TRAVEL AND EMIGRATION.

EMIGRATION TO THE RIVER PLATE.

FARMING, SHOOTING, AND HUNTING.

A GREAT DEAL has been written of late years on the subject of emigration from Great Britain to the River Plate, tending to give very erroneous ideas as to the real advantages of such a step, if one may judge at least from the false and highly exaggerated views entertained by the majority of those who find their way there. Still there is no possible doubt that the country offers itself for certain classes, but it is right to point out for whom it is adapted, and also the drawbacks, some of which are of a very serious character, that surround it. In addition to the too flattering reports that have reached Europe, the great facilities that now exist with regard to the voyage, the small expenses attending it, and its short duration have all served in increasing the flow of emigration, not only from our own islands, but from nearly the whole of Europe, and most notably from Italy and the Basque provinces of France and Spain.

So far as I can make out—and as I have been nine years in the country, and have seen much of the city of Buenos Ayres, as well as of rural life, I feel that I may offer an opinion on the subject—the only persons that can hope to succeed are first, those who come with a capital of from one to five thousand pounds and upwards to invest in sheep or land; secondly, medical men, civil engineers, surveyors, and skilled mechanics; and, thirdly, shepherds and labourers. All of these, if they are not afraid of hard work and of roughings, may, I think, do well. The very worst class of emigrants, without any doubt whatever, are retired officers from the army and navy, Oxford and Cambridge men, and in fact all gentlemen who have no capital. These are, by their ideas and previous habits, ill suited to a country such as this, where success involves not only hard work, but a vast amount of self-denial and frugality. Moreover, a good classical or mathematical education is almost entirely thrown away here; while the man of common hard sense, with strong hands and arms, and the will to use them, will, if he has a certain amount of self-restraint and the power of saying "No" when temptations meet him, most assuredly obtain a competence, if not absolute wealth.

The great attraction of the country is sheep farming. Sheep, however, and land are not now to be bought at the nominal prices they fetched in days gone by. Land particularly has risen enormously in value, and even at long distances (fifty and sixty leagues for instance) from Buenos Ayres will bring four or five thousand pounds and more the square league (equal to about six thousand four hundred acres), and it is only near the frontiers where it can be purchased at about £200 the square league. There are, however, very serious objections to buying far out. The "camp" there (all land outside of towns is here known by that name) is covered with tall, coarse, rank grass called "paja," on which sheep cannot feed; and three or four years are required to refine it, which can only be done by constant burning and by eating it down with horses and cattle. This, however, is as nothing in comparison with the extreme insecurity of both life and property that is the normal state of that part of the country, where incursions of the Indians are of the most frequent occurrence—when cattle and horses are driven off, houses burned, and people murdered without regard to sex or age.

In spite of all that has been said about the Government taking measures to check these raids, they still continue as numerous and as disastrous in their consequences as heretofore; indeed, one can scarcely take up a paper without finding a notice of one on some of the frontiers. This, however, is not much to be wondered at when one takes into consideration the very inefficient means adopted for their suppression. When troops are required for this service not a quarter of the number that it is ever to be supposed would do for the men of a cavalry regiment to be sent out in bullock carts, by which conveyances they will, under tolerably favourable circumstances, progress at about the rate of six or seven leagues in the twenty-four hours; whilst the Indians, well mounted, are carrying along ruin and destruction ahead of them. The men also are wretchedly armed and drilled; I was told by an officer of high rank in the Argentine army, who was sent to take command of an outpost when an attack was expected, that on his arrival he found some 150 men, whose arms consisted of twenty-three almost unserviceable muskets and a few old sabres, the remainder being totally unarmed, and the whole without horses. With such a force he was supposed to keep in check one or six hundred of the savages; the result, of course, was that the foray came off with the most complete success. There is also another reason for the inefficiency of the frontier troops. Officers and men rarely receive any pay, and are obliged in consequence to live the best way they can. The same officer to whom I have alluded told me in the month of July last that the previous February he had not received one farthing. I heard, too, only a few days ago from a young officer whom I know very well, and who has been eighteen months in the service, that, during that period he had only received one thousand dollars currency, or about £8 sterling, which was barely one month's pay. As I shall have occasion to make frequent mention of dollars, I may as well state here that, whenever I use the term I mean the paper dollar of the country, which is equal to about twopence English—one hundred and twenty-two and a half being equivalent to the pound sterling.

