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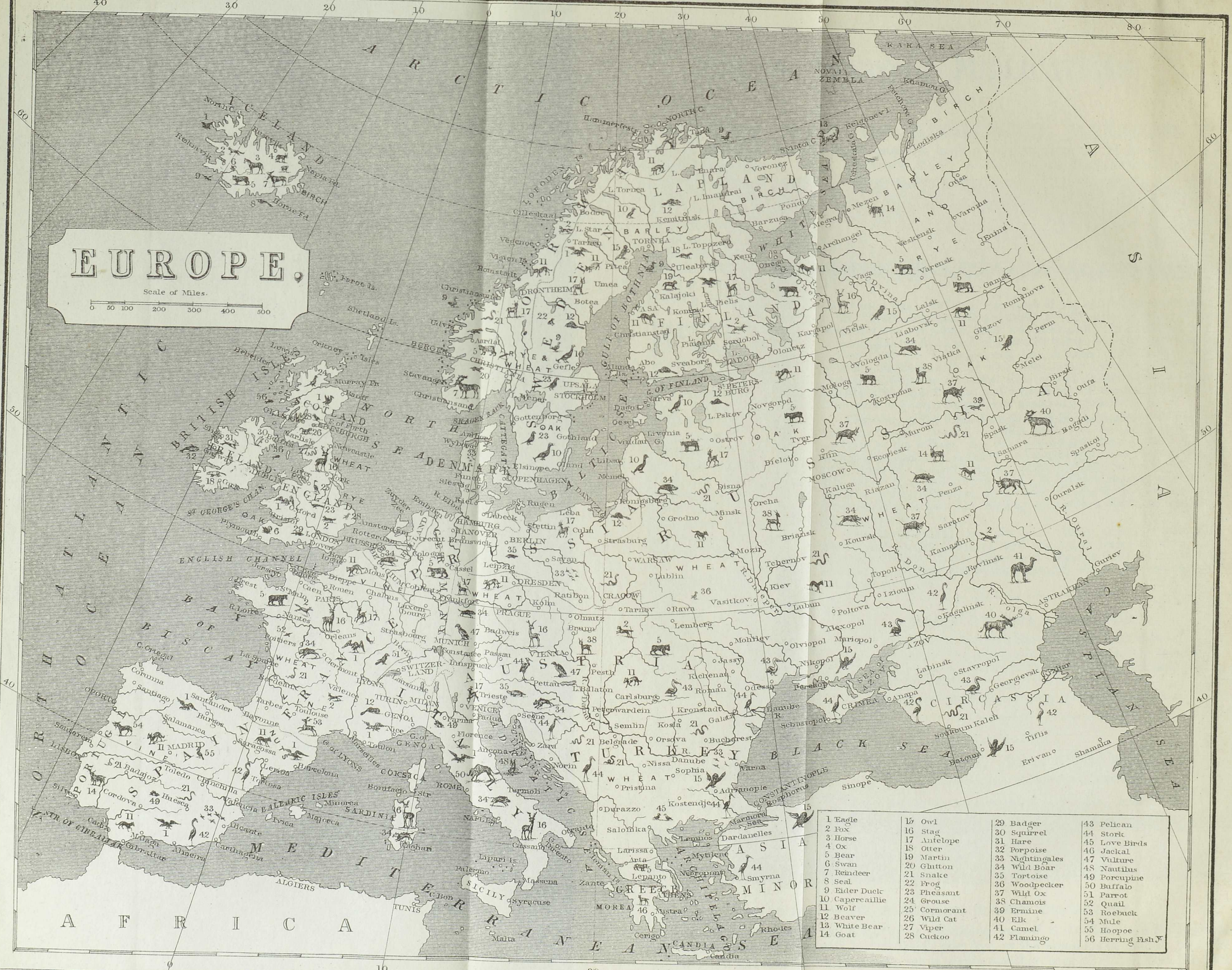
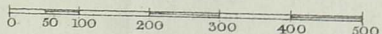
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1890

EUROPE.

Scale of Miles.



1 Eagle	15 Owl	29 Badger	43 Pelican
2 Fox	16 Stag	30 Squirrel	44 Stork
3 Horse	17 Antelope	31 Hare	45 Love Birds
4 Ox	18 Otter	32 Porpoise	46 Jackal
5 Bear	19 Martin	33 Nightingales	47 Vulture
6 Swan	20 Glutton	34 Wild Boar	48 Nautilus
7 Reindeer	21 Snake	35 Tortoise	49 Porcupine
8 Seal	22 Frog	36 Woodpecker	50 Buffalo
9 Eider Duck	23 Pheasant	37 Wild Ox	51 Parrot
10 Capercaillie	24 Grouse	38 Chamois	52 Quail
11 Wolf	25 Cormorant	39 Ermine	53 Roebuck
12 Beaver	26 Wild Cat	40 Elk	54 Mule
13 White Bear	27 Viper	41 Camel	55 Hoopoe
14 Goat	28 Cuckoo	42 Flamingo	56 Herring Fish



to surprise either a wild boar, a jackal, or a hare, it will put up with a partridge, or a rabbit. As its natural weapons are formidable, and its muscular strength sufficient to enable it to struggle against a man, its cowardice can only be attributed to some defect in its organisation, and which gives it a great resemblance to those men who have the strength of a dray-horse, and the courage of a woman who faints at the sight of a chimney on fire." Did no evidence to the contrary exist, it might be supposed that the Algerine panther is the milksop of his tribe—a mongrel among noble, great-fanged mastiffs; but unfortunately for this supposition, other men beside the lion-slaying Frenchman have been over the same ground, taking careful note of all they heard and saw. For example, Mr. Blakesley says, "On the line from Sidi Bel Abbès to Nulianah, passing through Maskara and Orleansville, is the region of the panthers—an animal which, from its cunning, and power of climbing trees, is much more feared as an adversary than the lion, both by Arabs and Europeans; while its cruelty in slaughtering many more cattle than it devours, renders it a greater pest to the farmer. A young lieutenant of engineers, whom I met on my way from Maskara to Mostaganen, told me that in the part of the country just mentioned, he had often, when out at night, found it prudent to take refuge by the Arab fires, instead of pursuing his journey, in consequence of finding these animals too closely upon his track. The statement surprised me, as I had no idea they ever followed either man or beast by scent, but supposed they lay in wait for their prey, and sprung upon it unawares."

The Arabs, who trade in panthers' skins, have an ingenious way of destroying the animals—a way much safer than hunting them. When the panther hunts down an animal, he will generally return and return again to it till he has eaten up every scrap. When the Arabs find just a little bit left, enough, say, for the panther's lunch, they tie strings to it, and attach the strings to the triggers of several guns, fixed in the surrounding bushes. When the meat is seized, it is hard but the panther is either disabled, or wounded to death.

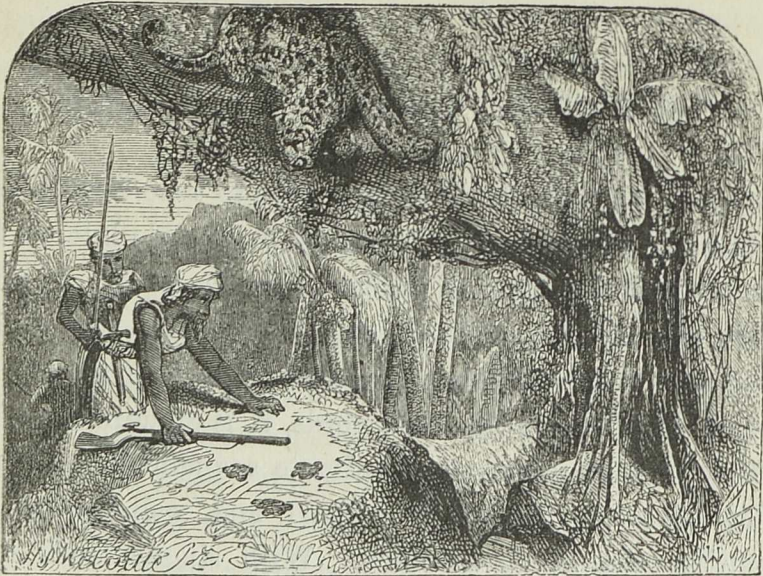
The "pariahs" or homeless and vagabond dogs that swarm at every village throughout India, are the common prey of the panther. It is a popular belief among the natives that the panther cunningly wiles the pariah into his clutches, by lurking behind a wall or bush, on the outskirts of the village, and uttering all sorts of noises likely to attract

a hungry and savage dog—the whinnying of a young foal, the bleating of a kid, or the baaing of a calf. Out rush the dogs in a pack, and pouncing on the foremost, the panther carries him off. Indeed the panther seems to be particularly partial to dog flesh, as is corroborated by Lieutenant Rice, in an episode of his hunting adventures, and which at the same time shows the enormous strength of this animal that itself is not more than a third the weight of the tiger.

“At midnight, while, as usual, sleeping out for coolness’ sake in the open air, an awful row was suddenly heard in the midst of our encampment. Everybody instantly turned out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. We soon discovered that a panther had paid us a visit, and after killing a goat in the very midst of our servants and tents, had the audacity to carry off my two large greyhounds. The dogs were coupled together, and tied to a tent-peg at the side of my cot; the panther dragged both these dogs about three hundred yards over and through some terribly dense jungle of high thorn bushes. Guided by the loud cries and barking, we followed as quickly as possible, firing off guns, shouting, and waving lighted brands snatched from the fires around. Soon we came upon the spot where the panther had at last dropped the dogs. One of them was killed, his skull having been smashed in by a blow of the panther’s paw, but the other was all right, except the fright she had received. Finding he could not carry off the goat, which was firmly tied up for the night, he had made a snatch at the dogs, and succeeded in uprooting the tent-peg to which they for safety sake were always fastened at night. No doubt he would have been satisfied with one, but was obliged to take both on account of their being linked together. To give some idea of this panther’s strength, I may state that these greyhounds had on more than one occasion successfully encountered even full grown wolves.”

That the panther’s audacity is at least equal to its strength, Lieutenant Rice adds his testimony to that of every other sportsman who has made “game” of the animal in question. While the above-mentioned gentleman and his party were halting for the night on the banks of the Chumbul, and had pitched their tent and sat down to dinner, “a great uproar was suddenly heard, which arose from a panther actually having the impudence to carry off Dr. Lord’s poor little dog ‘Tim,’ that was at the time in the same tent with us or

close by it. The dog's cries, as the panther took him off past all our servants who were scattered about, gave us the first intimation of what had occurred. Instantly an alarm was raised, while we hastened, firing shots in the air to frighten him. Other men quickly followed with lighted sticks and lanterns. The night was very dark, and the jungle through which the dog was walked off, very dense and thorny; and many bruises occurred to us all, for we had only our drawers and slippers on. At length, after going about four hundred yards, we recovered the body of the dog, which the panther had dropped on being so hotly pursued. It was quite dead, having received a blow of the panther's paw."



PANTHER SPOOR.



PANTHER TRAP.

HOW THE PANTHER IS HUNTED.

OF the sanguinary battles that from time to time have taken place between men and savage beasts, few excel in terrible interest those in connexion with the panther of India. Captain Henry Shakespeare, who, for a quarter of a century, waged successful war against the terrible four-footed inhabitants of wood and jungle, knew the panther very well; indeed, to use his own words, it is an animal with which he had sometimes an almost too intimate acquaintance. The brave old hunter does not produce a solitary and well-dressed account to substantiate the above assertion. With simple truthfulness he tells us panther stories—more or less terrible—by the dozen, and from which are selected the following:—

“On the 28th of December, 1858, three of us, being in field service at Simiriah, agreed to go out to shoot pea-fowl. I did not take my heavy rifle nor my shikaree, who remained in camp sore-footed. I had with me a light gun loaded with shot, and a little revolver carbine. After a while we parted company, and I crossed the hilly jungle accompanied by the village shikaree and three beaters. Suddenly, I came upon two panthers. One was an immense one; but before I

could dismount they had both entered the jungle and gone up the hill. Riding up to the top and dismounting, and placing myself in about the position where I thought the panthers would come, I directed the beaters to throw stones into the bushes from the other side of where I was standing. Almost immediately, the smaller panther of the two was aroused, and putting her tail up in the air she moved in my direction, when she stopped. I saw clearly the point of her left shoulder, but not her head, and fired. She was some twelve yards distant, and fell apparently dead. I fired the other barrel at her backbone to make sure, when to my astonishment she got up, and went down the hill, every now and then falling forward. I again loaded—one barrel with a bullet and the other with shot, having no more bullets with me.

