evidently was a creature who slept with her eyes open. Well, after a thorough investigation of all the tiger paths crossing across nullahs, I chose what I considered the most generally used, and tied up the buffalo close to it. About the fourth morning we found her dead, but on examination found she had died a natural death. It was better that it was so, as tigers are great carrion-eaters, and the dreadful smell would attract them. The next morning, as I calculated, we found the round of beef eaten, and the buffalo, who was tied with immense creepers, dragged with her neck clean out of the socket. Stealing quietly into the tree, we sit quiet as mice in expectation of the tiger every moment. About 8.30, B., who was sitting above me, gently touched my head with his foot. Cautiously looking round, I saw the striped back of a tiger creeping towards the buffalo. It was dreadfully exciting work. Right under me crept the beast. Oh, disappointment, disappointment still! It was two young cubs about as big as an Irish water-dog. It was perfectly wonderful to see the caution displayed by these little blackguards. They stole round in a circle examining the ground most carefully before they touched their breakfast. At last, satisfied all was right, they set to work and certainly made up for lost time.

No sooner were they at work when, to my astonishment, up crept another, and then another young tiger. These mimicked the first two exactly, not a whit less wary because the others had gone first. For a good hour we watched this juvenile party, and not being 15 yards from the carcase, we had a good view of them. I took out my sketch-book and drew one of them. Every moment we expected the old one, and would not fire. But not yet—wait, old boy, wait patiently, your reward will come sure enough. The young cubs left one by one, and about 10.30 down we got from the tree and crept silently away. At two o'clock we were again at our post, and sat till dark, but no tiger came. This was B.'s day; he won the toss, and had the tiger come, he was to have shot him. To-morrow is mine!

Thursday, 16th April.—At dawn again on our uncomfortable perch, patiently we watched as the slow hours dragged wearily on, but no tiger came. A splendid Neilgherry martin cat passed under the tree we were on; he was glossy black, about the size of a small fox, with a yellow chest. At ten o'clock we crept away, had breakfast, and bringing the *Ingoldsby Legends* as a help to pass the weary time, were again in the tree at two o'clock. The stench of the carcase was positively awful, but I was determined that no paltry peccadillo should lose me this tiger; I was mad with past bad luck, and when I reflected on all privations, disappointments, and hardships I had gone through for a tiger, I determined to do my duty this time. Hour after hour went slowly round, but nothing came to break the monotony. Myriads of beetles kept up a grating noise, something like that made by a fishing reel. The brook at the bottom of the nullah dashed, bubbled, and dashed, and caused such a sleepy

sensation to both of us, already worn out with watching, that B. fell fast asleep, and it was only by fixing my mind steadily on what was at stake, that I managed to keep my eyes open. Four—half-past four—five. If the tiger comes at all to-night, we may now expect him every moment. Half-past five—six—half-past six. B.'s still fast asleep. The old disappointed feeling is beginning, despite all my efforts, to creep over me ; but with a frantic effort I master it, and keep every sense keener on the *qui vive* more than ever. Suddenly a sight glided into view that roused me most effectually. The great head, neck, forearms, and long, beautifully marked back of mine enemy, the *tigress*, stood before me ; she came, with her soft creeping strides, and sat down behind a tree, and began to lick herself with the thoughts of the delicious banquet she was just going to indulge in. There are such things as slips between the cup and the lips, so it proved with my grim-looking foe. I took a good look ; I thought her lovely past expression ; in fact, she was 'beautiful' ; her soft, white, but most massive chest, her immense arms, her beautiful head, so long as you did not look at that cold, blood-thirsty eye, the perfect symmetry of her graceful form—all were noticed and appreciated in that, I think, most exciting moment of my life. I turned cautiously to Brine ; *he was fast asleep*, caught like a bag of sawdust in the branches ; the old fever-worn frame is not able to stand so long a stress as in former days. I chirped like a bird (the signal of tiger), but for some time in vain ; my hair stood like a toothbrush with fear and anxiety. At last I caught his eye, and one glance at me was enough to put him all on the *qui vive*. Turning gently, I saw her royal highness still there, and saw she intended sitting there till dark. She was about 25 yards off, and I made up my mind

to shoot her at once, and not wait as I had intended till she began to feed. What was my disgust like when I found, from the position I was sitting in, it was perfectly impossible to shoot her off my *right* shoulder! Now for a little resolution—to move was to lose the noble brute, as I was full in the radius of her eye, she being on the same level as myself, owing to the slope of hill on which the jungle grew. Watching her eye, at least the expression of her face, I moved the rifle and put it up to my left shoulder, took steady aim for her heart, firing into the middle of that snow-white breast. Oh the excitement of that moment! I pulled the trigger most cautiously, and a *click* was all the result! *The cap had missed fire!* As quick as thought I pulled the other trigger, and at that second, that all-important second, I was steady as a rock; I felt sure the bullet had gone to the right place. The tigress, on receiving the deadly pill, sprang high in the air with a low muffled roar, and came straight at the tree we were in. I never saw such fury, such ungovernable rage. Her face, which a minute before was beautiful and almost gentle-looking, was now literally alive with deadly hatred and defiance; her awful teeth glittered like knives as she sprang about. We were, of course, quite safe (I consider it certain proof of ignorance and craft of the nature of a tiger for one to put themselves in any real danger; tigers, if you really understand the thing, may be shot with fair safety), being 20 feet up the tree. The tigress missed the tree, and turned off at right angles and went springing with immense bounds through the jungle. Brine let fly at her to finish her if possible, but at the report her rage if possible doubled; she pulled up short, snapped a small tree off at the roots and *tore it into pieces;* then the thought evidently struck her that the dreaded being

that had given her her deathblow would be found about the tree she was sitting by when fired at. It was more like a yellow mass shot out of a gun than a tiger springing, the pace she went back to it after annihilating the tree to her satisfaction. I have *never* seen anything so extraordinary (their spring is calculated faster than the fastest antelope); but when within 5 feet of it, she staggered and fell on a large forest creeper; this she tugged down like a piece of thread, but the poor creature's moments were getting very short; she fell over again on her side, but again made an effort to reach the unfortunate tree, but it was in vain; she reared straight up on her hind legs, struck wildly with her massive arms, and then with a groan sprang away into the air and fell over *stone dead*, not a gasp or quiver. How I did look and look at that dead tiger; her beauty was most striking; in a cage their muscle fades and dwindles away. On examination we found my heavy ball gone *clean through her heart* and the whole length of her body, and found it by her tail. I have the bullet to show you. Brine's had merely cut the skin of her left foreleg, just above the foot; it had broken no bones, nor indeed done any harm even to the beautiful skin, but it had rendered her mad. This shows what it is to shoot tigers. Fancy dashing about like that after being shot through the middle of the heart. Her skin is a most lovely one, and I need not say I am not a little proud of it; her skull is also in its prime—such teeth! The next day the Todas carried the tigress home, singing their war-song and dancing, and at one place the women met them, and they put me in the middle of them, laying the mighty Purdey (old Jack, my favourite rifle) by the tigress, singing the war whoops, dancing round me, the tiger, and the women. This was a great honour;

they then presented me with some walking-sticks, one of which I shall have mounted with a gold tiger's head. The delight of the poor people at seeing that the 'she devil' was dead quite repaid me for the ugly job of sitting over the sweet-flavoured buffalo. Love to all."

Wednesday, 29th April.—I started on the old Cabool about two o'clock, and arrived at the old hut about four. I immediately set off with H.'s Lascar, taking Purdey and Moore for the upper crags, in hopes of ibex, but saw none. On the way home, after the sun had set and the moon was up, the Lascar spied two hinds walking against the sky-line; having promised Michael some feet for jelly, I proceeded at once on my moonlight stalk. With little trouble, the wind being good, I crept within 60 yards of them; but the light was so trying I missed clean with my first barrel, but made a capital shot with the second, bowling the largest hind over like a hare, as she went full speed against the sky-line. The distance was about 80 yards. Like an ass I fired one barrel of Moore after the others (another had joined them), but as usual did no good. I never will be able to shoot with this gun.

Thursday, 30th April.—Having despatched the Lascar and two coolies for the feet, etc., of the hind I shot last night, Francis and I started in the gray of the morning for the little ibex rocks. Hamilton had advised me to take this route in hopes of coming across an old bull bison that was said to haunt these woods. As we approached the ground, tracks of deer became very numerous, but not a sign of a bison. But though lots of sambur had fed over the ground during the night not one was to be seen now, early as it was. Seeing this, we pushed on to the slopes on which Hamilton once shot a very handsome stag, whose head

now hangs over the fireplace in Blackwood Cottage. As I was cautiously peering over some rocks in hopes of ibex, both barrels being on full cock, the left one went off in my hand. Most providentially Francis was well out of the way. This is the barrel that was so much injured in the fall after the brown buck on the eagle rock on the 5th inst. It is only roughly patched up, but I cannot spare my "ould weepon" if it went off every hour. Utterly disgusted with making all this noise to no purpose after our long work, I loaded and started off down the slopes in decidedly an unenviable state of mind. Our only chance now was down close to the edge of the Great Forest. For some time we crept and poked about in vain, though the marks of deer surrounded us. At last, as I was giving up all hopes, Francis became greatly excited, and beckoning me to him, pointed below us; on looking I saw a very heavy, dark-looking stag lurching off towards the jungle. Off went Purdey, and head over heels rolled the stag with a ball through the shoulders, entering between them, so much above him was I. He went on rolling, and never stopped till he came to a precipice, over which he crashed like a huge rock. On going down to him I found a magnificent stag stone dead. His enormous horns were in velvet, and but half-formed. I have never seen such a stag either before or since. Round the coronet he measured 14 inches; his brow antlers were 16 inches and not finished growing, and the beam was about 9 inches. Oh how I wished I had never killed such a noble stag, and nothing gained by it! With something like the feelings of a murderer I clambered back again, intending to send the Todas for the meat, and make them bring me the feet. About half an hour afterwards, as we were striding along over the hills, we came across a

handsome stag travelling. I emptied my barrels at him, all very long shots, but did not touch him ; he was a very handsome, long-antlered stag, and I was very sorry to lose him. Loading, we went on again, never expecting another shot ; but hardly had we gone 300 yards when there was a rustle in the *sholah*, and out broke two hinds. Hearing something still moving in the wood, I waited, expecting a stag, and sure enough out he came, a small, scrubby-headed young fellow. I put a ball clean through his shoulders which staggered him, but he sustained the wound bravely, and struggled over the hill. Loading, I followed, and got a very long shot over the *sholah*, but, I think, missed ; he fell as he dashed into the jungle, but recovered himself, and went in with a crash. I followed ; there was lots of blood at first, but eventually we lost it, and the stag also, though he must have been dead close by. Bother the thing ! I hate losing a wounded animal ! In the afternoon the Lascar and I went to the big *sholah*, near the upper crags, after choosing a good position in among some rocks, about 100 yards from the edge of the jungle. About 6.30 a soft-horned stag came out and began playing about ; I could have shot him easily, but would not ; he came back jumping and kicking towards me, and it was ludicrous to see how quickly he changed his tune ; upon getting across my wind he wheeled round like a shot, and scampered off to the *sholah* as if ten thousand fiends were at his heels. I was rather afraid this would alarm any other deer that might be near the edge of the jungle, but was agreeably surprised when I saw a small stag come browsing out just about dusk. It was a horrid light, but covering him as well as I could I fired ; the ball struck him, I think, for he bounded forward into a small hollow between me and him. I crept forward, half expecting to find him dead, but not

a bit of it. He rushed off, and I missed him with the second barrel. It was too dark to think of looking for tracks, so I sneaked quietly round by the edge of the wood.

TO HIS MOTHER.

"15*th June* 1863.

. . . . . .

Right merrily the old horse carried me out, and at about five o'clock I found myself at the rendezvous. Two minutes more and the old 'weepon' was loaded, the horse sent back, and I was happy again, wandering with the old black companion over wood and dale, with the old friend, feeling like doing, lying nicely balanced on my shoulder (the rifle, not Francis!). On coming to the foot of the ibex hills I found my expectations were not unfounded; there, on the topmost pinnacle, stood the old sentinel, as cunning an old lady as ever breathed; I was so far off that I fancied the stalk could be made without alarming her, so edged slowly into the forest that lay about 100 yards behind me. I will not bother you with all the details of the stalk. In some places it was desperate work. F. had to take the rifle whilst I climbed up the precipices hanging on a sheer drop below us. At last the top was won. On cautiously peeping through the grass I saw the back of a good male ibex about 60 yards from me; his quarters being turned to me I would not take the shot, but taking off my boots, and slipping on an old green skullcap, I determined to get nearer. This I accomplished rather too completely. I found myself within *5 yards* of some of the ibex; there's stalking for you, my lady! It was too close; I had no time to look for the gentleman, so had to content myself with knocking over two splendid does right and left. One was our friend the sentinel, and with one vast dive she

disappeared over the precipice. Carefully cutting off the head of the other we started for camp, it being too late to go down after the first ibex that evening. I intended returning at gray dawn the next morning for it. On gaining the higher parts of the hills where my tents were pitched, I found it blowing a perfect hurricane. The wind roaring over the wild hills and dolefully whistling through the crags, whilst the folds of white mist flew across hill and dale, now and then disclosing the fiery setting sun as he sank behind some sharp craggy peak, constituted one of those wild grand scenes that no one in this wide world loves more than I do. It is in moments like these that I find the charms of my solitary life; when the mind is wrapped up and forms part of all around it, how grating and harsh would sound even the voice of one's dearest friend. The wind blew with such violence in some places that we could hardly bear up against it, and old Francis, with the picturesque curve of the old ibex's head showing over his shoulders, staggering against it, formed a picture I will never forget. At last we got to the tents, and finishing a small leg of mutton with very great ease, I hopped under my huge red blanket and fell asleep, listening to the fury of the elements that threatened every moment to tear the tent in pieces. At earliest dawn old Francis made his appearance and said it was raining like mad. Considering the torrent *outside* was nicely sieved into a steady downpour *inside* the tent, the news was unnecessary. Though decidedly disagreeable, one does not rough it so constantly as I have done these last few months, without ceasing even to notice it. Up I got, and swallowing a bowl of coffee minus milk and plus three eggs beaten in it, we strode forth with the guns in holsters and most carefully shielded from one drop of rain. It's wonderful,

when a man's life may at any moment depend upon his rifle, what care he takes of it. The mists were still drifting wildly over the hills, and we could not see 10 yards before us. Every now and then the rain came down in a manner that those who have never experienced a storm in the tropics can form but small notion of. Every now and then, as the strong rank smell of ibex was wafted to us, we sat down and waited in hopes the mists would clear off; but finding this useless, we held on straight to the precipice the old sentinel ibex fell over last evening. There we found the fog much less dense, it being entirely cleared by the furious wind every now and then. I had brought my strong bull-dog called 'Tiger' with me in case the ibex might give trouble to find; but finding she had fallen over on to another ledge made of hard rock, and from that rolled still farther down and over another, I saw Tiger would be useless, so left him and my second gun with my dog boy at the top, whilst Francis, the tall, 'handsome Lascar' (my second shikaree mentioned in my last), proceeded to clamber down the crags. Finding an ibex path, this was easily done, and with little or no danger to three men so accustomed to it. As we neared the bottom of the hill the precipices stopped, and a green lawn like a beautiful carpet ran up to the very foot of the crags. I thought it was queer not seeing the ibex lying on this, but fancied she must have caught in some corner, and that we should find her all right. Suddenly I saw Francis whip out his telescope and become greatly excited. On clambering to him he pointed to a solitary thick thorny bush growing in the middle of the green lawn. Up with my binoculars, and a sight glided through them that made my heart jump with joy and excitement: A huge *royal tiger* lying on his side *fast asleep*. Here

was the thing then which had stolen my ibex. Quickly sitting down, F. and I threw off our boots, and slipping on a green skullcap, set to work to stalk him. Stalking a stag is one thing, but stalking a tiger is quite another. With the most painful care we crept along—nearer and nearer we got, 60 yards—50 yards—soon I could fire. No small control does it take to keep perfectly cool in such moments; but if a man cannot keep his head, he must not attempt to creep upon a sleeping tiger. A small rock about 4 feet high offered a rest from which to fire. It was only 25 yards from the immense beast, but I determined to get to it. So, keeping my eyes off the tiger, in case of getting excited, I glided softly to the rock. Dear old Francis would follow me; his honest dark face wearing a look of the most deep anxiety (I had sent the Lascar back to the top for my second rifle). Making Francis hide behind the rock, I cautiously peeped over. Ye gods! what a monster he looked! Now that I was really *in for it*, that calm, perfectly quiet feeling came over my nerves that I have once or twice tried to explain. You would hardly believe such an excitable being could be so collected (I only mention this that you need feel no anxiety about me losing presence of mind, and thus falling into really unnecessary danger). He was, I saw, an enormous tiger, and as I looked at the dear old weapon, I wondered if he would fail me in such a pinch. Not a bit of it; I felt firm confidence in my own shooting and the dear old rifle. Putting my face down for a moment, I collected all my thoughts, and cooled any little excitement the sight of the huge beast might have caused. Feeling all square, I put myself in position to fire, and was just going to utter a soft whistle to make him put up his head (which was lying on the ground), and offer a deadly shot,

when of his own accord he lifted it and looked about him. How noble he looked; there's an air of majesty about a royal tiger in his own native wilds that must make a man feel what a pigmy he is compared to him. I could not help pausing to admire him, almost forgetting that there was nothing but a piece of lead between us. At last the moment for action was come, so taking cool steady aim between his ears *I fired.* Gently, like a child falling asleep, the awful head sank slowly down between his massive arms, and without the faintest groan or struggle the spirit of the grim old monarch fled. I could scarcely believe my senses; so surprised was I that I instantly fired the second barrel for his heart; but he moved not—those awful limbs were still for ever. Loading, I cautiously went down to him and found the ibex by his side. To describe my feelings at that moment, I feel, is utterly impossible. To describe the passing grandeur and magnificence of this majestic animal, as he lay warm and harmless at my feet, is equally so. As I gazed with proud pleasure at his proud and noble head, his soft, lovely skin, his large and awful teeth, his enormous arms and paws, with the sharp curved claws, at his surpassingly beautiful symmetry and grandeur throughout, I felt I had indeed won the noblest prize this wide world can yield a sportsman. His size was something I never saw before; his length is nearly *12 feet* (measure that on the floor and then imagine the tiger). His skin, which now covers a great part of my room, is one of the shows of Ootacamund, and the exclamations of some of the fair ones, as they look at his fearful skull, amuse me. He is indeed a noble trophy. I have heard many men who have seen tigers' skins since boys, say they never saw such a large skin. He is the regular mountain tiger, whose great characteristic is the short thick tail; had

he the long tail of the tiger of the plains, he would measure as long as any tiger's skin at present in the world; as it is, he is one of the largest at present in the Madras Presidency. Fancy that, my lady! killed with one ball on foot, and stalked like any stag! I am a bit proud of it, as you may easily see. How grand it will look lying out in the bay window in the boudoir, with the huge head stuffed. You will be proud of it, I know, and perhaps some day there will be another who will be proud of it too. I could hold forth much longer on his beauty, etc., but must on to another scene, its match I think you will own.

About three days after, having moved to a more genial camping ground, I strolled out quietly with Francis to kill a hind for meat. It was a soft lovely evening, and I was walking behind Francis, thinking of the tiger, and you all, with your dear faces at home, when Mr. F. stopped, and taking out his glass, began to examine a wild rocky glen, saying as he did so, 'What that black thing got on rock, Sahib?' My binoculars were up instantly, and with one accord we both sank into the grass with the one exclamation, '*black tiger!*' Yes, indeed, there, about a mile off, lying on a rock, was that rare and lovely animal I had seen so often in dreamland, the black panther (called by natives 'Tiger'). As I thought of the invaluable trophy that lay before us, and that there are only four skins in the world, I felt almost sick with anxiety. This beautiful beast is only found in the Neilgherries and in some of the East Indian Islands, and his skin fetches something miraculous in England. All the power of stalking was brought into play you may be sure, no trouble was too much. We marked a rock from which we fancied we could see the panther, and kill him before he saw us. After much pains this was gained, and oh! imagine my

feeling, no panther was to be seen. Thinking I might see him prowling in the glen, I proceeded to stalk it forthwith with the most extreme care. Suddenly Francis started back and pointed above us, and there, on a rock not *8 yards* from us and about 9 feet above my head, crouched the black panther. As I raised the old rifle his ears lay back, his green eyes twinkled with rage, his beautiful white teeth shone like diamonds, his glossy back curved, and in one instant he would have been on us, but it was otherwise decreed. The deadly ball entered that savage eye and *crashed through his brain.* Over he rolled, and oh! imagine, for indeed I cannot describe my most inexpressible joy—oh! how I looked and looked at him. You can form no idea of his beauty till you see that most exquisite skin, glossy black; but if you hold it to the light you see the beautiful spots of the panther showing through it. He was a very large old male, and a most powerful brute too. It was a ticklish moment that pulling the trigger, but I did not feel it till all was over. My room is quite a showroom—I having the black panther, which no one ever saw, the largest tiger, wild boar, ibex, and stags' heads in Ootacamund."

LETTER TO HIS COUSIN, CHARLES OKEOVER.

"BLACKWOOD COTTAGE, OOTACAMUND.

Don't expect any apologies, etc., from me for not writing to the old sportsman before. When I left you, with your old beard flapping about in the wind, at Southampton, I fully intended to keep you *au fait* with my bad and good luck; but at first I had so much of the *former*, that it would only have sickened me to write and you to read. The luck turned long ago, and for the last five months I have had some *very good* and

satisfactory sport. In the last few weeks I stalked and bagged an immense tiger (11 feet 4 inches as he lay; cured skin will be over 12 feet, which is quite out of the way), also a *black* panther. This latter bag was a good bit of luck, as they are the rarest beasts of the kind that I know of. There have been only five skins sent to England from India. If you have seen my mother's letters you will have an idea of the death of these two amiable creatures, and so I won't bother you now. I have now killed specimens of all the different game of Southern India excepting bears, which animals I intend to persecute unceasingly till I start for 'Ould England.' My bag consists of elephants, tigers, panthers, bison, sambur, spotted deer, wild pig, antelope, muntjac or barking deer, and wild peacocks; lots of small game, such as large gray duck (a kind of goose), common duck, three varieties of teal, jungle fowl (species of pheasant), two kinds of quail, hares, three kinds of snipe (painted, solitary, and common), etc. etc. Altogether I have had decidedly excellent sport, and would wish myself—were it not for dreams of Africa—no better fate than to spend another year among the hills and jungles of Southern India. I have not suffered in the very least from the climate, at least not *directly*—that is to say, not from the *heat* or *sun*. But the constant wet and damp in the rains plays the mischief with oneself and all the tackle. I am not exactly in the *robust rustic* state of health I was in when I left England; but considering I have never spared myself in the very least from wind, sun, or fever, I think I can't complain; 12 stone 2 lbs. puts me down now; 13 stone 8 lbs. could not do so a year ago, but that's natural enough. I am just back from a grand expedition into Malabar, the land of elephants. A man in the 17th Lancers, called Falconer, was with me. We

THE BIG BULL BISON. *To face page* 129.

had the most desperate weather,—pelting rain and the thermometer 100 degrees! A hut to live in which gloried in a most blackguard roof, and uncommon bad grub, and little enough of it, were the drawbacks. The 't'other' affairs I intend bothering you with now, the chief of which was one of the grandest day's elephant-shooting a man can wish for. We marched straight through the Wynand Forest into Malabar, a distance of 60 miles from here. The difficulties we had with swollen rivers, two of which we had to bridge, nearly drove us back once or twice, but thoughts of the sport we might expect made us stick like leeches to our object. The march down took us so much longer than we expected, that we found we had only six days to shoot, Falconer being tied to leave. In that time we bagged—

Falconer.	Self.
2 Elephants	5 Elephants
1 Wild sow	2 Bison
3 Spotted deer	1 Boar
(2 of them bucks)	5 Spotted deer
1 Sambur (a hind)	(4 of them bucks)
...	4 Sambur (2 stags)
7 head	17 head

A capital bag in the time as things go. One of my bison[1] was a magnificent old bull, and stood *6 feet 8 inches* at the hump. His rugged old head will look well when hanging in the old shop. The other was a cow; she died game to the last—six hardened balls in her, not one farther than a foot behind the shoulder. But the great day of all was the 3rd of July 1863. Five

[1] Sir Douglas Brooke informs me that he remembers his father saying that this big bison had evidently just been defeated in a sanguinary encounter with a younger bull, as he was frightfully cut and scored about.

elephants down in three hours—all before breakfast. It certainly was a grand bit of sport, old boy ; and I intend to tell you the whole thing from the break till I ran into the last elephant. My battery that day consisted of —my old Purdey (2-grooved) rifle (a splendid 'weepon'), carries 7 to the pound conical ; smooth-bore Lancaster, 8-bore ; and a poly-grooved rifle by . . . . . , a 13-bore, a most unworthy gun, and has nearly been the cooking of my goose twice—once with a panther long ago, the second time was on this occasion. All of these are double-barrelled of course ; a single I consider most useless with dangerous game. With the 2-grooved Purdey I have killed all my big game, with a trifling exception or two. It is a grand fine rifle, and will, I hope, be my mainstay should I ever get as far as Africa. The balls are blunt-topped. They combine in a quite sufficient degree the force of the common conical and the smashing power of the spherical bullets. Hold him straight and he will do the rest. And now, I think, you will understand me without many interruptions.