This officer was marching with his regiment—a cavalry one—to an extreme out-station; the majority of the men were being conveyed in bullock carts, and the whole were without pay or a prospect of getting any, and were compelled to sleep on the bare ground with any covering they could get hold of. They also had a number of prisoners with them, over a hundred, the refuse of the gaols of Buenos Ayres, sent out to the frontiers, ultimately to be made soldiers of. The mode of securing these wretches at night was, to say the least of it, unique. A large stake was driven into the ground, to which a man was attached by a rope, one end being tied by a hitch in the lasso round the ankle close up to the stake, the next one in a like manner close to him, and so on, until the end of the lasso was reached, which was then securely fastened to another stake driven into the ground, in the same way as the first one. One thing that has always struck me as being most remarkable is the large difference in the cavalry regiments, well mounted and drilled to act as infantry, are an imperative necessity on the frontiers, no steps have ever been taken by the authorities to form breeding establishments for the supply of horses, more particularly because there are such immense tracts of waste land in their hands, and they have the command of any amount of mares. At any rate, this one thing is certain, that should not have been the disgraceful things occur that took place during the war with Paraguay, when parties of scoundrels overran the country in all directions, stealing horses whenever and wherever they could find them, and driving them down to Zarate, and other ports on the Paraná, where they were bought by the Government without any questions being asked, and then shipped up river to Paraguay. I ask that time the authorities of this enlightened republic tacitly—indeed, I might say openly, and that, too, without any fear of contradiction—sanctioned horse stealing from the very people to whom they had held out inducements to invest their capital in the country. There is a gentleman now living, all of whose stud was stolen one night during time I refer to. He got some information, and followed up the thieves to Zarate, where he found them put on board a steamboat for Paraguay, and, notwithstanding his earnest appeals to the proper authorities there, and his proving that the animals bore his private mark, he was unable to obtain the slightest redress. In the time of Rosas—the much-abused, but by some of the best-informed people in this country called (and as I believe with perfect justice) the most efficient president he ever had—the Indians, in consequence of the Indian tribes received a yearly subsidy in kind, in return for which they abstained from their raids on the frontiers; the result of this was a security of life and property since unknown, which was one of the chief characteristics of the dictatorship of this wise and astute ruler. This subsidy is still granted, and forwarded, I believe, to the chiefs, and is supposed for its distribution; but there it mysteriously disappears, and little, if any of it, reaches its legitimate destination. It does seem strange that this should be the case, but Government servants on the frontiers do not appear to receive their pay very regularly, a curious coincidence no doubt, and one that might lead ill-natured persons to draw unpleasant conclusions. The non-delivery of this subsidy is a source of constant irritation to the Indians, and leads them naturally enough to infer that the Government is trying to over-reach them, and hence one great source of their perpetual raids and forays.

There can be no doubt that the authorities are utterly unable to hold these savages of the Pampas in check by any force that they seem willing to apply to the purpose, and, such being the case, it is wonderful that they do not hold out sufficient inducements to immigrants to settle on the frontiers in large numbers, who, by joint action amongst themselves, might in a short time repress these incursions. It seems to me that, under existing circumstances, only by some system of colonisation can this be effected. I think if the Government were to grant a square league of land for ever to families settling far out, plenty of bold hearts and strong arms would find their way from Europe to avail themselves of the boon. The land should be granted on the condition of an annual payment of seven or eight per cent. on its value, which on the frontiers ought not to be more than 20,000 dollars, the square league at the outside. This amount the settler would have no difficulty in meeting, and the Government would thus derive a large revenue from tracts of land now lying waste and desolate, in addition to which such a cordon of defence would be established as would incalculably enhance the value of property lying immediately within it. The fact of the land being let in *perpetuo* on these terms would in no way prevent the authorities from selling it if they chose, whilst it might induce capitalists, who would be certain of a good percentage on their outlay, to invest in such property; and it could make no possible difference to the tenant who was his landlord, as his rent could neither be raised, nor could he himself be ejected, except on the failure on his part to meet his yearly liabilities. The conditions would have to be clearly and stringently laid down in the lease that the land was to be for ever the property of the settler on the payment of a certain annual rent, that this rent could never be raised, and that the non-payment of it would at once cancel the contract, and be followed by immediate ejectment. A man, moreover, holding his land on these terms, would not be compelled to pass his life on it, as he might, when it suited his purpose, sell his interest in it, together with his improvements; and the in-coming tenant would then enjoy it on the same terms, and be bound by precisely the same conditions as his predecessor. The land would, in fact, become "stock," and as peace and quiet became assured, as most certainly would be the case, it would grow more and more valuable before the settler, and, at the same time, become a more tempting investment to the capitalist.

Strange to say, however, the Government, although professing to encourage immigration, places, or allows to be placed by its servants, most grievous and unnecessary obstacles in its way. It holds out inducements to people to settle on the frontiers, whether in Bahia Blanca or Patagones; but the unfortunate purchaser of land there will find to his cost the most vexatious delays and expenses put in the way of his getting his title deeds. I myself am intimately acquainted with a gentleman who has purchased land in the former of these places; and I know for a fact that he was kept five months in Buenos Ayres in personal attendance on the Government offices before he succeeded in getting the necessary papers. He told me afterwards that his living and other incidental expenses amounted to upwards of £200 before his business was finished. Everywhere, from everyone who has bought land down to the south, one hears the same complaints of delays and heavy outlays in procuring title deeds. Now, this, to say the least of it, is bad management; the real truth, however, is that, unless a person feels inclined to put his hands into his pockets, and fee right and left the petty officials with whom he is brought into contact, he will soon discover that they will not condescend to pay the smallest attention to his affairs.

After this long digression, into which I have been led *apropos* of buying land on the frontiers, I will commence my remarks on sheep farming. Anyone who is fond of outdoor exercise, and does not mind putting up with the *ennui*, inseparable from camp life, will find the occupation both pleasant and profitable. If he comes out with a capital of a few thousands of pounds he will be able to buy sheep, which at the present moment are to be obtained of a good class, at very low prices, and it is very probable that he will be able to rent good land for them at from five to seven thousand dollars a year for each flock. It is right, however, to say that in some parts the rent for land sufficient to pasture a flock would be double the sum named. Doing this he must not expect to make a fortune, but he will be able to live in the greatest possible comfort, and generally to have a balance in hand. If he is fortunate, and has anything like average luck, and a certain amount of care, he ought to clear 20 per cent. on his outlay. Of course it is infinitely better to buy land, but to do this a considerable capital is necessary. A square league of good camp should furnish runs for twenty-five thousand sheep, or, if cattle are combined with them, it would feed about fifteen thousand sheep, and ten thousand head of cattle. It is found that it does not answer at all to have the flocks of too great a size; from fifteen hundred to two thousand are usually considered to be about the proper number for one, and in no case should they exceed two thousand three or four hundred each, as, when this happens, they never thrive well, and the yearly losses in lambs are very large.

