



HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

BIG GAME HUNTING.—IV. RHINOCEROS.

IN STALKING THE RHINOCEROS, SOME AUTHORITIES SAY GET AS NEAR THE ANIMAL AS POSSIBLE. OTHERS SAY DON'T.

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

N.B. FOR NORTH BRITAIN. *Essentials for Oban, or for anywhere in Scotland*: Warm clothing, as if for winter; stout socks, strong boots (for strong leg): everything waterproof; yourself whisky-and-water-proof (*cela va sans dire*), a strong umbrella of the McGamp pattern; a climbing stick with a crook to it; a plaid of any pattern (you needn't be particular to a streak of colour—the Clan MacMixt will do); and having laid in this stock, with the addition of a good rug, a plaid shawl and a Glengarry cap, then you're pretty sure to have such lovely hot weather as will cause you to question whether it would not be better to send all your warm clothing packing back to England, and while debating the matter in the early morn you will proceed to dress yourself in the lightest and gayest attire with which you may happen to be provided. In this costume you might as well be in Brighton, Ramsgate, or Scarborough. But "*O Formose Puer nimium ne crede calori*" (for which search MacVirgil), as in less than no time the calmness of the lake is ruffled, a searching wind, that is, a wind that has been looking for you everywhere, comes round the corner, then straight at you, embraces you frantically, and then exhausted by the effort it drops, subsides into the merest whisper, and then is absolutely still for a quarter of an hour or so, during which time the clouds descend from the mountains, and in a second, with a rapidity that the skilled scene-shifters working in an Adelphi or Drury-Lane melodrama would envy, the scene has entirely changed—lights down, rain down, in torrents! Then wind up again to join in the scrimmage, and if you are gay in your summer clothes, umbrellaless, and waterproofless, you'll be drenched through and through to the bone.

MacMoral.—When in Scotland do as the Scots do, and never venture out any distance away from home without a companion

of the clan MacIntosh on your arm and a stout claymore—umbrella—in your hand.

At Oban.—Something remarkable. I notice that at certain times of the day [this is now my second day here, and with nothing to do I am a very observant person] someone comes round with a bell, which he rings violently and frequently. Evidently the crier: so I don't go out, as I have hitherto found in country towns that what the crier cries has generally been announced in hand-bills and displayed on public advertisements some hours previously. Odd, though, I don't hear him cry. Can it be an old custom? Is the crier compelled by some ancient law peculiar to Scotland to ring his bell so many times a day, whether he has any information to give the public or not? Or do they mark time here, as they do on board ship, by the bells? I have heard of the "Blue Bells of Scotland," but supposed them to be wild flowers. *Solvitur ambulando*. I go out: walk about. No crier; not a sign of one. I return. Certainly, I have distinctly heard that bell four or five times. No illusion, surely? I have no such matter on my conscience as had *Macbeth* when the bell nearly frightened him into fits after the murder of *Duncan*. This happened in Scotland. Perhaps the bell is kept up as an old Macbethian tradition. On my second day, being far away in a steamer at a very early hour, I miss this particular bell, but there is plenty of ringing on board this MacBrayne ship, as the steward goes about all over the deck and under the deck, ringing imperiously, as if insisting on everyone with or without an appetite coming below to a first breakfast, a second breakfast, a third breakfast, while as the summonses to dinner and subsequently to tea seem to occupy the greater part of the afternoon it is impossible for me, as it was for *Mathias* in *Le Juif Polonais*, ever to get this ringing out of my ears. Then I forget it.

The fourth day I rise early, and, while dressing, I hear the