“Having warned the village shikaree to keep close behind me with the heavy spear he had in his hand, I began to follow the wounded panther; but had scarcely gone five and twenty yards, when one of the beaters who was on high ground beckoned to me, and pointed a little below him and in front of me. There was the large panther sitting out, unconcealed, between two bushes a dozen yards before me. I could not, however, see his head, and while I was thus delayed he came with a roar straight at me. I fired at his chest with the ball, and as he sprang upon me, the barrel containing the shot was aimed at his head. In the next moment he seized my left arm and the gun. Thus, not being able to use the gun as a club, I forced it crosswise into his mouth; he bit the stock through in one place, and whilst his upper fangs lacerated my arm and hand, the lower fangs went into the gun. His hind claws pierced my left thigh, and he tried very hard to throw me over. Meanwhile, the shikaree, who, had he kept the spear before him, might have stopped the charge of the panther, had retired some paces to the left, and he now instead of spearing the panther, shouted out and struck him, using the spear as a club. In a moment the animal was upon him, stripping him of my shikar bag, his turban, my revolving rifle and spear. The man passed by me holding his wounded arm.

“The panther quietly crouched five paces in front of me, and I knew my only chance was to keep my eye upon him. He sat with all my despoiled property stripped from the shikaree around and under him. The first step I moved backwards, keeping my eye on the panther, I

fell on my back into a thorn-bush, having slipped upon the rock. Here I was within one spring of the animal, who appeared, as far as I could see, to be not at all disabled by the fight. Nothing could have saved me had he again attacked, but there is 'a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft' to look after the life of the wild hunter. I retreated step by step, my face still towards the foe, till I got to my horse, where the beaters were collected, some forty yards from the fight.

"I immediately loaded the gun with a charge of shot and a bullet that I perchance found; and taking my revolver pistol out of the holster and sticking it in my belt, determined to carry on the affair to its issue, knowing how rarely men recover from such wounds as mine. I was bleeding profusely from large tooth wounds in the arm; the tendons of my left hand were torn open, and I had five claw wounds in the thigh. The poor shikaree's left arm was somewhat clawed up, and if the panther was not killed, the superstitions of the natives would go far to kill this man. Terribly frightened as he was, his wounds were not so bad as mine.

"I persuaded my horse-keeper to come with me, and taking the hog spear he had in his hand, we went to the spot where lay the weapons stripped from the shikaree. A few yards beyond them there crouched the huge panther. Again I could not see his head very distinctly behind his shoulder. In one moment he was again upon me. I gave him the charge of shot as I supposed in his face, but had no time to take aim. The horse-keeper, instead of spearing, fell upon his back, and in the next instant the panther got my left foot in his teeth and threw me on my back; I struck at him with the empty gun, and he seized the barrels with his mouth. This was his last effort. I sprang up and seizing the spear from the horse-keeper, drove it with both hands through his side, and thus killed him."

This ferocious beast was eight feet two inches in length; its tenacity of life was extraordinary, for when skinned, it was found that the first bullet had struck him in the throat and gone nearly through him; the shot-charge had cut off one of his fore-paws. In the second attack, the bullet had gone under his backbone and through his body, and the shot-charge had cut his other fore-paw almost to pieces. As for the victor in this combat, although terribly mauled and marked with brands that death alone can efface, within eight days he was sufficiently recovered to sit up and note the particulars of the adventure in his

journal, and, so far from being daunted, to inscribe at the end of the note, "I hope in another fortnight to go and find the pair to this panther, which then escaped me."



On another occasion the same hunter, mounted on a light Arab horse, did battle with another ugly customer of the panther tribe. The first notice of the panther's presence was a defiant roar, and a leap from the bush where he had lain concealed to the back of an elephant attached to the hunting company, but which was luckily at the time without a rider. The panther gripped the backbone of the elephant in his wide jaws, and it was only after a vast amount of stamping and wriggling that the latter released himself of his blood-thirsty rider, who, on being shaken to the ground, bounded into a neighbouring jungle, the Captain and the rest following. "Where is the panther?" asked our eager sportsman: the animal replied promptly for himself, with a great roar and a flying leap alighting on the Arab horse, and immediately behind the horseman—as in olden times ladies and gentlemen were wont to ride pillion—with its

horrid mouth so close to the rider's loins, that they were warmed by the hot gusts of angry breath, but he could do nothing. The horse, however, struggled valiantly, making prodigious leaps and kicking out with his hind legs until he dislodged his sharp-clawed enemy, who once more betook himself to the jungle.

Dismounting and sending home the wounded horse, the Captain bade the rest of the company to keep at a safe distance, and accompanied only by his shikaree, posted himself a few yards distant from the bush where the panther lay. There, however, the animal seemingly resolved to stay, and all the shouting and pistol-firing failed to shake his resolution. Seeking to advantage himself of the predilection for equestrian exercise already evinced by the panther, the hunter ordered a horse to be driven near the bush, but the panther was superior to the temptation. A knowing panther dog was loosed at the bush; but the concealed brute, to show his contempt for this proceeding, without showing another inch of his body, put out a leg and knocked down the dog, baring the leg-bone from shoulder to toes. Repeated shots were fired into the bush, but without the desired result, till the Captain, disgusted with the cowardice of his game, strode up to the bush and found the panther—gone!

At the same moment, however, a piercing shriek was heard a long distance, and having little doubt that the panther was the cause, sent a horseman to the spot from whence the cry proceeded, so that no time might be lost by waiting till his own horse was brought. This was unfortunate; for if, instead of waiting, the experienced hunter had mounted the first horse at hand, he might, perhaps, have been enabled to save the life of a fellow-creature. The case was this: when the panther had crawled out of the bush and made off, he encountered, coming peacefully along the road, a poor barber, who got his living by travelling from village to village. As soon as the panther saw the barber, he sprang upon him and threw him down. It was he who had uttered the shriek; and when the horseman despatched by the captain came up, he saw a man lying on the ground; but the evening had so far advanced, that he could see nothing else. "Where is the panther?" asked the horseman of the prostrate man; the dreadful reply was, "He's eating me; don't you see!" and upon nearer inspection, the horseman saw the panther busily gnawing the live man's arm. The horror-stricken horseman

endeavoured to spear the brute ; but fear of hitting the man spoilt his aim, and the panther, pausing in his dreadful meal, crouched and leapt at his assailant, anchoring its claws deeply in the horse's flanks ; the next moment, however, it jumped off and fled once more. The poor barber died eight days after ; and the panther kept his liberty, remaining boldly in the neighbourhood full a month afterwards, preying on calves and stray cattle. "Four animals wounded," says the noble hunter who relates these thrilling stories, "and a man so severely injured that he died from it, are a pretty good proof of the desperate fighting propensities of the large panther of India."

Mr. Rice makes mention of the unceremonious way in which a panther introduced itself to the notice of himself and his brother-in-arms, Mr. Little. The two renowned tiger-slayers were tracking the spoor of their royal game, which led into a deep ravine. Mr. Rice however shall himself tell the story.

"We had taken up our position on a very steep bank, and were anxiously waiting for the tiger's appearance, when, just as the noise of the beaters commenced, we were surprised by a stone falling from above and a little to the right of where we were posted. On looking up, we saw a splendid panther coming straight towards us. This compelled us to fire ; had he been merely passing, as we were after nobler game, we should have let him alone for the time. We struck him with four bullets, on which he bounded down a small branch of the big ravine and was lost to sight, but only for a few moments ; for, thinking he was bolting off, we each seized a spare gun and were running after him to get a parting shot, when, to my astonishment, I saw the panther in the act of charging down from a high rock directly over head. Instantly stopping short, I blazed both barrels into the beast, and then sprang off the rocky ledge on which we were standing into a small tree below.

"Little, seeing me fire, immediately got ready, and as the panther was in the act of leaping after me, by an admirable shot in the head, actually rolled him over in the air while making his spring in a most determined charge. The panther came tumbling down head over heels, completely doubled up, through the boughs of the tree into which I had jumped, and fell dead at the foot of it. Little was only about three or four yards off at the time he made this wonderfully

lucky shot, which no doubt saved me from a good 'mauling,' if not even worse."

In the course of my perusal of Captain Shakespeare's valuable book, I came across "an apology for hunting" by that bluff, brave soldier-sportsman. Apart from the consideration, whether anything like an excuse for so natural a proceeding as hunting is necessary, or whether the arguments adduced by the captain are tenable, it is worthy of insertion here for two especial reasons—firstly, on account of its simple earnestness; and secondly, because of the rare occurrence of a chaser of wild beasts even giving a thought to the moral responsibility attaching to the business, or, perhaps it would be fairer to say, thinking it worth while to give his ideas on the subject to the public.

"I must," says he, "endeavour to redeem my brother sportsmen and myself from the charge of cruelty, a charge not uncommonly made, I believe, without thought, and in ignorance. I must first enlist my reader's sympathies, and get him or her to acknowledge that the hunter in India, who runs risks and meets with accidents such as I have described in these papers, leads no life of ease or indolence; but, on the contrary, that his life is one of severe toil, labour, and danger. The feeling that he is doing some good in his generation, and leading not quite a useless life, must repay him for his exertions; for I fear that gratitude among the natives in India is too like what it is in colder climates, and what Rochefoucault describes 'as a lively sense of favours to come.' Now, for his own protection, it is necessary that the hunter should be able to use his rifle well, both at animals standing or moving, and whether they are going from him, or passing or attacking him. Tigers, panthers, bears, bison, &c., and the other *feroces feræ*, or savage wild animals, do not abound in sufficient numbers to give him the necessary practice for becoming so good a shot as to make certain of hitting them at all when in jungle, much less of hitting them in parts of the body where the shot will disable, stop, or kill. The hunter, therefore, fires at deer, of which, as before mentioned, there are many varieties, as practice for his rifle. This is also necessary to keep his native hunters, or shikarees, in condition to stand severe labour. Besides, the eating the flesh of the game killed makes them keen. A good shikaree will rarely remain in the service of a man who cannot kill his game. I trust I have logically proved that shooting deer and the fauna is not cruel. It can only be

considered so, when a very great and wanton destruction of life is caused, or where they are fired at with shot. This is done heedlessly, no doubt, and with a desire to bag game at all hazards; but I hope my readers will agree with me that it is not a legitimate way of killing deer, and that it would be far better to fire away with ball until practice taught a man how to shoot, than to obtain deer by what may be considered the weapon and missile that ought to be employed for hares and partridges. Again, the tying up calves or goats as a bait for tigers or panthers appears at first blush to be cruel; but it must be taken into consideration that these animals will not take a dead bait, that they are not scavengers like hyænas or jackals, and that by sacrificing the life of the bullock or goat, you shoot the tiger or panther that has killed, and will kill, hundreds and hundreds of bullocks and goats; or perhaps, in the case of man-eaters or man-slayers, hundreds of men, women, and children.

“The bullock being a very cold-blooded animal is not under much alarm when tied up, as has already been clearly shown. He may be in the paws or jaws of a tiger, and if he escapes his nerves are not much the worse. He will eat grass and drink water immediately after being released, with sundry holes in his throat and claw wounds in his body.”

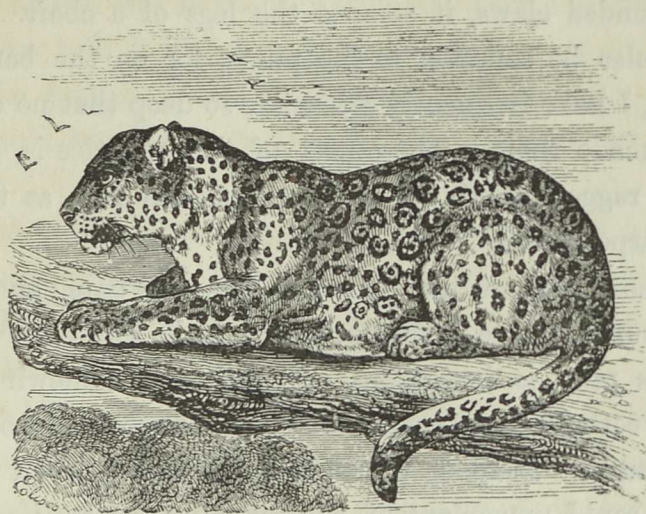
It is likewise evident that Captain Shakespeare has as little belief in the extraordinary perils of jungle-hunting as he has in the cruelty of the pastime. “After upwards of twenty-five years’ service,” says he; “after having, on three separate occasions, had bones broken in hunting—twice from horses falling and rolling over; having been wounded by a wild boar, wounded by a panther, and again wounded in action, the author of these pages is still in good health, and capable of riding a hundred miles in the day. . . . May the reader ever bear in mind that he who walks in the untrodden forests of India, teeming as they are in many places with wild animals, goes as it were with his life in his hand; and, though

‘ Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread,’

that there is One who is always watching over and caring for us, even when we do not take care of ourselves.”

