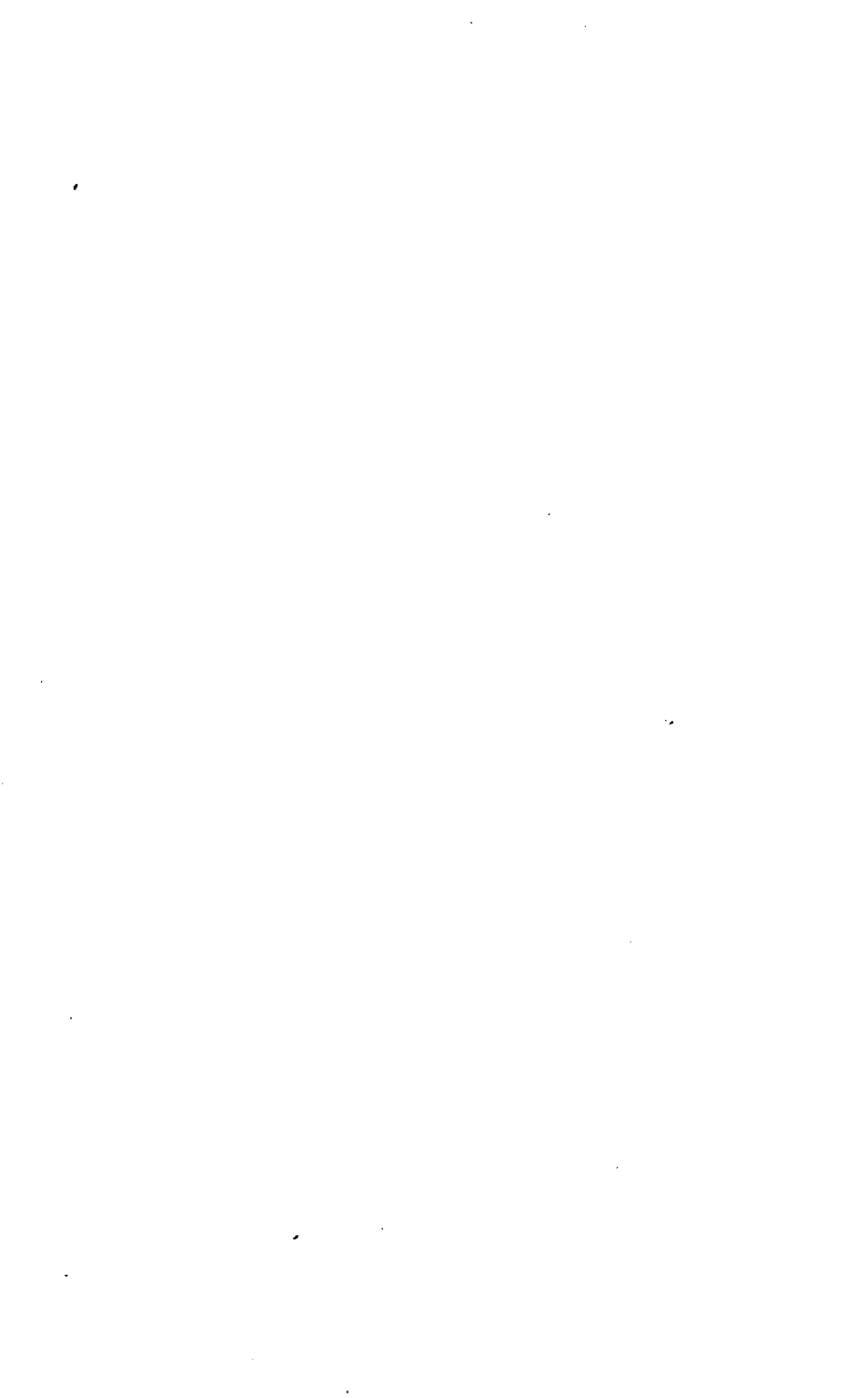


LIFE OF
BUCKSKIN SAM

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BUCKSKIN SAM.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

Buckskin Sam.

(SAMUEL H. NOBLE.)

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. JUL 9 1900

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PREFACE.

In presenting this little book to the public, I do so, not from a feeling of pride, or for gain, but simply to satisfy a demand that my friends have made upon me.

Many who have visited the different places of amusement where I exhibited, have asked for the history of my life. In order to satisfy them I have written this book.

In reading this work my kind friends will see that the words of the immortal poet Shakespeare are indeed true, when he says:

“There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may.”

The pages of this book may read like a romance, but believe me, every word is true. Here the simple recital of facts only proves the old adage true that “Truth is stranger than fiction.”

I am the public's obedient servant,

BUCKSKIN SAM.

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CHAPTER I

FROM BOYHOOD TO MANHOOD.

PRANKS AT SCHOOL.—FIRST ADVENTURES AT HUNTING.

I was born in the town of Kennebunk in the state of Maine on the 16th of June, 1838. At that time my father was the landlord of the village hotel. In 1841 my father died, leaving my mother with three children, an older sister, a younger brother and myself. After my father's death my mother disposed of the property and then moved to her father's in the town of New Sharon, Maine, where my younger brother was adopted by his grand-mother. My sister stopped at home.

After my father's death I lived with my mother until 1844, when I was six years of age. I was then bound out to a man by the name of Nathaniel True of Fayette, Maine, where I lived for three years. At the age of nine I left Fayette and lived with my uncle in Readfield, Maine. Two years later, in 1849, I again lived with my mother in the town of Somerville, Maine, which is eighteen miles east of Augusta.

In the fall of 1849 I began to attend the district school; and lived as country boys do. The school house was of wood about 30 feet square, with the door on the front side. As you passed through the outer door you came to a long entry with a door at each end leading into the school room. The stove sat in the center of the room and the schoolmaster's desk was at the back of the room. The boys occupied the left side of the room and the girls the right, facing the boys, so the boys could not cut up any of their pranks unless the girls saw them. As for myself I was always up to some prank to make the girls or boys laugh.

After a while the snow covered the ground, and the little ponds of water began to freeze over and there was some skating. I took my skates to school for the noon time sport. At this

school there were about twenty-five boys and about the same number of girls.

After I had been going to school a short time my parents bought me a slate, so I took the slate to school and the master asked me why I brought it. I told him that my parents sent me with it. Then said the master, "You shall not use the slate." But this was not the end of the slate question. I made a profile of the school-master upon it and turned it around so that the girls could see it, at which they began to laugh for it looked so comical. And no wonder, for it had a big nose and the hair stood right up on end. The school-master brought the girls to account for laughing and as I did not want the girls to get punished for my "shines" I told the school-master that it was my slate that caused the disturbance. Then to punish me, he made me go over and sit between two of the largest girls. That suited me pretty well, but I was there not long before the girls jumped up with a shriek; then over comes the master to bring the girls to account again.

"What is the trouble now?" said the master.

"Why, Sam is sticking a pin into us."

"Sam, come out into the floor, sir."

"All right, sir."

"Go out and cut me a bundle of sticks, and I'll tan your jacket for your conduct.

"All right, sir."

About three hundred yards back of the school-house was an alder swamp. So I put on my skates and away I went; it being a cold day the alders were all frozen and brittle. As I thought I was to have a sound thrashing, I prepared the sticks for the battle. I took my knife and cut about half way through each of the sticks so that when the master struck me with them they would all break. I cut about one hundred of them and took them into the school-room, and throwing them down on the floor took my seat.

I had no more than taken my seat when he called me back.

"Take off your jacket, sir."

"It's too cold, sir."

"Stand up here and I'll warm you, sir."