Every merchandiero, or farmer, has his own private señal or mark for his horses and cattle, as also for his sheep, and these are so arranged that no one in the immediate neighbourhood shall have the same; each flock again in his possession has a mark of its own, so that if a mixture takes place, which often happens in bad weather, or through the negligence of the shepherds, the animals may at once be parted out. All this is, of course, very necessary in a country such as this is, where there are no inclosures and no fixed boundaries between properties, a post being put into the ground about every half league to mark the limits of different estates, so that horses, cattle, and sheep roam about at will. One of the shepherd's chief duties is to follow the flocks when feeding, and to turn them when dangerous ground, or another one, whether belonging to his master or to a neighbour; but, notwithstanding the greatest care, sheep on adjoining runs always get more or less mixed, hence the great necessity of distinguishing marks.

The usual pay of a shepherd is from three to four hundred dollars a month. In the former case it is usual to give rice, meat, salt, and if he be married, sugar; in the latter case, if he be a foreigner, something, such as sugar for instance, is allowed in lieu of "yerba." In the latter case meat and salt only are given, a house and a sheep fold are always found. In addition to this, on most estancias a dollar a head is given to every shepherd for each lamb that he rears, and can produce at the time when they are marked, which is at about the age of three or four months.

From twenty-five to thirty per cent. is about a fair average of what the increase of a flock should be. When the camp is good and the weather fine and mild, he has a very easy time of it, as the sheep rarely move much after they have once settled down to feed; and this is particularly the case in the hot summer weather, when they could be together during the warm part of the day—from about nine o'clock a.m. till four o'clock p.m.; during these hours they cease to feed, and remain quietly in the same place. In bad weather, however, when there are cold winds and drifting rains, or when from a prolonged drought the pasturage has become poor and scanty, they run perpetually from morning until night, and require the utmost attention of a shepherd to keep them on the ground in proper ground. Nightwork also in wet weather is occasionally very severe, as, if the rain is heavy and lasts any length of time, the mud in the sheepfolds becomes so deep that it is dangerous to shut in the animals; they are in consequence left outside, and the greatest possible vigilance is necessary to keep them together. Several times I and the gentleman alluded to have been out during the whole night, walking round and round the flock to prevent its straying, when it was so dark that, but for the lightning, which was incessant, we could not see our hands before our faces; the rain at the same time was coming down in torrents, with a wind that it was almost impossible to face. On one occasion of prolonged bad weather, I, with this gentleman, I believe passed every night for more than a week in a cart, about half a mile from the house, taking turn and turn about to round the sheep. I can therefore speak feelingly on the subject, and can quite sympathise with those who have to go through the same ordeal. Taking it all in all, however, the shepherd's life is very far from being a hard one, as it seldom happens that he has much nightwork—perhaps not more than two or three times in the year.

The rams are generally taken out of the flocks and tended by themselves from May till October, in which month they are put back again. It is a great point to ensure, as much as possible, that the lambing shall take place in the autumn months of March and April, which are generally about the pleasantest in the year. By doing this, the lambs have time to gain sufficient strength to stand the brunt of the winter; the worst months of which are June, July, and August. Those lambs that are dropped in September and October, when the weather gets hot, rarely do well, as the dams will not feed then properly owing to the heat.

Shearing begins nearly everywhere some time during October or in the early part of November, and may be said to finish throughout the province of Buenos Ayres, about the end of the month. It is often very difficult to get shearers, which is, of course, the cause of much delay; and of these, when they are found, very few are worth anything, and an immense amount of cutting and hacking goes on, that would completely shock an English farmer out of his propriety; a great deal of the shearing is done by women. The price paid is four vials, or half a dollar, for each sheep, but, as the employer has to feed the men, this mounts up to one dollar. One of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to an owner is a severe storm immediately after shearing, which is a thing of by no means infrequent occurrence, and is often accompanied by a heavy fall of hail. The most terrible hailstorm I ever saw in my life happened to take place here on the first of November five years ago. The grass in the camp was cut down exactly as if it had been mown with a scythe; trees were destroyed, and thousands of sheep killed; and a league away from this place holes were punched through the zinc sheeting on the roofs of cottages by the stones, which were rather, however, jagged lumps of ice; a furious gale of wind was blowing during the whole time. To give some idea of the losses that occasionally result from these tempests, I may mention that a gentleman managing an estancia about three leagues from here told me that in a storm which took place in March about four years ago, and lasted for three days, his father-in-law, who owned 25,000 sheep at the beginning of it, could at the end only muster about 12,000; and the newspapers told of losses quite equal to and even exceeding that. Such catastrophes, however, happily are of comparatively rare occurrence; but before laying out capital in this country it would be well to bear in mind that such things *do* happen, and that instances have been known where men, owning only 1500 or 2000 sheep, have lost their all in one single night, and have been completely ruined.

Wool here is weighed and sold by the "arroba," which equals 25lb. English; and as a rule, a man may calculate on its requiring from five and a half to seven sheep to make up this weight. The price which it will bring depends naturally on its quality, and also on the demand for it in the English and Continental markets. The North American wools have largely supplanted those of Silver Plate produce, but some years ago their Government placed such a heavy tax on foreign wools as virtually to render their import impossible, which has been of course a heavy blow to the growers of that commodity in this country, as it has driven their best customers out of the market. A few seasons back prices were very bad; now, however, they have much improved, and from $70 to $95 is what an arroba of fairly good wool will sell for.

(To be continued.)

ET ON THE MALAYAN PENINSULA.