As regards insensibility to pain evinced by the Ruminantia, the

captain's statement is corroborated by many other sportsmen. Take the story (to be found in another part of this volume) told by Mr. Lamont of the reindeer whose leg he so shattered with a bullet that it could not stir; yet when Lamont approached it it was coolly nibbling the grass around it. Then we have the evidence of the great traveller and explorer, Mungo Park, who relates it as of no uncommon occurrence, when provisions ran short on a march, for the African to carve from an ox a living rump-steak, and plastering the wound with dung allow the animal to continue its labours. Mr. Parry likewise furnishes proof of the cold-bloodedness of this class of animal. While he was staying with a friend at the Cape, a leopard one night endeavoured to make burglarious entry into a shed in which a calf was tied. It succeeded however only to the extent of forcing in a plank, and seizing the silly beast within by the back, out of which it bit a large piece. It would seem that the calf had managed to wriggle out of the leopard's clutches and to retreat to the further side of the shed; for there it was found next morning lying down and in a pitiable condition. The man who discovered the maimed animal had brought with him a bundle of fodder for its breakfast, which he put down while he examined the beast's injuries. Sniffing the green meat, however, the calf at once scrambled on to its feet, and commenced munching away as though a pound of meat abstracted from its living buttocks was not of the least consequence.



THE JAGUAR.

THE jaguar, which is larger and more powerful than the leopard, is an inhabitant of America. It nearly resembles the latter animal in colour, only that it has a black streak across the chest, and a black spot in the centre of each of the rose-shaped patches that adorn its hide. The woody banks of lakes and rivers are the favourite haunts of the jaguar. Falconer, speaking of the jaguars lurking in the woods near the southern side of the mouth of the river Plata, asserts that they live chiefly on fish. It is even said so far to depart from the usual habits of its feline brethren, as to enter the water, and turn fisher, flicking the finny denizens to the bank by a stroke of his supple fore-paw.

It is fond of climbing trees, a habit rendered easy by the possession of curiously sharp and crooked claws. Referring to this subject, Darwin says, "One day when hunting on the banks of the Uruguay, I was shown certain trees to which these animals constantly recur, for the purpose, as it is said, of sharpening their claws. I saw three well-known trees: In front the bark was worn smooth, as if by the breast of the animal, and on each side there were deep scratches, or rather grooves, extending in an oblique line, nearly a yard in length. The scars were of different ages. A common method of ascertaining whether a jaguar is in the neighbourhood, is by examining these trees. I imagine that this habit of the jaguar is exactly similar to one which may any day be seen in the common cat, as with outstretched

leg, and extended claws, it scrapes the legs of a chair. Some such habit must also be common to the puma, for on the bare, hard soil of Patagonia, I have frequently seen scars so deep that no other animal could have made them. The object of this practice is, I believe, to tear off the ragged points of their claws, and not, as the Guachos think, to sharpen them."

The common prey of the jaguar is the capybara, and when this animal is abundant, the jaguar seldom attacks any other. Its mode of killing its prey is invariable, and although somewhat horrid to think of, is certainly more merciful than many other modes adopted by savage beasts. Leaping to the back of the doomed animal, the jaguar, by a rapid movement of the forepaws, twists its head round and breaks its neck. When the islands they usually inhabit are flooded, as is frequently the case, the jaguar resorts to the mainland to assuage its hunger, and it is never so terrible as at such periods. There is a story that, a few years since, one of these gaunt, famished creatures finding the door of the church of St. Fé open, entered the building. Two padres entering one after the other were killed; and a third, forewarned by the horrid sounds of crunching and growling, escaped by a miracle. No one daring to enter the church to destroy the monster, a portion of the roof was taken off, and a deadly bullet aimed at him through the breach. If driven from a carcass they will seldom return to it, preferring rather to hunt down another.

Some time ago, a Jaguar was procured for the Zoological Society by Captain Inglefield. The behaviour of this animal during the voyage was such as to controvert the long established notions respecting the Jaguar's morose and savage temper. The story of "Doctor's" homeward voyage was related to Wood the naturalist by Captain Inglefield himself, and we cannot do better than set it before our readers in the former gentleman's piquant language.

"The Jaguar was named 'Doctor,' and was as well acquainted with its name as any dog. It was at times rather lazy, and loved to lie at full length on deck, and stretch its limbs to their full extent. It was so perfectly tame that Captain Inglefield was accustomed to lie down by the side of the spotted favourite, using its body as his pillow. When the vessel arrived in harbour, and people were anxious to view the Jaguar, the creature walked to the stable where it was to be exhibited, merely being led by its chain. It was a remarkable circumstance, that,

although the animal was so entirely tame and gentle towards men, and would let them pull it about in their rough play, it could never be trusted in the presence of a little child, nor of a dog. In either case, the animal became excited, and used to stretch its chain to its utmost limit.

“Uncooked meat was never permitted in its diet, and, except in one or two instances, when the animal contrived to obtain raw flesh, it was fed exclusively on meat that had been boiled. One of these exceptional cases was rather amusing.

“At Monte Video, the admiral had signalled for the captains of H.M. ships to come on board and dine with him. His cook was, of course, very busy on the occasion, and more especially so, as there was at the time rather a scarcity of fresh provisions. The steward had been making the necessary arrangements for the entertainment, and came on board carrying a leg of mutton and some fowls. Just as he stepped on deck, the Jaguar bounced out of his hiding-place, and, clutching the meat and fowls out of the steward's hands, ran off with them. The fowls were rescued by the captain, who got them away from the robber undamaged, with the exception of their heads, which had been bitten off and eaten, but the mutton was past reclaiming, and so, to the great disgust of the cook and steward, the bill of fare had to be altered.

“When ‘Doctor’ received his daily food, he used to clutch and growl over it like a cat over a mouse, but was sufficiently gentle to permit the meat to be abstracted. In order to take away the animal's food, two men were employed, armed with large sticks, one of whom took his place in front of the Jaguar, and the other in the rear. When all was arranged, the man in the rear poked ‘Doctor’ behind, and, as he turned round to see what was the matter, the man in front hooked away the meat with his stick. However the animal might growl over its food, and snarl at any one who approached, it would become perfectly quiet and gentle as soon as the cause of anger was removed.

“It was a very playful animal, and was as mischievous in its sport as any kitten, delighting to find any one who would join in a game of romps, and acting just as a kitten would under similar circumstances. As the animal increased in size and strength its play began to be rather too rough to be agreeable, and was, moreover, productive of rather unpleasant consequences to its fellow voyagers. For, as is the custom with all the cat tribe, the Jaguar delighted in sticking its talons into

the clothes of its human playfellows, and tearing them in a disastrous manner. The creature was so amusing that no one could resist the temptation of playing with it, and so the evil was remedied by docking the 'Doctor's' claws of their sharp points.

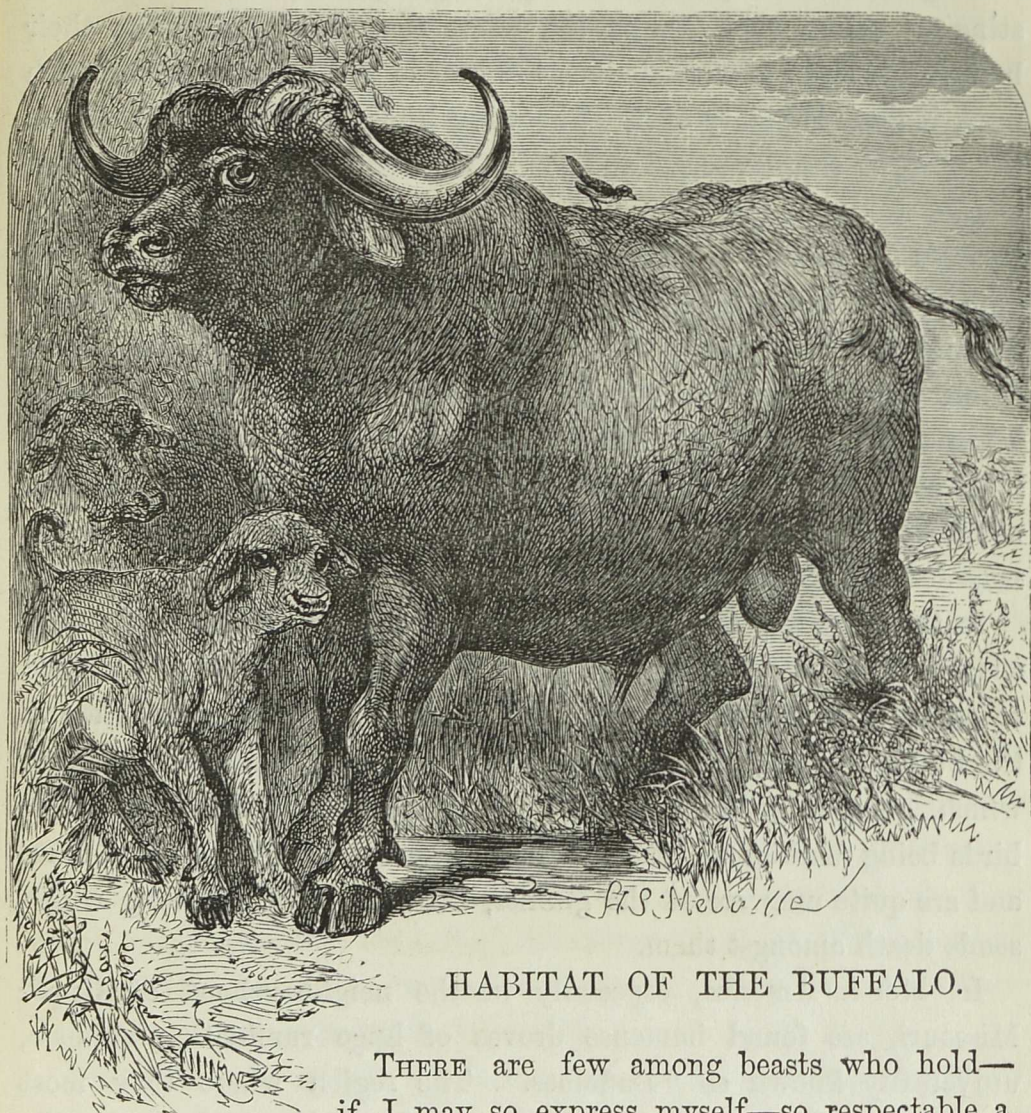
"This animal was about two years old when it was brought to England, and died but very lately. Two years after its arrival, Captain Inglefield went to see his old favourite, the 'Doctor,' and found that the Jaguar recognised him in spite of the long interval of time, and permitted him to pat its head and to open its mouth."



THE LYNX.

THE LYNX.

THE lynx, a native of North America, may be classed among the most timid of the *Felidæ* order of carnivora. In length it is about three feet, and it differs from the ordinary cat in the shortness of its tail, and the possession of tufts of hair at the tips of its ears. The chief food of the lynx is the hare, and such other quadrupeds and birds as may be attacked with impunity. Its mode of locomotion is peculiar, and consists of regular bounds from off its four feet, the back being arched at every fresh spring. Its flesh is eatable; but it is chiefly important on account of its skin, which forms an important item of business with the Hudson Bay Company.



HABITAT OF THE BUFFALO.

THERE are few among beasts who hold— if I may so express myself—so respectable a position as the buffalo. In the first place, he is a handsome animal, of graceful shape, and a giant in strength; in his native wilds he is just a peaceful grazer, contented to pass his life cropping grass and green leaves, and to interfere with no animal, human or other; but, challenge him to war, and the fiercest hunter could not desire bolder game; capture and tame him, and he will draw your plough or wagon as submissively as the ox. He is a faithful friend, and will fight to the death on behalf of his companions, and for the sake of its young will do battle with the lion himself.

Of retiring habits, they affect vast solitudes where verdure abounds, and there is no lack of rivers and pools in which they may luxuriate,

immersing themselves till only their heads appear above the surface, cooling their leathery hides and getting respite from the formidable stinging things that fly, or the biters that closely adhere to their bodies. If water is unattainable, the buffalo will content himself with mud, if there is plenty of it. Throwing himself flat upon his side in the mire, he shuffles round and round, the soil yielding to his immense weight the exudation of any moisture there may be, till he manufactures for himself a delicious basin of mortar, covering him to his very eyes. When he rises and walks off, he presents a decidedly unhandsome appearance, which is not improved when, in the course of an hour or so, the sun bakes his mud crust, and he looks, when standing still, like some hideous clay image. Ease, however, is of considerably more importance to the buffalo than elegance, and until the motion of his limbs causes his ugly coat to peel off he may defy all the vermin in the world.

In the same way as horses are used in some parts of England in the sport known as "trolling for larks," the Singhalese train the buffalo to assist in shooting water-fowl. Holding on to a rope attached to the buffalo's horns, the sportsman conceals himself behind the animal, which, guided by the rope, walks leisurely toward the fowls. The birds being familiar with the buffalo's presence, take no heed of him, and are quite unaware of the gunner, till roused by the bang which sends death amongst them.