So he commenced the "Battle cry of freedom" upon my poor back, but I did not forget to laugh. After he had disposed of all the sticks the school-room looked as if there had been a squall

or cyclone, for the floor was covered with sticks. When he had wreaked his vengeance upon me he said.

"I guess you are warm enough now, aint you?"

I said "If you had another hundred I should have frozen to death."

After I went back to my seat I thought "Oh, how I love to go to school." The reason I did not like to go to school was that I had bought me a dog and gun and they took up all my attention.

When I went to school I sat with some of the larger boys in the back seat near one of the windows. One day I heard the bark of a fox-hound and knew from his voice that he was on a fox track. I could stand it no longer, so got one of the larger boys to raise the window and out I went. I started home for my gun, to which I had given the name of "Old Kill-duel" for the stock was painted red. After running one or two miles the fox took off in another direction around the mountain and I came back without the fox.

A few days after a black bear was seen to cross the road near the school-house, and I was on the war-path again with my dog and gun. I chased the bear over the hill and down into a swamp where the snow was so deep I could hardly make my way. In plunging about in the snow, sometimes head down and sometimes heels up, I got my gun wet. At last the hound drove the bear in sight, I up with my gun, the cap snapped but the gun did not go off, so I lost the bear. Soon it began to grow dark and I made tracks for home, tired and hungry as a bear. That finished the bear hunt.

One morning mother woke me from my slumber and said there were three partridges in a birch tree. So I took my gun and went up to the edge of the woods, right in sight of the house. When I got there I saw two sitting about two feet apart and one above the other two, so I took aim between the two and at the one at the top of the tree, then I blazed away and one fell dead at the foot of the tree, one near where I stood and the third one went over my head and almost out of sight in the snow. So I was like the man who killed three birds with one stone for I killed three partridges at one shot. I once shot at a partridge on the wing. The one I shot at kept right on, but there was one on a log in the same direction and I shot her.

Well, this page is the last one of my boyhood at home.

CHAPTER II

MY FIRST VOYAGE.

VISIT TO DISMAL SWAMP.—A PLANTATION HUSKING AND DANCE.—A STORM AT SEA.—SHIPWRECK AND DANGER.—PERILOUS VOYAGE HOME.

In February, 1849, I left home to seek my fortune, as some boys do. But I shall never forget the day or the hour, and I knew nothing of what was in store for me.

So I made a small bundle of my clothes and one bright morning I wound my way along by the road that led to the village, or a seaport town called Thomaston, Maine, about 25 miles from home. I was about two days on the road. When I arrived in town I went down to the wharves where the shipping was and saw a schooner that was named the name of my mother, the Elizabeth, of Thomaston, Maine. After a while I found the captain. His name was John McIntire. The schooner carried four of a crew besides the captain. The mate, I have forgotten his name, a young man by the name of Payson, and myself consisted of the crew. So I made a bargain with the captain and signed articles for the amount of twelve dollars per month and shipped as chief cook and bottle washer.

After I had shipped I wanted to write home and let my parents know my whereabouts and my good success in getting employment so soon. I did not know how to write, and what was I to do? I went up to the post office and told the clerk I would give him twenty-five cents if he would write a letter for me. I got the letter written and mailed it. I told my parents in the letter that I had shipped in a vessel that had the same name as my mother, and as she was a good mother I thought the vessel must be a good vessel.

The schooner was bound to a port called Norfolk, Virginia, and it would be about a three months' voyage. So one bright morning with a fair wind and the stars and stripes at our mast-head fluttering in the breeze, and her white sails winged out

like the wings of that proud bird, the swan, we went gliding down the river St. George to the ocean.

It was not long before we were at the mouth of the river. Then we squared away and gave the little vessel a chance to put her best foot forward, to see what she could do upon the broad ocean.

Well, it is Friday, the day we gained our independence, and Friday is fish day, and I am the chief cook and bottle washer. So suppose I have got to get dinner, and here goes: cod fish and potatoes, hot biscuits and coffee for dinner.

After dinner I cleared away the dishes and came on deck. A little to windward and off our starboard bow was a rock and a lot of little ones around it. I asked the mate what was the name of that rock and he said they were called the Old Sow and Pigs. I had read in books that every rock, ledge and island was named and some of them very curiously. In a little while we came to another large rock and a smaller one near it, the larger one being covered with sea-weed of a brownish color. I asked what that rock was called and they said it was called The Old Brown Cow and Calf. I thought they were funny names to give the rocks and I wondered who first gave them the names.

The schooner kept her course for Cape Elizabeth, soon we came in sight of Cape Ann; next we made Cape Cod. Then we sailed past Martha's Vineyard, near Nantucket Shoals, then past Block Island and Montauk Point. Soon we reached Norfolk without any unusual occurrences.

We lay in the harbor here three or four weeks waiting for a cargo of corn, and while we were waiting I thought it would be a good chance to see that place called the Dismal swamp. So there were some barges going through the swamp and through the canal, and where we ascended at one place were seven locks, and there was a rise of twelve feet to each lock, and from the time we entered the first lock until we came out of the last lock we had to rise about eighty-four feet to enter the upper canal.

Before we came to the swamp we came into a little bay with a number of islands, so we took a boat and went over on one of the islands. We took a shot gun to shoot squirrels, and talk about shooting! I never saw so many squirrels in all my life. We were there only an hour when the Captain and I shot forty-nine grey squirrels and a large owl, and he was white as snow. So we bagged our game and went back to the barge.

After we came through the swamp and the locks into the upper canal, we took a tow-line with a mule hitched to it and a negro boy driving the mule. The dusky little chap kept up his negro melody through the whole route.

After we had gone a good distance into the country we stopped near a small town to take on a cargo of corn and a deck load of cypress shingles. It was accomplished by a gang of negro slaves who brought the corn in sacks upon their backs, walking a plank laid from the bank of the canal to the deck of the barge.

About two miles back from this town was a large plantation with about one hundred slaves upon it. They were harvesting a crop of corn and were going to have what they called a husking bee. As I was invited by some of my white southern friends to the husking, and about dark I started for the plantation.

When I arrived there I saw a large square house with a veranda on three sides of the building. The whole length of one of these verandas was a long table set with food and dainties such as a warm climate affords.

The husking of corn was kept up until about nine o'clock, then came the supper, and a good supper it was. The slaves had their table set under a shed at the back of the house.

When supper was over we went a little distance from the house to where a platform for dancing had been constructed. And the fun commenced with an old slave's calling out, "Come all of you darkies, all, as loud as you can bawl."

There was every shade and color from a half-cast to one as black as your shoe and several Creoles were among them. There were two slaves who picked the banjo and some would keep time by slapping their hands together and sometimes they would strike their knees. Some of the negroes got a little too much drink and they began to fight by butting with their heads. When they came together it sounded as it would if you should take a pumpkin and throw it against another. The negroes were driven to their quarters when it was all over. And I started on my way to the canal.

I was alone but was in hopes to fall in with some one on the way as it was about eleven o'clock and very dark. Sure enough, I did for as I was passing near a large corn field, I thought I saw somebody walking in front of me and thought it might be one of the slaves who belonged in the village. It was so dark I

could not see whether it was a man or beast but when I came up to within about ten feet I sang out

"Halloo, there, Sambo. Where you going dah?"

The first salute I got was a growl from a monster black bear. He had been in the cornfield and had an armful of ears of corn. He was making his way for the swamp but I came upon him so suddenly he threw the corn on the ground and at the same time I dodged him. The way I made tracks for the canal was not slow, and I don't think there has been any grass in those tracks since.

The next morning I heard a voice and came on deck. Upon the bank of the canal stood a darkey with something on his back. I went ashore to see what it was. When I got where he was I asked him what that thing was he had on a stick.