3rd of July.—Started before dawn in the midst of a downpour of rain. A fellow gets accustomed to this after a week, but not so his guns. In this kind of weather they are the greatest bugbear a man has to contend against. A miss-fire in the case of a wounded tiger or elephant may cost you your life; and still, with the utmost care, it is impossible to guard *for certain* against it. The truth of this was forced upon me in a most vivid and uncomfortable manner this very day. My shikaree carried Moore's rifle ; Wild Panea, or jungle man, carrying Purdey ; two Koorimbers—one carrying Lancaster smooth-bore, the other grub, etc. Spotted deer and pig went whistling and grunting away on all sides of us, as we splashed through the flooded

swamps, and tore through the dripping, matted jungle in the dull gray morning light. By the time it was light enough to shoot, we were close to the ground on which we expected to find signs of elephants, so I had to content myself with covering many of these smaller fry with a gun enveloped in soaking holsters, as they stood staring at me in a way the beasts take good care never to do when one is looking for them. About 7.30, as we were striding along an old elephant road, the Panea, who was leading, suddenly turned at right angles to the way we were going, and without saying a word set off with long strides. In a second I found I was on the warm spoor of elephants. Charley, old man, it's a grand thing to find oneself going well in the first flight across dear old Northamptonshire; it is perfect bliss. But if there is one thing 'more perfecter,' it is to find oneself silently creeping in the mighty tracks of a herd of thirteen elephants. Oh, Charles, my dear old pippin, it makes one feel too big to live! If I go into one's feeling under such circumstances I shall get so excited I won't be able to finish this epistle, so imagine them if you can, for I won't attempt to express them. The rain had been coming down in bucketfuls, and had been all the morning, so getting under some shelter I examined, primed, and put fresh caps on all my guns. After this was completed, we set off in good earnest on the track. At first it led us through thick jungle in a straight line, too straight to please me. It was evident they were travelling, and it might take us hours to catch them; and bivouacking out under a clump of bamboos in jungles below the level of the sea, in soaking clothes and steady rain all night, is a kind of amusement not to be indulged in too freely. Once out of this thick fid of jungle, appearances were more pleasing, the track zigzagged here and there. This was the

place the interesting party had dined. Here and there great branches of trees lay about untouched ; they had been pulled down merely for fun. We did not tarry long here, but getting well on the spoor again, went away without a check for about 4 miles. The country was terribly strong, and many was the heavy pip we got amongst thorns and creepers. To add to these variations, alderman leeches feasted sumptuously on one's legs, hands, and neck. About ten the signs got so fresh that, despite one's efforts to the contrary, one's waistcoat would go thump, pit-a-pat, thump, etc. The excitement of the jungle man was something wonderful ; the jolly beggar shook all over, and the perspiration flowed in streams from his hitherto dry, calm, ugly countenance. Giving me Purdey, he took Lancaster himself, and without the faintest noise crept quickly forward. I followed piping hot, torn like the mischief, soaked to the skin. Every button off my gaiters, my boots unlaced, and the laces gone. These things are annoying when one may be bolting for one's life in the course of the next half-hour. However, all's well that ends well. A sharp crack to our right made me hop, and the next instant my eyes rested on the huge brown, muddy back of an elephant. She was about 50 yards off and below us. Without waiting to look longer, we stalked slowly and carefully down to the herd. They were all feeding quietly, walking in Indian file. A huge teak tree offered good shelter. It was within 20 yards of the elephants. I pointed it out to the Panea ; he nodded, and to it we crept. There I was, though I could barely realise it, bang in the middle of thirteen huge elephants, the farthest not being 40 yards off, the nearest about 8 or 10. Looking them carefully over, I was disgusted to find they were all females, but going on the principle of 'half a

loaf,' etc. etc., I made my plans as fast as possible, and prepared for a row. A huge old cow was the nearest to me, and after inspection I pronounced the sentence of death upon her. Getting, as I fancied, the angle for her brain, I let fly. Down she came on her knees, with her head rammed into a lot of bamboos. Such a trumpeting, shrieking, and thundering then ensued. Thinking No. 1 was defunct, I let fly with second barrel at the back of the ear of another as she went crashing away. Down she came too slap on her head. At this report up got No. 1, to my disgust, and made a clean bolt of it, upsetting everything that came in her way. Seizing my Lancaster, I was just giving chase when I ran bolt up against No. 2, which lady was again on her legs, though uncommon groggy. Her back being to me, she did not charge, but went smash into an awful clump of creepers, bamboos, and every 'invintion of the divil' for holding a poor body. There she stuck. I followed and stood within 3 yards of her great brown quarters. To get round her was impossible; she would have annihilated me entirely. Seeing she would neither go on nor charge (mind at that time I did not know what a charge from a wounded elephant was like, or I would have looked twice before I stood where I did), I crept round, and poking my noddle into the clump tried for a side shot. At last I got sight of her eye and ear. Judging where the orifice of the latter was, I fired, a heavy crash followed, and I had the satisfaction of seeing a great leg stuck up in the air. 'Toes up' at last, thought I. Devil a bit, thought her ladyship. More struggling, a loud crack or two, a dreadful blast, a huge back rose above the trees, and instead of *over* me by way of a change, *past* me rushed the elephant. This takes a minute to scribble, but a few seconds in reality saw me standing feeling small,

with the distant crack of a bamboo, as the herd made straight away, being the only thing to convince me I had not been dreaming. I could not but think I had made a muff of myself, and still I had held his head straight, and *sat still.* In plain words, I had not been more excited than I think was natural. The truth is, I little knew what accurate shooting it takes to bag elephants with one ball. Loading Purdey and Lancaster as fast as possible, we got on the track of the last elephant, and running as hard as we could go, the Panea and self, followed by the others at a respectful distance. On we went on the great broad track. The heat at this pace was suffocating. After running a quarter of a mile, even in the hard condition I am now in, made one feel done to a turn. Not so the jungle man; on he went, as if he was merely walking in the coolest atmosphere. It was killing work, especially as I thought I had thrown away such a chance. On we struggled through thorns, swamps, and long reeds, up hills and down them, and still no signs of the grand great game. Disgusted, we were just going to cry, 'Hold, enough,' when a crash before us, and the back of an elephant, made us fresh as paint. Perfectly determined to do the trick this time, I glided before the Panea, and beckoning him to follow, made quietly and quickly off in a semicircle, so as to front the animals, and force them to give me a deadly shot. It paid well. I passed them, got before them, and keeping well hid, stood a little to one side and waited. Crash, crackle! down went a bamboo, and straight up to me strode, to my delight, the cow second wounded, and followed by another. They had left the herd. The wind was perfect; no fear on that score. Silently the two monsters passed me, the head of old Purdey straight shining on the wounded one's head. Not

feeling confident, I refused the temple shot as she approached, the ear shot as she was level with me, but taking most exact angle for the brain, I let fly for the back of the ear shot. All was perfect this time; with one shrill trumpet she rolled over on her side, and was dead immediately. I was not quick enough for the second. She turned so sharp and made off, leaving nothing but her quarters to fire at. Up I jumped on the dead elephant; I did not fancy myself *at all* such a bad fellow at that moment. After examining her for a moment or so, I determined to send for her tusks (pegs properly called), which were unusually perfect for a cow, the next day, and to spend the remaining part of the day looking for bison; it was about 10.30 o'clock. Making off back on the tracks of the dead elephant, we had not gone 200 yards when straight before me, passing at right angles, I saw the backs of a line of elephants (it was the same herd; I had headed them in following the wounded one quite unintentionally). With Purdey in my hand I took three or four steps forward to a tree. The elephants strode on unconsciously. Running my eye along the line, I fixed on the leader, and judging the angle with care, dropped her stone dead in her tracks with a ball in the orifice of the ear. At the downfall of their general the whole herd broke into confusion, and rushed back with shrill trumpeting the way they had come; but I was too quick for them this time. As they turned, with the second barrel I rolled over a great cow as she was making off at full speed, with the shot at the back of the ear. A most extraordinary scene ensued. This second elephant was dropped on a very great slant, and away she went rolling down the hill. Everything gave way before her awful weight. A great tall skinny tree, about 16 inches diameter, was mowed down like grass.

As she got near the bottom, she gathered fearful velocity, and with an awful crash she went bang into a great black tangled mass of creepers, at the bottom of which she stuck, toes up. Seeing this, I took Lancaster and ran as hard as I could after the other elephants. As the Panea gave me the gun he pointed to one barrel, and to my disgust I found in a fall he had stuffed it cram full of mud. There was no time to alter it, so making shift with the one I cut along after the others, which, as this all happened like greased lightning, were not yet out of sight. I soon found myself among them much too close for safety, so taking a rather uncertain shot I dropped the last of the fugitives with a pill behind the left listener. Seeing she was not dead, and having no more means, I turned and cut back along the fresh-made road for another gun. I nearly knocked my men over as they came racing after me round a bamboo. Loaded Purdey as fast as possible, also Lancaster's barrel, and was told by my shikaree that one barrel of Moore was useless, as one of the locks was gone. Pleasant, but ten months' hard work in these heavy jungles tells, and must invariably tell, on the guns of the most careful sportsman. Purdey still stuck to me, but I found I had only three balls left for her. 'It's enough,' thought I; 'we'll never catch them again surely!' The tackle being put to rights, we again set off, and had not gone far when we heard a crash to the left in the bamboos above us. This was the last elephant, which had got up again, as I expected. Getting on the track, we crept cautiously up to her. The jungle was fearfully thick; I could not see 3 yards before me. At last a little crackle very close made me aware of my position. This was unenviable (so thought my men, who bolted quietly, leaving my guns close to me); the brute was listening to make out my

locality. This was evident by the dead silence after the little noise which luckily attracted my attention. Straining every nerve, I at length heard her drawing in wind, and moving my head slightly I could just make out the indistinct outline of her head. Fancying I had the correct angle, I let fly, and down she sank with an awful yell. Before she fairly reached the ground she was up, and with the same fearful thundering trumpet the beggar made bang at me. Bamboos that would hold a dray horse went like grass before her. She had only 8 yards or so to come. It was ticklish, seeing I could not kill her. I whipped up Lancaster, and took two huge strides through the beastly thick stuff to the right, and then squatted like a hare. This was my best, indeed, as far as I can see, only chance. The brute charged right up to the very spot I fired from, and there, not 4 yards from me, and offering no chance of killing her, she pulled up and began to feel and sniff about with her trunk. I did not like it one bit, to tell the truth, and mighty relieved was I when I saw her steal off like a tiger. Waiting quiet a second, I fancied the coast was clear, and was sneaking off, not liking to carry on the attack from below any longer, when to my disgust I heard a trumpet and a crash, and the blackguard charged close up to me again ; but so thick was the stuff I could not see a sign of her, though I knew she was within 3 or 4 yards of me. Down I squatted, and presently away she sneaked again. The wind stood my firm friend on both these unpleasant occasions. Cautiously creeping away, I found all my men at a most safe distance, all fancying I was nobbled. Describing a circuit to windward, I made for the top of the hill, which was clear, comparatively speaking, a giant teak tree here and there making a perfect place to nobble an elephant in.

Keeping a sharp eye on the bamboos below, as I still fancied my friend was there, I examined the edge all along to see if she had gone out at the top. To my disgust I found she had; but I had barely found the track when I heard a crash in the jungle below me, and there I saw two elephants sneaking their way quietly and easily through the matted mass of bamboo. They kept a line parallel to me as I dodged from tree to tree along the brow. As I calculated when they came to the place where the other had charged me, they bore up the hill towards me, and a little farther on, with a lot of creepers round the head, out strode a magnificent elephant. She was about 15 yards off, and waiting for the angle I dropped her dead as an egg in her tracks. Before I had pulled the other came charging out, having winded me, I expect. I took her coolly, and laid her side by side with her friend and companion. It was a nice double shot, Charley, old boy, and I now felt fully 7 *feet* high in my stockings at that moment. The rest of the herd had made clean off, two of them, poor beggars, with a headache, I fear. I now returned to examine the two others, and to my surprise and disgust found that the one that had the awful tumble was nowhere to be seen. Presently, on peering about, we saw her standing, looking most uncomfortable, under a bamboo. This was awkward. I had, so to speak, only two single barrels to kill her with, and after the heavy charge in the thick bamboo I dared not trust the men. There was no choice, however, so down I went, gingerly enough, it must be owned. Before I was near her she heard and smelt me, and stalked sulkily off towards a swamp. Being anxious to silence her before she got into such dangerous ground, I ran quickly after her. She heard me as I approached, and pulled up in the most determined manner, and

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waited to charge. Before she could do this I knocked her flat on her side with the one barrel of Lancaster. Not dead yet! Seeing her struggling violently, and knowing she would be on her legs in a moment, I ran back to the Panea (who stood behind a tree at a safe distance), got Moore, ran back, and stood about 5 yards from and straight before the struggling elephant. It took her a long time to get up. She never gave me a good *certain* chance until she was full on her legs. The minute she got up she began to come slowly towards me, the very Old Harry twinkling in her eye. I took aim as if firing for £1000. The only result was the snap of the cap and a fiz-z-z! Before I could say 'knife' she rolled up her trunk, gave one yell, and was almost on me before I could turn. I twisted like anything, and cut for my life. Deerfoot is a child to me on occasions like this; but as fate would have it, the third stride I took brought me straight at the branchy part of a fallen tree. I rammed the spurs in, and thought of the old jumps at Harrow, but it was too much out of the swampy ground. I lit right in the middle of it, and the rifle was twirled out of my hand. Another awful yell in my very ears, accompanied with the crash of the branches close behind me, gave me for a second that horrid feel, 'Begad, it's all UP at last!' With a frantic kick I sent myself sprawling on my head free of the tree, scrambled anyhow and everyhow to the nearest tree. It was a very narrow squeak, Charley, old man, and served me right. I was getting too confident. I was all right now; she had pulled up, and was standing in the middle of the tree, just where I stuck, and was apparently contemplating the mechanism of my Moore rifle. Leaving her, I crept off, reloaded Lancaster, and dropped her dead. Thus died the five. Please send this epistle to my mother.

It will interest them, and I have not had time to write this mail. I am in the midst of bullets, bullet-moulds, powder-flasks, and greased wadding, in preparation for a start to-day for more elephants.

Henry[1] *might* care to wade through this."

The Monster Tusker

At daylight we (Colonel Hamilton and myself) were called by Francis, and after seeing that we had all the necessary ammunition, etc., with us, away we started for the valley that lay to the east of the little bungalow. It was a damp, muggy morning, and as we stopped among the bamboos at the entrance of the valley, the sun was just struggling up among the dark rugged hills at our backs. A few birds had just begun to chirp about us, and every now and again the mournful howl of an old jackal, going home after his midnight rambles, was the only sound that broke the almost painful silence that reigned around us. Notwithstanding, however, it was a glorious morning for the work; the air, though oppressive and heavy, was much better than what we had been living in for the last few days, and the ease with which we got over the ground was very delightful. Bamboos of a rough and rather poor description, with mixed thorny underwood, was the general character of the jungle. Elephant tracks went zigzagging in all directions—some large, some small, some old, and some fresh. Branches torn down and lying carelessly strewn about tripped us up in the dusky light. I know nothing that gives one such a feeling of being in reality amongst the wildest of nature's haunts as following close in the wake of a

[1] The late Brigadier-General Henry Brooke, killed at Kandahar, a first cousin of Sir Victor's.

herd of elephants. Everything to right and left bears the mark of their ponderous weight and strength, and inspires me with a feeling of decided respect for the noble game. Until it got a little lighter it was terrible walking. Every now and then one of us would trip up in one of the mighty tracks and go spluttering forwards in a terrible effort of self-preservation which ended in an uncomfortable damp roll in the muddy spoor.

About seven o'clock we came on the tracks of bears in among some rough, low hills, covered with small gray rocks that rose every here and there in the jungle. But Bruin was quite safe; we were bent on far higher and better game. No sight of an elephant as yet, though the tracks and other signals of their not having long passed over the very same ground we were standing on were numerous enough. It was intensely exciting work; at any moment our tired hot eyes might be greeted with the sight of a long piece of that shining ivory, that trophy which I had yet to win to complete my collection. Oh, how anxiously I peered ahead, as I crawled cautiously on, keeping steady to one tremendous track. Hamilton, with Francis close behind him, was a little to my left and about 10 yards behind me, he having most generously given me the first chance.

This kind of work went on for about an hour, and I was, to tell the truth, beginning to get a little careless, when I was suddenly brought to a standstill by finding myself within 10 yards of the tail of an elephant. I squatted instantly, and made a little chirping noise that attracted Hamilton's attention. He squatted too, and made the men behind do the same. When all was still, I stretched behind me and had my second gun pushed into my hand by the native whom I had

picked out to follow me. Cocking all four barrels of the two guns, I crawled most carefully round until I could see the old gentleman's head. To my delight I saw two tusks of very fair size. A "tusker" at last, I thought to myself. He was standing perfectly unsuspicious of danger, rocking his head backwards and forwards, and twisting a bit of bamboo about in his trunk. The grass was about 3 feet high and of a horridly binding nature, so much so that I did not like the position I found myself in one bit. I was too close to him, but if I went any farther back the bushes would hide him from me, as he was standing in a small open (or glade) in the forest; and I was too far behind him to make certain of hitting him from where I stood. I moved inch by inch farther and farther forward until I could see the glitter of his wicked little eye. Crack! went a small branch; he became perfectly motionless, both his ears cocked, and his whole attitude betokening intense attention. I saw that to move more round was impossible, so sliding down one gun until it was propped up against my leg, I covered the back of the ear carefully with the old rifle and fired. Before the smoke was clear enough for me to see, I heard a terrible screech and a crash, the report of a rifle, and shouts from Hamilton. "He's off! run, Brooke!" Away went the old fellow bundling along like a steam-engine; just as he was nearly out of sight Hamilton fired, and as nearly as possible knocked him off his legs; but it was too far, and recovering himself completely, he dashed through a huge bamboo clump, and the next moment he was out of sight. Away I ran after him as hard as my legs could carry me, tumbling over fallen trees, and scratching myself to bits with huge thorns that took nice little pieces out of me as I tore along in my impetuous chase. But run

as I might I never was doomed to see him again, and was forced, after running half a mile or so, to retrace my steps crestfallen and disgusted. We had a most weary walk home, the sun coming out and broiling us long before we got to the bungalow. After breakfast I rolled myself up in a coil in my old camp bed and lay chewing the cud of vexation and disappointment. I had passed about an hour in this unenviable state of mind, and was just beginning to comfort myself with inward vows against the next bull elephant I might meet with, when one of the servants came up to say that a native had seen three elephants, one a young bull, in an open in the forest about 4 miles from the camp. This was indeed good news, if true; in less time than it takes to write it, we had thrown on our clothes and started. We had not gone a mile when we came upon a small tank, the banks of which were literally flattened down with the tracks of evidently an immense elephant. Encouraged by this, though the marks were all three or four days old, we strode on, led by the native who had brought the news. The forest was entirely different to the one we had been in in the morning. It consisted entirely of a shrub of the most thorny and malignant nature possible to be conceived. If we went near a bush it would manage to catch and entangle us in a manner that required great self-control to effect a liberation without the sacrifice of half one's garments. However, it's a long lane that's got no turning, and after about a mile of this uncomfortable and provoking style of country, we found ourselves winding along the tops of a low range of hills, on the summit of which the jungle only grew in small thick clumps. It was terribly hot, and the sun burned away immediately above our heads.

As we approached the valley where our dusky friend

reported having seen the elephants, we pulled up and looked well to all the rifles. Fresh caps having been introduced, and spare bullets carefully packed in my waistcoat pocket, ready to hand in case of necessity, the only point remaining to be settled was who was to begin, and have the pick of the elephants. Hamilton had the most just right of choice, but true to his old colours he would not hear of it. I must do the work and he would help ; nothing but this arrangement would satisfy him. We were still standing in the place we had halted for these preparations, when a loud crack caused us all to look anxiously into the valley below us. The crack was quickly followed by several others, and then the most unearthly trumpeting and bellowing commenced. The whole valley that lay stretched at our feet like an immense amphitheatre seemed positively living. Every glade was studded with elephants, and every thicket was heaving and swaying. Some were large, some were small, but no matter what was the size, every individual seemed to be doing his utmost to make as much commotion as was possible. That some general intention actuated the troop was soon apparent. Though at first sight one would have thought these gigantic creatures were tumbling about for mere sport, we soon saw that they were banding together, probably summoned by some old veteran guardian of the herd. As soon as I recovered the first astonishment and wonder caused by this glorious sight, I perceived that by keeping along the side of the hill from which we had been viewing the elephants, we could get much nearer. So, clutching my favourite old rifle, away I went at a long jot trot, followed by the others.

Meantime the noise in the valley to our right had somewhat subsided, and a general consultation seemed

to be going on. Presently I heard the native behind me mumbling something that betokened astonishment, and looking in the direction of his eye I saw a sight I shall never forget. Led by a noble old bull elephant, the herd were marching straight off towards the east, in Indian file. On went the noble crowd like a mighty river; tuskers of different sizes strode along mixed amongst the smaller ones of the herd, and by the calm, dignified gait seemed fully impressed with their own importance. The young ones of the herd, some of which were scarcely bigger than a large pig, bundled about amongst the legs of their elders in the most impertinent manner, greatly to the inconvenience of these grave-looking personages.

At last, when the foremost elephant was fully half a mile off, the great regiment seemed to have come to an end; and as we were making up our minds how to follow them, there hove in sight that which caused us all to stand rooted to the ground with astonishment. An immense old monster—the hero of perhaps a hundred summers, the monarch of many a thousand miles of forest, an elephant so terrible in size that I really half began to think I was dreaming—stepped into view. Quietly the old patriarch followed his companions, most of them probably his children. The elephant himself was wonderful in size, but what struck us all instantly was his glorious tusk. Oh, how I did covet that tusk! and I vowed that, come what may, I would not stop till I possessed it. The end was hidden by the grass as he walked along; but from what we could see, Hamilton, who had seen not a few, declared no such tusk as this old monster carried had ever during his time gone from India. Scarcely stopping a minute to look at him, I set off down the hill towards him. He was about a quarter of a mile

off, and going very leisurely, and my heart throbbed till I thought it would break itself, as visions of the grand old fellow dead floated through my brain. After much more difficulty than we anticipated we got to the bottom of the hill, the foot of which was a chaotic mass of huge rocks lying in fantastic attitudes one upon the other. Once past these, however, all was simple enough, and away I set as hard as I could run. My object was to hit off the track and follow it up till I came up, if luck should favour me, with the old bull. With little or no difficulty I crossed into the spoor, and then away I ran after the herd as hard as I could go. After a quarter of a mile was gone over, and I was beginning to wonder at the pace they had gone at, on turning a clump of bamboos, I, to my amazement, found myself almost in the middle of the elephants. Stopping short, I wheeled round out of sight before I was discovered, and crouching in the short grass waited till the others came to me. I pointed out the direction of the great part of the herd to Hamilton, and we then discussed how to get at them. Cautiously peering through the bush, we made out the monster, standing with his broadside to us, about 50 yards off. They were all in the middle of a large glade, with one or two trees and a few bushes scattered through it. One tree was about 10 yards behind the big bull, and this was the best point we could make for. The wind was very favourable. I went first on my hands and knees with the "ould weepon" on full cock in my hand. Keeping as low as I could in the white grass, I eeled myself along in true deer-stalking fashion. The others followed in similar attitudes. We had about 20 yards to crawl before we found ourselves undiscovered and behind the tree. It was a rather peculiar position, and one that a man

does not forget in a hurry. Great, grave-looking elephants were seen in every direction, and straight before me, not 12 yards off, stood, I suppose I may safely say, one of the largest animals in the world! "He's only got one tusk!" whispered old Hamilton over my shoulder. This was the case sure enough, but what a tusk that single one was! White, smooth, and massive; it was an object that any sportsman might well look at with a watering mouth and a trembling hand. There was no time for extravagant deliberation: a cunning, wise old cow was looking straight in our direction, and looked to me uncommonly inclined to be disagreeable, so motioning to Hamilton I was about to commence hostilities, I clutched the old steel tight and crawled towards, and a little to the left of, the old elephant. I should have mentioned before that the old fellow's quarters were turned to the tree, consequently, in order to get a correct shot at the head, I should have to get well round to his left somehow or other. On his right, as I have before mentioned, were his wives and children. There was not a bush the size of a hat to cover me, and I had to get down low in the grass and creep along as best I could. It was rather nervous work I must own; every second I expected to be discovered, and in the confusion it would have been difficult to escape, to say nothing of the probabilities of a deliberate charge, which my friend the old cow seemed meditating seriously. But that tusk I was determined to possess, and so putting all thoughts about "chance" and "probability" in my pocket, I shrunk into as small a space as possible and gave my whole mind to the stalk.

As soon as I was far enough round, I rose suddenly from the grass, and I really believe the first thing that gave the elephants alarm was the report of old Purdey,

as he sent his deadly messenger with a crash into the "monster's" head. It was a sore blow, but the poor old fellow bore it gallantly.

Swinging round with a quickness that would considerably surprise the fine fellows that talk about the clumsiness of an elephant, he was making off after the others, who were roaring, smashing, trumpeting, as they jostled each other in their headlong flight. But it was not to be. My second barrel fired at the moment he turned nearly sent him down, but he recovered again. I seized my second gun, which was only a Westley Richards smooth-bore shot-gun loaded with ball. As I did so, Hamilton fired all his barrels at the old fellow's head; he staggered and fell on to his tusk, recovered, came a short way towards us, his small eye gleaming with rage and fury. Running up to within 8 yards of him, I fired both barrels bang in his face; but it only seemed to revive him; for twisting his tail up over his back he rushed off, upsetting bamboos and large clumps of thorny thickets, screeching and trumpeting with blasts that shook the whole place. Poor old Hamilton was so horrified at his apparent escape, that he ran after him, bursting through thorns and all impediments with a fury nearly as terrible as that of the elephant himself. With a trembling hand and an aching heart I loaded as fast as I could and then ran after Hamilton. I came upon him standing in an old dry nullah, down which the wounded elephant had gone, looking pale and thoroughly disgusted. "We must follow till we get him!" said I to him. He only shook his head. "We'll do our best!" said the dear old fellow; "but I am afraid he's lost!" As soon as Hamilton was loaded away I went down the track. After a bit it led out of the nullah up an awful bank, and then for some time away along through

a beautiful series of glades. Large drops of blood gave me hopes that the poor beast would be obliged to stop before long. On we went, plodding through swamps and jungles, with eyes fixed on the ground. At times I looked back and found myself quite alone, but, just as I fancied, H. had found the pace too quick ; I would see him appear at the far end of a glade, coming along with that steady perseverance that I had marvelled at many and many a time. Upon one occasion I looked back just in time to see him shaking his fist at me, as he lay in a recumbent position, a nice little creeper having upset him in a most uncomfortable manner. Once or twice the track led to the banks of a sluggish, dirty river. At these places I expected to see him every minute, but not so ; he had thought better and turned off in another direction. At last, after following the tracks down a nullah, the sand up to my ankles, I stopped to consult with Hamilton ; we measured the tracks. No time was to be lost, and from the constant bleeding, I think Hamilton began to think affairs looked better. So away we went again. Every now and then I found myself so far ahead that I thought it imprudent to go alone, so had to pull up and wait. The spoor led on through much the same kind of forest that we had found there in the morning ; but I began to notice a change in the movements of the elephant ; instead of keeping clear of all thickets as he had hitherto done, he now seemed to have meditated stopping in each thicket, and had gone through it as if for the purpose of examining its size and thickness. Most cautiously, with cocked barrels and a light step, I passed through each of these thickets, half fearing a charge. I had just emerged from one of these, through which, from the nature of the tracks, I could see the elephant had walked slowly, when I was, to my delight,

joined by the native who had followed me in the morning. The poor old bull was evidently getting weak; he had walked in a staggering way down a grassy hill, at the bottom of which lay a thicket larger and more dense than any we had yet passed. A strange feeling seemed to tell me that I was near him at last. Silently but quickly we entered this thicket. The track crossed and recrossed itself, so we separated, the native going one way and I the other. I was peering about, having, as I thought, searched everywhere, with my whole being on the alert, when I heard a little hiss, and looking over my shoulder, saw my native friend, his face in a beam of excitement, beckoning and gesticulating furiously. On going to him he pointed before him, and instead of an elephant, what should I see but Hamilton leaning against a tree, white and breathless with running, but I could see by his face that he had seen something. I crept to him, and pointing before him into a hollow where the jungle was not very thick, he said, "There is the old fellow!" I will not hold forth upon this; it speaks for itself. One of the best sportsmen in India within 20 yards of such an elephant, and because I had worked so hard, as he says, but I believe from pure generosity, he would not fire at him. He was a little too far, but it was dangerous to go much closer, as he looked as if he had heard us already. His whole broadside was exposed to us, but his head was the part I could see best. Quietly and steadily I covered his head, about the region of the ear, and fired! At the report there was a low muffled groan and a terrible crash, and instead of the elephant's back and head, two huge legs stuck up in the air. We rushed down together, and I have a dim recollection of Hamilton hugging me. But the work was not done yet; he was very nearly up

THE MONSTER TUSKER. *To face page* 150.

again, but the second barrel of the old gun sent him to that bourne from which he never will return. My feelings cannot be described, so I won't attempt to. Suffice it to say that it was sunset when he died, and it had been mid-day when we first saw him ; though I was bootless, hungry, and had 7 or 8 miles to walk home, I had accomplished that which made the journey light and the way easy.