THE MALAYAN PENINSULA is probably the finest, or, at any rate, the most productive hunting ground in the world. But it has its drawbacks; what earthly Paradise has not? Those of Malaya are, first, an often impracticable jungle; secondly, a very piratical and treacherous people; thirdly, leeches and mosquitoes; and fourthly, a comparatively hot climate. But of the game there is no end. Elephants, wild cattle, tigers, black leopards, deer (sambur), pigs, crocodiles, monkeys, jungle fowl, and snipe abound there, and in a lesser quantity are found the rhinoceros, the Malayan tapir, and the Argus pheasant.

The best—in fact the only—way to obtain good sport on the peninsula is to hire a yacht, if possible, or, if not, some sort of native craft of four or fifty tons or upwards, and run up one of the numerous rivers which are the public highways of the country. There are no roads except near civilisation; nothing but the eternal forest, dark and gloomy, and resonant of the melancholy notes of the bell bird or the startling crow of the jungle cock. There are places where this mighty primæval forest is free from undergrowth, and where the tall tree tops interlace in such a manner as to completely keep out the fiery rays of a tropical sun; but there are others where the forest becomes dense jungle of the most impracticable character, bound and twined with giant creepers, into which nothing, not even a stealthy Malay with his sharp axe, can make a way at times. As it is constantly raining, more or less, in the Straits of Malacca, the walking under the forest trees is very bad. The ground is often nothing but decayed vegetation, saturated with water, and full of leeches, which stick to the pedestrian's legs in the most revolting manner, and in numbers that would be thought sufficient to drain a man of a body of his blood. And yet the climate is by no means unhealthy—at certain seasons of the year, which, in fact, was one of a party of four which lived all through the month of May in a boat moored in the midst of these jungles, and not one of us was sick or sorry all the time, though we were sometimes drenched with rain at night, despite the awning we rigged over our yacht's deck. As for sleeping below, the heat and mosquitoes rendered that quite impossible.

On the peninsula there are immense patches of tall elephant grass, which make most perilous walking. The tenacious soil under foot is broken up with the tracks of the elephants' ponderous feet, and every now and then there is a big, deep pool of water, where the animals have rolled themselves in the mud to get rid of flies and parasites—for your elephant has a most tender cuticle, and spends the best part of the day in his wild state in scratching himself, and in primitive bathing. To tumble into one of these holes in the early part of the day is utter misery. After that one must walk wet through, and coated with mud which makes an air-proof incrustation as it dries, and excoriates the skin terribly. There is always the chance of meeting a tiger—or what would be much worse, I think, a boa 30ft. long—face to face in the tall thick grass. This grass is 6ft. high or more sometimes, so that it would be literally a case of shake hands with either beast before you had time to take stock of him. I saw one of these monstrous snakes measured at Government House, Singapore, which was 22ft. in length, but it is commonly reported among the Malays that they reach 30ft. and even 40ft. Tigers are plentiful enough, as one can gather from their pugs on the soft soil, but they are not often seen; in fact, our party did not see one in a whole month. Very different is it at Singapore, where tigers carry off Chinamen almost daily, and where they are frequently caught in pits. The tigers on the peninsula are apparently much less dangerous than those of the island of Singapore. This may be accounted for on the supposition that they have more natural food in the one place than the other; easy live in the midst of plenty on the mainland, where deer and pigs are to be found in any numbers; but on the island of Singapore there are only a very few wild pigs, and few deer. In connection with the first I remember an amusing story: There was a German gentleman on the island who had a great idea of his sporting abilities, and after dinner he "vould hont de vild boar" in the Black Forest and the Hartz Mountains, and I don't know where else. He was twitted about his inactivity on the island so often, that he swore one day that he would shoot one of the fierce little pigs in preference or der braces, as how you say of him schnipe!" and away he went to some dense jungle on the Flagstaff Hill, spectacled, booted, fusilled, and "horned," a perfect German chasseur. But he returned in the evening covered with mud, his clothes torn, and gunless. It seemed, despite all his attempts to conceal his adventures, that he had shot a Chinese gentleman, a Chinaman by mistake, and the proprietor, resenting the liberty, had summoned a number of his compatriots to his aid, and played the heathen Chinee with the poor German. He never went "honting der boar" again, but took to metaphysics and schnapps, one or the other of which carried him off soon afterwards.

There is another foe to pedestrianism in Malaya that is not to be ignored. This is the black or blue cobra (di capello) of that part of the world, one of the most repulsive animals in creation. Quite unlike the common cobra of Hindostan, this creature is the colour of a Welsh slate, and I think thicker in the body than his namesake across the Bay of Bengal. I have frequently come across them, and have often been within an ace of putting a foot on one. I have seen one of these brutes five feet long charge a native most viciously, and it would certainly have bitten him, had not the animal been shot by the man's master, who turned quick round at the cry of his attendant. They were both looking for snipe at the time; and out shooting one may easily stumble on a lady snake with her brood. Nothing sooner provokes her anger than a kick, the better for him. It is all very well to talk of thick leather boots, snake-proof and leech-proof, up to the thighs; but they don't answer in practice. The trouble and heat of such *impedimenta* in a climate almost under the equator are quite unendurable, and for my own part I found canvas shoes and an old pair of American drill trousers pleasanter even than anything else, though no protection from either snakes or leeches. An English black retriever dog that I had used

to exhibit a comical terror of these black cobras. When he saw one he would tremble all over as if he had the ague, and one could almost swear he grew *pale*, though that was of course impossible, considering his black face. I have heard that the black cobra's bite is not so quickly fatal as the bite of his cousin in Hindostan; I do not know this is the case or not I cannot say, never having had an opportunity of judging.