"A possum, Massa; want to buy 'im, Massa? Sell 'im fo' twenty-fy cents. After he biled he just as good as chicken Massa. Him can't be beat; sure, dat so."

He had a stick about four feet long and the middle of it split, and the tail of the little animal drawn through it, and it had a death grip with its teeth and claws upon the stick. So I bought it to put it out of its misery.

This day we turned the prow of the barge homeward down the canal. After we passed all the locks we again came to the Dismal Swamp.

When we went through the swamp we had to use long poles twenty-five feet long, made for that purpose to propel the barge along with. The river through the swamp is very narrow, only a little wider than the canal boat, and so crooked that in some places when the prow of the barge would strike against a tree the stern would not more than swing clear of another tree or the bank of the river. The water looked almost as black as ink, and there were some kind of fish, but they would not bite a hook nor take a bait. But they would turn over in the water and shine like silver.

Now I will try to explain to my readers as well as I can the reasons why this place is called the Dismal swamp. In the first place it is a dense swamp or forest and the ground is covered with thick moss so when you step upon it you would go down to your knees. And there are numerous kinds of vines that climb to the tops of trees and growing together so that it is matted together overhead so thick you cannot see the sky through, the

tops of the trees in the midday, and the moss is so thick upon the trees that you might climb to the tops of the trees without any other support. The tops of the trees are woven so thickly together that you might walk along upon their tops as though you were walking upon the ground below. When I went through the swamp it was so dark at twelve o'clock in midday we had to have lanterns to see our way through the swamp.

And it is a place where a great many wild animals abound, and numerous kinds of snakes. After we had propelled the barge for two days we fastened her to the trees and went below and turned in. I turned in on one side of the cabin and the captain on the other side. The captain had one negro slave aboard and he slept in the prow of the barge. After we had turned in a little while I heard a strange noise on deck and at the forward of the barge. I asked the captain what it meant and he said it was a bear, for they very often came aboard while being in the swamp. After a while I heard the noise again, so I took the gun which was loaded with shot, came up on deck and crept along a little ways and among some barrels way forward I heard the noise again. It was so dark I could not see to shoot but I blazed away where I thought the bear was, and to my astonishment the darkey jumped up with a roar:

“Look out dar, Massa! I is no bear.”

The darkey was more frightened than hurt. Only a couple of shot hit him in the leg for most of the shot went into the pork-barrel. There had been a bear on deck but the negro had frightened him away into the swamp.

In a few days we came out of the canal and arrived in the harbor at Norfolk where our little schooner was anchored and waiting for her cargo of corn. In two or three days the corn was all aboard and we weighed anchor and set sail down the James river, past Fortress Monroe and out to sea.

We had not been out of sight of land long before we encountered a fearful storm and got blown off into the Gulf of Mexico and off around Cape Hatteras. One night we reefed the sails of the little craft and made everything secure and lashed everything about the deck. The storm increased into a gale, and the little craft was heavy laden with corn and laboring hard against the seas that ran mountains high and threatened to swallow up our little vessel. After a while she began to spring a leak, and we could not bail her out for the pumps were choked with corn.

One night the mate was on deck to keep watch and lashed himself to the mast to keep from being washed overboard and the captain was at the wheel; Jud Payson and myself had turned in and the schooner at the time was lying to with three reef mainsails and the bonnet of the gib, and the first thing I knew she shipped what is called the three seas. The captain says the first one was higher than the tops of the schooner's masts, and when that rolled on her stern it took the boat and davits and stove one side of the bulwarks in. The second sea took the anchors and chains and the cask that we kept our beef and pork in, upon deck, broke the gib boom and broke the fore boom and the top mast; and the third sea knocked the captain into the cabin and filled it full of water, and when I jumped out of my bunk I stood in water to my neck, and the captain was swimming about in the cabin, and the mate sang out and wanted to know if she was going down, and the captain nowhere to be seen for a minute.

Soon the vessel righted. This was early in the morning and I came on deck and picked up some flying fish which had been chased by fish called dolphin.

Well, come to look about and take everything into consideration after the three seas had paid us a visit we were a total wreck. The cargo of corn had shifted in the hold and the schooner was lying on her beam ends. The corn was all wet and swollen and burst the deck. The stove broke from its fastening and was found in the front cabin where the water had taken it through a door way. We lost all our provision and water and what were we to do—blown off to sea out of sight of land. All the fresh water we had was a little I caught when we were in the gulf stream by putting a bucket under the corner of the house when it rained; and in order to get something to eat there was a little hole way aft in the cabin where there was some dry corn. I would put my hand in this hole and scrape out some and then grind it in an old coffee mill as fine as I could to make bread for the crew. And this is what I call living from hand to mouth.

It being in the winter and we had left the gulf stream we soon came into colder weather. In the gulf stream in some places the water on one side of the schooner would be warm or quite hot and then run across the deck and draw another bucketful from the other side and it would be as cold as ice water. We were bound for Boston, Mass. In a few weeks we sighted Cape

Cod lights, and our little vessel was all covered with ice. The little ropes that were not larger than your finger were covered with ice as large as your arm.

One day we got up as far as Boston light and thought that in two hours we would be safe in Boston harbor, but we did not get there that hitch for the wind backed around and blew another gale and we got blown off again and never got back for three or four days, and then had to be towed in by a steamer. She was so covered with ice that her decks were six inches under water. At last we arrived all safe in the harbor, then hauled into Commercial wharf, and discharged the cargo of corn and out of the whole cargo there was only seven bushels of dry corn, which was found way in her stern.

After we discharged her cargo we left Boston and in a few days we arrived at Thomaston, Maine, and hauled the schooner up and the captain paid us off.

I went up town and purchased a suit of clothes and next morning turned my face in the direction of home and took the long road for twenty-five miles back into the country.

CHAPTER III

ADVENTURES—TRAGIC AND COMIC.

OTHER VOYAGES.—SHOOTING A WHALE.—IN BOSTON FRIENDLESS.—A NIGHT IN A MURDEROUS DUNGEON.—SHIPPED TO PHILADELPHIA.—SICK AT PENN HOSPITAL.—THE POISONING SCRAPE.—STREET LIFE IN NEW YORK.—THE SAILOR'S BOARDING AND LODGING HOUSE.—THE BOARDING MISTRESS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

I stopped at home until spring and then set out again, going to Rockland which is three miles from Thomaston. From here I went on a fishing trip with Captain John Trundy in a little schooner by the name of Henry Clay.

We went out to what the old captain called the middle ground then bringing the schooner up in the wind let go of the anchor. But the depth of water did not suit the old man for cod fishing so we up with the anchor and went out a little farther. Pretty soon the captain said pointing with his finger to a tree which stood on a bluff on Mount Desert Rock,

"Now when that tree gets in line with that rock ahead there we will let the anchor go for we shall be on the fishing grounds."

In a few minutes he brought her to in about thirty fathoms of water and down went the hook. Our bait was fresh clams and he showed me how to bait my hook. I let my line run out with a great lump of lead for a sinker that weighed three pounds, and still the water was so deep I thought it would never reach the bottom but it got there after a while. Pretty soon I thought I had a bite for my hook had caught in some rocks on the bottom. When the tide swung the schooner around there was such a strain on my line I sung out to the captain and told him I had got hold of a halibut. The line was almost out and I thought I had lost my fish, line and all, so I took a turn with my line around a belaying pin in the rail and away went my line, breaking with a twang.

The captain furnished me with a new line. I put on another bait and let it run to the bottom. It had no more than reached the bottom when I began to pull in on the line. I would pull away for a while and then take a rest and then go at it again.