In North America, especially in the neighbourhood of Upper Missouri, are found immense droves of huge ruminating animals, universally known as "Buffaloes." The region where they most abound is called the "buffalo country;" the Indians who make the chase of the animal their special business are called and call themselves "buffalo Indians;" and the skins of the animals, in which the Hudson's Bay Fur Company deal largely, are known as "buffalo robes," and nothing else. In appearance, however, he is every inch a bison, and it is only in its calf-hood and in the spring, when he sheds his great mane, that he at all resembles the animal whose name he usurps. Catlin, who, from his long residence in North America, must have been well qualified to judge of the animal, says, "The word 'buffalo' is undoubtedly most incorrectly applied to them, and I can scarcely tell why they have been so called; they bear just about as much resemblance to an Eastern buffalo as they do to the

zebra or common ox: yet if I were to judge from the numerous engravings I have seen of the European bison, and from the descriptions I have read of it, I should be inclined to think there was yet a wide difference between the bison of the American prairies and those in the north of Europe and Asia." Allowing, however, that he is entitled to the name of "buffalo" by right of custom, he shall have a place in this chapter.

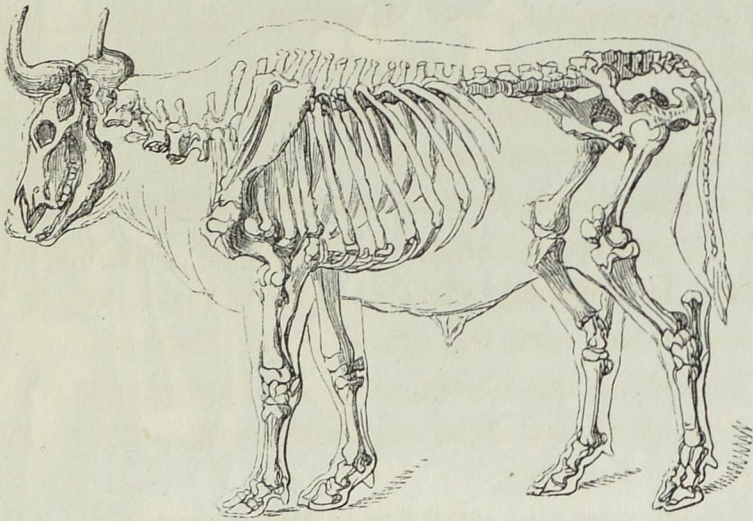
This maned buffalo is without doubt one of the most important animals on earth, an assertion needing no other support than the fact that *three hundred thousand* human beings depend for their very lives, and for everything—according to their savage notions—worth living for, *solely and entirely* on the buffalo. The flesh is their meat, the skin serves them for coats, and beds, and boots, and walls for their tents, and tiles for the roof, and for saddles, and bridles, and lassos; the bones are converted into saddle-trees, into war-clubs, into whistles, and musical instruments; of the horn are made ladles, and spoons, and pins, and spear-heads; the sinews serve for strings to their bows, for thread to stitch their buffalo robes, to stitch the tent cloth, and for the attachment to their persons of scalps and such other articles of vertu as may fall in their way; the buffalo's feet and hoofs, when stewed, yield a superior glue, which is largely used in the construction of hunting spears and arrows; the buffalo's mane is twisted into ropes and horse-halters, and the tuft at the extremity of his tail as a whisk or fly-brush; the brains even are not wasted, but used in the preparation of leather thongs cut from the hide.

Being given to erratic wandering, the North American frequently, and without an hour's notice, utterly deserts a district in search of "pasture new." With powerful tribes this is of little consequence, but to hordes limited in number, and on such bad terms with their more powerful neighbours that they dare not stir many miles from home, the departure of the buffaloes is regarded with horror and dismay; and no wonder, for, with the fierce animal goes their larder, their clothes-store, their armoury, the roof that shelters them, and the bed they lie on. Something must be done: so say the chief and elderly men who sit in council on the subject. The "something," however, was never yet known to be anything but *one* thing, and that is the order for a great "buffalo dance." "Every man in the village," says Mr. Catlin, "is obliged to keep the mask of a buffalo hanging on

a post at the head of his bed, which he can wear, whenever he is called on by his chief to take part in a buffalo dance. The mask is put over the head, and generally has attached to it a strip of the animal's skin of the entire length, and with the tail attached." Assembling in a great circle, the pantomime commences. One man steps into the middle, and sets about imitating a buffalo, going through the motions of grazing, kicking up behind and before, and roaring lustily. When he is tired, he signifies the same by bowing his head to the ground; whereon one of his companions fits a blunt arrow to his bow, and aims at the tired dancer, who falls like a dead buffalo, and is seized by his friends and dragged out of the ring by his heels; others then take him in hand, and brandishing their knives, go through all the motions of skinning and cutting him up. As soon as one man is dragged out, another buffalo-headed dancer takes his place; and so the game is kept alive night and day without a moment's cessation, till above the deafening din raised by the spectators is heard the welcome whoop of one of the ever-watching scouts, announcing that "buffalo come." Not another instant is devoted to mummery. Buffalo masks are thrown aside, bows strung, a finishing whet given to spears, the ready steed mounted, and with the speed of the wind away fly the lithe hunters, cheered by the hopeful cries and hand-clappings of anxious squaws, who merrily set about fire making and pot scouring against their "ole men" return.

Sometimes, however, it will happen that instead of a rejoicing beef-laden cavalcade, there return to the wigwams but a tithe of the company that set out, and they wounded and blood-bedraggled, and instead of feasting and riot in the "Mandans" home, there is wailing and lamentation. It is a common trick for a neighbouring and hostile tribe treacherously to trap their hungry buffalo-seeking enemies to destruction in the following manner:—Well knowing that scouts are posted by the dancers on every available eminence, the hostile ones gather, fully armed, behind a distant hill; then six or eight cunning rascals, clothed in the skin of the buffalo, and walking on all fours, top the hill, and commence browsing down the slope in the most natural way; up come the impatient hunters helter-skelter up the hill, and as they approach near, the fictitious buffaloes retreat to the crown of it and are lost to view on the other side. The meat-seekers, however, are not to be balked; up they go, but alas! having arrived at the

summit of the bluff, an appalling yell greets them, spears and arrows whistle through the air, and of the hunting company one half are presently galloping off, while the remainder lie scalplless on the ground.



SKELETON OF BUFFALO



HOW THE BUFFALO IS HUNTED.

WHEN Captain Methuen and his party were hunting at the Cape he had an opportunity of judging how terrible a beast the bull buffalo is when wounded and hard driven by the daring sportsmen. With the captain were a Hottentot attendant, named Frolic, and a friend, named Money penny, and having discovered a herd of buffaloes, the trio let fly at them, wounding some, but not so badly but that the entire drove escaped to an impenetrable patch of forest. The captain, however, climbed into a tree, and thereby sighted and shot another bull, whereon "the wounded animal ran towards] the report, his ears out-

stretched, his eyes moving in all directions, and his nose carried in a right line with the head, evidently bent on revenge : he passed within thirty yards of me, and was lost in the bush. Descending from our frail perch, Frolic again discovered this buffalo standing amongst some small thick bushes which nearly hid him from view; his head was lowered, not a muscle of his body moved, and he was without doubt listening intently. We crept noiselessly to a bush, and I again fired.

“The huge brute ran forward with the wind, fortunately not in our direction, and again stood still. Presently he lay gently down, and knowing that buffaloes are exceedingly cunning, and will adopt this plan merely to escape notice and entrap their persecutors, we drew near with great caution. I again fired through his shoulder, and concluded from his not attempting to rise that he was helpless ; we walked close up to him, and never can the scene which followed be erased from my memory. Turning his ponderous head round, his eye caught our figures ; I fired the second barrel of my rifle behind his horns, but it did not reach the brain. His wounds gave him some difficulty in getting up, which afforded Money penny and myself just time to ensconce ourselves behind the slender shrubs that grew round the spot, while Frolic unwisely took to his heels. The buffalo saw him, and uttering a continued unearthly noise between a grunt and a bellow, advanced at a pace at which these unwieldy creatures are rarely seen to run, unless stirred by revenge.

“Crashing through the low bushes, as if they were stubble, he passed me, but charged quite over Money penny’s lurking-place, who aimed at him as he came on, and lodged the ball in the rocky mass of horn above his head ; the buffalo was so near at the time of his firing, that his horn struck the barrel of the gun the next instant ; but whether the noise and smoke confused the animal, or he was partially stunned by the bullet, he missed my friend, and continued his pursuit of Frolic. The Hottentot dodged the terrible brute round the bushes, but through these slight obstacles it dashed with ease and gained ground rapidly. Speechless we watched the chase, and in the awful moment, regardless of concealment, stood up and saw the buffalo overtake his victim and knock him down. At this crisis my friend fired his second barrel at the beast, which gave Frolic one or two blows with his fore feet, and pushing his nose under, endeavoured to toss him ; but the Hottentot, aware of this, with much presence of mind,

lay perfectly still. Directly after, the buffalo stumbled, and fell dead, and Frolic got on his legs, and limped towards us. He was much hurt, and the powder-flask in his game-bag was stamped quite flat."

Although of a pacific disposition, the buffalo will defend himself with astonishing courage against the attacks of either man or beast when brought to bay. The bear has no chance with, and even the cunning tiger dare not face the buffalo's terrible horns, and can only obtain the mastery by lying in ambush, and springing on to the buffalo's flanks.

In a letter to his friend Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Vardon thus describes a terrific struggle between a buffalo and three lions as witnessed and assisted at by himself and Mr. Oswell, on the banks of the Limpopo:—"Oswell and I were riding along the banks of the river when a water buck started in front of us. I dismounted, and was following it through the jungle, when three buffaloes got up, and after going a little distance stood still, and the nearest bull turned round and looked at me. A ball from a two-ouncer crashed into his shoulder, and they all three made off. Oswell and I followed as soon as I had reloaded, and when we were in sight of the buffalo, and gaining on him every stride, three lions leapt on the unfortunate brute; he bellowed most lustily as he kept up a kind of running fight, but he was of course soon overpowered and pulled down. We had a fine view of the struggle, and saw the lions on their hind legs tearing away with teeth and claws in the most ferocious style. We kept up within thirty yards, and kneeling down blazed away at the lions. My rifle was a single barrel, and I had no spare gun. One lion fell dead almost *on* the buffalo; he had merely time to turn towards us, seize a bush with its teeth, and drop dead with the stick in his jaws. The second made off directly; and the third raised his head coolly, looked round for a moment, then went on tearing and biting at the carcase as hard as ever. We retired a short distance to load, then again advanced and fired. The lion made off, but the ball that he received *ought* to have stopped him, as it went clear through his shoulder-blade. He was followed up and killed, after having charged several times. Both lions were males. The buffalo had of course gone close to where the lions were lying down, and they seeing him lame and bleeding, thought the opportunity too good a one to be lost. It is not often that one bags a brace of lions and a bull buffalo in about ten minutes."

The buffalo, as well as the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, has its tiny winged attendant. What *buphaga Africana* is to the former, *textor erythrorhynchus* is to the latter—at least as regards hunting out and destroying the tiresome, biting, and stinging parasites that infest the animal's hide. Whether like *buphaga* it warns the buffalo of the approach of danger, there is no evidence to show. Although, according to Livingstone and others, *textor* declines to officiate for any animal save the buffalo, it exists in vast colonies in regions where the buffalo is unknown. For instance, Mr. Andersson makes mention of the birds existing in parts of Damara-land, South Africa, where the animal in question has never left the print of its hoof.



TEXTOR ERYTHORHYNCHUS.

Buffalo hunting is almost invariably conducted by the North American Indian on horseback. He wears scarcely any clothing during the hunt, as it might impede his running, and, as he well knows, he *may* before the day is over have to depend for his life on his legs; his horse wears a saddle, but no bridle, merely a rope of buffalo hair noosed round the horse's lower jaw, the ends of the rope serving as reins. The Indian's horse is of stunted stature, but brimful of blood and fire, and enters on the business as eagerly as his rider, or if it does not, its master carries, tied to his wrist, a terrible whip, the thong of which cuts like a knife, and he is cruelly adroit in its use. Singling out a beast from a herd, the savage huntsman urges forward his steed,

by kind words if they are known to be more potent than application of whip, but not otherwise ; and the chase begins in earnest over hill and plain till the horse and the buffalo are abreast. Then the Indian letting loose the reins, and plucking an arrow from his quiver, fits it to his bow, and the next moment the shaft is buried behind the animal's shoulder. Now is the moment of danger. Even though stricken to death, it seldom happens but that the buffalo has a few seconds' life left to him, and you may depend on his devoting every fraction of that few seconds to the deadliest vengeance ; therefore the hunter's little horse is so trained that the twang of the bow is the signal for him to sheer off at a tangent at the highest speed he is yet capable of. If, however, by any unlucky chance the buffalo's thundering charge cannot be avoided, a cat cannot leap from a table to the floor with greater ease and certainty than the wild rider vaults from his saddle, and, with that long two-edged knife of his, speedily ends the uneven battle waging between his nag and the wounded beast. Sometimes, warily stealing down on an immense herd of the savage creatures quietly browsing, the wild huntsmen start up with sudden yells, and drive the frantic brutes before them, till they approach the verge of a precipice, over which the foremost ones will certainly be toppled by the rear ones, who, ignorant of the cause for halting, drive their fellows forward with all the strength of their mighty shoulders.