In the Malayan rivers the crocodiles are something to astonish a stranger. In the Muar River they literally swarm. You see long trains of bubbles moving across the river here and there, and under each of them there is a crocodile. On the muddy shore you see logs lying about as if felled from the forest, and every one of them is a crocodile. I should think it was dangerous work to take a stroll along the river edge in the grass; at any rate I never tried it though it is hard to know what to believe about these creatures. The Malays swear that they sometimes have pulled men out of their canoes, and are in great awe of them; but the Muar crocodiles were very quick to betake themselves to the water when, never so far off, I approached them. The report of a rifle, too, would send them scampering into the stream. They live, like the tigers, in the midst of plenty, for Malayan rivers are full of fish of all kinds, many of brilliant colour. There is a red fish with scales of scarlet, and excellent eating, and another a beautiful bright orange colour; but the last is said to be poisonous. At their mouths the rivers are fringed with mangrove bushes, on which oysters cast their spat; and at the mouth of the Muar our party enjoyed a rare feed of "natives" without any of the penalties attaching to cannibals. Good fishing might be had out of a canoe or a yacht's dinghy with the proper tackle, which I take to be a stout trolling rod, plenty of line, and a large assortment of spinners. Most of the rivers are under the influence of the tide for many miles up, which accounts perhaps for the quantity of fish in them.

Of elephants there are immense numbers on the peninsula, but I am not aware that the Malays ever capture them for domestic use. I have heard it said that the Malayan elephant will not live in captivity; but I do not think it can be true. At any rate, they live wild in such numbers that I doubt if there is any part of the world, Central Africa only excepted, which can show, mile for mile, so many elephants as the Malay peninsula. The forest is everywhere cut up with their footmarks, and it is quite possible to meet half a dozen different herds in a single day's hunting. This abundance of the animal I attribute to the evergreen nature of the Malayan forest, on which the rain falls almost daily, providing the elephant with a never-failing supply of food. Tusks are very common, but tuskless males are few. The Malays are very expert and patient in killing those animals whose ivory is of any value, and the result is that the European sportsman has but a poor chance of bagging a big tusker, though he may shoot females and tuskless males *ad nauseam*. It is said that some of the Malay sultans have great stores of ivory, which they will not part with under a high price; and I doubt that this is really the case, considering the great numbers of elephants which have ranged from time immemorial over these pathless wilds.

Of the wild cattle less is known. I have never seen this mysterious animal, which is said to stand 18 hands at the shoulder, but I have come across their tracks once. I expect that the "tiger" of the Malays is the same as the wild bull of Burmah, or, perhaps, a big exaggeration of the Chillingham wild bull. I heard that a sportsman from Singapore had shot one once upon a time, and that it was a big dirty white beast with black legs, and exceedingly vicious. The Malays, I know, entertain a great dread of these animals, and could hardly be persuaded to follow their tracks at all, though they had no hesitation in following up those of a wounded elephant. The wild cattle are only found in the wildest and most unfrequented parts of the country, and, I think, in no case near the sea shore. Of the deer, pigs, and such small fry I will say nothing, except that the larger patches of thick grass are well stocked with them.

In short, taking it altogether, there are few places in the world where there is a greater abundance of accessible game than up the rivers of the Malayan peninsula; but no party should go there to shoot without a passport from the sultan whose territory is entered, otherwise the danger of being attacked and perhaps murdered by the people is considerable. The recent war must have rendered the Malays more than ever ill-disposed to white men; but, previous to that unfortunate affair, a shooting party under the protection of the sultans was as safe on the peninsula as in any English covert.

F. E. W.

ADVENTURE WITH A LION IN THE TRANSVAAL.

I WAS ON A SHOOTING TRIP in the Transvaal Republic South Africa, some years ago, and had met with fair sport at small game, but was disappointed at not coming across any of the larger species I had heard so much of. It was therefore with much pleasure I accepted an invitation to accompany a friend who was going surveying in the wilds; and, with a good commissariat and plentiful supply of ammunition on board, we had sailed in the Transvaal Government schooner. The *cortège* consisted of a light waggon—which my two shooting horses condescended to draw—my friend's waggon and sixteen oxen, his horse, a Hottentot driver (old Willem), a bushman leader, a half-breed for cook and "handy man," my own Zulu boy, and five dogs.

The latter deserve a word *en passant*. They were two pointers, Dan and Jess, the progeny of an English bitch I had brought out, which had fallen a victim to climate; two young dogs crossed between a kangaroo hound and English greyhound, very fast and with good pluck, Paddy and Scot; and a Boer hound which I christened Rebel, under the following circumstances. On a former trip I had lost two dogs, and took a fancy to this one from seeing him hold a young ox by the nose in most approved style. He belonged to a transport driver, who did not wish to part with him; and candidly told me he was a savage; but I prevailed on to him sell. I got him to put a collar on the dog and fasten him behind my waggon, and when we separated the poor brute fought like a fiend to get loose, and let himself be dragged for miles. I did not let him off the chain for two days, and he had already bitten one of the boys. On the third day I let him off for a while, and was putting on his collar again, when he tackled me. It was a case of who was to be master; so, having a Kaffir stick handy, I got hold of the collar, and, though he was as strong as a calf and slippery as an eel, managed to get him down. I then pounded him till I was tired and ashamed of myself, for his eyes turned green, and he spun round like a top when I let him go. The boys said I had killed him, and fetched two or three buckets of water thrown over him, but he came round again. He had no bones broken, though I had raised an immense bump on his head, which turned out to be one of veneration for me. By treating him kindly and feeding him myself, we soon became good friends. I had him now more than a year, and, though slow, I never knew him lose a wounded buck, and he had killed a hyena single-handed—not a bad feat. He was the best dog I ever had, but never safe with strangers.