"I guess I have got him this time, captain," I said.

Pretty soon I heard something splashing in the water over the side so I gave a quick pull with my line and up came the largest lobster I ever saw. It was more than twenty-six inches in length and weighed seven pounds. The lobster had caught the lead with one claw and the bait with the other, and I made up my mind that he forgot to let go. The captain said he had been fishing all his life and that it was the largest lobster he had ever seen. That was all that was caught that day. We got the anchor up and sailed for the harbor of Mount Desert.

While passing the Rock lights a whale of pretty good size kept blowing around the schooner, so I asked the captain if I might take his gun and shoot the whale. He said I might if I could get a chance. The captain had an old flint-lock gun that was used in the Revolutionary War. I went down into the cabin and loaded up the old gun, putting in a "whale" of a charge. I put in about one inch of powder, then some paper and rammed that down, then I put in thirty buck-shot and some more paper, then two ounce balls and a little paper to keep them from falling out of the barrel. I came on deck and asked the captain where he had gone and he said that he had gone down to sound, and I said,

"I'll sound him if I get a good chance."

I went and stood in the prow, then the whale would blow under the stern, then I would run aft, then I went and stood midship and pretty soon I saw him coming. When he got right opposite he poked his nose out of the water and I give it to him in the blow hole. He blowed blood and water all over me and there was blood on the side of the schooner and on the deck. When the old gun went off it knocked me down and the gun struck the boom and broke the stock. By the time I picked myself up the whale came out of the water his whole length and roared like a mad bull and that was the last I saw of the whale for that day.

In two or three days a New Bedford whaler picked up a dead whale down by Little Green Island, about thirty miles from where I had shot at one. They took him on the beach to blubber him and when they cut into his head for the oil they found two ounce balls and a lot of buck-shot. This was a pretty good proof that it was the same whale that I shot at off Mount Desert. The men who picked up the whale said that his blow hole was badly shat-

tered by the buck-shot which caused his death. I felt proud to say that I had shot one of the largest fish that swims the ocean, when I was in my eleventh year. In a few day we went into Rockland and I left the Henry Clay.

Next I shipped in a ship by the name of Norseig and went up the Penobscot to Bangor. Here we loaded the vessel with lumber, then made our way down the river and out to sea. We were to land the lumber in Boston, Mass. We were only two days on the way. On arriving there I left the schooner and taking what few clothes I had in a small bundle made my way through Commercial Street. It being late at night I asked a man who was leaning against a lamp post if he could direct me to a place where I could obtain lodgings for the night. He told me to go to Cherry Street and keep the right hand side until I came to a brick block that had a black door with a brass knocker on the door and some stone steps in front.

While I was standing there a large Newfoundland dog came upon the steps and looked me in the face then licked my hand and whined, then ran out in the street and tried to entice me to go with him. I took hold of the brass knocker and lifted it up and then let it come down with a thud that made noise enough to wake the dead that had been buried for a century. The door opened and an old woman stood before me. I asked her if I could have lodging there for the night and went in. At the same time the dog put in his appearance again and passed in with me. The old woman led me through a long dark entry and at the extreme end were two doors. The one on the right she opened and the dog and I passed in.

When I got inside I took in the surroundings at a glance. There was no window in the room, on one side of the room was an old stove, an old clock stood in one corner, and there were three or four chairs. I took one of the chairs and sat down near an old table. After a while the old lady asked me if I would like some supper. I said it was getting late but I guessed I could get away with some if she gave the dog and I a chance. I thought I would speak a good word for the dog too. She put some bread and butter and a cup of tea on the table. When I sat up to the table the dog got under it and if the old lady moved the dog would growl. She said:

“I think you have a good dog there.” And I said.

"Yes, he is, and he would kill and eat up a man in a few minutes."

At the same time I did not know any more about the dog than she did. After supper I told the old lady I would retire so she got a piece of candle about an inch long then went into a room off from the kitchen near by where the stove was and brought out a key that I should think would have weighed half a pound.

"Follow me," she said.

We went out of the kitchen to a door at the end of the entry and this door she unlocked. Such a lock on a door I never saw before or since. It was about a foot long and six inches wide. I said to myself, "That is the god of all locks."

The door was opened and I walked in and the dog also. The old woman put the candle on a little shelf and without a word went out and locked the door on the outside. I did not like the looks of things but I was not scared of anything that had two legs, much more than those that had four.

After the door was locked I thought I would take a view of the room. It was about sixteen feet high and about fourteen feet wide by about twenty feet long. In the room were two beds, one on each side of the door, all there was for a window was a place about two feet square with iron gratings about twelve feet from the floor. There was a rug in the middle of the room. I took this up and found a trap door with a ring in the center. The floor was in places covered with spots of blood. In one of the beds was a large sized man; his hair was partly grey. I never got sight of his face for he kept it to the wall. Under his bed was an axe, about the size and shape of a broad axe. On both axe and handle were blood stains, so I took the axe and put it under my bed. I took off my coat, cap and boots and turned in with my pants on, sailor fashion, and the dog jumped on the bed and laid his head on my breast. He watched this man in the bed on the opposite side of the room and every time he made any signs of moving the dog with his heavy voice that would cause the bed to tremble like a leaf in the wind would growl defiance, as much as to say you had better stay where you are if you know when you are safe.

The bold dog watched over me for the whole of the night and never closed his eyes. The faint light of early dawn came to tell the sleeper that day was drawing near, yet the old man in the bed

was still there but in a little while that big half of a pound key turned in that tremendous lock.

I jumped up and was not long in getting my clothes on and walked out into the kitchen, where I met the old woman who said: "The top of the morning to you."

And I said. "Yes, the top of the night to you." I had not closed an eye for the whole night long. I did not stop for any breakfast but paid the old woman twenty-five cents and took my departure.

When I got out on the street this dog that had watched over me the whole night long followed me to the corner of the first street that I came to, then looked up in my face as much as to say good-by, wagged his tail and went on his way and that was the last I ever saw of him. I made up my mind that if I had had a good sum of money and that old man and woman had known it I should have been murdered, but they were afraid of the dog so I came off scott free.

About noon I was walking along Commercial Street when an old Jew caught me by the collar of my coat and pulled me into his store. Over the door was a sign "Flukers, Whaler Shippers," and he wanted me to ship on a seven years whaling voyage and I said I did not want to go whaling. He put a new suit of clothes on me and said how nice they looked. After he had got me all rigged out he thought he had enticed me to go by the new suit of clothes. But he could not buy me for a cent. He asked me if the clothes fit me and I said yes and with that I walked out and down the street. He started after me but went back to the store and sent a policeman after me. I told the policeman that the Jew pulled me into his place and put them on me against my will and that I walked off. He said that he had a good mind to let me go off with them but I went back and took them off. Old Flukers never pulled me into his store after that.

There was a large schooner came into Boston Harbor in a storm, from Dick's Island, Me., loaded with granite and bound for the city of Philadelphia. The captain wanted a cook so I shipped with him. The schooner was the J. R. Bodwell of Rockland, Me. After the storm cleared away we set sail around Cape Cod and out to sea. We had a pleasant passage and in a few days reached Philadelphia. While there I got sick and left the vessel and went to the William Penn Hospital, where I liked to have lost my life. The hospital is a large granite building and in

front is a life-size statute of William Penn for whom the hospital is named.

While here for treatment I was in a ward with about sixty patients, and there was a man whose duty it was to deliver to each patient his medicine. This man was cross and ugly and if he thought anyone had a sum of money about his person they were sure to get a bad dose, or if he got mad with a patient he would be apt to get a dose also. On the opposite side of the ward from my bed was a colored man who had one of his legs amputated.