The tusk of this elephant was 8 feet long and weighed 90 lbs., 17 inches in circumference at the thickest part; the broken tusk weighed 53 lbs.

NEILGHERRY HILLS,
26th August.

(Since the last sheet we have arrived here and are revelling in the clear cool air.)

If I go on disgressing in this manner, we shall never get to the bears, so here we go at once :—

Just as I was creeping cautiously through a thorny clump, I spied a great black bear sitting down scratching himself with evident pleasure and satisfaction. Instantly I squatted behind a low bush to wait for a good chance, as I did I caught sight of *two* more bears quite close to me. I think you could have put the four of us into the dining-room at C. B., so close were we together. Well, *three* bears when a man has only two barrels is rather heavy odds, but I was determined to have one of their coats anyway. The bears fed away in the most quiet and gentlemanly manner conceivable, and I sat coiled up in a bush watching them like a tiger. One I saw was an immense bear—I have never seen but one as large—and upon her (for it was a lady) I fixed my eye. She was the nearest to me and was busily engaged in searching for "cunning grub" that gave her much trouble and uneasiness of mind.

It was some time before a shot offered itself that I considered deadly, and I would not fire till I was quite sure. My very life might depend upon the shot, as, should I only wound her, I was so close that I could not hope to escape detection, in which case the three bears would have been on me, or two anyway, as one would have surely paid his last toll if he came too close to the deadly old rifle. I mention this to show you what a master of woodcraft a man may become who gives his whole energies to the work. It's like playing chess for *heavy stakes.* Patience and coolness were at last rewarded—the bear exposed my favourite spot. The old gun was up like a shot and the bear sank motionless in the sand. She was not quite dead, and began to roar at me whom she now saw. I never saw so savage a head and face. As I calculated, the two others immediately rushed at her—all three roaring, growling, and screaming in the most extravagant and ridiculous manner. To have parted with my last barrel would have been madness, so it was at this moment when all three were mixed together in a huge black bundle, that I had decided upon for slipping away ; this I managed well and got to a safe distance, when I reloaded as fast as possible and then returned to my friends, nothing fearing now that I had pills for each of them. I found the big old lady bear stone dead, and just as I was going to examine my prize I heard a savage snort behind me. It was one of the other bears. Seeing I would not run from him, he settled the knotty point by doing the running himself, and this without exposing a deadly shot. After him I ran as hard as I could lay my legs to the ground, and so fiercely did I go to work that I literally chased him like a dog ; but I could not get a fatal shot, and eventually lost him in the thorny underwood. Number three

I never saw again; he wisely had mizzled quietly. Scratched and torn I returned and set to work to skin the bear, no joke now that the sun was up. In about an hour and a half I had that skin off, and throwing it round my neck and over my shoulders like a great lady's boa (a nice *bore* I found it) I trudged off to camp. Ye gods! the heat! it was perfectly unbearable; I need not hold forth on it. Thermometer over 100 degrees and a bearskin for a necktie. "Come what come may, Time and the hour runs through the roughest day." Accordingly I did get to camp but in a semi-live condition. The very next morning I was again alone, and as good luck would have it, came plump on the two other bears. I killed one dead, and the other came straight at me. I knocked him head over heels for his impudence, but the shot was too hurried to be certain, and though desperately wounded he escaped. I skinned the other bear, and catching a wild man made him carry it to the camp for me. Curious creatures these wild men are; they live in trees and evince the utmost terror at the presence of a white man. Small, squalid, and dirty, they resemble monkeys more than men. A few days afterwards I rolled over a very large bear going at full speed, just like a hare. I have kept some of their grease.

Writing to his mother on 19th September 1863, he alludes to the close of his sporting expedition and his plans for the remaining three months that he intended to spend in India. His original intention and the natural wish of his relatives, was for him to return to England in time for his coming of age in January; but he felt very strongly that if he left India without seeing the most celebrated portions of it, he should always regret it in after life. He says:—

To leave India as a mere sportsman with only a

confused idea of matters of really intrinsic worth—confused only because I have sacrificed the time sufficient to arrange and develop them—I should lose that which I can never regain.

During all the spare time at his disposal in intervals of sport, he had studied the life and character of the people around him and read Indian history very closely, further stimulated no doubt by having come across an old schoolfellow, the present Sir George Otto Trevelyan, whom he speaks of as having been head of the school at Harrow. Trevelyan stayed with him at his shooting hut, and afterwards they were together at Madras, and in the light of subsequent events the following extract is of much interest :—

Trevelyan got two sambur when with me. He was delighted with the scenery, and I must say he worked like a Trojan. He is one of the nicest fellows I know. . . . He is twenty-five, a hard-reading, deep-thinking, quiet young fellow, with a fund of dry humour. I wish, if you come across *Macmillan's Magazine*, you would read " Letters from a Competition Wallah " ; it is a very good sketch of the life the men lead who go into the Civil Service nowadays. . . . Trevelyan came out three months after I did, with Sir Charles, and for some time acted as Sir Charles's secretary ; but the work did not suit him, and he gave it up and devoted all his time to writing his book and filling his tough, hungry mind with Indian politics of all kinds. He is going into the House as soon as possible after his return to England, and I hope some day we shall see him cutting his way surely and steadily to the fame he so much covets.

Victor Brooke looked forward to spending some time with Sir Charles Trevelyan, the father of his friend.

Rest assured (he writes to his mother) I will try and make as much as I can out of it as regards information. First and foremost there is Sir Charles himself, always ready and willing with his experience and advice when any good to India is likely to come out of it. Fully occupied himself, both in mind and body, he is ever willing to help and guide the young mind, pointing out what shoals and quicksands are to be avoided, and at the same time drawing attention to what his long experience has taught him to be the course most likely to lead to truth. In the next place, I shall meet and hear the opinion of the cleverest men in India, and will have every opportunity of learning the most minute mechanism of the Government; and last, but by no means least, the Trevelyans have most kindly given me access to all Lord Macaulay's unpublished writings, essays, minutes, etc., dealing with Indian affairs. To prepare myself in some small degree to digest as much as possible, I have been reading steadily with Trevelyan four or five hours a day for the last six weeks.

So he made up his mind to go north to Calcutta to see Delhi, Agra, and other places of interest on his way home. Unfortunately I can find no record of his further sojourn in India, but that it was full of interest and of value to him we may be assured. Perhaps this portion of his life may be closed best in his own words to his mother, in which he sums up his views of the lonely year he had spent among the Neilgherries :—

My life out here has been a mixture of pleasure and hardships. I shall always look back upon it as a bright spot, but looking back on a thing and looking forward are widely different matters to going through. These kind of expeditions are beautiful and enchant-

ing as regards theory, but, believe me, when you come to practice you find it a totally different matter. There is an indescribable misery in being separated by thousands of miles from all one loves, from all civilisation, and therefore from all real comfort.

CHAPTER VI

Moufflon-Hunting in Sardinia—Trip after Wolves in the Apennines

AGE 25.

IN November of 1868, with his brother, he visited Sardinia, and had some excellent sport after moufflon in the mountains extending from Cagliari to Oristano; and it is his experience gained during that trip that he refers to in the following letter written to the *Field* many years after :—

THE MOUFFLON

SIR—Some of the remarks by "Zoophilus" in his article of the 15th inst. on the moufflon (*O. musimon*), relative to a distinctness of race being observable between those inhabiting Corsica and Sardinia, not being in accordance with my observations of that animal in the latter island, I have thought it useful, and perhaps calculated to prevent difficulties and confusion in future, to put forward my objections to the strength of the characters of distinction offered in that article.

My observations are solely intended to apply to the moufflon inhabiting the mountains that lie to the S.W. of the great plain that runs from Cagliari to Oristano, and they may possibly in some respects not extend to those found in the more northern ranges. They are

the result of three visits—one made by myself, and three by my brother—during which we have watched and shot moufflon of every age and size, and, in the case of my brother, at almost every season of the year. In the article I am alluding to it is stated that, "whilst the ewes of the Sardinian moufflon are horned, the rams are coloured nearly like the ewes of their own and other races." In the part of Sardinia to which my remarks refer the ewes are invariably hornless. Neither my brother nor the goatherds whom we consulted upon this point—and who, from living with their flocks at one season of the year entirely amongst the moufflon rocks, know more of their ways and habits than any one in the island—ever saw a female moufflon with any sign of horns.

In colour the rams and the ewes differ immensely; and in his winter dress nothing can exceed the beauty of the former. I shall never forget the first I saw, and, as it in some degree illustrates the strength and distinctness of the markings, perhaps I may venture to describe the occasion. It was in the November of 1869. The moufflon at this time of the year are in the habit of leaving their usual rocky fastnesses for four or five weeks, and, descending into the valleys and lower hills, live upon acorns amongst the great woods of vastly aged cork and ilex trees that clothe the valleys and bases of their favourite crag-topped mountains for miles and miles. Finding it exceedingly hard to come upon the moufflon by fair stalking whilst they were down in the woods, we found the best plan for getting at them was to send an old Italian chasseur (who with his two hounds had accompanied us from Italy) to draw the woods and gorges at the earliest dawn of morning, whilst we, leaving our camp in the woods an hour or two before light, used to make for a couple of

the best passes among the high crags, to which the moufflon would be pretty sure to go when disturbed in the woods below. Upon the morning in question we had not been long waiting before we heard the deep bay of one of the hounds, and in a moment or two every crag and ragged gorge was echoing and re-echoing in the clear, cool morning air with the sounds of the merry chase that was going on so far beneath us. The pass I was on commanded an enormous gorge, from the sides of which ran out smaller gorges into the iron sides of the granite hills. In the middle of this jutted up a rounded rock, like some mighty citadel, 300 feet in height. After about five minutes of great suspense, during which time I had been peering into the depths below me, trying in vain, amongst the confusion of the echoes, to catch a glimpse of either hounds or moufflon—not knowing at what moment a clatter of hoofs might be followed by the sight of a moufflon coming up my pass—I caught a movement of something white on the rounded rock immediately opposite me. Whipping up my telescope, which was lying beside me, and directing it towards the spot, I descried the most glorious old ram moufflon. At the distance he looked almost black; his saddle, which alone had attracted my eye, as white as snow. When I first saw him he was leisurely picking his way up a ledge on the rock side, led by three old ewes, none of them apparently caring very much for the hounds, who, in spite of the severe nature of the ground, were in full tongue within 200 yards of them. Two or three times they went round the rock, evidently most unwilling to leave it. Once or twice I saw the old ram, his head a little on one side, hop up on some jagged peak, and stand calmly watching the hounds as they clambered with difficulty after them. How I longed for a chance at

the noble old beast no sportsman need be told ; but it was otherwise decreed. Too hard pressed, at last they dashed into the ravine below the rock, and left the gorge by a pass they are seldom if ever known to take.

As may be understood from this, the saddle of the old rams—in this part of the island at any rate—is most conspicuous. In fact, the excellent description of the Corsican ram in his winter coat, given in the article of "Zoophilus," exactly corresponds with those of South-Western Sardinia. Even the young rams, with horns only 7 inches or 8 inches long, show more or less sign of the white saddle and dark markings on the neck and shoulders. These appear to increase in distinctiveness with the age of the animal when *in a wild state ;* but I have reason to suspect that captivity in some mysterious manner affects the assumption of the white saddle. In summer all—even the old rams—lose almost all trace of the saddle, and are then of a uniform chocolate-brown colour, their legs from the knees and hocks whitish. The females in winter are of a rich ruddy grayish-brown, the old ones with dark markings on the sides, and some very slight sign of the saddle. In summer they are much redder than the rams at that same season, with a black dorsal streak.

How the direction of the horns can be in any way indicative of the distinctness of the two races is inconceivable to me. Nothing can well exceed the variation to which these organs are subject. We have seen and shot them off the same ground (and their heads are in my collection at this present moment), with almost every degree of curvature and variety of direction within the bounds of a moufflon's head, from the horns directed backwards so as to rub the hair off the neck, to those curled forwards beside the cheeks.

April 17. VICTOR BROOKE.

SARDINIA,
19th November 1869.

Bas[1] and I left by moonlight at about 6.30, intending to stalk for two hours, the men having orders to meet us at the spring. It was a glorious morning, a full moon lighting us over the rough rocky ground. We separated. The rocks I stalked were on the north side; splendid ground, broken and rugged. I only found fresh tracks, but could see nothing. I was first back to the spring, and after a little Basil appeared. He had shot a young female moufflon. She had saved the life of a magnificent ram, which he had stalked in the most gamey way, descending 1000 feet without his boots. After breakfast we beat some rocks that we fancied the ram had gone into. Leo got on a moufflon at once, running an old female up to Basil's post, which he shot. The weight of the former was *44 lbs. in full.* A bit of the old lady we dined on, and found her excellent, wonderfully tender. Saw cinereous vultures to-day.

20th November.—This being our last day we all started early to beat the rocks on the north side, where I saw tracks yesterday. We found marks where a boar had been disturbed by our approach, and immediately after Origo, who was walking first, blundered on the top of a ram. He was round the corner over a scarp like a flash. I bolted to the top of a hump of rocks and spied a moufflon passing along far below me. Basil saw the ram passing off to some rocks at the bottom of a deep ravine. Going off to some good posts, we sent the canardias and dogs down to beat for those I had seen. They found at once. Leo

[1] His brother Basil.

singled the ram, and ran him in the noblest way for about three hours. No place the ram could choose was too bad for the old dog; relentlessly he stuck to him. The chase led them far away through the rocks, and we left the posts and followed them. Descending through some cliffs, I came right on the top of him, as he stood watching Leo mounting on his trail about 500 feet below. He dashed off and down a rock 20 feet at a jump. I fired, but missed him. He was out of my sight in a second. Presently up came Leo; hit off the scent freshly, and was off more savage than ever. I got down several hundred feet, and fixed myself in a split amongst crags and cliffs in what I conceived to be a most likely pass. Basil meantime had caught sight of the ram, who was now joined by three females, and turned them splendidly by firing long shots. I sat still in my post, and nearer and nearer came the tolling of the grand old hound. Presently a stone came rattling down amongst the rocks below me, and the next instant the moufflon were clambering up the pass within 10 yards of me, the ram last. One bullet sent him reeling round, and the next killed a splendid female. The ram was only wounded, and game to the last. Away he went far below to some other rocks, Leo after him still. I ran and climbed on to a peak close by. Up the opposite cliffs I could see Leo and the ram going like the wind, but the ram's days were numbered. Shorter and shorter got the distance between him and Leo, till round a cliff they disappeared, Leo at his tail; and the difference of the voice told at once that the ram was at bay. Fearful that he would gain wind and still escape, I made down the mountain, through the most awful ground (for roughness and loose rocks), as fast as I could, and at last gained the place where

Leo's baying came from. On the side of a rock stood the ram, Leo below him. Every time he attempted to close the ram butted him down the rock. Even after putting my two last bullets through him he would not drop, until Leo and I got hold of him and pulled him over. He was a splendid young ram, not more, I think, than two years old, but a more gallant beast I never saw. After a little I was joined by Ephesia Keer, who carried him up the mountain to where Basil and Joe were waiting with luncheon. Old Purdey's stock was cracked and the trigger guard broke with the falls we had had. The ram *weighed 59½ lbs. as he stood; the female 52 lbs.* Their skins were splendid. Thoroughly happy and contented we returned down to Villacidro, where a hearty welcome and warm congratulations greeted us.

Second Wolf Trip.

Boghisco, Apennines.

The men watched all night and saw nothing; but, notwithstanding, at the cart saddle (where I went at 3.30), as soon as it was light enough to see, I found the immense tracks of the wolf quite fresh going to the house, at the back of which, in the wood, I found his tracks. He had evidently heard the snoring or some movement in the house and gone away. I had sent Orrigo and Cacceaton to beat the eastern slopes in hopes a wolf might hear them and make up to my post. The sun rose at six, and immediately before the tawny owls began to hoot and the great tit to sing. At eight I thought it was useless to wait any longer, especially as many people were coming up to get firewood, so determined to go and look at the donkey. I went cautiously along at first; but two men, with a mule,

kept so close to my heels that I was obliged to hurry on faster than I liked ; and consequently, on getting up the side of the cutting, in order to peep over, the donkey made a slight noise. To my disgust, I was only just in time to see a wolf trotting off into the wood. He looked remarkably hyæna-like, very shaggy and yellow ; this was all I could see. For a moment he stopped amongst some young trees stern on, and squinted at me in a leery manner under the branches. He was not more than 50 yards off, and I saw the light glittering on his neck. There were so many trees in the way that I hesitated firing, and he trotted away towards the young fir-woods north of the hill. I felt, however, pretty sure he would come back, so comforted myself with hope. He had dragged the hind quarters of the donkey down to the edge of the wood, and had eaten very little. I think this was without doubt the wolf that had visited the house all three nights since we have been back, and that he was on his return after last night's visit when he found the bait. I think it also *likely* he was one of the wolves I had tracked down the Scafa, and that he followed the tracks of the mules and dogs to the house the night after we arrived. From the little he had eaten of the donkey I think he must have returned by some out-of-the-way path and not past the saddle (cart) ; if not, he must have passed it before 4 A.M., and taken three or four hours to make up his mind that all was safe. This is not probable.

I found the men waiting for me at the cart saddle. They had had a long run after a very fine fox, who had gone to ground in the rocks at the foot of Toragio. I forgot to mention an old raven that was assisting the wolf at his repast. At 2 P.M. I was back at the post, where I decapitated a high young Scotch fir, and made

my seat on the top of it. My friend the raven had gone away, probably as full as an egg of dead donkey. The carcase lay almost immediately below me on a strip of snow which stretched away down into the gorge. I was very uneasy about the hill of Patoglino, as it was very easy for a wolf to come on to it without my seeing him, and either spy or smell me from it. I sat as still as possible—so still that a party of crested tits came into the branches round my head, and one little fellow nearly lit on my back. At about 5.15 I observed a movement below me, and a most lovely fox crossed the snow slope to leeward of the donkey. She tapped over the snow with dainty steps, and went down to where the wolf had been feeding in the morning. Here she found some scraps he had left, which she ate. Whilst doing so I could see her beautifully. From size and shape I should say she was certainly a vixen. Her face and entire body was gray, and every hair was in its place; her fine brush was a deep auburn, contrasting strongly with her body; 4 inches of the tip was as white as snow. Whilst eating the scraps she found, she kept a sharp watch with the corner of her eye upon the carcase, as if she was not quite sure that they were to be entirely trusted. When the tit-bits were finished, she tapped across the snow again to leeward of the donkeys, recrossed it, and then, with all the hair of her back on end and the white tip of her brush slued round and her ears thrown well back, she stole up to the hind quarters the wolf had been eating. With a sudden snap she seized hold of the foot and gave it a smart tug. Apparently surprised at her own boldness she now turned her back on the temptation and toddled off to the woods, stopping once to look back, but only for a second, and then, with her brush in a straight line

with her back, and the very tip still curled to one side, resumed her old-fashioned toddle and disappeared, going exactly the same line as the wolf had gone in the morning. About an hour afterwards, on the hill south of post, I saw a magnificent fox; he was travelling along in a very decided manner, evidently tracking something that I had missed seeing. He disappeared into the cutting fir path. He was a dark red-coloured fox, much the shape of the old Abellio dog, with a glorious thick coat and brush, with little or no white on tip. About 8 P.M. it got so dark I put on the night sight, and ate my sandwiches as cautiously as possible. (I thought it was the safest time, but I am now sure it was the unsafest, as decidedly the wolves come generally a little after dark.) In half an hour it got so dark (five days after full moon) that I thought it was useless staying any longer, as I really could see nothing, so took off the night sight preparatory to getting down from the tree. I had just done so, when within 100 yards of me, on the side of Patoglino just above the path, a chorus broke out I shall never forget,—yapping, snarling, growling, howling, and half barking; in fact, with the exception of barking, every possible canine noise. I am sure there were at least five or six wolves, and probably more. They were coming towards me, as I could hear distinctly the duration of the howling, enabling me to perceive the change of position of the howlers. After about two minutes all was still, and I sat very quiet for about a quarter of an hour. Not a move or sound indicated that there was a wolf within miles of me. The darkness was so dense that I made up my mind to go, as had twenty wolves come I should not have seen them. I had much difficulty clambering down from the tree in the dark, with a topcoat, large plaid, a rifle, a gun, and

a telescope, but managed it safely, with exception of a rent of great length in my trousers. I thought a little music might be good for the wolves, so sung them a song, and growled a bit at them as I passed. I am sure they were standing on Patoglino hill looking at me. With difficulty, the darkness was so great, I found the road and got to Orrigo, who was at the cart saddle. He had never heard a sound, which shows how wonderfully the sound is checked by rivers and hollows, for it was loud enough to hear 5 miles off, and he was not more than half a mile.

Wednesday, 4th.—As I knew it was useless going to look after my friends in the morning, after the long liberty of the night, I took a sleep. Orrigo and Cacceaton went to look for hares, but were driven back by the tremendous rain. I took a cup of tea in bed, and afterwards, at 8 A.M., went with Orrigo to see what had taken place at Patoglino during the night. We found the Morghi donkey, which was most decomposed, had vanished. It was carried (not dragged, for there was not a sign of a drag on the snow) bodily off. We searched the gorges of Patoglino and Pegailure in all directions. Here we found tracks coming and going, crossing and recrossing. It was not till next day that we found out the truth. Instead of *dragging* the two halves of the carcase *down* as we had expected, the powerful brutes had *carried* the two heavy mouthfuls *up*, one on to the top of Patoglino, and the other over and into the young Scotch wood on its northern slope. Here we found the skull, cervical vertebra, and *one rib*. All round the snow was soiled and a way beaten through it, with the tracks of wolves coming and going. On each patch of snow in the open wood on the hill of Patoglino we found their tracks passing to and fro, evidently in vidette parties. As far as I could gather

from all the tracks, I believe they had been lying in the deep woods of Northern Pegailure. About 8 P.M. they had stolen across the gorge and up on to Patoglino, where they dodged about winding the bait, but not liking to approach. At last their impatience found vent in the long angry chatter which I heard. Soothed by this escape valve, they began to dodge about again when they heard me getting down from the tree. This naturally threw them into redoubled caution, whereupon they slipped across on the southern hill, and from it round to the west of the carcases and down into the gorges, where the same dodging backwards and forwards took place. At last the venture was made. They had so fully convinced themselves of the safety that one of them left his droppings in the middle of the little glade. At 5 P.M. I went back to the post. It was a misty dark evening, just the contrary to yesterday, and I thought it fully possible I might see a wolf sneaking out of the wood at dusk; but not a bit of it, four or five old ravens flapped heavily over in the mist, being the only living thing I saw. I had told Orrigo to bring the lantern at 8.30, as it got so dark about this time it was perfectly useless stopping. Just before I heard his footsteps, I distinctly heard the wolves dash away up the hill of Patoglino; they had evidently been sitting at the very edge of the wood, directly opposite me, looking out over the glade. They are beyond doubt the most annoyingly cautious beasts.

CHAPTER VII

The Pyreneers after Izards, Bears, and Bouquetin.

AGE 35.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

VALLÉE D'ARRAS,[1]
Tuesday, 21st May 1878.

I LEFT Torla with Antoine and Celestin at five, and went to try and stalk on Turbon, where Antoine said there was a very fine old bouquetin. Found fresh tracks of a female in the pine wood, but could not follow it. We went on to the top of a limestone mamelon, where we spied for two hours; then went down and lunched near the stream below. Afterwards stalked all the precipitous sides of Turbon, where I was much assisted in passing some nasty places by a prickly herb of great strength which grows all over the hillsides in these parts. Came on a track of a bouquetin, and followed up to the rocks and lost it. Spied three izards, and tried to stalk them, but failed. On our way down a gorge to the main path about 6 P.M., when we thought our last chance was over, Antoine heard the whistle of an izard in the wood on the opposite side of the gorge. I squatted on the little path and got ready. There was another whistle, and the next moment a magnificent old soli-

[1] This valley is on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees.

taire bounded on the top of a rock, and stood looking at us breast on at about 200 yards, perhaps a little more. I covered him with great care, and shot him through the heart. He fell straight down into the bed of the torrent below, breaking off one of his horns as he fell. We were all delighted when we got down to him, neither Celestin nor Antoine having, they said, seen anything like him before. His horns measured $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches in a straight line and 6 inches sweep. Antoine went up and found the other horn on a bush. He then carried the izard as he was down to the path, where I cut off his head for safety sake. He was an old solitaire, one hind foot wanting. Much pleased we trudged home.

Wednesday, 22nd May.—Went to the Vallée d'Arras. No words can describe the savage beauty of this glorious valley. At the mouth it is about a mile broad, and gradually narrows. Its greatest length must be 10 or 12 miles. The sides fall in vast precipices, broken into by one or more cornices, the lower of which are wooded and the upper bare. The bed of the valley is densely wooded. Pine and silver fir on the north side, with a few beech. On the south side beech predominates. Box is the common undercover. The north side is somewhat higher than the south, and the walls of the valley, which resemble the ruins of a gigantic castle 7000 or 8000 feet high, and miles in length, are the spurs of the Rojo (red mountain), Salerous, Cotatoire, and Aronebo Mountains. The highest unbroken precipice is that on Aronebo, which must be 2000 feet. There is only one accessible exit on the north side, viz. that by the Salerous, by which tourists pass by the Breche from Gavarnie to Torla. We beat the lower slopes of the S.W. side and saw nothing but squirrels, though the men found tracks

of a bear. Lunch at the Gave side opposite the grange where we were going to put up. After lunch beat the same side farther up the valley, going through the most lovely glades among large beech trees, like an English lawn. My post was in a stony couloir, which rose in precipices to the left, and fell away in a wild ravine to the right. We had found tracks of a she-bear and cubs going up, but nothing turned up in the beat. Went down to the *cabane* about 4.30.