But I have wandered from my subject. The boers had warned us of the dangers of the lion velt, and old Willem harped continually on the same string. There was a soreness between him and lions, at least on his side, as he had been nearly seized by one which, according to his account, he valiantly did slay. For two days we had been travelling through a country very scarce of water, and been obliged to make long "treks," principally at night. The third day the oxen were getting very tired, and in the afternoon I saddled up to look for a halting place where there was a supply of the precious fluid. Our route lay towards some low hills where we were told we would find water, and where we were to stay for a day or two. About sundown I descried them, and found a large vley or swamp on the further side. I hastened back with the good news, but found that the oxen had discovered the fact that there was water ahead, as their quickened pace showed. It was late before we halted for the night, and, after taking the precaution of filling our pots and kettles, let the thirsty oxen drink their fill. We had perforce outspanned close to the swamp, and the mosquitoes fell upon us in a solid mass; and though we, under the canvas, escaped pretty well, the niggers had a lively time of it, to judge by their exclamations under the waggon.

My first salutation after turning out for early coffee—a luxury only to be fully appreciated on the trek—was in Dutch from old Willem, "Good morning, baas; this is a regular lion vley," he said, "All night, Willem; your master is going to hunt here day or two, and you and I will look them up." "God forbid," quoth Willem. We moved the camp to higher ground to get away from the "musqueteers," and, being Sunday—which is always a *dies non* in Africa, except in urgent circumstances, such as a river rising—prepared to take things easy. By this I mean cleaning guns, writing up the log, airing bedding skins, &c. Game had been scarce lately; in fact, we had seen nothing but a few steinbok and ostriches—the latter very wild. Our larder was consequently low, and both dogs and niggers looked as if they would be none the worse for a good feed. It was taking the guns to pieces to wash them, when my friend proposed one of us should go and slay a buck. As he was not very well, I volunteered, and took the only gun that had not been unshipped—a heavy rifle, carrying a bullet of eight to the pound. Lucky for me I did so.

The hills consisted of a low range of iron stone, with spruyts (water courses) running from them into the swamp, which was a large one, about four miles long, and from half a mile to a mile in width, covered with reeds 20ft. high, at this time of year quite yellow and dry, and affording impenetrable covert. It was a hazy morning, and the mist still hung about. I took a long look round with a powerful telescope, and at length discovered a herd of game feeding on the further side of a spruyt about a mile and a half distant. I marked them for my prey, and determined to stalk them by keeping close to the swamp, and then ascending the bed of the spruyt, by which means I expected to get an easy pot shot. I told my boy to tie up the dogs and saddle a horse, ready, the moment he heard the report or saw the smoke, to gallop up, to follow in case of my only wounding, or carry back the game. My friend, after wishing me good luck, turned in to have another snooze, and I started off at a Connaught trot.

From the junction of the spruyt with the swamp to where I saw the herd feeding, I calculated to be about two miles; so, after going over a mile, I ventured on a peep, and found the herd had moved towards the swamp, and were considerably nearer than I thought. In the spruyt was about a foot of water, the channel about four feet wide and from six to eight feet deep in the centre, worn by the rains; between this and the banks, which were about seven feet high, there was a wide space to walk, covered with reeds and high grass. I was plodding on, when I heard a noise in the reeds behind me, and I thought it was my boy following with the horse, having mistaken my order. I immediately promised him "pickles," and kept putting my hand behind me to stop him; but, the noise continuing, I turned round, and saw a sight which instinctively brought me down on one knee, with the rifle to my shoulder and my heart in my mouth at the same time. There, within ten yards of me, stood the king of the desert. I had no time to think, further than to realise the fact that a full-grown lion was close upon me. I find it difficult to describe my feelings—I simply had none; neither fear, surprise, nor any other. When I faced about he lay down and put his head between his paws, eyeing me intently, and I him. I had now the bed of the spruyt on my left, the camp also being on that side. I knew I would have to fire, and glanced on one side to see how deep the channel was, involuntarily fulcocking the rifle as I thought of it. Instantaneously it was having the human mind removed from him, or the click of the hammer coming to full cock, I know not; but on looking again I saw he meant mischief by the flicking of his tail and rising of his hind quarters. I drew the fore sight as fine as I could between his eyes, squeezing the trigger at the same time. A second before I fired, he raised his head. I heard a smothered sob, or rather grunt, and, under cover of the smoke, I ran down the spruyt into the bed of the watercourse, and ran like a man till I came to a place where I could climb out the other side.

I loaded as quickly as I could; and it was a ticklish moment, as the reeds prevented me from seeing him. He was making a fearful row, and I did not know any moment but that he might be on me. I got out of the spruyt shortly, and, under cover of the reeds, till with all this delay. All this time the lion was making a horrid din in the reeds, and I half hoped the heavy ball had crippled him. The dogs went into the reeds in a body, but, with the exception of Rebel, came out separately, each choosing a different point of the compass for his exit. Don and Jess never stopped, I heard, till they got under the waggon. Rebel kept baying him, and like a true bulldog showed no grace and went in again, and between the lot a nice noise was raised.