One day a man came into the ward and took out some papers for this colored man to sign and then paid him some sixty dollars that was due him from the ship which he had left before coming to the hospital. This man served out the medicine to the patients and saw the man paid. In five minutes after he took his medicine he began to sing out "Oh, I am freezing! I am freezing!"

The second time the negro repeated it he was dead; in two minutes more a door was opened and a man took hold of his arms and another his feet and threw the dead body on an elevator, it was then lowered into a cellar for the practice of dissecting. After the body had been disposed of the money was missing and the man who dealt out the medicine was accused of it.

This hospital had a dining-room for the patients who were able to go to the table. One day this man who served out the medicine and I had some hard words. We had milk for our dinner, about a quart in a dish for each man.

This man put it on the table a few minutes before the bell rang. A man from one of the other wards sat next to me and while we were eating I said to him.

"Aint this milk got a funny taste?"

"Yes" he said "it tastes sweet."

After we drank our milk we got up from the table and went out at the same time. In a minute everything grew dark before me and I was so weak I could hardly walk to my bed. The other man got to his bed and went to sit down in a chair at the foot of the bed but as he sat down he fell dead upon the floor. I accused the man who dealt out the medicine of putting strychnine in the milk.

The next morning after the milk scrape I saw the doctor and told him that I wanted my discharge from the hospital. He said

if I took my discharge without his 'discharging me of his own account that I could not come back again. But I told him I would come back when I wanted to die.

Physicians of my former choice
Receive my counsel and advice;
Be not offended though I tell
The dire effects of calomel.

The man in death begins to groan,
The fatal job for him is done;
His soul is winged for heaven or hell.
A sacrifice to calomel.

Then when I must resign my breath
Pray let me die a natural death;
And bid you all a long farewell
Without one dose of calomel.

So I got my papers and went out on the street and got a negro with a hand-cart to take me and my bundle to the ferry. I crossed the river and took the train for New York arriving there late in the afternoon. New York was to me a world of wonders with its bustle and excitement. For days I wandered up and down its streets through the day and at night would stow myself away on some wharf among bales of hay, dry goods boxes or crockery crates. Any convenient place where I could pass the long and lonely night hours.

Here I was in a large city without money, work or friends. What was I to do? And yet only a boy in my twelfth year. I thought of the words I had heard "Be up and doing while the day lasts for when the night comes thou canst not see." But I was young and had all my life before me, and I said that I was going to see some of the world if it cost me my life. This theory I followed.

One morning I crawled out from my hiding place and struck out for the thickest part of the city to see how people lived in such crowded and narrow streets. I went up Broadway until I got to the post-office then I switched off for the Bowery. After passing up this street for two miles and taking in all the sights I stood off on another street where the sights were to be seen. I have forgotten the name of this street which was very narrow and dirty. I

passed down this street Saturday afternoon after the venders had got back from their day's toil and the street was so crowded with the carts and wagons of those men who peddle fruits of various kinds that one could not pass down the street unless by the sidewalk.

The buildings on this street were three stories high and after the people came down from the second and third stories to the sidewalk there was not much room for a stranger to pass by.

After taking in all the nations which made up the inhabitants of this street I made a start on my way through the crowd. I had not gone far before I was compelled to step over the forms of the female sex as they were lying upon the sidewalk. A little further on two women were fighting over their children because one had thrown some dirt into the other's eyes. Next I came across a dog fight and a little beyond this was another scrap, a dog had a cat at bay the little boys setting the dog on while the cat had his back up and his fur standing on end.

The next fracas was a cock fight. One man said to another who was holding a fighting bird in his hands "I will bet ten dollars my bird whips yours." So the two cocks were put on the ground and went into it for all they were worth. They had steel spurs, about two inches long, fastened to their legs. They flew at each other a number of times and in a few minutes one keeled over on his back with the spurs of his antagonist through his head. This settled the fight. Then you would see a man, full of alcohol, going along the street swearing that he could lick everybody on the street and that he 'did not care a G— D— for anybody.

The street was full of half starved young-ones, ragged and dirty, of all colors and ages. This is what one may expect to see on some of the streets in New York city, as well as other large cities. And so the world goes on from one generation to another.

As the Englishman says,
"The rich is rich;
And the poor is poor;
But God save the Queen."

After my reconnoitre of this street I returned to my hiding place on the wharf on the East River. Morning came and I was out of my hiding place bright and early. I saw a schooner haul-

ing into the wharf but a little distance from where I had put in the night. I went aboard of her and found out that she was loaded with bags of flour. They were to commence discharging her cargo at seven o'clock that morning and the captain said he would give me twenty cents per hour so I went to work.

The work went on all right until about noon when the tide was going out, the plank that we had to walk on to the wharf got to be on a slant of about sixty degrees and it was pretty hard to walk the plank without slipping off into the water. I had a bag on my back and got about half way up the plank when I lost my balance and to save myself from being wet I let go of the bag and into the water it went. I fished it out and got it on deck. The captain made me pay him a dollar for it being wet and then the bag of flour belonged to me. About an inch of the outside was wet but the rest was good and I sold it for two dollars. So I did not lose anything for I had my day's pay and made a dollar on the bag of flour. We were two or three days unloading the schooner and after she was discharged I had some money to help myself with.

I went up on a street that ran from Peck slip towards the Bowery, where there were a number of sailor boarding houses. I called at one place where it said on a sign over the door "Sailors Boarding and Lodging House." At this place I rapped on the door and a young woman came to the door, I asked her if she could accommodate me with board and lodgings until I could get a ship. The bargain was made and the price set at four dollars per week.

I boarded until I had paid all of my money out and then I stayed until I had shipped. There were five or six sailors beside myself. For the first two or three days the board was pretty good but after that things got pretty bad. The boarding Mistress had one servant girl. This boarding mistress was a widow but there was a man that was mate of a ship who was keeping her company but he was away on a long voyage at this time. His name was Jack. I came in one day pretty hungry and there was not any dinner, and the mistress was out, so I asked the servant if there was to be any dinner. She said that the mistress said she could cook what little she wanted herself and not to mind the rest. On the strength of that I went down street and got some dinner in a saloon.

In the evening I thought I would watch her performance for

she would go off up the street every evening and not get back until late at night. Her room was on the front side next to the street and right back of this was another room which in the evening was dark. By being in this room anybody could look right through her room and see all that was going on. I sat here a few minutes when the land-lady came in and began to rig herself up for her evening travels. In the first place she took a key and unlocked a large trunk, then took out a piece of soap and had a wash. Then took some white stuff that looked like chalk and put that all over her face and she looked like a ghost.

Then she took some red stuff and put that on her face and lips. She went to the trunk and took out a big thing, I should think as large round as my leg, and put that around her waist; then took out a pair of pads and pulled them on; then put on a curly wig and put in a set of false teeth then stuffed in two pads as large as a man's head into her bosom. And I said to myself she is a made up thing. Pretty feathers make pretty birds. There she was with her padded legs, her bustle, bosom pads, a wig, false teeth, and face and mouth painted. After she got all rigged out and put some odors on her bosom and handkerchief, she viewed herself in the glass and went out with a hop, skip and jump.

As she went out the front way I skipped out the back way and on up the street behind her. I kept sight of her until she got up in the Bowery, then she went into a beer garden. The land-lady took a seat near the center of the room where she could attract the attention of a certain class of people. While I was looking around I saw one of the boarders who had left her place because he got starved out. While I was telling him how I saw her rig herself up, she pulled up her dress so that anyone could see half way to her knee, so as to show her pretty padded leg. Soon a "tall hatter" with kid gloves and cane spied it out and went over where she was. He said to her.