Thursday, 23rd May.—Up at four. Long time getting the men off. Beat the south side, crossing the Gave by bridge of fir trees the men had made. They determined to beat the beat we made yesterday morning west in case of bouquetin being there, in which case they would be almost sure to go to the top cornice, which they would then beat east towards my post. Antoine, Celestin, and I went on ahead, Phillipe the Mayor following us at some distance. On his way up he spied the horns of a male bouquetin lying down, but unluckily, though he followed us as fast as he could, he did not overtake us, and on going back for his gun, which he had left to mark the spot, the bouquetin was gone. My post was behind a fallen withered tree, commanding a more or less treeless hollow. Phillipe was above, and Celestin below me. It began to rain. I had been about an hour at my post when I saw three bouquetin—a female, young one, and young male about one year old—coming along the cornice to me as hard as they could go. When within 100 yards I whistled to make them stop, and they pulled up at about 80 yards off. I could not see the female's shoulder, which was hidden by a tree, but took as far forward as I dared. At the shot they all dashed off down, and passed along between Celestin and me. I seized my gun which I had loaded with bullets, and ran down to

a little rocky knoll in time to see the three beasts pass in under it, the female going very sick. I fired both barrels at her, hitting with one in the haunch. Following them, found lots of blood which led to a very difficult narrow couloir, down which they had gone. When the men came up we went round and down, and after a little searching found her dead in a thicket below the couloir. She was a fine female with a large young male in her. She weighed 60 lbs. dressed, 74 lbs. clean. Height, 30½ inches; length from shoulder to ischium, 31 inches; length of foreleg, from ulna to heel, 17 inches; circumference of chest, 35 inches; of forearm, 9 inches. She was in capital condition. It came on so misty that we could do nothing in the afternoon.

In January 1879 Brooke made his second sporting expedition to the Vallée d'Arras with his brother Harry, and the whole party had a narrow escape of losing their lives from an avalanche; it was also in this expedition that he killed the famous bouquetin. I have no diary relating to this period, but his brother has given me the following particulars:—

> We started in the depth of winter, leaving Gavarnie at 4 A.M. one morning in January to cross the Porte Gavarnie into Spain; but about 6 A.M. a heavy snowstorm came on, and we trudged wearily along in the footsteps of our two guides, Celestin and Francois, above our knees in soft snow. For many hours we struggled on, the snow beating in our faces, and the cold very great; at last it became evident the guides had lost their way and were getting frightened of avalanches, Celestin whispering to us not to speak loud. He had hardly said this when a blue streak flashed between Victor (who was in front of me) and

the leading guide, and the next moment, to our horror, we saw Celestin and Francois crumpled up in the snow-drift, and carried away out of our sight down the steep slope into the mist below. Our feelings are better imagined than described, as we stood alone in the midst of those mountains of snow without any indication how to get backwards or forwards; the falling snow had filled up our tracks, and we dared not speak above a whisper. It was absolutely necessary to retreat from our present position, and we retired about 100 yards from the blue line, and made our way down the steep face in the direction we had seen our men carried; in a few minutes, to our joy, we heard a whistle from below, and on answering it were shortly joined by both our guides, who, though they had been carried down a considerable distance, had most providentially escaped without serious injury. We then learnt from Celestin what a dangerous position we were in, having in the snow-storm got close beneath the great avalanche at the top of the pass.

Captain Brooke goes on to describe the death of the great trophy of this expedition, the big bouquetin, which he speaks of as next to the Markhor of the Himalayas, as one of the grandest beasts he had ever laid eyes on. This was the first bouquetin killed in the Pyrenees for many years, and was a most magnificent specimen.

To his Brother Harry.

"Pau, *9th May* 1879.

Post and I have just returned from the 'home of my fathers, where the wild goat lives on the dread hill-side,' and according to my promise I send you an account of our sport. We were a month away alto-

gether, and had villainous weather very nearly all the time. I got five dogs, rough-bred brutes, but two or three of them very good, and, as you will see, they are the right thing for the bouquetin. The first thing we did was to beat the Sanctuary. Post going to your post and I to mine, where Francis was when the boodah[1] passed him. The first thing I saw when I got to my place were the fresh tracks of a big bear in the little cavern where I hid myself. When the beat was over I got to Post. I found he had seen two bears, one a tremendous beast, who was pottering about in front of him, about 300 yards off, for twenty minutes. The old beggar at last went into a wood, and he never saw him again. The next few days it did nothing but snow. We made one or two beats, but could do nothing, and found no tracks in the Sanctuary, which astonished me immensely. One evening it was snowing hard, and I determined to go and stalk the Sanctuary alone. Up near the top cornice I came on the fresh tracks of the old boodah, but the beggar went up a desperately steep place, where I could not follow him, with the snow, so I had to go home. Next morning we posted ourselves in the old places, and made the men beat the Sanctuary. The dogs found at once, and ran the bouquetin several times nearly down to the gorge. I got up to my post, but they would not come out. One of the dogs had gone off after another bouquetin higher up in the wood, from the very spot where I had left the boodah's tracks, and I was sure it was him. When we got the men and dogs out, Post and I went and posted ourselves in the middle of the wood, and made the men take it west. I felt sure we were too late, and so we were; when the beat was over, we found the tracks of the old boodah going hard

[1] Hindustani word to express "very old."

west through the deep snow. Old Antoine and Jethen took up the tracks, tying up the dogs and leaving every one behind. The tracks led straight up the hill, and eventually up into that tremendous rock above the Sanctuary, which I now call the castle. It is, as you will remember, a desperate place, a broken precipice about 700 feet high, with a few grassy spots near the top of it. Antoine pronounced it impossible to go up, especially as icicles varying from an ounce to a ton weight were falling like a fusillade every moment. It was useless attempting anything, so we went home. Next day it was snowing hard, and we could do nothing. Indeed, I think the next three or four days we were snowed in. At last a fine day came, and we were determined to try the place where I shot the old bouquetin (this I have christened 'The Rocks'). I posted myself below your old post when we beat the Sanctuary, only looking the other way, and Post went to the centre of the rocks. On his way up with Antoine he saw a fine old bouquetin and a young one, and just as the beat was over, he saw another bouquetin going as hard as he could along a narrow ledge. The beast went, as they thought, into a place he could not get out of; but on sending a man into it, they found he had climbed out of it by the top. I saw nothing but beds of bouquetin under the cliffs where I was posted, and the freshly-nibbled-off young pine shoots on the trees close to my foot. Next day, hoping that the boodah had come down from his castle, we beat the Sanctuary, I posting myself at the entrance. I have drawn a plan of the castle so that you can understand. I was just to the left where you see V. B. Post was at his old place where he saw the bears. The dogs found at once, and off and on I heard them running like mad in the wood far below me. At last their cries

died away. I had clambered up into the precipice on to a little ledge about 20 feet from the ground, and was sitting there in a brown study when I heard the clattering of stones to my right, looked round, and saw a young male bouquetin coming to me as hard as he could fly, with his side glued to the rock. I dared not move; he was so close. On he came, and I hoped he would pass right under me when I could have shot him; but the rascal, when he got within 10 yards of me, pulled up, and only showing his head round a corner he gazed straight at me, sitting down with my elbows on my knees, checkmated on my narrow perch. I saw his gray face and yellow eyes staring at me, and could almost count the hairs on his forehead. Like lightning he turned, and, still glued to the rock which slightly overhung, he dashed back the way he had come without giving me a chance of getting the gun off at him. A short time afterwards I saw one of the men on the upper cornice opposite me beckoning to me to go to him, and could hear something about a bouquetin. I was obliged to go down a long way to avoid the avalanches, but at last got to the opposite side. There I found that Celestin had seen a male bouquetin climb up on to a craggy rock at the foot of the precipices above the Sanctuary, and as far as he could make out he had not come out. The icicles were something dreadful, falling in dozens, and crashing with a clap like thunder against the projections of the precipice, they sent their fragments whizzing like grapeshot into the snow at every side of us. Sheltering ourselves under a pine, Celestin and I examined the ground, and not seeing how the bouquetin could have got out, we determined to wait till the sun set and the icicles had stopped falling, when Celestin would climb up and put him out. This we did, but when Celestin, after an

awkward climb, had got up the bird was flown. How he had got out, the rock being surrounded with snow, we have never made out. He must have clambered up into the precipice itself. The next day we went back to the rocks, and we posted ourselves at the east end of them, sending the men and dogs in at the west. I was posted above the place I shot the bouquetin, and Post higher up. Just as Celestin, who was beating, got near Post, he spied a bouquetin on a desperate rocky place; he tried to call Post, but before he could get to him the bouquetin dashed down and tried to get back. Exasperated, Celestin fired at her, and killed her stone dead. She fell down on to the cornice below him, breaking her foreleg in exactly the same place as my old male, but luckily not hurting her horns. She was a very old female, quite barren, her horns 12 inches long. The next day we went to the beat where you had the row with the Spaniards. Here we bagged a young izard, which one of the men saw killed by a lammergeier.[1] The robber swooped on the poor little beast and knocked it over. It got up and struggled away, but the lammergeier followed and swooped down again, killing it dead. It snowed away hard for a day or two now. One morning, about eight o'clock, Post looked out, and our old friend the lammergeier flew past within 20 yards of the house through the drifting snow. When it got finer, thinking that the boodah would be sure to be down in the Sanctuary, we beat it but found nothing. When the beat was

[1] GYPAETUS BARBATUS. Bearded Vulture. Dresser, in his *Birds of Europe*, states that it is found in the Pyrenees and Alps, and only in the Atlas range in India. Total length, 43 inches; a distinct species in itself; very solitary in its habits; partakes far more of the habits of the vulture than the eagle; feeds on carrion; sometimes attacking weakly lambs, etc. The plate of the young bird in Mr. Dresser's book is taken from a specimen in the collection of Sir Victor's brother, Mr. Basil Brooke.

over, Celestin and I went off and stalked, getting into some wild, uncanny places on narrow ledges, where there were holes full of droppings, the roofs of which bristled with icicles. On our way home we thought we would spy the ground, and there, near the top, we discovered a fine male bouquetin grazing away peacefully. It was awfully hard to see the beast, his colour harmonising so with the rocks that every now and then he faded away into them, and until he moved could not be made out again. I knew at once he was not the boodah. At daylight next morning we were up at the same place to spy, and in a short time discovered the bouquetin. Seeing that he was settled, we went up to the castle to see what we could do. On our way up Antoine began suddenly to point up to the castle and shout as usual, and getting out the telescope I saw a sight for sore eyes. Up near the very top of the castle, gazing at us, stood three male bouquetin, to the left hand of which was the old boodah himself. How grand he looked, with his chest as black as night, and his thick knobby horns, you can imagine. After a little we made out two more below the first three—a female and young one. After a bit the boodah lay down, confident in the security of his old stronghold. When we arrived at the foot of the castle, which took us two and a half hours, we left all the men and the dogs, excepting Celestin, Antoine, and a boy called Joseph, and we posted ourselves, Celestin and the boy going up the castle to do their beat. With great difficulty they got up to the place I have marked 'grassy slope very steep,' and when the bouquetin saw them they clambered along a little broken ledge at a *frightful* height to the *chambre à coucher*, a sort of cave on the precipice side. Just at this time the weather, which had kept fine until then, changed, and it began to snow,

and the deepest fog I ever saw came on. I was really very much alarmed on account of the men, whose voices we could hear up in that awful place, which was shrouded in impenetrable mist. Every now and then a great stone came thundering down, dislodged by either the men or the bouquetin. At last, to my great relief, we saw the men clinging to the precipice side but out of the fog, and in a few moments they were safely down. Nothing more could be done that day, the boodah had repulsed our troops, and, beaten, we were obliged to stumble sorrowfully back to the *cabane*. I should not forget to say that in the smallest of the three males I had recognised my young yellow-eyed friend who had been a shade too sharp for me a day or two before. I see I have also forgotten that the day we first ran the boodah up to the castle one of the men shot a fine solitaire on the *salle d'attente*, and the day Celestin shot the female bouquetin one of the men shot a fine young dog fox on our way home. On arriving at the *cabane* we found to our delight that the best climber in Gavarnie, a man called Michell, had come over with our letters, and if any one living could put the ibex out of the *chambre à coucher*, he was the man. Michell has often climbed into places where goats had got stuck, and let them down with a rope, calmly climbing down himself without a soul to help him. He is the only man that Celestin allows to be *beaucoup plus fort* than himself. Next morning, full of hope, we returned to the castle, accompanied by Michell ; but before we arrived there, snow, icicles, fog, and filth of every description, began to fall, and after waiting in vain for it to clear, we beat a retreat. For another day or two we were snowed in, and the gales that blew at night sometimes shook the old *cabane* like a leaf. At last a fine day came, and we started for

'bad-luck corner' (the place where the old female izard came up to me and got away without a shot; Post also had a bad bit of luck here). I was posted in my old place, and Post where Francois was. I had not been long at my place when I heard the dogs in full cry coming towards me, and presently saw an izard labouring heavily through the deep snow straight to my post. I let him come till he was about 40 or 50 yards from me, and shot him through the heart. He was a nice young male, with very massive horns. Another had gone to Post, but had winded him, and turned off sharp. We arrived at the *cabane* about an hour before dark, when Post went off to catch a trout for dinner, whilst I went to my old place in the bed of the river from which I used to spy the castle. After a little time I caught sight of the bouquetin, and fancy my delight, instead of being up in the castle, they were down on the slopes of the *salle d'attente*. It was glorious to watch the old rascals picking about at their ease. It was the three males: the boodah a little by himself to the right, the yellow-eyed scamp above him knocking down snow on to the boodah's back, and the aide-de-camp, the second largest male, a little to the left. Once or twice the boodah fed into such a bad place that he could hardly get out of it apparently. I watched them till dark. Next morning Celestin was up at dawn, and went to spy, finding them almost exactly where I had left them. As fast as we could we got ready, and in one and a half hours we were creeping along under the left-hand precipices, where V. B. is written, towards the 'entrance,' in the hopes of seeing our friends on the *salle d'attente*. Nothing being in sight, we each of us climbed, and with very considerable difficulty, I can assure you, to our posts, which, as you see, command the *salle d'attente*, where

we thought the bouquetin still were. No sooner had I arrived at my place when Antoine, who was with me, caught sight of the three bouquetin far above us in the *chambre à coucher!* There was no doubt about it; there they were, quietly looking down at us from their lofty bedroom. Celestin came across to us from Post's post, and we held a council of war. They were about 400 yards from me, too far, of course, for anything like a shot, half hidden as they were by the projections of rocks, etc.; but perhaps not too far, it suddenly struck me, to make them hop. I determined to try what the effect of a shot would be, so taking very steady aim at the boodah's chest, I pulled. The result was magical. The ball must have splintered on the rocks behind the old fellow's back, for like lightning he bounded forward, and, followed by the others, dashed down the desperate precipice side, turned along the top ledge, and disappeared into a cornice behind the castle. Post now decided to go to the back to see if he could not make them leave the back cornice in like manner with your rifle, and I remained guarding the castle. He had been gone about an hour when I saw the boodah and the young male come back round the corner as hard as they could; but instead of coming to me the old rascal crossed the 'grassy slope very steep,' and dived down into some impenetrable hole to the left of the castle out of sight. About five minutes afterwards the aide-de-camp appeared, but instead of following the others he dashed down the hill, and getting on to the precipice side he passed across the most dreadful place to the *salle d'attente.* Once or twice he was very nearly stuck, and I could see his head peering up and down, while the icicles crashed all round it, in dire despair as to how he could get back or forward. At last he made the top

of the *salle d'attente* good, always out of shot, and disappeared. When Celestin came with Post we examined in all directions, but found that the *salle d'attente* was impracticable; there is absolutely, as far as we now know, no way up to it. Night fell, and down we were obliged to go again. The weather continued villainous for the next few days, and we could do nothing, and when it cleared, we felt sure that the desperate wind must have driven the bouquetin from the castle, where we could not see them after careful spying. Accordingly we determined to try the Sanctuary again with the dogs. This time Post went to the entrance to the castle, and I posted myself in the big couloir in the centre of the wood. Very soon I heard the dogs, but instead of coming in our direction the cries died away. About two hours afterwards two of the men appeared calling me, so I made across as fast as I could, and found that the dogs had run a female and young one up on to a ledge in the Cotatoire gorge to the east of the Sanctuary, and that Celestin was keeping guard over them. Calling up to Post and telling him to come as fast as he could, I made off with Antoine as hard as I could to Celestin. In about an hour I found him squatting behind a rock guarding a little narrow ledge, about 100 feet up, in the middle of which was an icicle-roofed hole, fronted by a solitary pine bush. Behind this he told me the bouquetin were. I waited for Post, who joined me in about half an hour. The question now was if the bouquetin could get out at both sides of the hole. I resolved this by taking the side which looked the worst and leaving the other to Post. As I got to my place, where I went alone, I found that the ledge opened out greatly, ending at last in a rocky protuberance with desperate steep sides, here and there overhanging. It was about 100 feet high. At the

end of and below this I posted myself, and had hardly got there when I heard my friend Post cannonading away like a man with your rifle which I had lent to him, as I was anxious that he should kill one. Shot followed shot, and cries and yells to such an extent, that I felt pretty sure they were making a fine mess of it. At last I heard, 'Look out, they are going to you!' and next moment I saw their heads, as they scrambled along the ledge straight to me. I lay very quiet behind a pine gazing up the rock, not knowing where they would appear. I was not left long in doubt, a small avalanche of stones being closely followed by the head and shoulders of the old female. For a moment she paused to see that all was right, and the little bullet sent her flying like a stone past me into the gorge below with a broken heart. The little fellow, a male, dashed back, and showed himself over the overhanging part of the ledge. Another bullet whacked into his little chest, but only grazed him. Like the wind he flew to the left and peeped over, only showing his head and a bit of the neck, into the latter of which I sent another ball, but again only a flesh wound. This was too much for the little fellow. Down the rock-side he flew, at the bottom of which he was met by the dogs, and away they crashed through the wood below me. Stuffing in another cartridge I let fly again, and this time I saw by the gather together of the stride that harm was done. However, he held bravely on, and it was only when a fourth ball through his heart and lungs reached him, as he stood on a rock about 150 yards off, that his stout little limbs gave way, and he lay down in the snow and died. Upon going to the female, I was very pleased to see Post's bullet through the top of her shoulders, as I was enabled to give her to him on the claim of first blood. He was not quite

satisfied that this was really a good business, but I have him consoled to it now, and he is as proud as Punch. The next day we beat the rocks, but did nothing, and Michell arriving at night, we determined to have a tremendous go at the castle the following day, which was our last. In the evening, on the way home, we spied the three males feeding on the *salle d'attente*. In the morning Celestin was up early, and they were still there, and when he was back we started, arriving at the foot of the castle about seven o'clock. No sign of the bouquetin was to be made out from the entrance, so Post climbed up to his place at once. As he was on the way up, I caught sight of the aide-de-camp, young male, and a young female one, on the grassy slope, but no sign of the boodah. They were looking quietly down at Post, and after a bit clambered up to the *chambre à coucher*. I got round to my place, and was just arranged there when I saw the men commence the ascent of the castle, Michell leading. The day was lovely for a wonder, and the snow having melted, they got on much easier than they expected. It was so early the icicles had not begun to fall. The bouquetin watched the men, at first coolly, but gradually getting more and more uneasy. At last the men were on the upper grassy slope, Michell going on to prevent them passing to the back cornice. When there they all began to shout and fire pistol-shots. This was too much for the aide-de-camp; taking one look round him he scrambled down the precipice, and, dashing at full speed across the grassy slope, where the men were standing, disappeared over the precipice side. The men say it was awful the place he went down, and down he did go, for we afterwards found his tracks where he lit in the snow when he jumped from the precipice on the west side of the castle, where no one

ever knew a bouquetin descend before. The other bouquetin hesitated a moment before they left the ledge leading to the *chambre à coucher*, when they came down like indiarubber balls. They attempted to follow the aide-de-camp, but the men were too quick for them this time, and the shouts and shots obliged them to take the pass which led to Post. Down they came pell-mell, head over heels, bounding like peas on a drum. Suddenly there was a puff of white smoke, and then another and another, as the bouquetin literally fell over Post. The female fell very nearly on him. I now put down the telescope with which I had been watching them and took up the little rifle. Presently I saw the female come flying down the slope below Post, where she turned and came straight to me. I was on a beastly steep place, and consequently very much puckered up. Just as she got within about 40 yards and right below me, the bouquetin got hidden by the rocks between me and her, and the next moment I saw her nip across a place right under me and vanish. I pulled, and a splash of blood remained behind on the snow. The bouquetin, however, held on, and I saw her going along a ledge about 150 yards off. Just as I was going to fire again, I heard Celestin, from the top of the castle, shouting, '*À vous, à vous, encore, le male au-dessous de vous, tirez, tirez vite!*' As quick as I could I turned and cut back to where I had just fired at the female, and saw the young male nip across the same place that I had fired at the female. I snapped at him like a rabbit in Johnston's woods and missed him, but this time I knew better the line he would take. Getting back to the projecting rock from which I had last seen the female, I waited patiently. After a moment the bouquetin appeared, going along a narrow ledge as hard as he could at about 200 feet

from the ground and about 150 yards off. I covered him steadily, and just as he turned to get down a place, knocked him on to his head as dead as a door-nail. He was so dead that he fell on a narrow ledge, where he remained and saved his horns. We never could find out where the female went to, the icicles being so bad that we dared not follow the exact line she had taken, and so lost the tracks. A short time after we were all lunching, when Antoine suddenly began to gesticulate and call out loudly as if he were mad, pointing up to the top of a desperate place which faces the castle, and which we call the 'Fortress.' It is very like the place Leotard came off, only on a much bigger scale, and in winter quite inaccessible. We all looked up, and there, standing on a snow field in the middle of it, looking down quietly at us, was the old boodah. He looked magnificent, and with the telescope I saw him as clearly as if he were only 50 yards off. He seemed half-inclined to come down at one time, and I made a great rush across the avalanches in the couloir to cut him off; but he was far too cute, and turning off he strolled quietly away to a recess in the rock, from which nothing could dislodge him, and there we left him. I need not say I intend going back to try conclusions with him, and hope to have his head in the trophy room yet. I have also heard of another very fine male on very easy ground near Bucharo.

And now I have, I fear, given you a big yarn, dear old boy. Send it on at once to Basil, and ask him to send it to Fred, and when you have done with it I will ask you to let me keep it as a kind of journal of the trip."

VALLÉE D'ARRAS.

Monday, 28th March 1881. — Left Gavarnie at 6.30. Thirteen porters, Celestin, Passet, Jacques,

Michell, and Tambell and Medor, the two dogs. Snowing hard, afraid we could not cross the col, but managed it. Arrived at Torla at 6 P.M. Saw six izards to the right of the old solitaire's gorge, but too late to stalk.

Tuesday, 29th March 1881.—Paid 350 francs for the lease of the valley for this year to the town councillors, and left for the "Buster" beat. A long tiresome walk and stiff hot pull. Posted where I shot the young male izard two years ago. Arthur Post on the post below. A good deal of snow below the post. Saw nothing; Michell had found the tracks of a bear going towards the White Rocks. Reached *cabane* at about 5.30. Got out the straw, etc., and dined at 7.30, and to bed.

Wednesday, 30th March 1881.—A glorious morning. Off about eight. Arthur and I went alone up to the chateau, he taking the post on it, and I the one on the rock in the wood below. Sun very hot, but a cold easterly wind. Later on it got clouded and cold. The men put up three bouquetin which Antoine saw from Cotatoire—a female and two smaller beasts. They crossed to the Black Rocks. In the afternoon beat the little Sanctuary, but saw nothing. The choughs are building. Arthur saw two mobbing an eagle yesterday. Letters arrived.

Thursday, 31st March 1881.—Pouring rain, so breakfasted in bed. It cleared a little afterwards, so Arthur and I took our rifles and went to the end of the valley. There was a lot of snow beyond the bear's tree, and we had some bother in getting through a young beech wood, in which the trees for 20 feet and upwards were bent to the ground with snow. Found the tracks of a bouquetin going down near the Cueva. Farther on found tracks of izards; but it rained so

hard it was impossible to use the glasses. Very little snow on the cornices of the "rocks."

Friday, 1st April 1881.—Still raining hopelessly. About two o'clock it cleared slightly, so we determined to try the Sanctuary. Arthur went to his post on the chateau, and I to that at Cotatoire. No snow on the path, so I got along nicely, taking an hour and a half. They beat towards me and arrived at five, having seen nothing.

Saturday, 2nd April 1881.—Still raining hard. At 2.30 I went alone to stalk along the foot of the rocks. Under the "dead pine post" I found fresh tracks and droppings of bouquetin. Went along quietly, keeping as close as I could to the foot of the precipices from which the water poured. As I passed along the ledges where they lie I found droppings in quantities of all ages. Near the avalanche I found the perfectly fresh tracks of a bouquetin, which I followed up their pass, through the box bushes, on to the "yellow cornice," and then from that up another narrow run to the thickly-bushed cornice above. These cornices form a regular network, complicated to the greatest degree; they are intersected with precipitous rocks which are on their part disintegrated, affording holes and ledges of all sizes, some covered with box bushes, and some are where the bouquetin can hide themselves to their hearts' content. I came down to the path at the avalanche as it was five o'clock, and wandered slowly home, keeping a sharp eye for bears. Just as I got to the bottom of the Cotatoire, I heard Arthur fire at the top of the Sanctuary; shortly afterwards came on his and Celestin's coat and glass on the top of a box bush. Here Michell and Vincent joined me, they having heard the shot also. We called and Arthur and Celestin answered from the top of the wood.

Leaving the men, I went home, as I was wet through, and Arthur appeared about 7.30. He and Celestin had been spying from the south side, and he had spied three bouquetin feeding on the mamelon, close to the precipices to the east of the "Banbox"; they had a hard run up, and he had got a shot at about 100 yards and wounded the female, but too far back. She had rushed down into the pine wood above the precipices, and he had lost her. They had also spied a very fine solitaire on the "lookout" on the lower cornice of Aronebo.