My friend now galloped up. Old Willem had been watching the herd with the telescope to tell the boy when to start, also with an eye to the fleshpots depending on the shot; and when he saw the smoke rise in the reeds, a long way from the game, sung out, "The baas has fired in the spruyt! it is all up!" Rebel kept baying him, and I thought it strange, and turned out. I told my boy to get back; but, like all his nation, he was a sportsman at heart, and begged to be allowed to stay and see the fun out. As the dogs kept baying in one place, we concluded he was crippled; so we decided on the rather risky course of both going in to give him the *coup de grâce*, and left the boy with the horses. The uproar going on was a caution, and on going in we found the lion only able to use his front paws—but how efficiently a rent in Rebel's side showed. On the dogs seeing us they rushed in with fresh vigour, and it was some little time before I could fire, W. standing by to cover me. When I did he made a spasmodic effort, and rolled over into the bed of the gully on his back stone dead, with a bullet in his head. The rest of the boys had come up, and cautiously approached to have a look at him with the exception of Willem, who stood a respectful distance, protesting against anyone going near for half an hour, and spinning a yarn about a lion, seemingly dead, springing up and killing two men. There was some sense in what he said; but my last ball was too near his brain pan for further mischief on his part.

The dogs were lying down licking their wounds, which were, luckily, slight, with the exception of one about four inches long in Rebel's side, which I sewed up afterwards. He licked my hand when I had finished, but I firmly believe he would have rent anyone else in pieces who had ventured to touch him.

My first shot had entered just under the lower jaw when the lion raised his head, regularly raking him, and touching his spine near the kidneys. Had he been only shot in the crippled, none of the dogs would have got off as they did, if no worse damage had been done. He was a full-grown male, in splendid condition, with a mane as black as night, and teeth and claws very suggestive of sudden death. We concluded he had been stalking the same herd I was after, and followed me out of curiosity more than any thing else, as, had he meant mischief at first, he could have wiped me out with a stroke of his paw when I was within ten yards of him, and at a much shorter distance than I like to think of. I forgot to say that he had either sprung at the smoke, or been in the act of springing when I fired; more probably the latter, from the direction the ball took, as the marks of his claws and blood—in fact, where I killed him—were close to where I was when I fired the first shot.

We went back to the waggon and fetched Doctor Bebel, and left the boys to get the lion out of the spruyt and to take his skin off. When I came to sit down, after fixing up Rebel's wound, I found myself perfectly unstrung, and was seized with a strong desire to cry and to run about shouting. It took a "second mate's nip" of peach brandy to steady me, and two or three pipes. I have shot several lions since, though not at such close quarters, and found in no case did my hand and heart waver, but have never experienced the reaction the same way. I suppose it was from going through such an ordeal for the first time, and realising the fact that I had slain the king of beasts nearly single-handed. I tried to write an account of it in my diary, but failed signally, and this is the first time I have written my adventure in *extenso*; and I find it almost as difficult a job as the actual fact, and a much longer one to boot. My Zulu composed a song on the occasion, and his imitation of the dogs barking and the lion growling was very good—in fact, quite theatrical in effect. We afterwards set fire to the reeds in the swamp, and had some good sport, of which I may perhaps have an opportunity of telling your readers.

INKOSI UBOMVU.

A FISHING TRIP TO LAKE HURON.

ON A COOL STILL MONDAY MORNING in the latter end of last August, when the grey dawn was beginning to make its appearance in the east, passing through the village of Adelaide could be heard the loud rumbling of a heavily laden waggon, drawn by four fresh spirited steeds at about eight miles an hour. The occupants were (including myself) half a dozen gentlemen, and were to all appearance full of enthusiasm in contemplation of a week's fishing, that would be accompanied with change of air and change of scene, if no other recommendation were to offer itself. Some of us were residents of Brewery, from whence we started about an hour before daybreak. Our waggon presented a formidable appearance, it being laden with every necessary that it was possible to utilise on an excursion of the sort, amongst which were a ridge tent capable of accommodating ten people, hair mattresses, rugs, portmanteaus, fishing rods, gaffs, landing nets, and hay and oats sufficient to last our horses a week; also various other articles, amongst which was a large new patent cooking apparatus, using methylated spirits for fuel. This is one of the most complicated things of the kind I know of. It is round, about 18in. in diameter, standing 3ft. high, and made of block tin. It contains three dispatchers, fish kettle, plates, knives, forks, spoons, &c., also a dozen different bottles of sauces. The large pile of hay on the top of all these stores obliged us to confine ourselves to a small space in the forward part of the conveyance. The road was all that could be desired, being smooth and level. Ten miles further on, as the sun was throwing its first ray on this scene, we were rattling through the village of Arkona. After leaving it we passed through a district delightfully varied, exhibiting the mingled beauties of rich cultivation and primeval wildness. Nothing worthy of note occurred until coming within half a mile of Widder, a station on the Grand Trunk Railway. On hearing the shrill whistle of the approaching train, and hurried us into the town at a speed that few would fancy except those that enjoy the dangerous excitement of accompanying runaway horses; however, with the assistance of twenty-five miles already travelled, we succeeded in bringing them to a standstill at the hotel, where we stopped an hour. During that time we amused ourselves examining the steam mills and factories, which are carried on on a large scale in this rising town. Had we much time to spare, I believe we should have made but little use of it in cultivating our acquaintance with the inhabitants, having only a few days previously read a letter in one of the local papers, in which a correspondent speaking of them mentioned that in order to associate with them it was necessary to come down to their level. We decided that the advice was too great, and the game and association not worth the sacrifice.