The white wolf is to the buffalo a most formidable enemy. Hunting in packs of one or two hundred, they will rush upon two or three solitary buffaloes roaming peacefully over the prairie, and, surrounding them, worry the huge brutes to death. The cowardly rascals, however, never find courage enough to attack a herd, although the latter, when they catch sight of wolves, evince considerable alarm, and form into battle array to receive the foe, while it is evident from their uneasy motions that it is only extreme terror that hinders them running away. The Indian hunter sometimes takes advantage of this. He attires himself in the coat of a white wolf, and clutching his bow and arrows boldly faces a herd, and on his hands and knees crawls towards them : the scared buffaloes huddle together to receive the supposed wolf, who, when at a convenient distance, jumps upon his feet, and further astonishes the herd by such horrid yells and yelps as can only emanate from the throat of a red man, and before they can recover the fright he has made buffalo-beef of the finest of them.

In the depth of winter, when the snow is so heaped on the ground that anything in the shape of speed is impossible to any quadruped, the Indian, deprived of the services of his steed, is left to his wits to supply his family with food. The buffalo can no more than the horse run through the snow, but then no more can the hunter, who after all would stick where the tremendous buffalo could shoulder his way: but the savage possesses something more potent than broad shoulders—Mind. So he sets to work and constructs of tough bark and thongs of raw hide a sort of pear-shaped sieve, three feet long and a foot broad; one of these he lashes to each foot, and so equipped can slide and glide over the snow at racehorse pace. With a pair of these snow-shoes, and armed with a long spear, buffalo hunting becomes as unromantic a pursuit as pig-sticking, the poor animals being followed till they are completely wedged in the snow, and in that helpless condition deliberately spitted.

Terrible stories are told by hunters of battles between packs of gaunt wolves and solitary buffaloes on the prairies of America. Mr. Catlin thus describes such a scene as witnessed by himself and a companion on the shores of Teton River:—"During my travels in these regions I have several times come across gangs of wolves surrounding an old or wounded bull buffalo, where it would seem from appearances that they had been for several days in attendance, and at intervals desperately engaged in efforts to take his life. But a short time since, as one of my hunting companions and myself were returning to our encampment with our horses laden with meat, we discovered at a distance a huge bull surrounded by a gang of wolves. We rode up and gave the signal for them to disperse, which they instantly did, withdrawing themselves to a distance of fifty or sixty rods, when to our surprise we found that the animal had made a long and desperate resistance, and that his nose, ears, and tongue were partly gone, and his legs almost stript of their skin. In this tattered and torn condition, the poor old veteran stood bracing himself up in the midst of his devourers, who had ceased hostilities for a few minutes to enjoy a sort of parley, recovering strength, and preparing to resume the attack again in a few moments. In this group some were reclining to gain breath, whilst others were sneaking about and licking their chaps in anxiety to renew the attack, and others, less lucky, had been crushed to death by the horns or hoofs of the bull. I

rode nearer the pitiable object as he stood bleeding and trembling before me, and said to him, 'Now is your time, old fellow; you had best be off!' Though blind and nearly destroyed, there seemed evidently to be a recognition of a friend in me as he straightened up, and, trembling with excitement, dashed off at full speed. We turned our horses and resumed our march; but looking back, the poor bull was once more at bay, and surrounded by his tormentors, to whose insatiable voracity he unquestionably soon fell a victim."

Painful and distressing as is the above narration, indignant as one must feel at the conduct of the rascally wolves, in my opinion their behaviour was not a whit less savage than that of a human being—an armed man, and a practised sportsman—who could for a moment not only stand and view the agonies of the poor blind and torn beast, but with a lackadaisical speech bid the crippled buffalo "be off." I have no doubt Mr. Catlin thought that he was behaving as a humane man should, but it seems to me that the exercise of a trifle less sentiment, and the substitution of a dram of powder and a merciful bullet, would have been much more to the purpose.

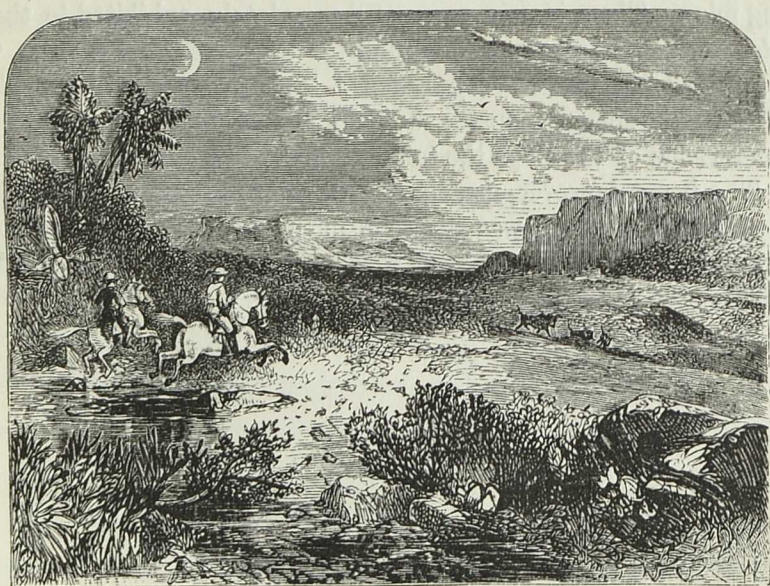
Captain Drayson, in his usual dashing, rattling style, gives an account of a buffalo chase in which he and a grim old bull were the chief parties concerned. Far away in Southern Africa, the thoughts of the gallant captain are at home, and he likens the sport to a race at Epsom. "Here is the Epsom of Africa: a lawn of twenty-five miles, the match p.p., the parties a stout little thirteen hands high pony, with eleven stone on his back, and a bull buffalo sixteen hands high, with a feather weight. Now what are the odds? Who will bet two to one on the buffalo? What is the opinion of the jackal, I wonder, who is peeping over the shoulders of his young family from out of the hole that has been his residence since the ant-bear who built it was killed last year by a leopard? What will the bushman lay against the buffalo being dropped in the first two miles? This fellow does not care much which is the winner so that one or the other is killed. From his hiding-place in the rock's crannies he watches the race with great excitement. If the buffalo is killed, he is sure to fall in for a share of the meat. If the white man breaks his neck in some of the jackals' holes or game pits, it will be hard lines if he does not manage that very night to ride in the saddle now occupied by the white man.

"Now they are ready for the start. The hoofs of the horse

striking on the ground act the part of starting-bell; the hunter's approach is thus discovered; the buffalo whirls his tail, and 'they're off' would be the remark if there were any there to make it. But no, not a living soul is seen: all is earth, sky, and wild animals. The bushman on the distant mountain sees the race plainly. 'Cluck, cluck, click, click!' Why is the bushman so excited? Ah! he knows all about it; the buffalo has turned a little, and is now making for some old game pits with a sharp stake in the middle of each.

"Now what a chance! Both buffalo and horse may be engulfed—all three perhaps killed! What a glorious *finale* this would be! Fancy the jollification of buffalo beef to commence with, and a second course of horseflesh, while between the mouthfuls a knife might be driven in spite between the ribs of the broken-necked white man, whose body would be lying by! Unfortunately, and bad luck for 'cluck, click,' neither buffalo nor horse has yet broken his neck. . . . Now the hunter rides nearly alongside the bull, and it is neck and neck. What a change! Now the hunter is the hunted! The buffalo with head low is charging, when the rider suddenly wheels, and dropping apparently off his horse, takes steady aim; two little white puffs of smoke may be seen, a thousand echoing guns are heard like a volley from the surrounding mountains, and the buffalo reposes at full length on the plain to rise no more."

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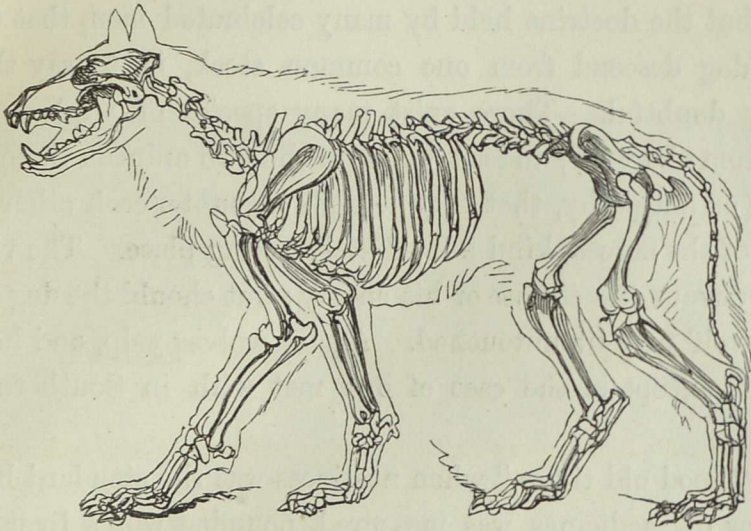


SCENE OF BUFFALO.

THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

THIS gentleman's high reputation as a sportsman entitles him to a niche in our portrait gallery—no great honour may-be, except for the sake of the company already there assembled. The author of "Wild Sports" is sorry, for the reader's sake, that Mr. Berkeley's "English Sportsman in the Western Prairies" appeared in the book-market too late to render it available in the present compilation. He is especially sorry, because the animal chiefly treated of is one almost unknown to English hunters—the buffalo-bison of the far West. Had the big handsome volume come to hand in time, the readers of these pages would have been regaled with some stories of bison hunting, the like of which were never yet published.

Regarding the buffalo as a mere unwieldy, uncultivated ox, the reader may be disposed to exclaim with the gentleman to whom Mr. Berkeley applied on the subject, "Shooting buffalo is nothing better nor more wild than walking up to and shooting oxen in a farmyard." It would be a bad job for the gentleman in question, or any other, were he to essay prairie-hunting armed with no more formidable a weapon than would suffice for a farmyard slaughter. The buffalo is a peculiarly malicious and cunning beast, and given to lying in wait, so that he may attack you in rear and unaware. Neither is he always satisfied by goring you to death; he will ram his thick head at your lifeless body and tear at it with his sharp hoofs, and so batter it that it shall be nearly undistinguishable from the surrounding mire. There is now, or was till very lately, exhibited in the window of the *Field* newspaper-office in the Strand the stuffed skin of a bison, to whose desperate cunning Mr. Berkeley nearly fell a victim. Having chased his game up a steep bank, the shaggy monster suddenly vanished, and on spurring his nag to the topmost edge of the slope the hunter found, at leaping depth below, a sort of creek. The horse, however, usually so full of pluck and fire, refused to take the jump—a marvel Berkeley was fain to dismount to solve. He had not long to look. Crouching in the lee of the bank there was the bison, evidently waiting for the leap that should place horse and rider at his mercy.



SKELETON OF WOLF.

THE WOLF.

COMBINING the scent and perseverance of the hound, the endurance of the camel, the cunning of the fox, and the ferocity of the tiger, the wolf is, without doubt, one of the most cruel and bloodthirsty of man's four-footed foes. In a remote era this savage animal, never now seen by home-loving Englishmen but in menageries and zoological shows, abounded in Britain. Roadside refuges were erected in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Shropshire, and Hereford, built of strong timber and with massive doors, to which the traveller might flee when wolf-chased. January, the month in which wolves couple, was by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers called "Wolf-moneth" or wolf-month, because of the depredations committed by the animals in question at that particular time of year; and when a man was outlawed he was said to be "wolf-shed," *i.e.* abandoned to the wolves.