Sunday, 3rd April 1881.—Snowing hard when we awoke. It was no use waiting, so we tried the wood below the "rocks." Arthur went to the yellow cornice and I to the near post. Very hot clambering up through sleet and snow, encumbered with rifle, lunch, and wraps. Placed myself on the lower ledge in an old bouquetin bed, from which I could see a long way down the hill. On their way up the men had found fresh tracks of a smallish bear in the snow on the path. It is not impossible that we nearly met yesterday afternoon. They saw nothing in the beat. At five o'clock it cleared up and gave promise of a fine day for to-morrow, which promise, however, none of us much believed in. Pierre arrived with letters.

Monday, 4th April 1881.—Raining harder than ever. The only change which I regarded pleasantly from my bed was from rain to sleet and from sleet to snow and back again. Could not stand it, so tried the Sanctuary in hopes of a male, or at any rate, one of the small things that were with Arthur's female, also in hopes of finding her. I went to the chateau and posted myself under a pine, sheltered from any stray stones that might fall from the overhanging precipices above the chateau. It began to snow like mad and

got awfully cold, which I felt the more as I had forgotten my knitted gloves. Arthur had taken the lower part. The beat took an age, and it was awfully cold and uncomfortable. As soon as I heard the men I went down to Arthur, and we crossed the gorge and joined Michell, and struggled up to have a look for Arthur's female, but when we got there it was too late to do anything. On the way down to the Cotatoire path Tambell found the horns of a good solitaire that had been dead about a month. The men had found tracks of bouquetin in the beat.

Tuesday, 5*th April* 1881.—A finer-looking morning, and Pierre started for Gavarnie. Tried the Sanctuary again. I went to the Banbox, as we suspected that something had played a trick on us yesterday in the precipices about this spot, from the way Tambell had looked up and sniffed all along their foot. I had to cross a very nasty couloir before getting to my post, from which the rocks had fallen constantly yesterday. I bolted across as hard as I could, and immediately afterwards a large rock and a fusillade of smaller ones thundered down across the place I had passed. Medor made me jump whilst at my post, coming up a gully I had not observed to the east of the post. I had heard his footsteps, and was sure it was something for a moment. Celestin, who was top man, called me shortly after passing under me to say he had found Arthur's bouquetin. I went down to look at her. She had gone about 400 yards; she was shot low and far back; a nice young female about five years old, in kid. Afterwards went up to the precipices to get out of the rain, and lunch. Arthur joined me, and we went to look at the bouquetin which Vincent had carried off quietly, and for a bit we could not make out what had happened to her. Sketched the bouquetin.

Wednesday, 6th April 1881.—A finer morning. Left at nine to beat the cornice above the rocks. Antoine and Celestin accompanied us to the posts. The mists came on so heavy as we got to the first caves, that we decided on sending Antoine back to call the men and tell them to beat the low central beat on the south side for bears, of which we had found tracks. The forest in this beat, which is a narrowish strip between the precipices and the Gave, is principally composed of beech, with here and there clumps of pine and silver fir. The foot of the precipices are as usual disintegrated into irregular ledges, where, from the droppings and tracks, the bouquetin must constantly lie. The immense quantity of beech masts makes it a favourite haunt for bears, though I fancy they seldom stop so low down in the daytime. Arthur was posted opposite the big avalanche beyond the first caves, and I at a splendid spot commanding three fords. The beat took a long time, the men not arriving till three. Afterwards we went to the head of the valley. Just beyond the snow-covered young beech wood we came on the perfectly fresh tracks of a bear. These Celestin and I followed, Arthur keeping above us near the precipices. The tracks led down to the Gave, crossed south, then went into the Gave, up which the beast had waded, then left the river and led straight up the steep bank through the deep snow and up the south side. It took us some time to find all this out. We sent Michell over to follow the tracks a bit, and he found an older track going along and coming down again. There were also tracks on the north side far up the valley, but rather older. I believe all these tracks are made in the night or early morning, and that the bears get up into the most inaccessible cornices during the daytime. On the way home we

found the top of the skull of a magnificent old male bouquetin in the torrent bed below the "old bouquetin's" cornice. We also saw the solitaire on the top of the "lookout," where Arthur and Celestin had seen him the other day. A fine evening, with occasional showers, but mists over that evil omen, Turbon.

Thursday, 7th April 1881.—Nor did Turbon lie, raining hard this morning off and on. Determined, notwithstanding, to beat the lower cornice of Aronebo for the solitaire. Antoine and Celestin came with us, leaving the other men at Cotatoire. We turned up after passing the Cueva and had a sharp climb up a *cheminée* in the lower precipices. From the top of this we spied two nice solitaires on the edge of the precipices between the lower and upper cornices. They were keeping a sharp lookout down hill, but had not seen us. Keeping out of sight, we dispersed to our respective posts, I taking that close to the upper precipices. The best place was at the edge of a small couloir, and, as no avalanches had fallen during the day, I thought I might venture to post myself on its edge, having secured an overhanging ledge to protect my head. On my way up I knocked my right thumb against a sharp rock and split the nail across the middle. I had been about an hour at my post when a tremendous avalanche fell down the couloir, almost over my head. The roar was dreadful, and the rush of air, icy cold, which it caused, almost blew me away, though I had thrown myself on my face and held tight on to the rocks. I was spattered all over with snow and beat a hasty retreat as soon as I thought it was safe to do so. Tracks quite fresh of izards passing close to my post and all going eastward looked bad, and sure enough the men arrived, having seen the tracks of a bear on the "lookout" and along the cornice,

off which he had doubtless hunted the izards. I was very glad to see the men safe. Shortly after I had left the couloir another avalanche had fallen with terrific force, and after joining the men, while we were talking, another. Went eastward a bit to see if we could make anything of the solitaires, and where the precipices end caught sight of a female izard lying in a hole about 200 yards off. I could only see her shoulders and would not risk the shot, hoping that she might get up to graze and come closer. Heavy mist came on and hid her from us, and when it cleared she was not to be seen. The wind had changed. We attempted to follow her, but the fresh snow on the steep slope above the most ugly-looking hole, some 400 feet deep and a pic, made us think prudence preferable to valour. I had some bother getting down the *cheminée* with my thumb. Reached home tired and disgusted.

Friday, 8*th April* 1881.—A dirty morning. Mists which soon turned into rain. Beat the "rocks," I going to the old post above the "old bouquetin's cornice," and Arthur to the post above. Just before we separated, we found the old tracks of a bear in the snow in the couloir behind my post. Had not been long at my post when I saw our old friend of two years ago, the lammergeier, floating along the sides of the "rocks," examining the ground carefully below him, in hopes doubtless of a chance at an izard like that he got when he killed the one on Turbon, whose head I have at home. I had just commenced my lunch after having been about two hours and a half at my post when Antoine appeared above me with Vincent. The latter had come to say that the dogs had run a male bouquetin on to a ledge on the high precipice of Aronebo, near the Cotatoire pass. Poor Vincent *estaba muy escansado*, so I gave him a pull at my wine. As soon as Arthur

had joined us from his post we started along the cornices above the "rocks," or rather the top cornice of the rocks. I had never been along here before and was very glad to see it, though I anticipated some nasty places, especially above Cotatoire. However, there being little snow, we got along without any difficulty, though here and there we had to pass along some narrowish places above the couloir which yawned below us unpleasantly. Above the yellow cornice is the worst, but there being no snow at this spot it was easily passed. After about two hours' hard walking and scrambling we came in sight of the men, Celestin and Michell, standing warming themselves at a blazing log and gazing up to the precipitous sides of the buttress. When we got down to them, they pointed out a very fine young male bouquetin, about 500 feet up, standing looking out of a kind of hole and regarding us with apparent composure. He evidently did not think himself quite safe, from the manner in which he peered sideways out of his hole from time to time. The question was how to get at him. We were half afraid he could get up the buttress, in which case we were done with him ; however, we considered that if he could get there without coming down, he would have done so already. After much consideration we decided that I was to try and stalk him, and that Arthur should go and post himself at the foot of the buttress in case he got away from me. As soon as I saw Arthur near his place I started, leaving Antoine and Vincent to watch him below. We were obliged to make a long detour in deep snow in order to get out of his sight, but at last arrived at a spot from which we could just see the head of the rascal still peeping about carefully. The sides of the precipice are here much disintegrated, so that though steep we could clamber up and down and along

almost as we wished. Once we thought of climbing straight up and trying to shoot him almost on a level, but an avalanche falling with a horrid roar in the couloir by the buttress made us think it better to beat a retreat. There remained now but one chance, and that was for me to creep along a narrow ledge, keeping glued as close as I could to the rock. This I did, but the bouquetin saw me, and without hesitation bounded out of his hole. For a second he stopped broadside on a rock, looking down towards Arthur. It was a long nasty shot, close on 200 yards, and the beggar was dreadfully the colour of the rocks. After the shot he dashed off, and for a moment or two I thought I had missed him. I had just got in another cartridge when, to my relief, I saw the poor fellow fall backwards off a steep rock and roll out of sight stone dead. He was, as we afterwards found, hit exactly behind the shoulder. There was no use me going up for him, so I left the men, who were in great delight, singing *congratulamine*, to bring him down, and went down to the fire. I was very thirsty and drank freely of the Spanish wine which is mighty strong. In about a quarter of an hour the men came down with the bouquetin, and we laid him out and examined him. He was a fine beast, about four years old, all his incisors except the outer pair. Slight indications of the side line, but no beard or smell Returned in spirits, picking up Pierre who had been lost.

Saturday, 9th April 1881.—There having been two other bouquetin with the one I shot yesterday, and we having found their tracks on the cornice below the "lookout," we determined to beat the "rocks" again. I forgot to say the dogs put the bouquetin up yesterday in the Black Rocks, where the men found many marks. Arthur went to my old post at the east end, and

Antoine above him, and I went to the yellow cornice. It was a very hot pull up through the wood. Just as I got on to the cornice, I thought I heard a whistling snort behind me somewhere, and am pretty sure it was a bouquetin. I posted myself on the ledge under the precipice, guarding up to the right along its foot and over the avalanche to the left, in which direction I commanded some capital bits of cornice. It was here that Arthur saw three bouquetin in 1879. I saw the lammergeier on his usual hunt. The men arrived about two, Celestin and Michell on the two little cornices. They had found lots of tracks and droppings, but seen nothing. They passed on by me to finish the beat, and when I thought it was time went down and joined them on the path by the avalanche. We spent the evening spying, Celestin and I going to the south side to spy the rock to see if, after all, the beggars could be there and come out to graze, but saw nothing.

Sunday, 10*th April* 1881.—A lovely morning. The men started an hour before us to beat the Torla beat, Arthur and I posting ourselves high up in the ordinary posts. Saw nothing but an old black woodpecker, who sat motionless, half-hidden by the trunk of a tree for twenty minutes, spying me round the corner. Lunched on a hot chicken at the *cabane* on passing. Decided upon beating the chateau, as we suspected that the bouquetin must have slipped off behind the beaters in that direction ; we also determined not to leave the Black Rocks out this time, as I fear we have too often done before now. Arthur went to the castle and I to the Cotatoire pass. The men took a long time ; but on arriving, told me they had found lots of marks and a large track, low down, passing across the gorge into the Sanctuary. I kept my post, and the men gradually got smaller and smaller, and at last disappeared. As soon

as they were out of sight, I went along the narrow ledge above the rocks to examine the marks they had seen, and also in hopes of something coming back. I sat down from time to time. I was greatly struck with the disintegration of the sides of the precipices. Here and there there are large bushy ledges very difficult of access, but once there, roomy enough for a herd of bouquetin. It is impossible for the men to examine these innumerable, small, disjointed ledges, and still on any one of them the finest old male in the valley might be lying, and there he would lie till they passed. Above me I saw the ledge along which the old "boodah" had passed when I was here with Harry (20th January 1879?), and farther on came to the ledge, with its solitary little pine bush, behind which the female and young male hid themselves two years ago. The dogs had hunted them out of the Sanctuary, and Celestin had fortunately seen them go up on to this ledge. After this he had kept watch on them for about two hours while he sent for us, and they had never shown the top of their noses, even lying absolutely still behind the pines. Even when we arrived we had to fire some two or three shots or so to make them come out. I never heard or saw any sign of anything living in the Sanctuary, so went down to the beeches in the flat and lay on my back a long time spying the cornices and precipices on all sides. Upon arriving at the *cabane*, to my astonishment, my question, *No han visto nada?* received the unexpected answer, *Si, un bucardo, y está muerto.* The dogs had put up a fine young male just below the Banbox and run him long and merrily all over the west end of the Sanctuary within 50 yards of his heels, and had at last put him up on to the chateau within 10 yards of Arthur, who at first shot saw nothing but his astonished face and hit

him through the cheek. With his second he broke his back as he dashed down the hill. He was a three-year-old, with four broad teeth.

Monday, 11*th April* 1881.—A fine morning, but with sharp N.E. wind and cold. Beat the central and east beats of the south side. On my way up to my post with Antoine we came on the fresh tracks of bouquetin in a hollow below the rocks where my post is (we had left Arthur at the low post). Immediately afterwards we came on four bouquetin, about 80 yards off, feeding in the sun amongst a lot of rotten branches under some silvers. At first I could only see a year-old distinctly, and the little beast saw me and stood squinting at me through the sun. The wind was very shifting and a puff reached them. A very fine female stepped up on to a trunk and offered me a most tempting shot. I had the trigger half pulled, for it was difficult to resist, though I had vowed not to shoot females, when Antoine whispered, *Hay un bucardo está escondido de Vd. detras un arbol.* Of course I did not know what sort of a male it might be, and while I was trying to make out, a second puff of wind reached them and they bolted. The male, if male there was, was so small I could not distinguish him from the others. They went towards the men. The beat as usual took a long time and the cold was bitter. When the men arrived, they said that the dogs had put the bouquetin and another solitary one up into the top cornice. As they had now to go down and round to the bears' ford I lit a fire under a silver and warmed myself till about 2.30, when I went east to see the jagged rock which commands the post. It is a splendid post, but the cold was horrible. The men arrived at last, having seen very little signs. Went down about 5 P.M.

Tuesday, 12*th April* 1881.—Beat the rocks from

the east. Arthur going to the Cotatoire, and I to the dead tree post. When the men got as far as me (quarter to twelve), I went down and breakfasted under the beeches, got to the *cabane* at 12.30, and Hillier gave me a hand with my rifle up the Salerous, on my way to the castle, where I arrived at 2.15, and posted myself where Arthur had been sitting when he killed the male on the 10th. When the men arrived, they told me that Arthur had killed a she-bear at Cotatoire about a quarter to ten. She was followed by her cubs, and came straight along the edge of the precipice above the Black Rocks at a gallop. He hit her well behind the shoulder, and rolled her down the avalanche stone dead. He fired three shots at the cubs, and thought he hit one in the foot or leg. On my way down I spied Arthur sitting down, contentedly reading his letters, which had just arrived, in front of the *cabane*, with the bear lying in front of him. A real jolly moment of blissful self-satisfaction, known only to the slayer of a good beastie. The bear was just stopping suckling. She was small, but with a fine head and lovely coat. I expect it was our friend who disturbed the big solitaire on the 7th. Old Tambell came in with her chops very much swollen, and we could not make it out, and half thought one of the cubs might have boxed her ears, but I don't think it. Sang *congratulamine* half the night after skinning the bear, which was very fat. Her teeth showed age.

Wednesday, 13th April 1881.—Left at eight, beat the Buster. Remarked a difference in our condition since the last time we negotiated him, especially Arthur, the lawn-tennis handicap having got me in a bit of condition. It was very cold. Upon the men arriving, Michell reported tracks of a large bouquetin he had made down to the rocks over the Gave. We lit a fire

on the prickly bush, and after lunch, instead of beating the woods along the foot of the precipices and of the Buster, we went down through the forest to find the tracks of the bouquetin, and see if we could do anything with him. We found the tracks after some trouble and followed them into the rocks, but having left the dogs at home for rest we could do nothing with him, so after Celestin and Michell going down and spying, and us looking from above, we determined to leave him till to-morrow. The rain came on. Arrived at the *cabane* about 6.30.

Thursday, 14th April 1881.—Left the dear old valley to-day for Bucharo; just fifteen days in it. Bag—three bouquetin and one bear.

VALLÉE D'ARRAS,
20th May 1881.

Packed our traps for the Vallée d'Arras, and started about 8.30 (the men having started about seven) to make the low beat on Escusan, a long belt of beech wood along the Gave and below the bottom precipices. On my way to my post (in the great couloir which comes down from Escusan) I met Michell, who was on his way to see if the large bear, of which the men had got the tracks quite fresh in the snow, had passed the snow on his way to the bears' wood, as otherwise he would be in the high fir wood on the side of Escusan above the precipices. I was afraid I was rather late in going to the post, but he said not, so on I went, carrying my gourd which leaks in my hand. I was much puzzled, on arriving at the couloir, to know where to place myself. Beyond the couloir is a very thick band of wood running from the precipices to the Gave, a distance of about 300 yards, the wood beyond this strip being cut; the couloir itself is broad, rocky, and much broken, the

trees on it being smashed into bits by the constant avalanches. It is also exceedingly steep. Owing to this it was most difficult to find a place from which I could command the precipices to the Gave. At first I placed myself about half-way up, and sat there for about half an hour ; but I was not satisfied, as I did not command the ground at the foot of the precipices well, along which, if a bear was in the beat, I thought it most probable he would come, owing to the very dense undercover on the band of forest in front of the post. I accordingly changed and went up nearly to the top, so that no bear could pass me that way, and I would be able to fire at anything below me. I had been about an hour there when along the sides of the rocks I saw a magnificent old bear come bounding along, followed by a very small, naked-looking, little brown cub. The old bear's coat waved in the wind as she went, the tuft on her shoulders being very conspicuous. She was up a bit on the rocks at the foot of the precipices, and as she came to the corner overlooking the couloir, pulled up for a moment and looked about her on all sides. She was about 70 yards off, and I gave her a pill as soon as possible. At the shot, without a growl, she rolled herself up in a ball, with her head between her legs, and fell in a lump off the little cornice she was on into the wood below. There was no sound afterwards. But I saw the cub for a second or two hopping about aimlessly and looking disconsolate, so I seized up three or four cartridges, loaded again, and slipped down quietly and sat down on the rocks close to the place she had fallen into. After about twenty minutes, not hearing anything, I went to the place the bear had fallen, and found pools of blood and the impression of her body where she had hit the ground ; from this the blood led straight down

the hill, and then turned off to the left into the thick undercover. At this moment I heard the rush of the bear going off, so got back on to the rocks of the couloir. Arthur and I then spied each other across the Gave, he being posted at the other side; and I tried to make out from him if he knew what had happened, and from his signs I fancied that the bear was dead in the Gave below, so went half-way down to see, but the place was so thick and nasty I thought it better to beat a retreat. After half an hour's more suspense old Tambell's voice, barking angrily in the middle of the thicket in front of me, put me on the alert, as I was sure she had the bear. However, I stood, rifle on full cock, on the lookout, not knowing at what moment I might see her rush out towards me. After a bit, evidently seeing she could make nothing of her ugly customer, the old bitch came out to me, all her hair on end. I could not stand it any longer, so went up with Tambell to the place the bear had fallen, and followed all the tracks, the dog keeping close, and just in front of me. It was so thick that I had to go on my hands and knees in places, and was proceeding in this fashion when up got the bear close to me and rushed off helter-skelter, but awfully sick. I blazed at her and crammed in another cartridge, and fell on my head in my efforts to follow her. Tambell was sticking close behind her, almost walking when I last saw her. At this moment I heard two shots, one from Arthur and one from the men, from whom I heard cries of delight, and knew that she was stopped. Getting to the place as fast as I could, I came on a fine sight, the bear at bay in the middle of the men and dogs, sitting on her tail and looking round savagely. I went up within 5 yards of her, and stood by, rifle on full cock, waiting. As she seemed to get stronger, and I did not like the

look of her, I took Celestin's gun, making him hold the rifle ready, fired into her shoulder 5 yards off. Instead of falling, the powerful brute bounded on to her legs, and for a minute looked very nasty, but by the time I had taken the rifle she began to get faint again, and a bullet from it through the shoulders ended her sufferings. I found Arthur had hit her (a wonderful shot, at least 400 yards) in the point of the withers, and the bullet had run round and was lying between the skin and flesh on the top of the other shoulder without entering the body, and Celestin had fired a charge of buck-shot into her face, which had simply bounded off the skull, some of them entering her chest. My first ball had entered at the left shoulder and gone slantingly across and broken two immense holes, out of one of which protruded part of her liver, and out of the other some broken bits of ribs. It was an awful wound, and though she was dying fast, it was wonderful that she lived as long as she did. She was a very fine handsome bear, with a lovely coat in perfect order, and giving very little milk (and not in cub again), which puzzles me much. We skinned her on the spot, and found beech mast and cotyledons of beech in her stomach. The walk to the valley was stifling, but we arrived at 4.30, and found Jack arranging the house, and all getting on well. We dined outside, and enjoyed the splendid view, after having stretched the skin on the floor of the *cabane*.

CHAPTER VIII

Trip to Egypt—Stalking Wolves and Foxes in the Desert at Cairo —Riding down a Wolf—Expedition to Hills near Suez after Ibex.

AGE 45.

EGYPT, 30*th January* 1889.

OUT at eight. Rode the donkey as far as third pyramid. Find the wolves have dug up the donkey or what is left. Saw the black vulture and eagle at the horse, which is much eaten. Went along the rocks and wounded a fox very badly with the gun, both barrels very long shots, 70 yards. I looked a long time for it, but without result. On my way home saw a very fine long-legged buzzard, with a nearly white head and white tail. A little farther on disturbed a fox, which I watched go and lie up behind a cairn of stones. Was in the act of stalking her when I moved another who merely heard my feet. I squatted, and when he turned round and sat on his haunches to stare, he could not make me out. At last he gave it up, and I got an opportunity and nipped up to a sandy knobby, and got him as he came round going back to where he had been lying. He saw me and bolted, but I hit him very hard with the gun, and ran after him and finished him with the 360—a spherical. A very fine old dog-fox. Sat for the wolves in the afternoon and only saw a lame fox.

Thursday, 31*st January*.—Disturbed by a dog in the

From a Photograph by sr. Amezaur

Sir Victor Brooke on his Arab Sheikh.
1889.

Walker & Boutall, Ph. Sc

night, so took it easy and did not get up when called at 5.30. At nine, after breakfast, went to see the horse. Found the black vulture alone there, but he had done feeding, and flew away to the crest of the big hill beyond the bait to repose himself and think. This he, however, found too windy, as it ruffled his great loose feathers, so he went away altogether. I must give up a day to trying to get this fellow. After went to the rocks where I shot the wolf and saw nothing. Across to the rocks, and after a bit saw a very handsome fox going away, slightly disturbed. He had his brush turned, so I squatted, and when he looked round he could not find me. He sat down, and at last curled himself up among some loose limestone rocks in the open. After giving him as long as I could I got up and pretended to go away altogether; but as soon as I was out of his sight, the wind being very strong and favourable, I stole quickly up to him in my lawn-tennis shoes, and shot him stone dead as he went off. He was a young dog-fox, with a lovely gray skin.

In the evening watched the pass at the rocks for wolves, and returned by the bait and saw absolutely nothing.

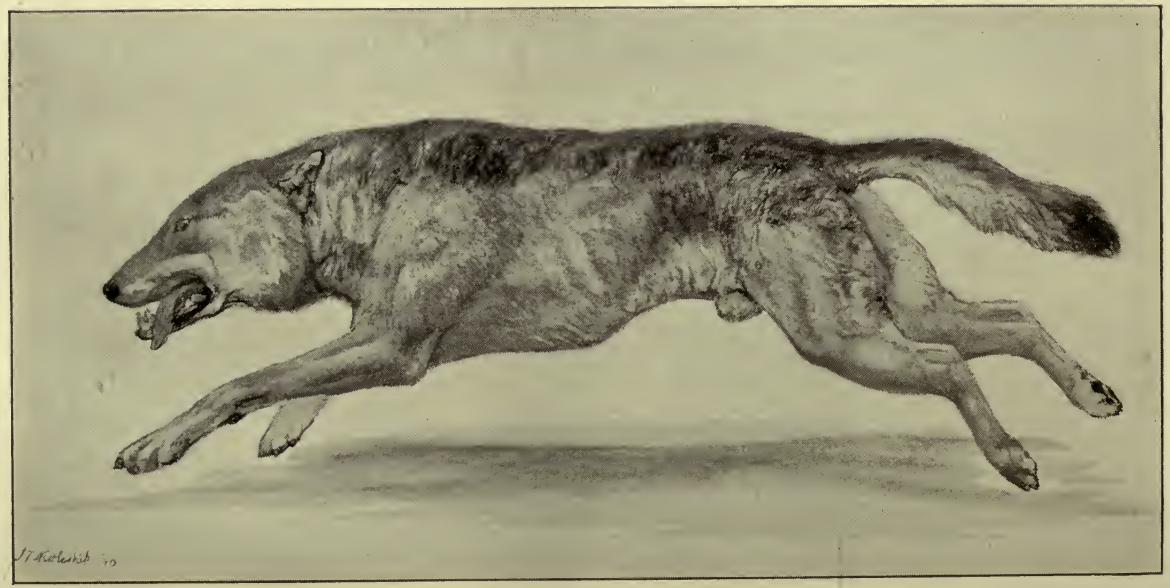
Bitterly cold and wind N.W., the worst possible for the bait.

Friday, 1st February.—Up at 5.30, and out on the Sheikh; went round by the Bedouins' Valley, and came in over the big hill at the bait. Nothing to be seen. I fancy the wolves must have heard the horse's hoofs clattering. Took a long ride in the Abooseer direction and saw nothing but a fox. In the evening watched the small pass at the rocks, as there were plenty of fresh tracks there, and I expect the wolves made off this way this morning. Swept the desert for miles

towards Geroa-el-Foal and saw nothing, ditto at the bait which I visited at six o'clock.

EGYPT, 1889.

Red Letter Day, 2nd February.—Breakfasted at eight, and went round by the bait and the rocks—the latter for a fox,—but saw nothing at the bait, which had been much eaten. I found that the majority of tracks led away towards Abooseer, so, seeing how late they were coming to the bait, I determined in the afternoon to take the Sheikh and try a flank movement, and catch them amongst their fastnesses half an hour or so before dusk, when they would be sure to be on the move. Accordingly at three the little horse came round, and I rode off towards Abooseer, entering the real desert at the spot I had seen the large wolf on the 28th ult. I stole up the little wadies, cantering wherever I could save time, and still look the ground well. I saw tracks here and there, but not a great many. I had been at this about half an hour, and was getting near the tableland sort of ridge, when in cantering up a sandy wady, with low pebbly ridges on each side, I came suddenly on the top of two wolves. I was within 50 yards of them. One was sitting on his tail, with his back to me, at the foot of a conical knobby, on the top of which the other was lying. I pulled the horse almost on to his haunches in stopping, but the wolf on the top of the knobby saw me, and was round the back like oil. I crammed my spurs into the Sheikh and rushed for the wolf sitting up, and had nearly halved the distance when he saw and heard me, and flew. He went straight up the wady, and I followed him, and did not lose, but rather gained. Just as I got to the crest of the hill I saw the other wolf to my left, quite as near and in better ground, and I saw at a glance that he was an enormous old wolf,



GOING HARD AND STRONG.