At nine o'clock we again resumed our journey, not wishing to make a longer stay, being anxious to travel as much as possible before the scorching summer sun should retard our progress. The thermometer reached 95° in the shade the day before. There was yet ten miles further to travel. The last four miles was over as hilly and rough a country as could well be imagined; the hills were so steep, and the road of such a soft and sandy nature, that it put our teams to the test to draw their load over them, even when we lent our assistance by walking, or rather dragging ourselves through the sand, that covered the boots of those of my companions who were unfortunate enough to wear ordinary ones instead of long fishing boots. On each side of the road were hills of great height, covered with small trees, and hills beautifully decorated by the hand of nature with grasses, ferns, and rock plants. The hills and valleys being so numerous, and the road so heavy, it took some time to traverse the last few miles of this wild region. With tired horses covered with dust, we at last reached our destination (Port Franks). We put up at Mr Hazelwood's hotel, which is a small frame building, attached to which are stables capable of accommodating half a dozen teams. We fortunately (as I before mentioned) brought hay and oats along with us, there being no such thing as fodder in any shape to be had in the neighbourhood, nor could we find an ostler to entrust with the care of our horses. After seeing them comfortable we repaired to the hotel, where we ordered luncheon, or rather dinner, as it is termed in Canada. Having an hour to spare, we took a stroll through the place, which none of our party had seen before. Port Franks is a small, scattered fishing village, situated in a secluded spot on the banks of the Sauble, about a mile from the east shore of Lake Huron. The river is about one hundred yards wide at this point; it takes a circuitous route of a mile and a half before emptying its waters into the lake. On either side there are banks many feet above the level of the river, and the soil is composed of for several miles through the surrounding country. The land here, of course, is little used for tillage purposes; the inhabitants import almost everything, with the exception of fish, which seems to be their principal means of subsistence.

The scenery, although not grand, has decidedly a wild and romantic appearance; the adjacent neighbourhood and the west and north-west sides of the village present all the characteristics of a level sandy plain, which prevails for miles on the eastern margin of the lake; whilst on the south and east, stretching far away, is an immense region of small hills; sufficient in elevation to form a picturesque and striking outline, which, though wild, cannot be altogether termed unworthy of the name of beauty. I may form my opinion by the numerous sketches taken by one of my companions.

The harbour is at present used by fishing smacks. During the summer months this remote and quiet spot is a great source of attraction to anglers, who come from considerable distances to enjoy the sport of fishing, and, judging from my own experience, they are amply repaid for a long and tedious journey by enjoying sport that I am certain few fishing parties can excel. In the lake the delicious trout, weighing from 5lb. to 20lb., are found very numerous, and of the finest quality; and in the river, pickerel, pike, perch, black and rock bass, mullet, and various other fish can be found in abundance.

When we had done justice to Mr Hazelwood's luncheon, our baggage was carried to the river, where there were two large fishing boats engaged by our party, which were provided with sails, heavy and light oars, and rudders. It took some time before getting all aboard. We then rowed down to the mouth of the river, where we landed and looked for a site to pitch our tent. We quickly selected a suitable spot on a rising hill commanding a good view of the lake, close to the river bank.

Whilst four of our number employed themselves by conveying the cargo from the boat to the camping ground, I and Capt. H. put our rods together and trolled through the river from the mouth to the village, to see what we could meet with for supper. We had a large stock of well-tied salmon and trout flies that I brought from the old country along with me, and we gave them a trial.

The day being unusually calm and sultry, we got not even a rise, so we changed the flies for the spoon bait and minnow. As it came on sundown, when a breeze sprang up, I thought our efforts met with any success. I caught a fine fish, weighing about 3lb., which was soon shared by four others, averaging half a pound each. When supper was over that evening, we laid out a programme for the remainder of our visit.

We told off two of our party in turns to attend camp duties, by cooking, keeping watch over our goods, and going to the village twice each day to see after our letters, while the remaining four, in turns also, were to have nothing to do but follow amusement in every possible way, and keep a supply of fresh fish on the table.

Feeling rather tired after our day's journey, we retired early, and were all astir the following morning at sunrise, intending to make havoc among the fish that day. Besides being provided with four excellent rods, I brought a long cross line, well mounted; but it proved to be of little use, for it was constantly getting entangled with numerous beds of weeds in the river, which could not be well avoided. However, when the fish were on the take, we had quite sufficient to do by attending to two rods and trolling in each boat. The day was hot, sultry, and calm; the large fish at the river's mouth were not stirring; we only managed to kill a few small bass. The heat being so oppressive, we were obliged to spend the afternoon in our tent.

In the evening we paid the proprietor of the hotel a visit. We found him a pleasing man. He gave us some good advice as to the favourite haunts of the fish, and also encouragement by informing us the fish would be sure to rise when suitable weather took the place of the close and heavy atmosphere at present prevailing. We sat on the hotel verandah and enjoyed the society of several gentlemen who were residing in the hotel for the purpose of fishing; like ourselves, they were anxiously wishing a change in the weather. The only sound interrupting the stillness that prevailed was the incessant hum of large swarms of mosquitoes that hovered around; they had evidently marked us out as new comers, and were eager to satisfy themselves by a feast of blood at our expense. We soon frustrated their designs by lighting a fire of damp wood close to the verandah, and by keeping a box of cigars circulating in our midst. These were indulged in freely, accompanied by an occasional story and a sip from cooling fluids, whose merits were in a great measure increased by a lump of ice supplied by our host. Time soon rolled on to eleven o'clock, when we took our departure, and, by the aid of a clear moon, rowed down the river to our camp, bringing with us a supply of good ale, fresh eggs, ice, and some milk; the latter we were supplied with each day.

The following morning I and Capt. H. had the bad fortune to be on duty (as we termed it). There was a fresh southerly wind blowing; the day was all that could be desired. Our companions were all bustle to be at the fishing. The first boat had scarcely gone thirty yards from the shore before we had the pleasure of hearing the merry ring of the reel, and seeing their rod doubled