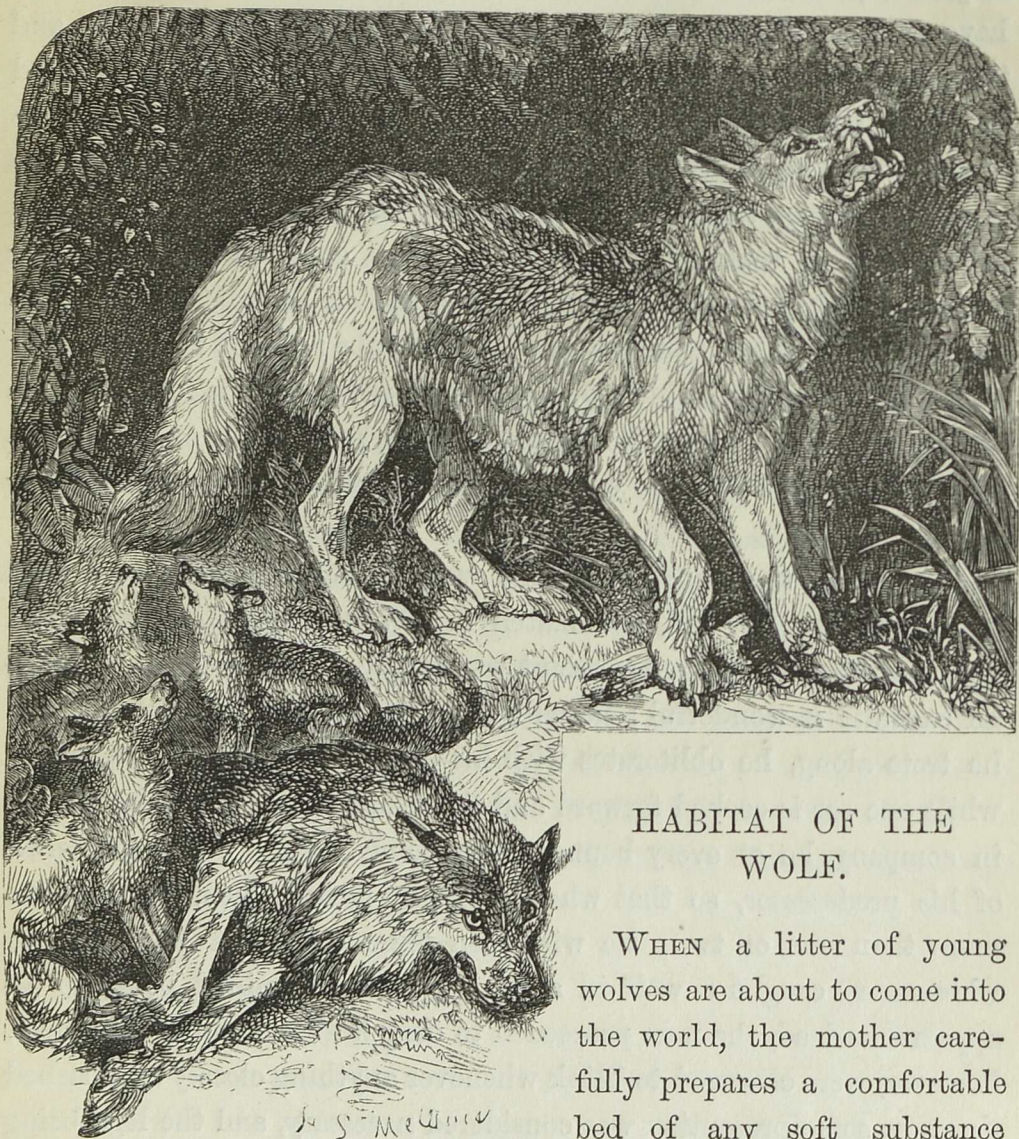
In the reign of King Edgar, Britain was so troubled by wolves that a law was passed enabling the relations of an offender against the state to ransom him with wolves' tongues, the number being regulated according to the degree of crime. Nevertheless the savage beast so increased and multiplied, that King Edward the First did, on the 12th of May, 1281, appoint one Peter Corbet wolf-hunter general, and commanded all bailiffs, &c. to aid and assist him.

Between the wolf and the dog there exists no anatomical difference with the exception of an obliquity in the position of the eye of the

former ; but the doctrine held by many celebrated men, that the wolf and the dog descend from one common stock, is, to say the least, extremely doubtful. There exist many species of wild dogs quite distinct from the wolf ; indeed, between the two animals there prevails so natural an antipathy, that they seldom encounter each other without a combat of the fiercest kind immediately taking place. The victorious wolf will devour the carcase of his enemy ; but should the dog conquer, the dead wolf may lie untouched. Again, wolves yelp, and howl, and growl, but, except in the case of one met with in Southern Africa, never bark.

In the "good old times," when nastiness was the standard by which the efficacy of medicines was measured, pounded wolf's liver steeped in wine was regarded as a sovereign remedy for liver-complaint. Wolf-grease rubbed over the portals and threshold of a house, was supposed to be a barrier that the most audacious demon or witch would not endeavour to surmount. A wolf's snout split and dried was thought a surpassing antidote to the machinations of the Evil One, and one might be found as commonly on barn doors as are horseshoes in the present day ; "moreover," says Pliny, "the great master teeth and grinders of a wolf being hanged about a horse's neck, he shall never tire or be weary, be he put to never so much running in any race whatsoever."

In spite, however, of the "charms" supposed to attach to the wolf's various parts when dead, no treatment was thought too cruel or diabolical for him when trapped alive. "When a county was much infested with wolves, the following ceremony was performed with much solemnity and deep drinking : a wolf when caught alive had his legs carefully broken ; he was then dragged around the confines of the farm, being bled with a knife from time to time, so that the blood might sprinkle the ground. Being generally dead when the journey had been completed, he was buried in the very spot whence he had started on his painful race."



HABITAT OF THE WOLF.

WHEN a litter of young wolves are about to come into the world, the mother carefully prepares a comfortable bed of any soft substance she can gather, and interweaves it with some of her undermost fur. When the cubs are born, they are gradually accustomed to eat flesh, and when about four months old are taken out by their parents, and "learnt their business." "Not the least curious part of their education," says a well-known writer, "consists of their being inured to suffering, and taught to bear pain without complaint; their parents are said to bite, maltreat, and drag them by the tail, punishing them if they utter a cry, until they have learned to be mute."

Not only is the she-wolf exceedingly fond of her progeny, she is, as there is abundant proof, pleased that others should notice her cubs. Hearne relates that he has frequently seen the Indians go to their dens,

take out the cubs, and play with them. The wolf, however, knows he is perfectly safe in the hands of the Indian. Almost all Hindoos have a superstitious dread of destroying, or even injuring it, and the village community within whose boundary a drop of wolf's blood has been shed, believes itself cursed until sufficient atonement be made. Wolves, however, confined in England have exhibited the same confidence in their jailors, as regards their young, and equal satisfaction at seeing them caressed. One confined in the Tower menagerie, though of fierce disposition, looked on contentedly while the keepers handled and played with her cubs; and it is recorded by Bell that a she-wolf which was exhibited with other wild beasts was so anxious that the public should see her pups, that, one after the other, she rasped the life out of them against the front bars of her prison.

Respecting the cunning of the wolf, it is doubtful if even that symbol of sly, the fox, can match it. When inhabiting populated districts, where of course constant war is waged against him, the craft he exhibits is wonderful; he will never quit cover to windward; as he trots along, he obliterates with his tail all trace of his footprints, while one ear is cocked forward and the other back; when he travels in company, he at every bound takes wonderful aim at the footprints of his predecessor, so that where a dozen have passed, it seems no more than one or two; he will even feign death. Captain Lyons, whose men caught a wolf in a trap, says, "the animal being to all appearance dead, the men proceeded to drag it aboard ship. The eyes, however, were observed to blink whenever anything closely approached them, so some precaution was considered necessary, and the legs being tied, he was hauled up head downwards. To our surprise he suddenly made a vigorous spring at those near him, and afterwards repeatedly turned himself upward, so as to reach the rope by which he was suspended, endeavouring to gnaw it asunder, and making angry snaps at the persons who prevented him. Several heavy blows were struck on the back of his neck, and a bayonet was thrust through him, yet above a quarter of a hour elapsed before he died."

The wolf's fondness for pork is something remarkable, and concerning the same a curious anecdote is related by Lieutenant Aldenburg. While standing at the edge of a frozen lake, he saw a large pig approach a hole that had been made in the ice, and commence

drinking. While looking towards the horizon, the lieutenant saw some dark object seemingly no larger than a cricket ball bowling rapidly over the white snow ; as he gazed, however, the ball increased in size, and gradually assumed the proportions of a wolf, evidently making for the unsuspecting porker at the top of its speed. Mr. Aldenburg loaded his gun and hurried to the rescue ; but before he reached the spot, the wolf had come up with his prey, and, large as it was, tumbled it over easily. So intent was he on the banquet before him, that the lieutenant approached quite close, and despatched him with a bullet. A piece nearly a foot long had been torn out of the pig's flank, and the poor animal was so scared that he trotted home like a dog by his preserver's side.

That the wolf's ferocity is not abated by long confinement was painfully demonstrated at the Regent's Zoological Gardens within the last few months. A lady, lamentably ignorant of the animal's disposition, approached one of the wolf dens in which were confined a young and an old wolf, and placed her hand on the bars. In an instant the big wolf seized the thumb of the hand and drew it in, while the little one, eager for a share of the prey, took in his mouth the little finger ; nor could the unfortunate lady be released till the finger was bitten off at the second joint, and the thumb so shockingly mauled as to render it useless.



WOLF BY MOONLIGHT.

HOW THE WOLF IS TRAPPED AND HUNTED.

THE Esquimaux, whose sledge, dogs, and reindeer are in hourly peril, construct an ingenious trap for this their most terrible enemy. It is, indeed, fashioned on exactly the same principle as the familiar square wooden mouse-trap, only that the sides and roof are made of slabs of ice, and the front, instead of being wire, is likewise of ice and slides up and down in grooves. The sliding front is raised and secured by a string which passes through the back of the trap, and is attached to a hook within the icy walls on which the bait is hung. At the very first nibble the transparent door is released and slides down with a crash, and the Esquimaux, leisurely knocking a hole in the wall of the trap just large enough to insert his spear, thrusts at the helpless wolf till it dies.

The common mode of hunting the wolf in regions where sledges can be used, is for a party to take with them their guns, plenty of ammunition, and a porker a few weeks old. As has been already mentioned, the wolf is particularly partial to young pig, and can't hear its tender voice without a violent hankering to make its closer acquaintance. Of this weakness of the wolf the sportsman makes capital, and, when the sledge is fairly started in the wilderness, applies his teeth, or digits, to the little pig's tail, till it squeals lustily. If wolves are about, out they come, and, boldly approaching the sledge, are easily picked off by the men with the muskets.

That this sport, however, is not always unattended by danger, was proved by a shooting party that set out from the neighbourhood of Forsbacka. The guns were loaded, the pig made to squeak, and, by-and-by, out came the wolves, and half a dozen of the pack were at once bowled over, and torn to fragments and devoured by their fellows. To the consternation of the hunters, however, they did not then retreat. Their appetites whetted with blood, the ravenous beasts came leaping boldly at the sledge, taking no heed of the shower of bullets by which they were assailed, and only a very few of the beasts lagging behind to eat up their stricken brethren. The driver lashed his horse to its utmost speed, which, after all, was but a miserable canter compared with the sinewy strides of the gaunt pack, who edged round the frail vehicle with glaring eyes and lolling tongues. To gain a little time, the pig was thrown to them. A little time, indeed! The porker was lapped up as quickly as red-hot iron laps up a sprinkle of water, and on they came again, and with such a yell that the maddened horse made a great plunge, and freeing himself of the trace-chains bounded away, leaving the sportsmen in an awful predicament. A moment wasted and they were all dead men and wolf-meat, but luckily a brilliant idea shot into the mind of the captain. "Load and fire all at once," said he; no sooner ordered than executed, and the wolves, for a moment scared, held off. "Now let us turn the sledge bottom upwards, and get beneath it;" it was accomplished instantly; and there they were boxed under the fragile machine, and clinging to it with all their might, to save it from being overturned by the mad and baffled pack who leapt at it and over it, and shook it with their disappointed fangs; and so the party remained till sought for and released by their friends.

One of the most thrilling recitals of wolf adventure is given by the author of "The Hunting Grounds of the Old World," as it was related to him by an Abbassian chief with whom the writer in question fell in while hunting in Circassia.

During the winter of 1852, when the whole country lay covered with snow for months together, a force had been collected and sent out in the plains to harass and annoy the Russians, but having met with a reverse they scattered, and each tribe made the best of its way homeward. The party to which the narrator belonged, consisted

of eleven men fairly mounted, and armed with matchlocks, pistols, and swords, with five prisoners—four Russian soldiers and a woman. As they were traversing a vast plain they perceived a pack of seven wolves slowly following them, of which number they killed two or three with their matchlocks, for the sake of the fur, and, dispersing the rest, continued their journey.

Shortly afterwards a strange howling noise was heard in the rear, which at first sounded like the roaring of the wind, but at length their attention was called to a dark mass of black objects spreading over the snow like a cloud on the horizon, and the full extent of their danger burst upon them, for they knew they were pursued by a horde of wolves.