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with his crest waving as he tore along. This decided me to clap into him, and the real chase began. The ground was most favourable for the horse, and the little fellow flew after the hairy, furious-looking beast, as if he intended to kill him on his own account; so keen was he that he very nearly did for us. The wolf, finding that he rather lost than gained, turned sharp round to the left when nearly under the horse's feet, and as I was in the middle of difficulties with the gun at this moment, I could not check him from shooting away past the wolf and losing a lot of ground. In my exertions the gun went off, luckily in the air, which did not help matters. However, by nearly throwing him on his back, I managed to stop and turn my impetuous little steed, and clapping spurs into him, was soon off over the ridge the wolf had disappeared behind. Going for bare life, *ventre à terre*, and trying to load the empty barrel, catch sight of the wolf, and choose the best ground all at once. Luckily, as I crossed the first ridge, I saw the wolf about 100 yards or more ahead disappear over another, and on arriving at the latter spot I saw his broad tracks down a wady to the left. Diving down the narrow little wady 1000 miles an hour, catch sight of the wolf going hard and strong on the almost level expanse of desert below, and making without doubt for the far more broken ground which lay beyond. I felt it was now neck or nothing; if once he gained his point I was beaten; while, on the other hand, I felt that if I could keep him in this grand galloping ground he was crossing my chance was a good one. I called vigorously on the little game horse, and stuck the spurs into him in earnest. We literally flew over the sandy waste, hollows and ridges, rocks and sand-drifts flew beneath us. At last the pace began to tell on the wolf; I could see he was

going heavier, less tongue out, and an expression of desperation stealing over his robber-like grizzled countenance. I was so intent upon turning him from his point that I never attempted to use the gun for fear of losing direction and thereby ground. One final desperate spurt, which nearly burst the little nag, and I had him turned, and away we went again as merrily as ever back the way we had come. This, however, could not last; flesh and blood could not stand it. We had been going literally as fast as we could cram for twenty minutes, and something must give way somewhere. Just as I was beginning to fear that that something would be the Sheikh, without warning and suddenly the wolf squatted at full length, his nose on his forefeet and his tail straight out behind him, panting like a steam-engine. I pulled up as fast as I could, but not till I had passed him, when up he jumped, and made off for the hills, his old direction, as fast as he could. I managed, however, to get one barrel off at 30 yards, and hit him in the hind legs, and then, without waiting to fire the second, thrust after him, and did all that was in me to head him again. He was getting very much done, and this time I succeeded much easier, when he began to twist and turn in all directions. He was a good deal impeded with his wound, and every now and then turned a complete somersault. I now felt I had him, and simply tried to ride him to bay. Shorter and shorter got his circles, and at last the poor beast pulled up on a little tableland and faced me, and in the next moment he was in the happy hunting grounds. Gladly I gave a loud whoop and sprang from the saddle to save the gallant little horse who was clean done, and to examine my prize. It was getting dark, and it was a long way from home, so I had not long to look at

THE OLD DOG-WOLF.

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him. I found he was an enormous and very old dog-wolf, tremendously strongly built, with huge shoulders, head, and neck. He had lost the fourth toe on the right forefoot in the wars before. He was in grand condition, and was so heavy, it was with difficulty I got him to some sand where I could bury him and leave him for the night. This I did and rode home well content, and was much congratulated.

Sunday, 3rd March 1889.—Left Cairo with Garstin in a Khamsîn wind by 11.30 train for Tel-el-Kebir. At Zagazig met Messrs. Vetter (Russian Consul at Zagazig) and his friend Autrano, who are to accompany us. On arriving at Tel-el-Kebir at 4 P.M., met the Sheikh Mavgelli, brother of Abba Sayoud, and his two sons, about fifteen and seventeen years old, with his four saker falcons and the camels, and the sheikh's horse. We got the horses out of train and the camels packed wonderfully quickly, and started, the sheikh's tents having gone on before to Abbounashaba, about 7 miles in the desert, where we are to camp for the night. Ride through the extensive deserted barracks of the days before our occupation; they are now roofless and in ruins. After getting out of them we passed the great swamps of Tel-el-Kebir, where I saw numerous waders which I could not well identify, but redshanks, and I fancied black-tailed godwits were amongst them. Shortly after leaving the swamps we struck the edge of the Arabian desert, and then good-bye to green for some days. To Abbounashaba and some distance beyond the desert is covered with mounds like ant-heaps of varying sizes, each with a bush on the top of it, and I fancy it is the sand blown round the bushes and accumulating which gives rise to these humps. Just as we got near the camping-place, I saw a falcon of some sort hunting an owl, and

swooping beautifully. The owl had something (a quail?) in his talons. They disappeared, and Vetter having sent his black man to see what had happened, he returned with a short-eared owl dead, the entire top of his head being carried away. Our tents arrived when it was dark, and we had some trouble pitching them. Having no cook, we had to do our own dinner, and afterwards turned on to our mattresses at about nine o'clock. It was very hot in the night, and with this and the endless chatter of the Bedouins I hardly slept a wink.

Monday, 4th March.—Up at four. It was *very cold* standing about while the tents were being packed, etc. It was very picturesque to see the old sheikh sitting at the foot of a mound watching his men packing, a splendid falcon on his gloved wrist, his favourite little boy beside him with another falcon on his wrist. At last we got under weigh, the air clear and crisp, but very cold. The caravan consisted of ten camels, three or four exclusively used by Mavgelli, who had also his horse in case of wishing to change; five horses, fifteen Bedouins, and four gazelle dogs. These latter are miserable, skinny, greyhound-like brutes, and very savage. As soon as we got through the district of humps, the desert became much firmer, and stretched away on all sides of us like a sea. There were quantities of plants and low bushes, which grew chiefly in the wadies, owing doubtless to the rain which occasionally flows down them. Heard a bird whistling most *powerfully* and sweetly, and on going to see what it was, found my old friend the desert-loving bifasciated lark whistling his morning hymns to the rising sun. Saw also cream-coloured coursers, which generally happens, I find, wherever their friend the lark is. The men dug a splendid little fennec fox out of a hole, and ran him down with the dogs, giving no start. These

ruffians have not the most elementary ideas of sport, and rile me dreadfully. The fennec had a very fine brush, a lovely little head, lustrous eyes for a fox, fawn-coloured backs to his ears, light-coloured legs. I am sure I have seen a smaller species and paler in colour, possibly the South African fennec. I wished to keep the skull and skin of this one, but it was mutilated past utility by these sacrilegious scoundrels. About one we halted for lunch to let the camels come up, who lagged dreadfully behind us, and also to get the mules, which we badly wanted. There was not a pick of shade of any description, and the heat was great. The sheikh made an impromptu tent out of one of his Bedouins' robes for his falcons, and we stood it out as best we could. At last the camels arrived after two hours' wait, and we drank the filthy water, which was black with dirt, eagerly. We now kept the camels in front of us, and had not gone very far before we saw a large herd of gazelles going off very wild over a branch of the Geneffe Gebel. It got very cold at nightfall, and the arrangements were simply disgusting. One had to struggle in the dark with no assistance with rugs, mattresses, clothes, guns, etc., all mixed in hopeless confusion, the only comfort being the reflection that we were within two and a half hours' of El Webed. Water was running short, and what there was was nearly undrinkable, having been taken from the filthy wells at Abbounashaba to save the lazy fiends of Bedouins carrying it from the sweet water canal at Tel-el-Kebir. It was full of mud and sheeps' droppings, and of course we had no filter. Ordered two camels to start for fresh water to El Baba, about six hours up the old line from Cairo to Suez, before light to-morrow. I slept better, the Bedouins being too tired to chatter as they did the first night.

Tuesday, 5*th March.*—Another bitterly cold morning. Garstin and I stopped to see the camels start. Got off about eight. Found we had been camping on a highish plateau, hence the cold. Descended some 200 feet into a flat tract of desert which stretched away to El Webed, the mountains running directly east and west. I held straight away for the west end, the sheikh and the others wasting time in making a long curve to the east through a tract of bushes, in hopes of raising a hare for the falcons. This, if orders had been given for the baggage camels to go straight to the camping-place, would not have mattered ; but as it was, they followed the sheikh and wasted at least an hour thereby. At last we arrived at the camping-place a little before twelve. While the camels were coming up, the others took shelter under a rock, but I went off some 300 yards to spy the precipices which ran along the north side of the Webed. It is an isolated range, about 6 miles long, 1500 feet high, and cut into gorges and valleys all more or less steep, and very suitable for any wild goat, though, on the whole, easy ground. There is no vegetation whatever, with the exception of lichen on the ridges, but in *all* the hollows there are very aromatic desert plants, these now flowering with red flowers. There is not a *drop of water* on the hill, nor for miles around. I had looked at the precipices in sight and was resting before spying again, when a black spot to the right, on one of the nearer ridges, caught my eye, and on putting up the glass I saw the grandest old ibex one could wish to see, standing on the sky-line quite unalarmed and gazing around him. *Never* in my life have I seen any horned beast with horns so out of proportion to his body. I could see he was very thin, and I am sure he is as old as the hills themselves. After a minute's survey he turned and went slowly

back the way he had come. I whistled to the others and showed them where I had seen him, and they were delighted of course. Now came the agony; naturally I *knew* I had the best chance I should ever have in my life of a real good beden. I was almost *sure* to get him before night if I went up at once and found him, which I could not fail to do, the wind being grand, and then watch him till he was in a place that I could make certain of stalking him. I knew all this; it did not admit of question. In twenty minutes I could have been on the spot I had seen the ibex standing on, but with a party, one of four, it was not to be thought of. Plans that are not to be written in any civilised journal were proposed during lunch, and I found it very hard to keep quiet. We had just lit up a weed preparatory to starting for a beat for the ibex when one of the Bedouins ran to us to say the old ibex had come back to take another survey. We all got glasses and rushed off. There he was, the same hardy old veteran; not one rap did he care about us, scratching his ear with his hind foot and picking the dry lichen as he sauntered quietly out of sight again. We all fancied he had gone down into a gorge on the north versant of the hills. It looked just like it from where we were. Had this been so our plans were good, if any plans for beating in such a case can be called good. We told the Bedouins to remain in camp till they saw us on the sky-line where the ibex had been, and then beat the gorge up, *i.e.* the gorge into which we imagined he had gone, we taking posts around its head. As I got up near the place I soon saw all was different to what we had fancied. A very deep longitudinal valley intersected the main chain of El Webed into two parallel running minor chains, the northerly of which, namely that on which the ibex and we were, being merely a narrow ridge;

on the north, the north and south running gorges meet at its crest, whilst its southern side falls steeply into the longitudinal valley in little tiers of precipices, and it was into this latter the ibex had disappeared. This we found out too late, his fresh bed and deep foot-prints showing where he had dashed away, doubtless on seeing some of us mistaken lunatics going to our posts. We went back to the camp, I very sad at heart, through the great valley, and found lots of droppings and nearly every plant cropped by ibex. On getting to the camp at five, we found the water exhausted, and the horses had not drunk all day—in fact, had been twenty-four hours without water. It was simply misery for all—nothing but tinned nastiness to eat and very little to drink. Just as we were going to bed the camels turned up from El Baba, so we went to bed more content, but I was heart-sore for my ibex.

Wednesday, 6th March.—Woke to find a raging Khamsîn tempest, dust filling the air, and the barometer falling fast. It was too bad. There was nothing for it, so we were up at 4.30, and dressed as well as we could, the tents threatening to be driven away every moment. Whisky and water and mucky soup, full of sand, for breakfast, and then we were off, Garstin and I stalking together (for I had insisted that we had one day's stalking any way), and Vetter and his friend Autrano going together. We gave them the valley, best ground, and we took the north side of the hills. Garstin and I had tossed for first shot, he winning, but he absolutely insisted on my taking it—too good of him. However, it was not a day for much aspirations about shooting, our main object being to keep our feet; on the tops it was impossible to stand, and we were literally blown yards along before the gale. Seeing no work could possibly be done near precipitous ground, we got

down into a branch of the main valley and under a rock shelter greatly used by bouquetin. Here we sat till eleven, and lunched. We had hoped the day would get better, but instead of that it got worse and worse, the wind shrieked and howled through the mountains, and the dark, lurid, greenish pall that hung over everything was ghostly. The sand flew about with such force one could not face it, and had to make a round to avoid the sand-heaps in the deep wadies. We got back to the camp at one, and found the men had managed to re-pitch the tents, and that on a much better place. There was nothing for it but to cast ourselves on our beds, close the tents, and sleep. Gradually we were buried in the drifting sand, which simply defied expulsion. Towards three o'clock, both Garstin and I awoke with a headache from the close atmosphere, and in spite of the wind went out for a stroll along the foot of the Webed. It certainly is a most tempting hill, the ground exactly suited to ibex, and still neither too high nor too bad in any way to work after a bit of local experience alone. This is absolutely necessary, as a Bedouin is fit for nothing but slavedom, and has as much instinct for venery as a chimpanzee. Our first inquiry on getting back to the tents was for the camels and water, but no sign, and it really was not to be expected that they could face this dreadful storm. The horses were again twenty-four hours without water. Since Monday night, and this is Wednesday afternoon, the poor beasts have drunk once, *i.e.* Tuesday evening. Towards evening the Khamsîn slightly lulled, and the barometer showed signs of rising. We had a miserable dinner, and Garstin made up his mind to go to Suez to-morrow. I did not know what to do, and at first thought I would try one or two days longer; but on going into minutiæ, found we were actually at our last

loaf, no water, and nothing but a selection of nauseous tins of sweet biscuits, vinegar-like wine, and garlic sausages to fall back on. This decided me to make a bolt to-morrow with Garstin. Just as we were shutting up the tents, the camels arrived with water which was a matter of thankfulness ; nevertheless, I was heartily sick of the entire concern. I knew, until one gets to the hill under proper conditions, no ibex can be shot on it, and so stuck to my decision to leave the Webed till some future day.

Thursday, 7th March.—Garstin and I left at eight o'clock with two camels. We passed at first along under El Webed and thought more and more of the little hill. It is, we saw, separated from the Attaka by a plain about 6 miles across. Striking the pilgrims' road, along which the sacred carpet is carried annually from Cairo to Mecca, we found nice going and got along well, though my little nag was very tired. I had not been able to get him to eat in the morning, and he was very faint. I induced him to eat some of the plants as we went along, and walked a good deal from time to time. It was a very long and dreary trudge, nothing to greet the eye but sandy ridges and stretches of pebble-covered sand. At one we lunched under a very fine prickly acacia-like tree, and then on again. At about three we came in sight of the white barracks (now unused) of Suez, and the last three hours, for it was six before we arrived, across the seemingly endless flat to the west of Suez was simply purgatory. On arriving at the sweet water canal it was a relief to give the poor horses and camels a drink, ditto ourselves.

Found the hotel most grateful. It is very comfortable. My bath was coffee-coloured when I had done with it, and we both slept the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER IX

Palestine—Letters to his Wife, and Extracts from Journal.

Age 46.

To his Wife.

"Mount of Olives,
Sunday, 31*st March* 1889.

Oh! how I wish that you were here I cannot say. We are camped just above Gethsemane, which, if right, must be where He went off a little space to pray, when He left the three He took up from Gethsemane to watch. Below, in the Valley of Kedron, and from its very steep bank, rise the walls of the city. Dear old Trench went to church, but I, as you can fancy, went to my worship on the 'Mount' that He so often worshipped on. I was alone, and went over to Bethany; on this side it is very cold and windy; at Bethany the sun was shining brightly, and it is impossible to say how intensely peaceful the tiny little village looked, nestled as it is in the very bosom of the hills. Beyond stretches in undulating rocky sterile hills, covered however with vegetation of some kind, the 'wilderness' which falls away to the utterly placid, still, Dead Sea, guarded to the east by the high wall of the mountains of Moab. It is a marvellous scene and one I can never forget. Coming back, I came by the way of the triumphal entry, and have *no* doubt Stanley is right in his

identification, which differs from the traditional site. It is the way He would come naturally, with a large procession. I have not been into Jerusalem yet, but we shall go this afternoon. I really grudge every moment off Olives. The Plain of Sharon through which we passed is rich and a real land of promise. It and the country of the Philistines to its south form a vast plain some 40 miles across, and beyond rise the mountains of the 'hill country,' which is *very* definitely distinguishable from the plain. Lydda struck me very much. I should think it was very little altered. All the villagers were out, it being Friday, in a green field on a hillside—the children swinging, young people playing games, and the old people talking, about 2000 of them ; and in their varied costumes it was most striking. Emmaus is a gray, ghostly-looking village (very small) on a bleak hillside. To-morrow we go to Hebron by Bethlehem, then Mar Saba, then Jericho, and then back, when I will write again. You cannot tell how *intensely* I wish you were with me."

"JERUSALEM,
Saturday, 6th April 1889.

Here we are back again, and I feel as if I had lived a lifetime since I wrote last. Much as I looked forward and expected, as you know, I have reaped a harvest of intense gain that *far outstrips* my keenest expectations. It is impossible to give you any idea in a letter of what overpowering joy it is going through a country, every scene of which is full of associations, beside which every interest on this earth can be but nothing. At Hebron we put up in the Russian convent (as it was very wet), which immediately overlooks the Plain of Mamre, and just below the convent is a very aged oak. This tree is undoubtedly the

descendant of the oak under which Abraham's tent was pitched when God appeared to him, and is probably one thousand years old. The morning after our arrival the Russian pilgrims at sunrise were kneeling round this tree in prayer, and their soft harmonious chanting stole away over the Plain of Mamre, and echoed gently from the rocky hills around.

Machpelah is now in the middle of Hebron (the oldest city in Palestine, and seven years older than Memphis), under a beastly mosque which Christians may not enter. Trench and I offered £12 to be allowed to go in disguised as Mohammedans, but were refused. It is about a mile from Mamre, immediately to the east. Returning, we had a lovely day, and Bethlehem was most striking as we approached it from the south-east. It stands out boldly against the sky on a long, hog-shaped ridge, and the shepherds' fields and the field of Boaz, where dear little Ruth gleaned, are just below it in a wide stretch of green, which is very striking, in the middle of stony mountains and olive trees, terraced as in Italy. I have *lots* of photos, and they will help you to realise it all, but really to enjoy it, it must be *seen*. I bring you a little souvenir from Bethlehem, and Trench and I are collecting bulbs, in hopes they will grow at Pau. Anything like the glory of the flowers, 'the lilies of the field'—for I am sure it is a *generic* term as used by Him—I never saw. It is really a perfect galaxy of beauty,—red anemones, wild tulips, poppies, marigolds, daisies, and thousands I don't know. In the fields they grow amongst the bare spots near the stones. We stopped at Mar Saba (a very queer old monastery in a desperate gorge), camped in a very wild spot, and the next day went through the 'wilderness of Judea' to the Dead Sea. This is not a bit what I expected.

It is not a bit like a desert, but 'wilderness' is the word. It is a succession of wild, lonely, undulating hills, rather like Largie, no water, but still flowers and plants becoming more and more tropical everywhere. The Dead Sea is 1300 feet *below* the level of the Mediterranean, and my barometer went *quite* out *of the marking*. There is 25 per cent of salt in the water, and Trench who bathed *could* not sink. The sea is glassy, still, and the mountains of Moab, with Mount Nebo (one thought of poor Moses), blue and purple, run like a wall along its eastern side. Then on to the Jordan, which runs swift and muddy through a belt of lovely tropical forest. Here or hereabouts Joshua and his host passed, and both Elijah and Elisha, the former disappearing from near the same place in the chariot of fire. We camped on the summit of the mounds which cover the original Jericho, and I bathed in the spring which runs from them out of the earth, which Elisha healed with salt. Yesterday was *the day* of all. We left Jericho and passed up the long weary approach He knew so well through the wilderness to Bethany. As you leave the plain of the Jordan, the road runs along the chasm, at the bottom of which runs the Brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. Eagles were flying round it, and a wilder spot I never saw. At length, when we reached Bethany, the idea of Martha coming out to meet Him is suggested by the very approach. The house pointed out to us may easily be the one, and the village is and *was* so small it cannot be *far wrong*, and then the 'cave where they laid Him' is, one cannot help thinking, the very cave. It is a natural and very *deep* cave entered by steps, and the tomb at the bottom. I doubt if there is another cave at Bethany, and if not, this must be it. At any rate it is all so natural, I think there is not much astray, and to think

it was here He loved to dwell was almost too much for one. Then we followed the road of His triumphal entry which is certain. I could almost fancy I heard the hosannas and saw the crowd. After going to the camp, which is now opposite the Jaffa Gate, for convenience for provisions, we went to see General Gordon's site of Calvary, and really, it was almost overpowering. I *firmly believe* it is *the* place, and it has escaped all defilement. It is a high, most conspicuous mound, singularly the shape of a skull, and well merits the name of Golgotha. It is the place where criminals have been executed in historic times, and is just outside the walls and overlooking the *whole country* and Jerusalem. To think that here the greatest act in the history of the universe was acted just knocked one speechless. I have a photo of it. To-morrow we start for Singil, then Jenin, and then Nazareth, where we shall spend all the time we can, and you will hear from Damascus. Dear old Trench is the very dearest old boy, so unselfish. We both go to take the sacrament before we start to-morrow. I am just off now to the synagogue."

"DAMASCUS,
Easter Sunday, 21st April 1889.

It is hard to know where to begin to write to you about all I have seen since I last wrote. I have kept a journal regularly, and that withal I shall *always* now be able to tell you of the dear, *dear* old land, which will gradually make up a little for you not being able to see it yourself. All I can tell you is that it has brought all those old times before me with a life and *substance* that far exceeds my most sanguine expectations, and you know what they are. Bethel, Shiloh, and all the country through the tribe of Benjamin and Ephraim I must keep to tell you about, and Jacob's

well, where *undoubtedly* our Lord sat and talked to the woman of Samaria, with Gerizim rising straight above it, with the ruins of the Temple where 'ye say men ought to worship' visible to us as we lunched there, as the Temple itself was visible to Him, all of this I must tell you of quietly in detail. We went up Gerizim, and there saw, according to Stanley (and we cannot see how he can be mistaken), the very slab of rock slanting to a deep hole for the blood of victims, where, in all probability, Abraham made his altar to offer up Isaac. The view is magnificent from this spot, perhaps the finest in Palestine. From it Abraham could see the *entire* land promised to his *seed*, the seed he was about to sacrifice. You can see away to Hebron on the south, and Hermon on the north, the sea on the west, and the mountains of Moab, etc., right up to Hermon on the east. In approaching the mountain from the land of the Philistines through Sharon, where Abraham had been, he could lift his eyes and 'behold the mountains afar off,' and he knew it well, for it was there he made his first altar on entering Palestine years before. Just fancy the trial it must have been to the grand old man's faith. This slab of rock has undoubtedly been a place of sacrifice for ages. Never can I forget the view of the Plain of Esdraelon as we arrived at the edge of the hills of Samaria overlooking it. Immediately underneath lies Dothan, where poor little Joseph was kidnapped by his brothers; away stretches the noble plain like a carpet covered with waving corn. To the east juts up Gilboa. At the point of the mountain Jezreel was just visible, near which is of course Naboth's vineyard, and out of the window of some one house there, that virago Jezebel was cast, food for dogs. Little Hermon lay beyond, with Shunem amongst its luxuriant cactus

hedges, where, in the olden times, the woman was so kind and hospitable to Elisha. All these were full of interest, but beyond them all, on the north side of the plain, cradled in its nest of surrounding hill-tops, 1000 feet above the plain, was Nazareth, the home for thirty years of the Lord of Glory. It is impossible in words to express what one feels if one really believes that these things were so. We stayed one day at Nazareth and strolled and wandered here and there and everywhere. Every hill slope and every flower upon it and every song of the birds seemed associated with Him. He knew and *doubtless* loved them all, for He, better than any one, knew their loneliness. But the best of all was yet to come, and when everything I have ever seen is dim and almost forgotten, the three entire days we spent in the 'deep retreat of Galilee,' camped *on* the Plain of Gennesaret, will remain fresh and green. Oh, how I wished that you could be there with me! It is no idle sentiment that fills one's very heart there. It simply brims over with recollections of Him. All sorts of impressions have been formed of the lake itself. All I can say is, that in itself and for itself I found it surpassingly lovely; but there is an inexpressible sadness about it.

We then came on by the sources of the Jordan which are most 'uncanny,' as it rushes a river clear and bright from the rocks of Hermon, the mystery of its birth being only equalled by that of its death in the Dead Sea, 1300 feet below the level of the sea. This is a most wonderful old city, situated in a perfect paradise amongst the surrounding sterility. I went to the bazaars yesterday with £10 to spend for you and was *most disappointed.* Trench and Colonel Fox (who is a *good* judge) were with me, and we could see nothing except old armour, which is fearfully expensive. The

embroidery affairs are not nearly as good as at Cairo, and just like them. I will try again, but am afraid it is no good. I am very fit, and we have only had *one* wet day. It is blowing hard to-day."

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

Thursday, 11*th*.—Rested. Breakfasted at eight, and afterwards saw the Greek Church where the source of the spring unquestionably is, and the water is conducted from this to the present town well, and I fancy on to the Latin Church. This latter we visited afterwards. Both claim to show the place where the angel told Mary of her destiny. A very nice young monk who spoke French well, belonging to the Latin Church, showed us Joseph's supposed workshop and the traditional stone where Jesus ate with the disciples after His resurrection. Rode to Tabor, lunched on the side, and Trench and I had a delightful afternoon strolling up to the summit through the ruins of the old Crusade Church on the summit and all about over the hill. The view was bad, as it was dusty from heat; but we saw the hill of the "Sermon on the Mount" (Horns of Hattin) across the Plain of Ard el Hammer, also the grand Esdraelon plain, with its even fields like a smooth carpet below us; little Hermon with Nain, and indistinctly, away into the Jordan valley towards Succoth, where our Lord was probably baptized by John. Terebinth, mamre oak, lentiscus, storax, cistus, gentians, veronica, red and white heather, wild flax, poppies, hollyhock, with crowds of lovely blue beetles devouring it, were on all sides. Crested larks, goldfinches, a short-tail eagle, kestrels, etc. Returned to Nazareth and rested.