"Madam, I hope I see you well this evening."

"Oh, quite well, thank you."

"He thought he had found something nice but if he had known how she was rigged out it would have opened his eyes. There she sat looking like a queen and the poor fool treated her up in great style. I suppose she told him she was single but I bet she did not hint to him that she was all padded up. After a while he said to her

"Did you notice how pleasant it is out on the street this evening?"

"Very pleasant, sir, indeed."

"I suppose you reside near the East River, do you not, madam?"

"Yes sir."

Well, that's right on my way home."

"Ah, indeed!"

He explained to her that he thought it was rather crowded and asked her to take a walk on the street, so out they went. Myself and this other boarder went out behind them. They struck off toward the East River.

After they had gone a little way I told this boy who was with me what to say and he began to sing out "Old bustle, old false teeth, old padded legs."

We kept back in the dark so they could not see us. When they got down near the East River we switched off and I got back to the boarding-house and went to bed. In a little while she came in the front way and unrigging herself, turned in for the rest of night.

In the morning they happened to have some breakfast and while we were all at the table I said to the mistress,

"I suppose you took in the theatre last night, did you not?"

"Who, me? No sir-ee. I was up on the Bowery, and I fell in with a gentleman who came down street a little way with me. Two boys came down the street behind us and one of them kept singing out "old false teeth, old padded legs." Oh, how mad I was, if I only could have got hold of him I would have torn him into shoe strings."

Then she put her foot out and said, "I aint got no padded legs. Have I, Sam?" I said,

"No, they look like two broom sticks."

"There now, Sam, you shut up, I think that is mean to talk so about me or my nice form. Why, I never heard the like before. I wish Jack had been with me I'll bet that boy would have caught it."

The next morning I went into the shipping office to see if there was any chance of getting a ship. There was captain about to ship a crew to go to Buenos Ayres, South America. I signed articles with this captain receiving in advance a note good for

forty dollars when cashed. All hands and the cook were to be aboard bright and early Monday morning.

Monday came but the boarding mistress had my bag of clothes stowed away and was trying to cheat me out of them. I had given her my note to get cashed and take out the pay for my board but she wouldn't. However I had got the store room door open and got my clothing out. Because I had got ahead of her this time she got mad and flew around the house in great shape. I said,

"You pay me my money, for I want to be going."

"No," she said, "you sha'n't have your clothes or the money." Then I said,

"I'll give you just ten minutes to square up with me, and if you don't come to terms in that time I'll make you a madder woman than you ever saw."

She got so raging that she threw some of the furniture at me. First she threw a chair, I caught it and passed it through the window out into the street; next came a cricket and that went after the chair; then came her work-basket, thread, needles and pins strewn over the floor. Next was a broom and out the window that went; then came her shoes and I said, "Here goes for the shoemaker, for they want to be mended," and out the window they went.

Then she threw her bustle and I said, "Throw those pads." Then I threw a pillow which hit her head and by the force of the pillow she fell to the floor.

That settled the row, then I went to the Tombs and stated my case. They sent a policeman with me to the boarding-house and the officer asked her if she had my clothes and the cash note.

She said yes, then the officer told her he would give her just thirty minutes to get the note cashed and take out four dollars for a week's board, and to pay me the rest and give me my clothes or he would put her where she would not want to be. So I got square with her and taking my money went up on Broadway and purchased a Kentucky rifle and everything to go with it, powder, balls, bullet mould, and a huge bowie-knife. Then I went on board the good ship Fairy Bell.

CHAPTER IV

LIFE WITH THE INDIANS.

THE VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA.—ON A SHEEP RANCH.—CAPTURED BY THE INDIAN.—THE CEREMONY OF ADOPTION.—NAMED BUCKSKIN SAM.—THE PATAGONIAN PLAINS.—GEOGRAPHY, CLIMATE, ANIMALS AND INHABITANTS.—EXCITEMENT OF HUNTING EXPEDITIONS.

One morning a steam tug took us in tow to Sandy Hook and then in about an hour pilot boat Number Two came along side and took in the pilot. He shook hand with the captain and wished a safe passage and God speed him on his way. This ship was a large one of eighteen hundred tons burden. Her crew consisted of the captain, first, second and third mates, boatswain, carpenter, and twenty men before the mast. I shipped as royal boy, whose duty it is to go to the mast head and unfurl the royal sail and to furl it before a storm comes on.

After the pilot boat left I went up aloft and unfurled the royal while the rest of the crew were loosing the remainder of her sails. She had a fair wind and plenty of it. Soon Sandy Hook was left far astern, while the blue-clad mountains of New York state loomed up in the far distance, and soon we were out of sight of land. You may see that large fish, the whale, coming to the surface to get a new supply of air, then down he goes again to sound and find what depth of water he may be in, because they are very cautious of the depth of water they enter. Then the next we saw a school of porpoise, I should think there were about a million of them, all going in one direction and that against the wind. A porpoise is like a whale all except the head part, a whale has a square nose, and a porpoise has a nose like that of a pig. They come to the surface of the water to blow and to take in a fresh supply of air the same as a whale.

One day as I was coming down the rigging I spied a couple of fish, about three feet long and of a bluish color, and about ten or twelve feet under water. I asked the mate what kind of fish they were and he said they were dolphin. Those two fish followed the ship for several days, so one day the mate thought he would try

to catch one of them. He got a strong hook and line, then took a piece of red rag and a piece of white rag, each about an inch wide and three inches long, and made them fast to the hook for a bait. He went out on the jib-boom when the wind was blowing and the ship going ten miles an hour, the hook with the rags would skip along on the water and the dolphin would think it was a flying fish and grab the hook. While the mate was fishing I went down below and brought up my rifle. I stood watching the two dolphins and pretty soon I saw one start for the hook, as he came to the top of the water I shot at him and hit him fair in the eye, and he leaped out of the water about ten feet. The mate did not like it but I told him that I might have the fun of shooting him as well as he catching him with a hook.

I saw what is called the cow-fish. They are somewhat like the whale only smaller in size, about twelve or fifteen feet in length. There was another curious thing, I suppose it is called a fish. It is a kind of jelly fish and is called the Portuguese-man-of-war. They are of a bluish or purple color and float upon the surface of the water. They glide over the water whichever way the wind or tide may happen to carry them. Sometimes I would see them when the wind was blowing hard with their little sails up and whirling around as the ship went by. There is another kind of jelly-fish called the sun-squaw. They are about as large as a dinner plate and have long straggling feelers which hang beneath them in the water. These they keep opening and closing all the time as though they enjoyed the heat of the sun's rays.

When we crossed the Gulf Stream I caught a lot of gulf weed. It is funny looking stuff about as fine as thread and of a buff color. It is intermixed with little bulbs about as large as small peas, which are hollow and full of wind; by being so constructed they float upon the water. Once in a while we would see a great man-eating shark plowing his way through the blue water a little way from the ship's side, casting his evil eye toward the man who might be going aloft, as if wishing to make a meal of him, or of some unfortunate sailor who might fall overboard and so supply him with a dinner.

Sometimes we would sail through the water when it looked as though it was all afire. We could see fish darting through the fire and they looked like a streak of lightning or a Roman candle going through the air on a dark night. Then I saw a little bird

not larger than a sparrow, black in color with a white spot on its back. They are called "Mother Carey's chickens." I saw this bird a couple of thousand miles from land flying over the broad ocean. In a storm this little bird, which is sometimes called the stormy petrel, will fly under the lea of a ship and make a mournful noise which all sailors dread to hear. For it is said that it is a sure sign of a coming storm or a death on board ship.

The stormy petrel up and down
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
Amid the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home.