Their horses were already fatigued with a long day's journey, but terror seemed to give them wings, for they tore along as if they knew their peril, and for a while seemed to hold their own. The nearest hamlet was at least seven miles distant, and the ground was in many places so deep with drifted snow that their horses could hardly get along. The crisis was now evidently fast approaching, for the advanced troop were almost within gunshot, howling and yelling as wolves only can. A brief consultation was held, and it was determined to sacrifice the prisoners one by one, so as to gain time for the rest to escape. The woman met her fate first; one of their number, stepping behind, drew his sabre across the hocks of her horse, hamstringing it, and causing both to fall heavily to the ground. A terrible cry rang in their ears for a moment, and then all was still.

They anxiously looked back, and found that this desperate expedient had enabled them to gain considerably on their pursuers, but it was not for long; they were soon again on their heels, when a Russian soldier was sacrificed by shooting his horse; a second, a third, and fourth followed, and much time was gained, and a considerable distance covered; still their insatiable foes pressed on apparently more ferocious than before, for their appetite was whetted with the taste of blood. They now commenced firing their guns amongst them, but it was of no avail, for although many fell the rest rushed on, and the course of the horde was not stayed. The horses of two of their number now gave up and fell with shrieks, as if they knew the fate that awaited them, and although their riders were swift of foot, they could not keep up their speed for any length of time in the deep

snow, and soon became fatigued, so, bidding their comrades farewell, they resigned themselves to their fate, drew their yatagans, and shouting their war-cry, died like men, fighting to the last.

The survivors were now within a couple of miles of shelter, but their horses were almost worn out, and the leading wolves hardly a pistol-shot behind; another moment and they expected to feel their fangs, when an old man, whose two sons were also present, seeing the hopelessness of the case, bade his comrades farewell, and shouting out the "imaum" (Mahommedan creed) as a death-song, felled his horse to the ground with the heavy butt of his pistol, as he could not rein up the scared animal, and offered himself a willing sacrifice to save the rest. On tore the survivors, now reduced to eight in number, and on followed their relentless pursuers, now again only half a dozen horse-lengths behind. In spite of all their efforts their doom seemed sealed and their case hopeless, when their chief drew his pistol and shot the man nearest to him through the head. He threw up his hands and dropped the reins, but although stone-dead he sat firm in his saddle, the affrighted animal carrying him till a second shot brought both to the ground.

Again the pursuit was checked for a time, and the desired hamlet appeared in view. They reached a wooden building erected for the succour of travellers in such peril as they were, and the door being luckily open, they rushed in and drew the heavy bar up across the inner side of the door. Suddenly, however, a heartrending shriek was heard from without, above the howling of the baffled wolves; and peeping through the chinks they saw one of their comrades, whose horse had broken down and lagged behind unperceived by the rest, surrounded by the wolves, and fighting desperately; a moment more and he was pulled from the saddle, both man and horse devoured before their eyes. Then the wolves surrounded the hut, and finding themselves baulked of their prey began to fight amongst each other, at times endeavouring to scratch away the earth under the logs, or force their way through the crevices, but the hut being substantially constructed resisted all their efforts, and a deadly discharge of fire-arms was kept up from the interior, which thinned their numbers and revenged the human victims; but the dead wolves were speedily devoured by their brothers, who remained howling and shrieking round the hut until the night of the second day, when a violent thunder-

storm arose and they took themselves off in the dark, much to the relief of the six survivors, who, seeing the coast clear, made the best of their way to their homes.

While in Siberia, Mr. Atkinson was made acquainted with a great horde of terrible Russian wolves at midnight. With a company of Kalmucks he was encamped for the night on the open plain on the banks of a small lake. While the men huddled round the fire a distant and terrible howling smote their ears, and well knowing the cause, they collected their horses and looked to their fire-arms, though at the same time well aware that there was little hope of their ammunition, ever so well expended, outlasting the murderous desires of the approaching enemy who had from afar scented them. The camp fire was burning low, but at present it was not mended, the experienced Kalmucks knowing they would have a better chance if they allowed the gaunt pack to approach nigh enough to allow of a fair shot, and then piled on dry wood and raised the fire to a great blaze, at once bewildering the wolves and discovering their whereabouts. Presently the pattering of hundreds of feet in a swift gallop was heard, and then, the men making a blaze, there they were, brought suddenly to a halt, with ears and tails erect, and glaring as only a wolf can. At a signal a volley was discharged, wounding several of them, as their sudden shrieking and howling attested. In a few moments the hundreds of feet were heard beating a retreat.

But they were not yet vanquished, they had merely retired to consult as to the best mode of attack. Nor were their deliberations protracted. In a few minutes the snorting and whinnying of the frightened horses announced the reapproach of the savage army, and they could be heard stealthily coming up between the camp and the lake, and divided into two parties, so as to be able to assault the camp on both sides. Flitting over the snow, their savage eyes here and there twinkling in the darkness, the double troop came on, but again a shower of bullets brought them to a stand; this time, however they did not retreat, they merely halted.

At this critical time, with the darkness increasing, and five hundred pairs of fierce jaws surrounding them and hungering for their carcasses, the devoted little band were horrified at hearing a sound that denoted the approach of a new pack of wolves. Now, indeed, did Mr. Atkinson and his men give themselves up for lost, but it was not

to be, and, wonderful to relate, it was the extreme ferocity of their enemies that saved them. On the approach of the second troop, the first, by snarling and growling, betokened their jealous rage that these strangers should come to take the very meat out of their mouths after they had tracked it and been kept waiting for it. When the second pack came right up, the first, from snarling and snapping, took to teeth and claws, and in less than a minute the wolf battle became general, and so fierce and engrossing that neither party perceived a few of the Kalmucks steal off to return with a supply of fuel, which, piled on the dying embers, was soon converted into a huge bonfire. Roaring and crackling, and leaping high in the air, the savage brutes ceased war and looked aghast at each other, when a well-timed volley so increased their discomfiture, that, with a terrible howl, the wolfish company scampered off, leaving many dead and dying on the field.

After such voluminous "evidence for the prosecution," it is pleasant to find a witness who, although not pretending to excuse or palliate the enormities laid at the wolf's door, gives such testimony as to the wonderful tenderness exhibited by the animal under certain circumstances, that one is inclined to look on it much more favourably than hitherto. The witness in question is a reliable one, an officer in high position in the Indian army, and possessing unusual means of acquiring information. Six or seven years ago he wrote and caused to be published a pamphlet, from which the following curious stories are extracted.

"About seven years since a trooper in attendance upon Rajah Hurdah Singh, of Bondee, in passing near a small stream, saw three wolf-cubs and a boy drinking. He managed to seize the boy, who seemed about ten years old, but was so wild and fierce that he tore the trooper's clothes and bit him severely in several places. The Rajah, at first, had him tied up in his military gun-shed, and fed him with raw meat; he was afterwards allowed to wander freely about the Bondee bazaar. He there one day ran off with a joint of meat from a butcher's, and another of the bazaar-keepers let fly an arrow at him, which penetrated his thigh. A lad named Tanoo, servant of a Cashmere merchant then at Bondee, took compassion on the poor boy, and extracted the arrow from his thigh, and prepared a bed for him under the mango-tree, where he himself lodged; here he kept him, fastened to a tent-pin.

“Up to this time he would eat nothing but raw flesh, but Tanoo gradually brought him to eat balls of rice and pulse. In about six weeks after he had been tied up, and after much rubbing of his joints with oil, he was made to stand and walk upright, whereas hitherto he had gone on all-fours.”

So he remained for several months, during which he was taught to obey a few simple signs, to prepare the hookah, light the tobacco, &c.

“One night, while the boy was lying under the mango-tree, Tanoo saw two wolves creep stealthily towards him, and after smelling him they touched him, when he got up. Instead, however, of being frightened, the boy put his hand upon their heads, and they began to play with him, capering about while he pelted them with grass and straw. Tanoo tried to drive them off, but could not. At last, however, they left him, but the following night three wolves came, and a few nights after four, who returned several times. Tanoo thought that the two which first came must have been the cubs with which the boy was found, and that they recognised him by the smell.”

The wolf-boy, however, could not be entirely reconciled to civilized life. In being removed from place to place he never lost an opportunity of endeavouring to escape into the jungle. At last Tanoo was sent away on a short journey, and when he returned his savage charge had disappeared, and was never again heard of. The next story I will quote from the pamphlet is even more wonderful than the above.

“In March, 1843, a cultivator who lived at Chupra, about twenty miles from Sultanpoor, went to cut his crop of wheat and pulse, taking with him his wife, and a son about three years old, who had only recently recovered from a scald on the left knee. As the father was reaping, a wolf suddenly rushed upon the boy, caught him up, and made off with him towards the ravines. People ran to the aid of the parents, but soon lost sight of the wolf and his prey. About six years afterwards, as two sipahees were watching for hogs on the border of the jungle, they saw three wolf-cubs and a boy come out from the jungle and go down to the stream to drink; all four then ran to a den in the ravine. The sipahees followed, but the cubs were already entered and the boy was half-way in, when one of the men caught him by the leg and drew him back; he was very savage, bit at the men, and seizing the barrel of one

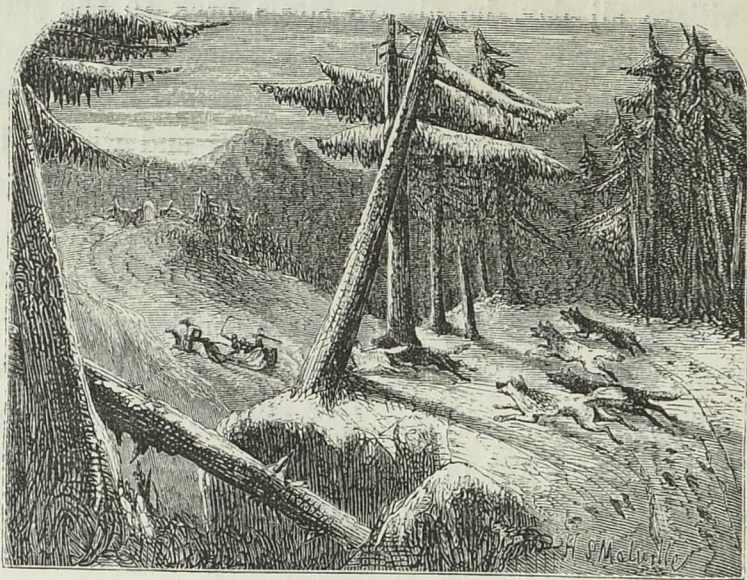
of their guns in his teeth, shook it fiercely. The sipahees, however, secured him, brought him home and kept him for twenty days, during which he would eat nothing but raw flesh, and was fed accordingly on hares and birds. His captors soon found it difficult to provide him with sufficient food, and took him to the bazaar in the village of Koeleepoor, to be supported by the charitable till he might be recognised and claimed by his parents.

“One market-day, a man from the village of Chupra happened to see him in the bazaar, and on his return described him to his neighbours. The cultivator, father of the boy, was dead, but the mother asking for a minute description found that he had the mark of a scald on the left knee, and the marks of the teeth of an animal on each side of his loins. Finally, she went to the bazaar, and found in addition to these marks a third on the thigh with which her boy had been born. She took him home to her village, where he still remains, but, as in the former case, his intellect seems entirely gone; the front of his knees and elbows have become hardened from his going on all-fours with the wolves, and although he wanders about the village all day, he always steals back to the jungle at nightfall. He is unable to speak or to articulate any sound with distinctness. In drinking, he dips his face in the water, but does not lap like a wolf. He still prefers raw flesh; and when a bullock dies, and the skin is removed, he attacks and eats the body in company of the village dogs.”