Friday, 12*th*.—Left camp at seven. Dreadful heavy dew in the nights at Nazareth; everything damp in the

camp. Took our last look at Nazareth, cradled in its basin of hills, as we crossed over to its N.E. into the basin which contains Sefurieh, about 4 miles distant, once the Roman capital of Galilee. It is situated on a hill strongly placed, and fine olive grounds surrounding it, and immense cactus hedges, 12 and 16 feet high. A pond west of the town, surrounded by high cactus, reminded me of India. Our object was the ruins of Cana of Galilee (Kana el Jelil), and we had much trouble to find it, and had to go across corn fields *ad libitum*. It is situated on the south side of the mountains to the north of the great Plain of Sefurieh which stretches away to the west and east of it, more the latter, becoming in this direction a regular marsh, with plenty of water, through which many storks were wading. Kana, "the reedy," came doubtless from this. It is now a mass of ruins on a rounded hillside, full in the sun. We found three great wells, from one of which the pitchers were probably filled at the feast. Lunched at the head of the swampy east extremity of the plain, and then passed over the low watershed and caught our first glimpse of the Sea of Galilee. It looked simply beautiful, so blue and graceful far below us, and the wild Galilean hills, with the dim form of the snowy Hermon, and the purple, straight-topped eastern hills guarding it. Shortly after commencing the descent we put up a fine doe gazelle at 50 yards from a field of corn, surrounded by wild rocky hills. She made away to the mountains, but I turned her at 200 yards with a revolver bullet of Ibraham's revolver. The town of Hattin is beautifully situated and most luxuriant. Gigantic olives, pomegranates, oranges, and rank masses of wild-flowers, and tall corn all mixed through each other. We ascended the Horns of Hattin which rise high behind, and to the S.E. of the

town, on the east and south, the ascent is only about 60 feet from the Plain of El Hamma, and we easily found the traditional spot where the Sermon on the Mount was preached. It is to the north, and is a wonderfully convenient place to address a multitude. There is a natural platform which looks like an old filled-in crater which slants in every direction towards the slopes of the highest point on Hattin, and this platform would naturally be arrived at on coming up the pass through the valley of the Doves from the Plain of Gennesaret. If our Lord had preceded the multitude with His disciples it would be easy to fancy Him addressing them from the platform (which would hold thousands) that falls down from the summit some 30 or 40 feet, the lie of the rocks round would act as a sounding board, and the slant of the platform would enable all to see and hear Him. Trench read the entire sermon on the spot aloud. We went then down to Tiberias, which is about 1000 feet below the Plain of Hattin or El Hamma, and 607 feet below the sea. The camp was pitched close to the lake near the hot baths, and after dinner I smoked my cigar in the cool of the evening at the door of my tent, looking at the full moon hanging over the still water and the Big Bear pointing to the north star up towards the entrance of the Jordan.

Here is the lovely lake, with the balmy soft air playing over it. Its banks surrounded by richly covered slopes and plains, corn growing in profusion a little inland, and the actual banks clad with flowering oleander which gives the effect of masses of rhododendrons, towering reeds, and flowering plants of all descriptions. Behind the immediate surroundings of the lake are the wild and really beautiful Galilean highlands, and at the head of the lake rises grand old

Hermon, 10,000 feet. Here, indeed, are all the elements which must have possessed a charm very dear to the heart and mind of Him who made them all. They are all present still, but where are the towns and villages through which He moved, doing good to all? Where is the busy hum of men—men occupied with the daily toil of life—which attracted Him here above all spots for the three years of His great work amongst mankind? Where are they? Gone, absolutely gone, and their place knows them no more! The ruins, buried deep midst beds of the rankest weeds through which a man can scarcely struggle, may be rightly identified, and probably they are some of them; but if it be so, they lie hidden and almost forgotten. Round the shores of Galilee a dead silence reigns, broken only by the cry of a goatherd from time to time. No sail crosses the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee now; desertion, utter abandonment, is the spirit of the place.

Chose a capital camp, and after resting till 3.30, went to the great source which comes like the other sources I have alluded to; born a river at its start, roaring from the precipice's foot at the back of the town. It really has a mysterious, uncanny look to see the river most renowned in all the earth, given birth to in no tiny rivulet, but in vast powerful streams by the Holy Mountain, the noble Hermon, sacred from the days of man's oldest history to the dwellers in Canaan. Afterwards walked up to the extraordinary castle at the top of the hill. This is the old castle of Subeibeh, built partly by Herodian princes, Saracens, and Crusaders. The ruins, which are magnificent, are quite as extensive as Windsor Castle; it is on the very crest of a most inaccessible hill, 1500 feet above Baniâ. The bastions and walls still left are massive to a degree. Both Trench and I were delighted to find a

large well of the purest water in one of the vaults, of which we drank freely.

Thursday, 18*th April*.—Saw the old castle well as we wound our way up the steep ascent on the road to Kefr Hannar. The road goes round Hermon. Saw a lovely grove of oak to the east of castle, where was carried on in olden times the worship of Astarte. Lunched on the wild plain covered with basaltic walls to the east of the snowy Hermon. We passed the curious Druse town of Mejdel-esh-Shems at about the highest place, probably 4000 feet above sea-level. The Druses are a very fine set of people physically. Their religion, which is akin to Mohammedanism, began 1000 A.D., and they have kept apart ever since. They say when they are in full war-paint with lance, pistols, and gaily caparisoned horse leading an armed troop, the sheikhs looked grand. Their headquarters are at Hasbeya, west of Hermon, near the upper sources of the Jordan. It was the Druses who mainly murdered the Christians at Damascus in 1860, instigated by the Turks. There were 14,000 Christians killed. Kefr Hannar is a desolate, lonely place, and very high. Hermon and Anti-Lebanon rise immediately above.

The approach to Damascus is most striking. All around is sterile and bare, when through a gorge in the mountains rushes the Barada, vegetation accompanying it in its narrow gorge. Emerging it spreads itself out like a fan, and a garden of Paradise stretches away on all sides, embracing the city with its groves of walnuts, sycamores, oranges, etc. etc., through which run sparkling brooks in all directions. Damascus is surrounded by very old walls—in fact, the city is probably about the oldest inhabited city in the world. After a bath Trench and I went and strolled through its arched bazaars, with their shops, khans (buildings for exposing mer-

chandise), Turkish baths, mosques innumerable, with their parti-coloured walls, and considered it perhaps the most truly oriental town we have ever seen, and very free from smells.

Saturday, 20th.—Breakfasted at eight, a rest most welcome. Visited the great mosque with Colonel and Mrs. Fox, and saw a fine view from the minaret. The mosque is large, and I suppose fine. It was originally a Christian church. Went about the bazaars trying hard to spend £10 for Alice, but could not see a thing worth carrying home, except a few bits of armour here and there, for which exorbitant prices are asked. Saw Ananias's house, where St. Paul went to probably, and also the supposed place he was let down from the wall to escape the Jews. A nasty wind and dust all day. Measured a noble plane tree in the middle of Damascus —38 feet circumference, 3 feet from the ground.

Easter Sunday, 21st April.—Rested thoroughly, which I felt I wanted, and wrote a long letter to Alice. In the afternoon bought what I think is a fine suit of armour, helmet, arm gauntlet, coat of mail, and shield. The man asked £33 yesterday, but I got it in the end for £11 : 12s. Bitterly cold, have very warm waistcoat (Lilla's) on and Pyrenean coat. Some little rainfall to-day.

Monday, 22nd.—Left Damascus at 8.15, and went round by the little chapel on the hill above the Barada, from which the view was most striking. No wonder Mohammed is supposed to have stood at this spot when a muleteer, and turned away as he could only enter one Paradise, and did not wish that to be Damascus. The way the wooded vegetation fans out as the river distributes itself like a fan is most striking, and it stops with a sharp line suddenly on all sides. The ride on to Suk was through some most striking scenery of its

kind, the finest I ever saw. One view particularly was grand. Looking down a narrow valley, at the bottom or far end of which was the vivid green of the vegetation accompanying the Barada, rising immediately above this on each side of the picture are very high cliffs, ruddy red with shades of blue, cut into the most fantastic shapes. The cliffs looked like molten bronze. Behind these and exactly in the centre rises Hermon, covered with snow. The *tout ensemble* was most strange, grand, and to me quite unique. The same character is carried on to where the high cliff is some 800 or 1000 feet, on the top of which the supposed tomb of Abel towers over us.

Wednesday, 24th.—Away at seven, held on to Baalbek. The valley of Coele Syria is very luxuriant and extensive. The six pillars in the peristyle of the big temple stand out most prominent long before you arrive at Baalbek. Lunched in the quarry, where the big stone is 74 feet (1500 tons), 14 feet square. It was never cut quite free from the quarry. It was a desperately hot day, but we went off at once to the Acropolis to see the temples. They are very grand, but I will not here describe them, as without photos, which can be seen elsewhere, it is useless. It is enough to say the greatest uncertainty hangs over them, even as to their original names. The first mention is about the third century. They were probably Phenician temples originally, the only remains of which are the large dark stones, from 30 to 68 feet in length, in the north and west walls of the Acropolis. Then the Romans built their temples on this substructure, and the transition from Baal to the sun was simple, as they are nearly synonymous. The smaller temple is very perfect, considering its age. They were also largely used as a citadel in the Middle Ages, and I believe the large

temple was once used as a Christian church. Compared all my photos with the ruins, and found them excellent.

From Baalbek Brooke went to the Cedars of Lebanon. On first viewing them from a distance they struck him as looking insignificant, but when among them their size became apparent.

> The average of the eight largest trees is 29 feet 3 inches. They are not high trees, about 80 feet, but enormously massive and picturesque, their branches huge in length and thickness.

He reached Bêrût on the 1st May, terminating a trip that, I think, gave him more pleasure than any he had ever made.

CHAPTER X

America—Letters to his Wife, and Extracts from Journal.

AGE 47.

"'GERMANIC,' 1449 MILES FROM IRELAND,
Monday, 12th May 1890.

AS we are now about half-way across, I begin my letter, and will finish before getting to New York on the 16th. We have had a glorious passage so far, and as usual I am as right as a trivet. The captain is a capital fellow. I went this morning all over the emigrant part of the ship with him. It was most interesting. They bring several hundreds over—Irish, Scandinavians, at £4 apiece with food—from Norway to New York. On arrival they are taken in charge by agents and sent off in trains straight to their destinations. I saw one poor woman with her little baby, born last night, like a little starved cat, beside her. She, of course, thought it lovely, and so I had to admire it to please her. The men and women are in separate parts of the steerage, and there is a married quarter apart also. The unmarried girls all sleep like bottles in a cellar in 'bunks,' only separated by a lath from each other. They bring their own bed-clothes, so some of the bunks are much neater than others, and look quite respectable. I take my jolly sea-bath at 8.15, and breakfast at 9.30. The food is very good, and nothing can exceed the civility of all

hands from the captain down. We have sighted no icebergs, but there are lots in the track, one 1000 feet long and 300 feet high, within 800 miles of the Irish coast, but south of our course. To-morrow, mid-day, we should have passed all the ice track, and it will be a great relief to the captain, as they are nasty things to run against."

"780 MILES FROM NEW YORK,
Wednesday, 14th May.

We have been steaming along gaily, lovely weather, a little bothered by fogs, but quite calm. We passed an iceberg yesterday, but I did not see it, as it was early in the morning. The Arctic current, which comes down from Greenland, is most *marked*, and the air over it very cold. The thermometer went down to 37 degrees. It is down this current that the icebergs float. Yesterday evening we left it, and ran into the Gulf Stream, which starts from the Gulf of Mexico, and runs as I have marked it in the little chart, and the sea changed from 38 degrees mid-day to 64 degrees in the evening, which shows you what a definite thing these currents are. I saw gulls out as far as 800 miles, but none in the mid-ocean at all, except the stormy petrel, which I saw whirling like a swift, as happy as can be, bang in the middle of the Atlantic, 1500 miles from land, and playing over the waves through the drifting foam like a black imp. Nothing can exceed the kindness of my friend Morse. Douglas and I like him more and more."

"UNIVERSITY CLUB, NEW YORK,
17th May.

We have had a very busy morning, and done a lot of work. I had only time to scribble an end to my letter

last night. We were so bothered by fog the last two days that, though the sea was as calm as glass, we did not think we would get in. However, it cleared in time, and we just managed it. The harbour is very fine, and worthy of the grand ideas that pervade this land. There is a colossal statue of Liberty holding up the torch of Liberty in the middle of the harbour on one side of New York, and on the other the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, under which the tallest masts can nearly sail—a lovely structure. New York itself looks very imposing from the sea—immense high buildings of red brick tastily varied with white, and *very green* trees, and the very clearest *air* I ever saw. Everything stands out sharply against the sky, and not *a particle of smoke.* This is the most striking thing I have seen. The city itself is very fine, and looks as new as a coin from the mint. Houses seven, eight, and nine stories; the sky a network of wires running in all directions.

Sunday, 18*th.*—I write whenever I get a chance. We dined here last night. It is a capital club; but in comparison to London, all the clubs are very small. To-night we dine with a cousin of Morris Post's, and to-morrow I have to be 'down town' (*i.e.* in the city) to talk to Cook's people. I shall finish this at Hyde Park (Mr. Roosevelt's place), where we go by the 3.55 P.M. to-morrow, arriving at 6.30. This afternoon Douglas and I will take a hansom and drive to see the Bridge and the Central Park. Four elevated railways run through the city from north to south the entire length, and answer to our underground, but are far better. They run on a kind of bridgework, and you see all the tram-cars and carriages under you. 'Down town' is like an ant-heap; but everywhere is clean, a clear air, and absolute *smokelessness!* It is most striking. The weather is lovely, sunny, and bracing."

"HYDE PARK,
Tuesday, 19th May.

Here we are, on the banks of the Hudson River which is glorious, wooded cliffs and rolling forests on each side. Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt met us at the station and drove us up here; so *very kind*, and such a dear little house, with a verandah all round it. The birds, tell Victor, are most extraordinary; it is just like getting into a new planet; all are absolutely different, and you can recognise the group they belong to, such as, say, flycatcher, starling, thrushes, etc., simply by their actions, which are ridiculously like their colleagues' in the Old World. We saw one enormous gray squirrel in Central Park, New York, on Sunday, driving there. I had a most satisfactory interview with Cook's man, and have our tickets for the entire trip, which is 10,000 miles, and they only cost £115. I was quite astonished. To-morrow we go on to Boston by the 6.47 A.M. train. It is very hot, nearly 70 degrees. I must stop now as Roosevelt wants to take us down the river. One can hardly believe all the Indians and game are gone for ever from these glorious woods."

"SOMERSET CLUB, BOSTON,
22nd May.

Arrived in this academical-looking old town, very happy, and enjoying ourselves immensely. Nothing could possibly exceed the kindness of Morse. We left the Roosevelts' at 6 A.M. yesterday, a lovely day, and right sorry we were to go. If it had been possible I would have stayed three or four days. They drove us all about the whole day we were there; and it is lovely, so green and peaceful-looking down on the Hudson River, and the woods full of birds—some crimson, some blue,

green, and all sorts of colours. Morse met us at the station on arrival at 4.30, and took us off to the hotel, where he had *most comfortable* rooms for us; he is an immense favourite with every one here. We dressed, and had a warm bath, and then had dinner at this club. So far nothing could exceed the kindness and willingness of *every one*, high and low. They are independent, but see in a moment if you are of a friendly nature, and meet you then *more than* half-way. It is all people's fault, I think, if they meet with much incivility. To-morrow we dine with Morse's eldest brother—a party of nine men—and I shall meet Agassiz the naturalist, we met at Flower's years ago. It will be like old times going over the Museum with him. This afternoon we went and saw a game at base-ball, the great American game, and were very interested. It is a grand game. It is played in a large oval field, with an immense grand stand like Epsom; so thousands of people can watch, and they do, for they take 'huge' interest in it. We leave by the night train, Sunday, and arrive at Montreal on Monday. From there I shall be able to give you a sketch of our plans very nearly as they will be. We have quite given up Alaska."

"MONTREAL,
Tuesday, 27th May.

We have all arranged, and get what they call a state room to ourselves, and start for Calgary this evening 8.40, and arrive at Calgary 2.30 A.M. on Sunday. We shall leave there for Vancouver the 10th at 2.30 A.M., arrive there the 12th at 2.30 P.M., and stay there till same hour next day, when we go to Victoria. There are some magnificent trees there which I want to see. We then go straight to San Francisco *viâ* Portland, where we stop for two days, arriving at San Francisco about the

24th June. We shall stay about the Yosemite Valley, etc. etc., for a fortnight. I dined last night with Sir Donald Smith, a fine old gentleman rather like Darwin, and got a letter of great use to us to the authorities. I have just seen the traffic manager, and am to get a lot of letters from him which will be of use also, so I think we are paved all the way along. This is a rather barren, rack-renty-looking place. I went to see the kennels yesterday, which are really very good and really well done. The beds in the cars are *very* good, but there is little room for luggage in them. Yesterday I bought a lot of splendid photos which will give you a grand idea of the country. I am dreadfully afraid we may have to give up the Zel Constone from want of time. There is no use hurrying, and there is such a lot to see; it is such a vast country, no one who has not been here can form an idea of it. I heard a noble sermon in Boston by a Mr. Brooks on the Holy Spirit, the grandest utterance on the subject I ever heard, or will hear in this world. He is a Boston man, and a noble old fellow. It was Whitsunday, hence the subject. I am just going off to the hotel to pack up for the four days in car."

"In the Train on Prairies about 329 Miles from Calgary, *Friday, 30th May.*

Here we are, nearly through our longest railway journey. We arrive at Calgary at 2.30 to-night, and I will finish and post this there. Considering everything we have been very comfortable, having most luckily had a drawing-room compartment to ourselves, where we are private. It is regular pigdom in the other parts of the car, as it is only divided into imaginary sections, and one washing-place and a hole to smoke in not fit for a nigger. I am very much disappointed with the sleeping-cars,

but the feeding-cars are *excellent.* One day we had to go without it and feed in some of the wretched little shanties near the stations in the middle of the vast forests we were passing through, and the food was impossible. From Montreal to Winnipeg you pass (1400 miles) through endless forests with innumerable lakes and morasses, the abode of elk, reindeer, and bears. They are very beautiful in their way, but of course one gets tired of them. All along the shores of the noble Lake Superior (360 miles long by 140 broad) is very fine. Wooded promontories jut into the lake, and precipitous islands stud it, forming lovely bays; and one can easily picture the Indians in their war-paint in the olden days stealing about in their canoes on the war-path. All are gone now from these parts, the vices of civilisation having rooted them out, while the wild game, their companions, still exist in quantities. These forests are uninhabited except by hunters few and far between, and there is not a road. At Winnipeg we stopped yesterday two or three hours, and we went and examined a *very good* stuffer's shop, and saw a lot of the beasts and birds of the country which was most interesting. It is a very large place now, nearly all wood, 28,000 inhabitants, and in 1871 there were only *100.* After leaving Winnipeg the country changes entirely. The forests stop *absolutely*, and in their place you find flat reclaimed prairie *all settled*, wood farmsteads as far as the eye can reach. This goes on for about 400 miles, when you come to the real prairie. Imagine an Egyptian desert of the flatter kind covered with grass and you have a prairie, only for effect the former beats the latter hands down. The saddest thing is to see the buffalo tracks like sheep pads in *all directions* traversing the prairie, however always from north to south, as they used to go in their migrations like the

swallows, north and south, summer and winter, and their poor old bones lying bleaching in thousands all over the place, *not one left!*

The very last station we passed, there were several huge piles of their bones which had been collected for transport by the railway for *manure*. We have Mr. White, the General Manager of the Canadian Pacific, with us in the train, and he has strongly advised us to stop a day at Banff just after entering the Rockies, and will send us up on a freight train on Tuesday, 10th June, if we like. We have settled to do this, as it will be well worth while. We shall stay there the 11th, and go to Glacier House on the Selkirks the 12th; stay there 13th, and go to Vancouver 14th; get there 2.30 P.M., 15th; leave the afternoon of 16th for Victoria by steamer; get there that evening; stay a day there. These are all nice short journeys and lots to see. I do not find it a bit tiring travelling, and am fresher than when I left; never felt better in my life. Dear old Douglas takes the greatest care of me, and is very fit too."

"CALGARY,
Sunday, 1st June.

Got here all right last night, and had a sleep at the really very good Stone Hotel. This morning it was raining and misty, a most unusual thing. We had breakfast and a smoke in the kind of hall with cowboys and ranchemen — such a medley. No word from Stimson (manager of one of the ranches near Calgary), but we hear he is to be out to-morrow, and we shall then certainly go up to see the ranches. I am sure this is a place that is going to 'boom' like mad, and fortunes *will* be made here. We have been for a drive all over the place with Mr. Alexander, who is a *real good fellow*. I like him."

"CALGARY, *2nd June.*

This morning it was glorious; the air reminded me of the desert. It is just the same strong, pure air, blowing over the prairies. Douglas and I went off to fish and caught two trout. The view of the Rockies is very like the Pyrenees, only from here not so fine. To-morrow, I think, Douglas and I will drive out to the ranches for two or three days. This is a very funny place and would amuse you. You see nothing but cowboys and ranchemen in the roughest costumes lolling about round the bar, and a more illiterate-looking lot you never saw. It is no life for any one, but a failure in civilised countries, and still it takes cuteness to get on here too. The place is growing *very* fast, and it will be all settled in ten years, and Calgary a large town."

"CALGARY, *9th June.*

We are back from the ranches after the most delightful time; I would not have missed it for anything. We went to three ranches, one of which was Stimson's. I never met with more kindness, and found I was quite at a premium, as they are the least opinionated people I ever met, and were very glad to get one's opinion about the breeding, etc. On the old ranches the life is still very rough, as they are regular old squatters, but you can make yourself comfortable. The air is simply heavenly on the prairies, exactly like desert air, *very* dry, and the sun is hot enough for *you*. Douglas and I hired a trap which they call a 'democrat,' a four-wheeled thing, very light and immensely strong, and two horses and no one with us, and drove away from ranche to ranche. There is

nothing in the shape of a *road*, merely a trail, and the places you drive up and down are astonishing. Unless you *saw* it, one could not believe it. I am sure the horse ranches will eventually pay, and the young stock, nearly thoroughbred, that have run wild in the prairies are better than our stock at home that have had corn all winter. To-morrow we go to Banff to stay a day, and then on to Glacier House for a day, and then Vancouver. I have bought a lot of Indian bead-work which will delight you. I am *very* fit, and feel like the old times in the desert."

"BETWEEN VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA,
Sunday, 15th June.

Since I wrote from Calgary we have been hard at work and seen a great deal. We stayed two days at Banff, which is a lovely spot in the heart of the Rockies. One day we went to the Devil's Lake (Minnewauka) to fish, and caught only one trout, but had a glorious row of about 7 miles up and down the lake, which is very wild and lovely. We left Banff at 6.25 Friday morning, and came right through to Vancouver without stopping, arriving yesterday at 2.30 P.M. The scenery across the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Gold Range, and lastly, the Cascade Mountain, is very fine. What interested me most were the trees as we gradually got westward, and there is no doubt British Columbia is the home of the conifers. How often I thought of dear old Powerscourt; he would go cracked if he got into the Stanley Park at Vancouver. It is really a bit of the forest which covers the entire face of the country, which here runs into a blunt promontory into the sea. It is just like a fairy land. Enormous giants of trees crowding each other, measuring from 20 to 40 feet round, and from 200 to 300 feet high. Ospreys,

one of the wildest of all birds of prey, build their nests on the tops of the withered stumps of some of the dead trees, 200 feet from the ground, 50 or 100 feet of the tree having fallen off. At the feet of these old veterans, younger trees grow in profusion of all sizes, and at their feet again, and all round, there is a sea of ferns and other undergrowth. I spent all my time in this place measuring, etc., as you can imagine. I counted two hundred and sixty-seven rings on one tree of moderate growth, which shows the tree was about three hundred years old, and I believe some of them were standing when William the Conqueror came to England! Vancouver did not exist in 1886, the site being, like all the surrounding country, covered with forests. It is mostly wooden houses even now, but has an air of well-to-do about it. Every one is most casual in this part of the world; but I have never yet found the incivility. They are all very blunt in manner, but very decent people. I am not quite sure what we shall do, but, I think, go on from Victoria to-morrow at 8 A.M., and get to Portland in the daytime and have a good night on board, and then leave Portland the following day for San Francisco."

"VICTORIA,
Monday, 16th June.

I found your two letters here, and one from Victor. Fancy your not having yet got my first letter from America, and it is now a month since we landed. However, it is all right now, and by the time you get this we shall have turned our faces *homeward.* I shall be glad to get to my nest again. The people in these western parts are all very civil, but seem to me to be wonderfully slow of comprehension, and daft. We go by the boat to-night to

Photo by Subercaze

Sir Victor Brooke. 1890.

Walker & Boutall Photo.

Tacoma, and arrive at Portland 3.15 to-morrow, leave the next day at 4 P.M., and arrive Friday early (two nights and one day). All these western towns are very primitive, mostly built of wood, and all much smaller than I expected. It is not a bit warm, rather what you would call cold. I am really very fit, and enjoying myself immensely. Douglas is very well, and learning a lot right and left. From San Francisco we shall go to Salt Lake, Denver, and Cheyenne."

"PORTLAND,
Thursday, 19*th June.*

I got your wire here to say you were safe at Puys, and was *so* thankful, and have just sent one from here, care of English Consul, Dieppe, and I hope you got it. I got the photo this morning. It is not wonderful the other is sad, when I was told to *look at you*, and my thoughts were full of leaving you so soon —no one knows what it cost me; but I really think it right with all the boys to *know* things for oneself, and now, please God, it will soon be over and *done*. I am not sure about our plans after San Francisco. If I get an encouraging letter from Whitehouse, we shall give up the Yellowstone Park and go to him. It would be most interesting comparing the Wyoming ranches with those of Alberta; and in this case I have a great deal I want to see round San Francisco, in the way of horses also; all *well worth visiting*. If not, we shall go to the Yosemite, and return to San Francisco, and then go to the Yellowstone. I will wire what we do from San Francisco. This is a very luxuriant place, fruit growing in profusion all through the town; but there are far too many trees for you and too much damp. It rains off and on, 'a sweet, refreshing rain,' but it has a beauty of its own. We leave at four this

afternoon, and have the drawing-room compartment to ourselves. This is Thursday, and we arrive at San Francisco on Saturday at 7.45 A.M., so it is only two nights and one day. There is a dining-car attached to the train, so the food is not bad at all. This is a capital hotel; all nigger servants, and very good they are. I have a photo of it; in fact, I shall have such a photo book, or books, as you never saw before. It will really be a grand book. *All* the scenery is magnificent, one noble mountain after another. The two best we pass now on our way south are Mount Hood, about 13,000, and Mount Shasta, over 14,000. I have photos of all these, and photos of all the finest parts of the Canadian Pacific. I have also a great collection of photos of Indians, braves, medicine men, etc. It is warm weather, but not a bit hot, thermometer only about 65 degrees; but I fancy it will be hotter farther south. I find these western Americans are much the stamp of Irish squireens. They are, in comparison to the eastern Yankees, very slow of comprehension; in fact, decidedly stupid people, and their roughness of manner arises chiefly from rank ignorance. One finds oneself treating them all as an embryonic people in a state of childhood. We were lucky enough to see Schaefer, the champion American billiard player, last night. He played grandly. The game was in a huge wooden barrack called the pavilion, and the company, a rough-looking lot, was *most* orderly. We enjoyed it very much. At San Francisco I hope very much to see some of their trotting races. This is, of course, an absolutely American institution, and is really wonderful. The best time so far on record is *a mile in two minutes eight seconds!* as fast as an ordinary train. It is really marvellous. What a lot I shall have to tell you!"