After a long voyage we arrived at the city of Buenos Ayres, situated at the mouth of the Parana. It is the capital of the Argentine Republic and one of the most important cities of South America. It exports large quantities of tallow, hides, horns, and large herds of cattle from the pampas, or plains. Here in this far away city, among all nations, as well as Indians, I went ashore to mingle with the different kinds of people.

I did not go ashore at this place to stop among civilized people but went to where a white man never put his foot or trod the southern soil with my rifle as my only true friend. After I had traveled a long way with my rifle on my shoulder, far from civilization I came upon a sheep ranch which belonged to a Scotchman. He had a number of thousand of sheep and he wanted me to stop on his sheep ranch. A sheep kraal in that country is made by driving poles into the ground and weaving bushes between the poles, this forms a circle about a half a mile around. A kraal of that size would hold a number of thousand of sheep. The sheep are turned out of the kraal in the morning and watched by the herder and guarded from any wild beast and the Indians, then at night they are driven into the kraal for the night. The herder has his camp near the sheep kraal so as to be on the lookout at all times. He generally keeps two or three sheep dogs to help drive the sheep.

I stopped with this man whose name was Cummings. About fifty miles from this ranch he had a smaller one on which there were two thousand sheep. For help and company he let me have one of his dogs, named Wolf. He looked more like a wolf than

a dog, for he had a great bushy tail, little peaked ears, sharp nose and a wolfish head. I thought that he was rightly named but he was a good 'dog and kept a sharp lookout.

One morning Mr. Cummings saddled two half wild horses, one for me and the other for himself. On one side of my saddle hung a greenhide rope about as large around as your finger and about thirty feet long, what is called a lasso or bolas. Then on the back part of the saddle was rolled a blanket. There was a pack horse with a bag of flour, some hard tack, pork, tea, coffee, sugar, ham, sweet potatoes, and cooking apparatus.

After everything was made ready we mounted our good steeds and were off on a long trail over the plains in the direction of the Rio Negro River. The whole route was an open plain, cold, bleak and barren, with a bush here and there. About dusk we came to our camp. I was quite sore and lame from my long ride, not being used to the saddle. It was quite a journey for a boy of my age. We did not see any game worth speaking about while crossing the plains, except a number of flocks of grouse, and a few partridge, quail and plover, and a number of foxes at a distance. It was quite late in the evening when we reached the camp. We unsaddled our horses and hitching them with the lasso we let them crop the grass until morning. Taking our blankets we went into camp. All there was that you might call by that name was a few sticks driven into the ground and some laid across the top, thatched with long grass, the sides were like the top; as for the floor that consisted of Mother Earth, with a little dried grass over it. On this we spread our blankets for the night. It was so strange to me that I could hardly close my eyes, everything was so still except the little cricket that would creak, and once in a while a sheep would bleat for her lamb that had strayed away.

Mr. Cummings had a man on this ranch who was half Spanish and half Indian. But he did not take good care of the flock of sheep and he wished to make a change as quick as he could get, some one more trustworthy. This half-breed had a dog that belonged to Mr. Cummings. It was born on the South Platte so he was named Platty, so I had two dogs, Wolf and Platty. Platty was not a sheep dog but watched the camp. He was half bull and terrier; his color was brindle with a white spot on the side of his head; and his ears and tail were cropped; it made him look quite savage. He was as good a watch dog as ever was in

camp. If there was anything around the camp that 'did not belong there you would soon know it for there was nothing within a half mile that escaped his little black eyes.

The next morning we were up bright and early; the sheep were turned out upon the plains and it was quite a sight to see them.

They were all marked upon their back, head or shoulders with paint of some color, red, black or blue, such as the mark or color of their owners might be. Every owner has his own mark so if the sheep get mixed up each one can tell his own. The marks are different on each flock. Sometimes one mark would be a cross of red paint on the fore shoulder; another man's flock would have a round ring of blue paint on the rump; or a letter upon their backs. Sometimes one ear will be slit and the end cut off, that is called a cut and slit; then you might see one with the end of the ear cut off and a notch cut in the edge of the ear, that is called a happany cut.

In few days Mr. Cummings took the pack horse, and the half-breed and his horse, and went back to the large ranch. But before going he gave me my orders to keep a sharp lookout for the Indians, for they would come down often from the Rio Negro river, in small parties, on a thieving expedition to the lower plains. But there had not been any raids that season, up to the time of my coming to the small ranch. When the sheep were out on the plains we would have a strap with a bell on it around the old buck's neck, for he is the leader of the flock and the one you have to watch. Sometimes he will run and that causes a stampede, the whole might run two or three miles before they could be stopped. Sometimes an eagle will come swooping down from the sky like an arrow, and catching up a young lamb bear it off in its strong claws to some high crag, and that would cause a stampede. Sometimes, even a rabbit jumping out from a bush, or a horse-fly biting a sheep on the nose would cause them all to run a mile or more before they would get over their fright so they could be stopped. Thus you can see at a glance that anyone having a couple of thousand sheep to herd has something to do.

In this month, and on the 16th of June, 1850; I was twelve years of age, and was made a prisoner by the powerful Piutes Indians, fifty miles east of the Rio Negro river. One day while I was a short distance from my camp, it being a warm day and the

sheep giving me no trouble, I was lying down upon the grass near a small clump of bushes partly asleep, I was aroused by the growling of my dog, which brought me to my feet, and but a few yards away I saw a band of Indians. I brought up my old Kentucky rifle, drawing a bead on the leader of the band and shot him through the arm; then they all made a dash at me with knife in hand. I drew my knife and putting the blade between my teeth began to load my rifle; but before I got my rifle loaded one of the Indians had come up behind me upon his horse and thrown his bolas at me, which brought me to the ground.

There I was instantly bound hand and feet, then put upon my horse and with some of the sheep hurried away. But before going I made a sign to them to free my hands for a few minutes. Then I took a piece of sheep skin and wrote on it of my capture, then tied it to Platty's collar so that after I had gone the dog would go to the large ranch where Mr. Cummings was, and then he would know of my capture.

The Indians ransacked my camp and plundered what they could take away with them conveniently. Ten started with me and their booty in a westerly direction towards the Rio Negro river, which we forded. Then after crossing the river we went in a southwesterly direction to the plains of the La Platte, which is called the Pampas of Patagonia.

In a couple of days we arrived at the Indian camp. The camp was situated upon a little rise of ground that overlooked the plains for miles around. Within a few hundred yards of their encampment was a small brook that was fed by a large spring, and threaded its way onward to some of the large rivers that found their way into the great ocean.

The Indians' camp was made of the skins of the guanaco. Their tents are made by driving long poles into the ground and covering them with skins, having the flesh side out. Upon the outside of these skins there are curious designs which are painted upon each skin or hide. And they believe these signs are good luck to whatever they represent. I saw upon one skin the representation of a white man and a sheep, and I supposed this was a representation of myself or Mr. Cummings.

I will now endeavor to give my readers a plain history of how the Indians adopt a prisoner into their tribe. The first performance they take him to a spring, brook or river, strip and wash him

all over from his head to his feet. They say this is done to take out the white blood. Then they stain him all over with a stain which is made from the bark of a certain kind of tree. Then he is tied up and the young Indians test his courage by shooting blunted arrows at different parts of the body. It will not kill you but it is very painful to undergo the performance.

The next is to cast a horse, make the prisoner sit down on the animal, facing east, and then the horse's throat is cut. While he is struggling in his last moments between life and death you must drink three swallows of the blood. Then they all form a ring, Indians, squaws, big Injin, little Injin, and big squaw and little squaw; and they all dance around in a ring and the dogs join in barking and growling and snapping at each other. In all the din of noise is enough to drive a tame animal wild. Next the prisoner is made to run around the carcass of the dead horse three times; then stand upon him with your right hand pointing to the east and your left to the west. Now the whole tribe dance around you, then you are taken to the old chief to be christened. So you see what a captive has to go through in order to receive a different name from the one given him by his parents.