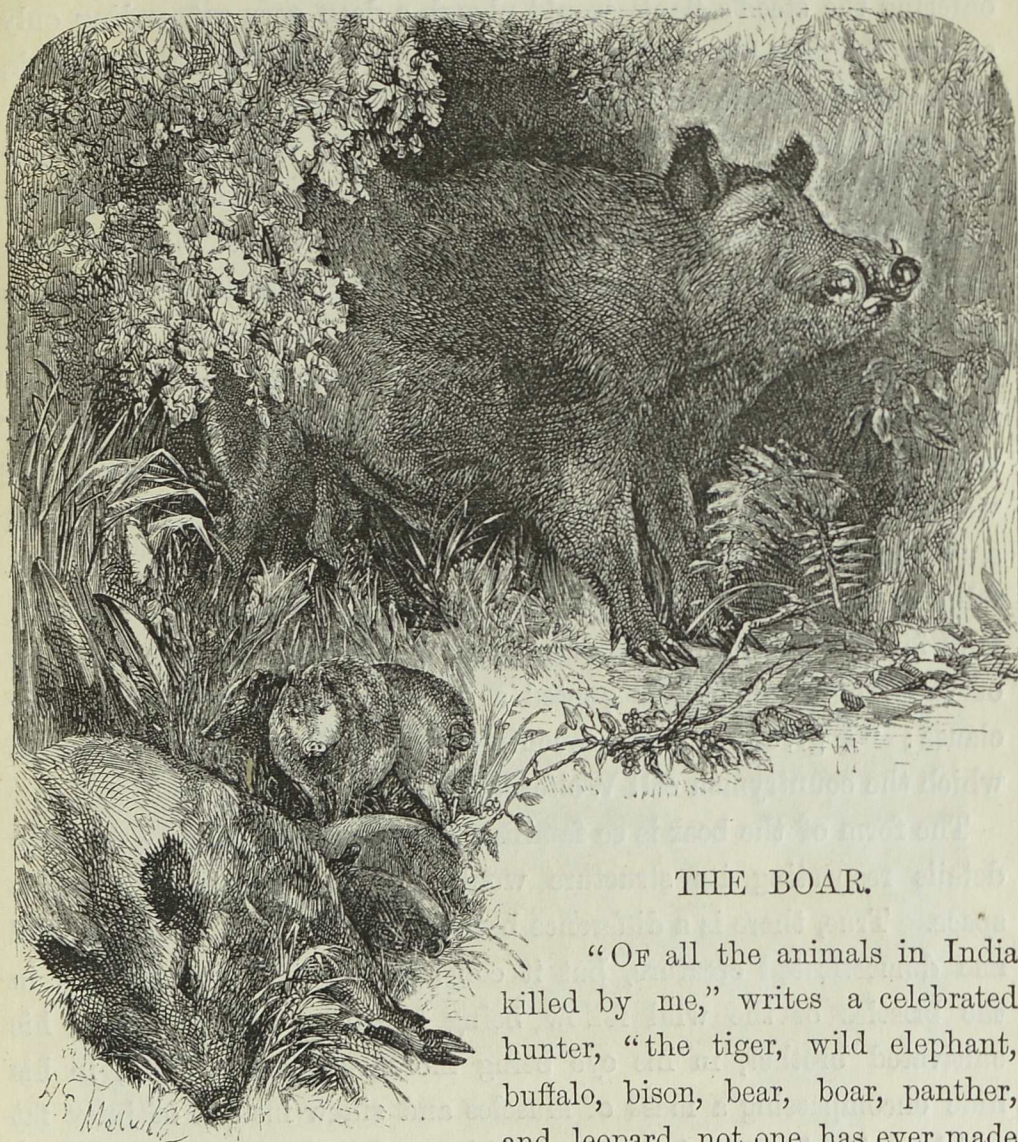
As to the wolf's motive for these friendly abductions, but one explanation can be given, and that one, unfortunately, entirely shears the affair of its romance. She-dogs bereft of their young have been known to adopt kittens, and no less reliable an authority than Mr. Jesse relates that a cat of his acquaintance, whose kittens had been destroyed, was seen to purr and mew at a cupboard door till a sleek mouse came out, and that then the cat lay down and the mouse cuddled down to its teats in the most natural way. So it may be that the she-wolf, losing her sucking cubs by accident, and being incommoded by her gorged udders, steals a child with the instinctive knowledge that it may be made to afford her relief. After all, then, those celebrated founders of ancient Rome, Romulus and Remus, *might* have been nurtured by a she-wolf, and I for one should not be loth to credit the story, only that I am

assured by the very best authorities that the mistake arose from the simple fact of the nurse who suckled the two little Romans being named Lupa.

The wolf of America is at times remarkable for cowardice, though bold enough when pressed by hunger, or with other wolves. Mr. R. C. Taylor, of Philadelphia, states that this animal, when trapped, is silent, subdued, and unresisting. He was present when a fine young wolf, about fifteen months old, was taken by surprise, and suddenly attacked with a club. The animal offered no resistance, but, crouching down in the supplicating manner of a dog, suffered himself to be knocked on the head. An old hunter told Mr. Taylor that he had frequently taken a wolf out of the trap, and compelled it by a few blows to lie down by his side while he reset his trap.



SPOOR OF WOLF.



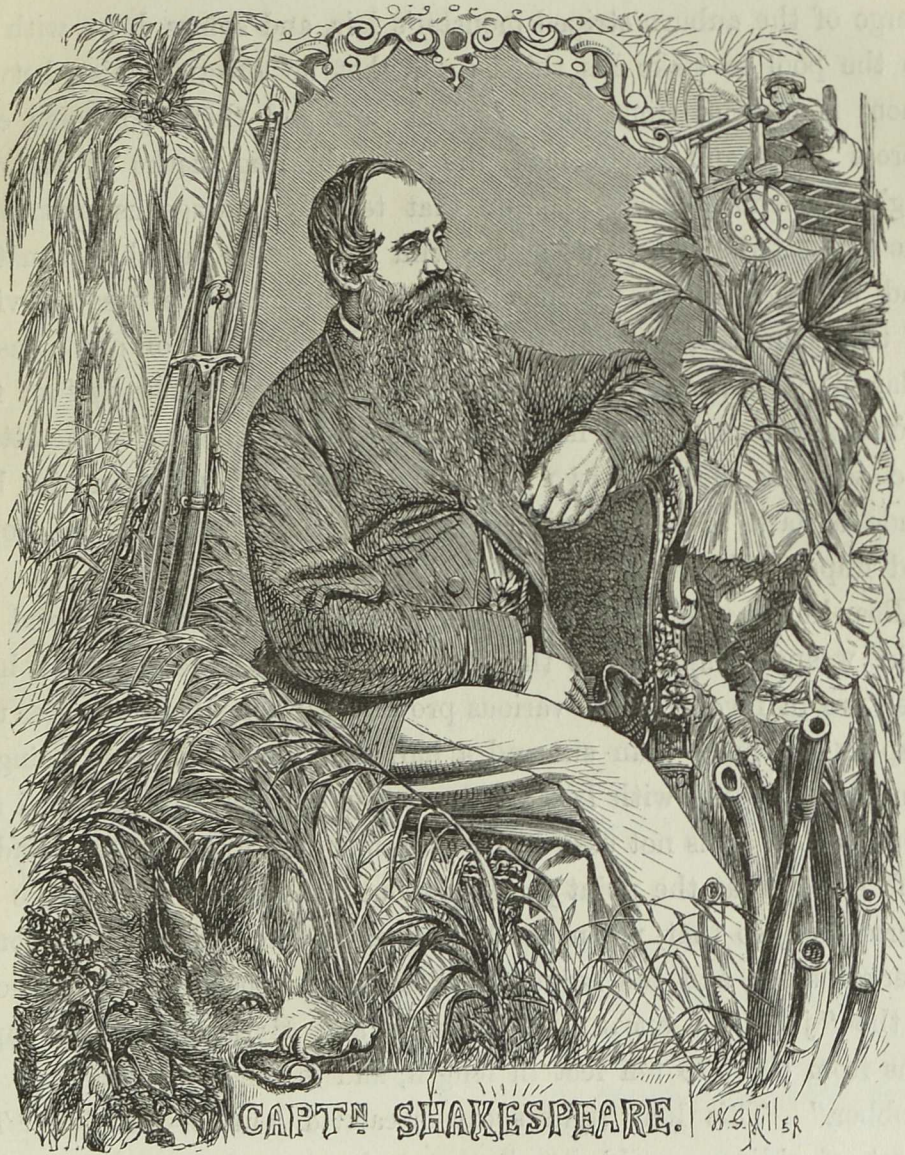
THE BOAR.

“OF all the animals in India killed by me,” writes a celebrated hunter, “the tiger, wild elephant, buffalo, bison, bear, boar, panther, and leopard, not one has ever made good his charge against the deadly bullets of my heavy rifles, or against the spear, save the wild boar and panther. . . . I consider hog-hunting to be the finest sport in the world.”

It is the renowned Captain Shakespeare who makes the above declaration, and many other equally credible persons endorse his opinion. It is well that it is so, for undoubtedly contemplation of the domestic hog, gluttonous, fat, and sleepy, is calculated to impress one with the notion, that of all animals to be hunted he is the very last. What trace is there of thundering speed, eyes savage as those of a trapped tiger, and glowing as red-hot charcoal, of strength to rush beneath the horse's belly and bear him, with the hunter on his back, sheer off his legs; or of the terrible nine-inch-long tusk, which

entering the steed's flank, would plough a deep gory rut, ending only at the shoulder-bone—what trace is there of all this, in the meek, milk-white, Suffolk sow, affectionately cuddling her litter of tiny squeakers, or grunting her gratitude to Roger who replenishes her trough, and rolling her little eyes with delicious languor as the worthy young wash-bearer, leaning dreamily over the wicket, scratches her back? Nevertheless it cannot be doubted that the ancestors of this gentle, bacon-fated beast, roared in British forests when Britons all were hunters, and their daily labour, and that on which the bread of their children depended, the fashioning of spears, and the wielding of them, and the manufacture of flint-hatchets, and the digging of wolf-pits. It was common at that period of Britain's history when a "swine-herd" was even more common than a shepherd, for rich folks to bequeath swine to their heirs and relatives, together with land for the maintenance of the same. In Sharon Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons" is quoted a document bearing the following clause: "I give for food, seventy swine in that woody allotment which the countrymen call Wolferdinlegh."

The form of the boar is so familiar to every one that to enter into details respecting its structure would be mere waste of valuable space. True, there is a difference between the appearance of the wild and domesticated creature, but it consists chiefly, if not entirely, in the bristles of the wild fellow being longer and coarser than his cultivated brother, in his eye being more restless and fiery, in his hide encompassing a mass of muscles and sinew instead of juicy fat and lean, in his shape being more lithe and active, and last, though by no means least, in the development of his tremendous tusks. I have, however, seen among a drove of Irish swine landing from the Dublin steamer, more than one that would pass without suspicion of dandyism among the most ferocious of the *Suidæ* family that ever roamed the gloomy thickets of Africa, or the Black Forest of Germany.



HOW THE WILD BOAR IS HUNTED.

ENGLAND no longer possesses wild hogs. Civilization has reclaimed them from their savage state—a ring has been put through their noses, and they have become wedded to domesticity. In various parts of Europe, the boar still roams at large—in parts of France, and in considerable numbers in the interminable forests of Germany—but little or nothing is done in boar-hunting. India is the great field for this sport, and the animals there found are certainly the largest and most formidable of any in the world. He roams the jungle, fearing not even the terrible tiger—crops his dinner at the

verge of the auburn striped monster's lair, and comes down with him to the pool to slake his thirst ; yet, that no affection exists between them is certain, from the fact that now and then sportsmen come across boars and tigers dead, the latter bearing marks of the wild pig's tremendous tusks. Even that terribly courageous member of the feline tribe, the panther, the wild boar holds in light estimation, and will not budge an inch from his path for the greatest vixen of this genus the jungle contains. At Morinnabad, on one occasion, a large boar was observed with his back to a tree, bayed by four full-grown panthers. They, however, were afraid to commence the attack, and towards nightfall two of them sheered off, whereon the boar made a dash at the remaining two, and then trotted home, sound and unpursued.

Boar-hunting in India is always conducted on horseback, and the chief weapon employed is the spear. Different sorts of spears, however, are in favour in the various provinces. The Bengal hunter uses a spear not more than six and a half feet long, the shaft being of bamboo, weighted with lead at the upper end, and with a broad and stout blade. It is not used lance-wise, but held firmly in the hand in such a way that the point projects about a foot and a half before the stirrup-iron, so that, when the boar charges, the horse is dexterously swerved aside, and the animal *runs on* to the spear. This is known as the "jobbing" spear. In Bombay and Hyderabad the weapon runs from eight to ten feet in length, and is much lighter than the "jobber." This long light spear is carried "under-hand." "The secret of riding a wild hog," says a hunter of twenty-five years' experience, "is to ride as close to him as you can, keeping him on the spear or right hand of you. You must be able to turn your horse with the hog ; and, therefore, the horse must always be in hand. In short, when the hog flags in speed, the hunter must be ready to make his horse spring upon him, so to speak. The spear then *goes through* the foe ; and if the hog charges at the time, the increased impetus of two bodies meeting at such speed generally drives the spear through from end to end. It is a good plan when you are afraid of losing your hog among bushes and grass, to deliver a spear in him ; it hampers his movements, and he cannot conceal himself in the jungle."

A thoroughly trained horse is essential to successful boar hunting.

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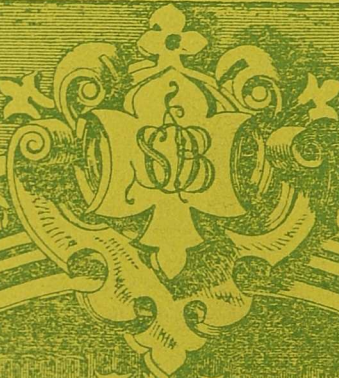
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