"San Francisco, *Sunday, 22nd June.*

Arrived here all safe yesterday morning. It is the coldest place I ever was in, and exactly like Genoa—bright sun and high wind and clouds of dust. Thermometer about 65 degrees. After lunch we took the cable car yesterday, and went to Cliff House, about 6 miles away, visiting the Golden Park on the way, a nicely-kept pleasure ground. At Cliff House we saw hundreds of sea-lions, a kind of seal, basking on the rocks in the Pacific in perfect security and enjoying the hot sun and villainous wind. I came back and put on all my warmest things, including the red waistcoat. I think to-morrow we shall go to Santa Cruz, which I hear is lovely, and one sees lots of large trees, which I am cracked about. On Tuesday at 4 P.M. we start for Yosemite, train till 6 A.M. (Wednesday); then a drive of ten hours on stage coach to Wawona, sleep there, and reach the valley at noon next day (Thursday). Remain in the valley Friday and Saturday, and return to Wawona early Sunday, and visit the *Wellingtonia* that afternoon. Leave at 6.30 A.M., Monday, and take all day driving to Raymond, where we take the train, and arrive here at 10.45 A.M., Tuesday, 1st July. The next day we go to see Governor Stanford's renowned trotting establishment with Mr. Lathrop, the manager, who is in this hotel, and most kind. I have not yet decided what we shall do about the Yellowstone Park, as I found no letter from Whitehouse. This is a most extraordinary city, built on the steepest hills, and the streets are so steep there are sort of steps for your feet, and a horse can hardly go up them. Cable cars run up and down them gaily, and it looks very dangerous, but is really safe, the system of drags is so powerful. I must shut up now, but will write on Tuesday before starting."

"SAN FRANCISCO, *Tuesday, 24th June.*

We have just got ready with very light baggage, and start for the Yosemite at 3.30. We train till 6 A.M. to-morrow; drive all Wednesday to a place called Wawona; sleep there, reach the valley about noon, Thursday, and remain in it till Sunday morning, when we drive back to Wawona; visit the big trees that afternoon, and return that night here, arriving, that is, 1st July. We have given up the Yellowstone, and go to Monterey, about 80 miles south of this, on the 2nd. It is a lovely place, and I want to see the different pines of the country, and to do that one must dodge about a bit, and it is, I hear, a lovely place all about. We shall leave San Francisco on the 7th July for *homewards*, arrive at Salt Lake City, 9th, early. Leave late on the 10th, and go to Colorado Springs, where we arrive on the 11th; stay there 12th and 13th, and on 14th go to Denver; leave next day for Cheyenne, and spend a week with Whitehouse; then go on to Omatia on 22nd, and three or four days with Toby Cairnes on his ranche, near the Black Hills in South Dakota. Arrive at Chicago on 28th; stay there two days; arrive Niagara by 1st; stay there a day, and get to New York on the 3rd, and sail in the *Teutonic* on the 6th; arrive Liverpool about the 13th August, so I should be with you about the 15th. I shall be glad to get to the dear old nest again after all our wanderings. We shall have been about 16,000 miles! This is the very *vilest* climate I ever saw, and does not improve. I am very fit, and weigh 12 stone 12 lbs., but I take great care here of the cold. I am also taking it very quietly travelling, and, after this Yosemite trip, have nothing but easy journeys, though it sounds big on paper.

We went all over the Chinese quarter last night, and it was very interesting. There are quite 40,000 Chinese, and one would think one was in China. I was astonished at one of their restaurants, where we went and got a cup of their tea which kept us both awake half the night. It is a magnificent house, and several of the Chinese at little tables, with the tiniest of cups and saucers, huge spoons, and their characteristic chop-sticks, looked so fairy-like; the centre of the table full of fruit; magnificent massive chairs, and all the furniture very rich. We also went to one of their theatres, and were shown on to the stage and given chairs there. The theatre was crammed with Chinese. The acting was vigorous, and the noise of clanging music, which never stopped, distracting. Every one smoked, the orchestra and all, except the actors. The dresses were gorgeous. We then visited some miserable dens, where the poor wretches were lying half-dead, smoking opium, and the stench was sickening. They looked more dead than alive, and were little more than skeletons. We also visited a Joss House or Temple, and saw their various idols in niches, like a Roman Catholic altar, and incense burning before their gods. I have got some glorious photos—some for framing, too good for a book. I have one of the large trees at Felton, near Monterey. It will make a lovely picture."

From his Journal.

Thursday, 26th June.—A lovely fresh morning. Up at 5.30, and off on the stage for the Yosemite at seven. Crossing the river, close to the hotel, we saw our first *Abies douglasii.* The road rises at once, and was covered with tracks of coyotes and foxes. Saw several quail very tame, and woodpeckers, etc. Forest chiefly

P. ponderosa, and the same cypress, which certainly gets bigger the higher you go. Some grand sugar pines. One fallen tree measured 20 feet circumference, and the trunk 60 yards: allowing 20 feet for the top, which was missing, cut off, would make it 200 feet high. Distinguished the difference between *Picea grandis* and Nordmann's fir. The former is slightly darker, and has the needles much more distinctly compressed from above downwards. Ditto the entire branch. It is found at a higher elevation. Both trees attain about the same size as very large silvers, not bigger. Passed two high ridges going to the valley; the highest about 6000 feet. The view of the great valley from the Point, where you first look into it, is, I think, disappointing. In comparison to the Vallée d'Arras, it is more broken at the side, and wider, the precipices, which are magnificent, not being nearly so continuous, and giving the valley a less wild appearance. The rocks are granite, which also makes a great difference in the appearance. El Capitan, the Bridal Veil, the Sentinel, and the Half Dome are the most striking features. The butterflies in Yosemite are very striking. Some lovely kinds, like our Tortoiseshells and Fritillaries, and one, the commonest, a very fine insect, with yellow tips to its wings, a white diagonal band on each wing through the purple, and a vivid crimson streak like a hair above it. They flit about on all sides. Some very grand swallow-tails, larger than our European kinds. *A. douglasii* is the common fir of the valley, with the cypress. The former grows very fine, with a remarkably rough bark; but it is not a very high tree here at all, 170 or 180 feet. Measured an *A. douglasii* near the bridge to Mirror Lake, 27 feet 6 inches circumference, and a grand *Ponderosa*, 20 feet 6 inches. *Abies douglasii* clings greatly to

the neighbourhood of water, though it is found elsewhere. Walked to still, deep, and cold little Mirror Lake after lunch, with the noble cliff of the Half Dome overshadowing it.

Friday, 27th June.—Slept very sound; up at seven. After breakfast Douglas and I walked to the Vernal Falls, and beyond towards the Nevada. It was a lovely morning, and delightful walking through the forests of *Ponderosa* and *Douglasii*. The latter follows the river right up to the Nevada Falls. Nearly walked on a rattlesnake, which went to its hole rattling. The Vernal Falls, as seen from the wooden bridge across the river below them, are very fine. A bold rich fall, lined with the green fir trees on each side; "a cataract of diamonds," as the Indians called it. In the afternoon took a trap and drove round the valley. The Yosemite Falls from below, and close, are really grand, an immense volume of water. In like manner the Capitan is immense, and no photo gives an idea. The Virgin's Tears Fall, beyond El Capitan, is lovely, and breaks into spray, the fall never reaching the ground. The Bridal Veil Fall's rainbow is very striking. The Douglas firs at this end of the valley are immense.

Saturday, 28th June.—Rode down the valley to Bridal Veil Bridge, and made the following measurements:—

Pinus ponderosa—18 ft. 6 in.; 19 ft.; 20 ft. 2 in.; 20 ft.; 20 ft. 6 in.; 19 in.; 22 ft. 6 in.

Cupressus decurrens—28 ft. (31 ft. at ground); 22 ft.; 24 ft.; 22 ft. 6 in.

A. douglasii—20 ft.; 20 ft.; 25 ft. 3 in.; 20 ft. 6 in.; 27 ft. 6 in.

Pinus lambertiana (sugar pine)—28 ft. 5 in.; 24 ft.; 23 ft.; 24 ft.; 23 ft. 6 in.; 29 ft. (Uncle Tom).

Picea grandis—16 ft. 3 in.

Rested in the afternoon. Dreadfully hot, 80 degrees in shade. Douglas killed a rattlesnake which lay rattling at us in the road, and did not attempt to move till he had got down, found a stick, and killed it. It measured 3 feet 3 inches. The largest *Mebzesu* are all near the rivers. Their bark is very rough and their foliage wiry. *P. ponderosa* is a fine round pine, and only just inferior to *Pinus lambertiana*. In the evening saw Mr. Clark, the guardian of the valley, and discoverer of the Mariposa grove of *Wellingtonia*. He is a very intelligent and dear old man of seventy-four. He put us right about *P. ponderosa*, which I had hitherto taken for *P. insignis*, which, however, is found on the Coast Range. Mr. Clark also told us that a two-leaved *Pinus* we found in the evening, strolling down to the camping ground, is *Pinus contorta*, found high in the hills, and higher than this *Pinus tuberculata* and *P. flexilis*. He is evidently puzzled about *Picea grandis* and *P. nordmanniana*, and seems to think this last is *P. amabilis* of naturalists, found higher up than *P. grandis*, whose true name he believes to be *P. concolor*. They are certainly puzzling, and every step is found in these forests between the flattened, definite foliage of *grandis* and the thicker and greater foliage of *Picea nordmanniana*.

Sunday, 29th June.—Up at 4.45 and started from Wawona at 6 A.M. A glorious morning, but it got hotter and hotter during the 26-mile drive. It was, notwithstanding, heavenly driving through these primeval and noble forests, composed of trees, hundreds of which measured over 20 feet in circumference, and 200 feet in height. The eye gets saturated with these columnar structures on all sides. We have three changes of horses to Wawona, and two high ridges to pass. Arrived at twelve at Wawona and were soon off on

horseback with "Pike" (*N.B.* Phillyis) for the grove, about 6 miles distant, and 6500 feet high. The first ridge on which they (the big trees) are found is covered with noble trees of *P. lambertiana*, *P. ponderosa*, and *Picea grandis*, and at last you come suddenly and without warning on the great red columns of the mighty trees. They are a race of glorious giants standing monstrous amongst monster forests, and dwarfing all around them. No words can describe the effect of these trees; they are too enormous to be realised. The two things that struck me most were, the richness of the colouring of their ruddy bark, and the depth of their dark green foliage growing from branches as old as the hills themselves. They have very few branches, none, in fact, for at least 100 or 150 feet, and carry their gigantic thickness up to near their summits. For example, "Andrew Johnston," who now lies dead, measures 30 feet in circumference 120 feet from the ground, where he never measured more than 55 or 60 feet. From this, that greatest and most venerable of trees, the Grizzly Giant, which measures 100 feet in circumference at the ground, must measure 60 feet at 100 feet. This noble old tree is in the lower grove, and he is literally gray from age. Rode back by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a sugar pine, the best we have seen, 29 feet at 4 feet from the ground. Saw a skunk wandering about on the way home but left him alone, though he was very tame, and killed another rattlesnake. Visited Mr. Hill's studio in the evening.

To his Wife.

"San Francisco, *Tuesday, 1st July.*

We are back from the great valley and have enjoyed ourselves beyond description. It is a very rough drive

there—39 miles the first and 26 the next, over villainous bad roads in a vehicle called a stage-coach, four horses. Carries twelve, with a high box seat which we secured. It should be called a bone-shaker, for it jolts one up and down and all over the place. The road runs along the sides of precipices, and the drivers go along apparently regardless of all danger. The food at the hotels is execrable, and the companions all western Americans. This is the bad side, but no words can describe the good side. You will remember my mania for pines long ago at Powerscourt and my great studies of dear old P.'s books. Well, fancy my joy driving for days through the homes of these noble trees, gazing right and left at trees rearing their heads on mighty columns 20 and 25 feet in circumference on all sides of us. Then the great interest of making out what they were, for I can assure you the difference between an infant pine in a pleasure ground of twenty or thirty years old and a veteran of the same tree in his native home, five hundred years old and 250 feet high, is very great. To give you one instance, as we got higher into the mountains, we came across a very noble true pine, the monarch of the forests he grew in. I knew I was familiar with his foliage, but for a long time could not make him out. His cones are from 1 foot to 20 inches. At last it dawned on me, and what was he but *Pinus lambertiana*, the pine of which we cut down so many at the Jouvence, and of which we have left one. It is the grandest tree you ever saw. But all these giants were dwarfed when we came to the 'big trees,' *i.e.* the *Wellingtonia*, on Sunday. When I tell you that the 'Grizzly Giant' stands on the same ground as the Jouvence, you can fancy something of his size. I have written a full account in my Journal which you will see. There are about six hundred of these old monsters, and

you leave them as suddenly as you come upon them, and then no more is seen of them. Of course I have photos *ad nauseam* of them and the valley, which is run very hard by the Vallée d'Arras (on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees), but no photos can give an idea of what they are. To-morrow we go to Monterey to see some very fine trees there of a different kind, and as I will be able to write in two days or so, I will shut up now as I have a lot of packing to do. I get very homesick at times and count the days till we shall be back, like a schoolboy. However, it won't be long now, please God. Kiss all the wee things for me, and love from Douglas, who is such a comfort."

"HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY,
5th July.

We are here in one of the loveliest places on the earth. It makes me quite ache to think how you would enjoy it, and also my dear old mother. It is really too beautiful to describe. This hotel, which is immense and has now in it about seven hundred guests, is kept up just like Hurlingham or any first-class sporting English club. It is very well managed, and the cooking excellent. The gardens and pleasure-grounds are really a fairy land. Some tennis grounds, bowling alleys, lakes with boats, all kinds of driving traps *ad libitum*. The most lovely spot is, however, the 'Arizona Garden,' which is given up to plants from Arizona in the tropics, and is full of palms, enormous cacti and aloes, and innumerable flowers; amongst the cacti, what the western Yanks call modestly the 'boss cactus of the world,' a huge plant that grows 40 and 50 feet high. But the chief glory of the Arizona Gardens is the humming birds! which are in quantities. Words cannot possibly convey an idea of the loveliness of

these most tiny little beings. The first we saw we took for hawk moths, as they darted like living flashes from one flower to another, poising themselves with beats of the wing, whose swiftness defies the eye, in front of some gaudy flowers, from which they extract the nectar with their long bills and tongues. As they are so occupied within a few feet of the eye, for they are very tame, gleams of ruby, gold, and emerald green glitter and disappear as the sunlight plays on their throats, crests, and backs, the feathers of which parts are coloured with metallic tints of all colours of the rainbow. What you would like would be the drive of about 16 or 18 miles (there and back) through the pine forests to 'Cypress Point,' the southern extremity of Monterey Bay. The drive through the pines is delightful, warm, and the air saturated with the fragrance of the pines. Suddenly you emerge from the forest on to the beach of the Pacific. The blue ripple of the waves plays lazily on to the snow-white sands of the shore, after washing round rugged rocks jutting out of the sea some 200 yards off, which are literally *covered with enormous sea-lions*, whose roaring sounds loud above the surf. Quantities of seals are fishing here and there through the bays, looking at you within 50 yards with their large mournful eyes. On the rocks amongst the lions are hundreds of gulls, skuas, pelicans, and cormorants, evidently on the best terms of friendship with their gigantic neighbours. Douglas and I went yesterday for the first time, and to-day repeated it, with a basket of lunch, and spent all the day there. The end of the Point is celebrated for a grove of cypress of great age, and I find the species is *C. macrocarpa*, a very old friend of mine and Powerscourt's. It grows into a most picturesque old tree, reminding one of the cedars of Lebanon. This place

is the great amusement quarters of the swells of San Francisco and Oakland, and this being just the 4th July time, the anniversary of American liberty, it is a national time of rejoicing. There is a very fine band here, which amongst other music played "God Save the Queen" yesterday (the 4th), to the evident satisfaction of the audience! There are any number of fair women and beautiful 'dudes' amongst the crowd, and it would be endless delight to you to study them all. Some of the costumes are simply ludicrous. There appear, on the other hand, to be some very nice people in the hotel, but they are all local, and out of the 167! who arrived when we did, we are the only English; all the rest are from San Francisco, only one from New York. To-morrow we go to Santa Cruz for one night to see some magnificent trees of a kind we have not yet seen, and return to San Francisco next day, and the next leave *homewards* for Salt Lake City. Dear old Douglas looks after me like a nurse; he is the best old boy in the world."

"San Francisco, *Tuesday, 8th July.*

We arrived back here last night, having spent Sunday night at a lovely seaside place, Santa Cruz. It reminded me of the dear old days at Veules,[1] to hear the sea beating on the shore close to the hotel at night, and I thought that the next time I heard it would be with you again 6000 miles away at Puys. Next morning we hired a trap and drove through the most heavenly forests to Big Tree Station, a little tiny place in the middle of the densest and noblest forest of a grand tree called *Taxodium sempervirens*, which we had not yet seen. They do not come up to the *Wellingtonia* in thickness, but are even higher. We

[1] Seaside place in Normandy.

spent several hours wandering about the grove, and then came on by the narrow-gauge line here, four hours of about as great misery as I ever suffered. The train was filled to overflowing, a sort of mixture of Bank Holiday in London and the 12th of July in Ireland! There were sixty-five people in our carriage, and what between the heat, the slamming of doors by noisy officials and newspaper boys, the yells and whistles with infernal machines in the mouths of innumerable children, the danger of having your toes trodden on, or getting deluged with water by little children carrying drinks of ice-water up and down the carriage, life was indeed a burden. However, 'at last it ringeth to evensong.' Whom should I meet waiting for me on arrival but dear old Cherrie Bancroft! She is one of the gems of the earth that will shine bright some day. She is enthusiastic about the convict prison here, and is doing wonderful work where the labourers are mighty few. And now I must shut up and pack. We are off to Salt Lake, about 800 miles, to-night. I am very fit, and don't cough nearly as much either morning or evening; in fact, hardly at all at night."

"SALT LAKE CITY, *Wednesday, 9th July.*

I must send one line from here to say that neither Douglas nor I will become Mormons. I have only time for a scribble. This is a most remarkable place, and after crossing the Sierra Nevada at an altitude of 7000 feet, we descended on a high plateau 4000 feet, the Great Nevada desert greatly resembling the Egyptian deserts, which we crossed 600 miles. Such desolation. Salt Lake is an immense sheet of water 90 miles by 40, and is very like the Dead Sea. We have been to see the Tabernacle and Temple of the Mormons; the former is a wonderful building, seating 10,000 people.

I have excellent photos, which explain better than writing; and I will be able to tell you all about their religion, which is nothing but distorted Christianity. They have immense power here, but the Yanks are gradually getting the mastery over them. They really would be a source of great trouble in a weak-kneed country like England, but over this side of the water they stand no nonsense. It is pretty hot, between 80 and 90, but I fancy we shall have it a real terror after Denver. We leave to-morrow at 10.30, and should arrive at Colorado Springs at 4.30 P.M. Saturday. I am 900 miles nearer you than when I last wrote."

"COLORADO SPRINGS, *Tuesday, 15th July.*

I can, and did, fancy your joy in getting my wire to say we were coming by the boat of the 30th inst. The heat coming from Salt Lake City was so terrible —115 degrees in sun, and 93 to 102 degrees in the railway—that I decided *at once* to run no risks of the exhausting effects of such heat and to bolt home. Accordingly I wired all over the place, and have written to Butler to come to Chicago (as I have given up Whitehouse), where I shall be from the 21st to the 25th. Since that a cool wave has come, and it is now under 80 degrees, but I won't trust it! I am *very fit* and wish to stay so, and am literally longing to get back to you. We have had a glorious trip, and I will have an *immensity* to tell you of; but, to tell the truth, I have had enough of it, and shall be very glad to get back to British soil. Nothing could exceed the kindness we have met with *everywhere*, but after all said and done, one is more at home in the 'old country,' and the social comfort and civilisation of this marvellous land *laissent à désirer*. We are resting here and enjoying it all very much, and go to Denver on 17th,

stay 18th, and leave for Chicago night of 19th, arriving at 7 A.M. the 21st—1062 miles! There we stay till 25th, and go to Niagara, and get to New York, *D.V.*, on the morning of 28th, and sail 30th. We ought to be in Liverpool about 8th August, so I should be with you at Puys the 11th at latest. What joy it will be! Tell Victor I was simply delighted with his badger story; it was a *grand* bit of sport. Tell him I am looking forward immensely to our rides. I long to get on a 'safety' again; I shall expect him to know all the best roads; my legs won't be worth a rap at first. Tell him there are lots of bicycles in this country, and I saw a man riding an 'ordinary' in San Francisco, with the *little* wheel *in front*, and going well, and turning and twisting all over the shop. The squirrels are most interesting here, and yesterday Douglas and I saw the tiniest species, I should think, in the world. He is not much bigger than a large mouse, and striped like a zebra. Douglas is rigging up a catapult, and we are going to try and get one this afternoon. The thermometer is only 75 degrees in my room now, and it is really quite cool again; and I see it was only 83 degrees yesterday in Chicago. I have a lot to write, so must end. I glory in thinking of you by the sea. Get me a bathing suit, and tell Victor to try no tricks swimming out too far."

"CHICAGO, *Tuesday, 22nd July.*

Fancy, this is my last letter from America, and the great trip is nearly over—'Time and the hour run through the longest day.' We arrived here yesterday after a very hot journey from Denver (1062 miles), from 90 to 95 degrees in the train, but here it is delightfully cool, about 75 degrees. Butler turned up yesterday looking very well. It is impossible to

describe this place in a letter. It is a *magnificent* town. I never saw such buildings in any town in the world. It runs along Lake Michigan, which is 70 miles across and 300 miles long. We drove down Michigan Avenue (6 miles) yesterday evening, amongst houses built by the different men who have made their money here. The most beautiful houses surrounded by lawns and all different architecture. The parks are kept as well as Hyde Park, and laid out in flower-beds and look lovely. We went to the stockyards to-day, but I must keep the description of them till I come. Yesterday 20,000 head of cattle and 37,000 pigs came in, all of which were sold for export. To-day the numbers were about half that, so you can fancy the scale things are done on. All these cattle come from the ranche and farm country for hundreds of miles round. All Nebraska and Iowa, which the line runs through from Denver, is just like *France*, especially round Dieppe! It is all just as highly farmed—fine farmhouses and woods and hedges and magnificent cattle on all sides. Twenty-five years ago the wild buffaloes and Indians had this all to themselves, and roamed free as air over it. In 1871 all Chicago was burnt. Ten years ago there were 500,000 inhabitants, and now there are a *million*. All this shows the incredible rate things grow at in this marvellous country. Dear old Toby Cairnes[1] is here, came all the way from Omalia, about 600 miles, to see me. We leave for Niagara on Friday afternoon, and get to New York on Monday at eleven, the dear old 28th! We have a first-class cabin in the *Britannic*, very cool and large, £40. To-morrow we go down to see Hammond's yards, the Company Lord Anson is Chairman of. I

[1] Mr. Cairnes was a young friend of Brooke's, with whom he had great lawn-tennis matches at Pau.

have got the Secretary of the Company coming down with me. We meet with kindness on all sides. Your last letter was 2nd July. Oh! how glad I shall be to get back. I will wire from Queenstown and London. I am very fit, thank God. Kiss all the nest for their old pater."

"H.M.S. 'BRITANNIC,'
Wednesday, 6th August.

It is too wonderful to think that, *D.V.*, if all is well, I shall post this to-morrow at Queenstown, and that in a day or two I shall be with you. We ought to get to Liverpool on Friday in time to catch either the eleven or two train, in which case, if there is a boat to Dieppe, I shall be with you on Sunday. Oh! what joy it will be; 16,000 miles is a long journey, and I shall be glad to get to my nest again. It has been a most glorious trip, and I shall never be able to tell you all I have seen. I have one side of my Gladstone bag *full* of photos! so you will have lots to illustrate my Journal, which is short, but to the point. We have had a marvellous passage. I don't think even you could have been ill. It has been literally calm all the way. I shall finish this to-morrow, and post it at Queenstown, if I find it will get quicker to London, and I shall send a wire of course. I am *very* fit, and will take great care of our genial climate, you may be sure. It was very hot starting, for the first day or two 82 degrees in cabin. Now it is about 63 degrees. I got all your letters at New York, and Mildred's. Thank the darling child for it from her 'little father,' as she called me. No words can describe Niagara; it is the noblest thing I ever saw, and nothing short of a bullock could look at it without awe and wonder; *200,000,000 of tons* of water are computed to fall over the falls *per hour*, so

you can slightly imagine the wild savagedom of the place. I have some splendid photos on glass which I am bringing you; they cost £8, so they ought to be good, and they are!

Thursday, 7th August, 11.30 A.M.—We are just passing Cape Clear, 60 miles from Queenstown, sea as smooth as glass, so I will finish this and post it. We ought to catch the eleven train to-morrow at Liverpool; Hasler[1] meets me, and I shall be mighty glad to see him."

"CARLTON CLUB,
Friday, 8th August 1890.

We arrived at 6.30 all right. I did not try to catch the earlier train, but had a good lunch at Liverpool, and came by the two o'clock. You ought to get this to-morrow. It seems too wonderful to be writing from this old club again, the leaf of the big journey folded and all a thing of the past. One cannot help feeling very, very thankful that all has gone so safely and so well, and that so many thousand miles have been passed without a 'hair being touched.' 'Underneath are the Everlasting Arms!'—only *feel* that *really* and we *could* know no fear; one is just as safe as in one's bed, but one realises more on what a thread all hangs, when you are off far away from home. I shall come on Sunday, my darling, and be with you about three. Oh! it will be joy to see my little all in all again—all the wide and lovely globe cannot make up to me for that."

[1] His valet.

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