The interior of the old chief's tent was decorated all around with the bright plumage feathers of different birds, and the tails and horns of different kinds of animals. In the center of his tent was a rudely constructed platform, by forked sticks driven into the ground with other sticks laid across. These were covered over with long grass, then over the grass there was a robe made from the skin of a lion and around the edge of the robe was sewed the tails of the fox.

So here I stood before the great chief upon his throne, and the ruler of the whole tribe. One of the sub chiefs took me before the head chief, and told him I had shot the leader of his band through the arm. The old chief said I was a young brave to fight his band single handed. Then he looked me all over from my head to my feet and saw that I had on a buckskin suit; then he asked me my name and I said Sam. Then he said, "I will call you Buckskin Sam." And by this name I am best known to the world.

"This world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh.
'Tis not the whole of life to live
Nor all of death to die."

Patagonia, as it presented itself to my observation, more than answers the description of geographers—bleak, barren, desolate beyond conception, only to be appreciated by being seen. Viewed from the Straits of Magellan, it rises in gentle undulations, or terraces, far as the eye can see. In a westerly direction it assumes a more broken and hilly appearance, and long ranges of mountains extending from north to south, divide the eastern from the western shore. The soil is of a light sandy character, and bears nothing worth the name of tree. Low bushes or underwood are tolerably abundant, and in the valleys a coarse wiry grass grows luxuriantly. Streams of water are rare, the Indians draw their supply principally from the springs or pools in the valley the water of which is generally brackish and disagreeable.

The variety of animal is nearly as limited as that of vegetable productions. The guanaco, an animal allied to the lama, and with some resemblance to the giraffe, is found in considerable numbers. It is larger than the red deer, fleet of foot, usually found in large herds, frequenting not only the plains but found along the course of the River Andes. Its flesh is the principal article of food; its skin is dyed with the hair on in such a way that when wet it retains its pliability and softness. This process of preserving skins seems to be peculiar to the Indian tribes alone. It is not unlike that by which buffalo skins, bear skins, buck-skins and other articles are prepared by North American Indians.

Guanaco skins are cut into pieces of all sizes and sewed into a thousand fanciful patterns, every workman originating a style to suit himself. The hoofs are sometimes turned to account by the Indians as soles for shoes when they indulged in such a luxury which is not often. The enemy of the guanaco is the American lion, smaller than his African namesake, and more resembling the tiger in his character and habits, having a smooth, sleek coat of a brownish yellow color. Altogether he is a very beautiful but ferocious animal. His chase is a favorite, though rare and dangerous sport of the Indians. They also hunt the skunk whose flesh is used for food. There are also foxes and innumerable mice.

Of birds, the only noticeable varieties are the condor in the Andes; and on the plains, the cassawary, a species of ostrich, smaller than that of Africa. Its plumage is not abundant, gen-

erally of a gray or dun color. Its flesh is tender and sweet, and with the fat much prized by the Indians. Like the African ostrich it is exceedingly swift only to be captured on horse-back, and often fleet enough to outrun the fastest horses.

The climate is very severe. The Rio Negro river forms the northern boundry, and nearly the whole country is south of the parallel of 40 degrees south latitude. At the time of my capture, which was in the month of June, the weather corresponded with that of December in the eastern states. Its chilliness, however, was greatly increased by the bleak winds of that exposed locality. Hurricanes sweep over the plains with great fury.

The habits of the Patagonians, or the Indians of that tribe among whom I was cast, are migratory, wandering over the plains in search of game, or as their caprice may prompt them. They subsist altogether on the flesh of animals and birds. The guanaco furnishes most of their food, and all their clothing. A mantle of skins, sewed with the sinews of the ostrich, fitting closely about the neck and extending below the knee, is their only article of dress, except in the coldest weather, when a kind of shoe made of the hoof and a portion of the skin above it, serves to protect their extremities. In person they are large, appearing gigantic; they are taller than any Indian I have ever seen, though it is impossible to give any accurate description. The only measurement I had was my own height, which is five feet six inches. I have many a time stood under their arms and many of them were head and shoulders taller than myself. I should think some of them were seven to seven and a half feet in height. They have well developed chests, and enormous strength. Their heads are large and have high cheek bones like the Indian of the far West. Their eyes are full, black and expressive. The hair is long, black, straight and coarse. Their teeth are attractive, sound and white. Their voice is deep and heavy, and when speaking sounds as though they had some pudding in their mouths.

For weapons the Chief and some of the principal men had short swords. They had no fire-arms, bows and arrows, shears, or war clubs. All of the Indians carried knives; and the bolas, a weapon used in the capture of all kinds of game. This consists of two round stones, or lead balls if they can be procured, each weighing about a pound connected by a strap or thong of leather ten or

twelve feet long. When engaged in the chase, his horse at its highest speed, the rider holds one ball in his hand and whirls the other rapidly above his head. It is hurled with unerring aim and strikes the victim dead, or coils inextricably around him and brings him to the ground, a helpless mark for the hunter's knife.

When the tribe remained in camp they divided their time between gambling and hunting. When I accompanied the hunters, as I sometimes did, I was sure to bring down something with my rifle, and to get something to eat towards night, as they invariably kindled a fire and cooked part of the game on the spot where it was killed. Their method of cooking all kinds of meats was by throwing pieces into the fire, or on a stick over it until smoked and dried, then devouring it without salt or pepper. Cooking the ostrich forms an exception; the feathers are plucked out, the bones dissected and removed, hot stones are placed within the body, the skin is tightly sewed together, and the whole is partially roasted on the embers. The lacings are then cut and the meat served up. If any fragments of the repast remain, they are slung to the backs of the saddles, and so begrimed with dust as to defy all conjecture as to their quality or origin. These choice morsels are proffered to the home department, and received with smiles of gratitude and devoured with a great relish. The plumage of the ostrich, though beautiful, was not at all valued by the Indians. Large quantities of the feathers are blown all over the country without attracting the least regard, while the Indians disfigure themselves with paint and load their persons with the cheapest of all trumpery, brass and copper and beads picked up from traders or stolen.

Patagonia, as before mentioned, has no trees, but is covered here and there, in patches with a kind of underbush of scrub growth. The plains extend back for hundreds of miles from the Atlantic coast, like a vast rolling prairie. This affords a clear and excellent hunting-ground, with nothing to conceal the game, or hinder the pursuer, except now and then a clump of low bushes or tall grass of the marshes. From two to four hundred Indians on horse-back, headed by their leader, each having the bolas and his long knife tucked beneath his belt; and the whole followed by an innumerable pack of dogs of every description make up a hunting party. As far as the eye can reach their gigantic forms may be seen with their long hair streaming in the wind. Pres-

ently a thickness is perceived in the air and a cloud of dust rises, a sure indication that a herd of guanacos has been beaten up and is now approaching. All eyes are fixed intently on the cloud; it soon appears as if several acres of earth were alive and in rapid motion. There is a herd of from five hundred to a thousand of these animals rushing forward at their utmost speed. The Indians may be seen running their horses at break-neck pace, putting themselves in the course of the living tide. When within twenty or thirty yards he jerks his bolas from his girdle, and whirling it violently above his head lets it fly. The weapon usually strikes the head or neck of the animal, winds itself about his legs bringing him to the ground. The hunter dismounts, cuts the victim's throat, remounts and is again in pursuit. The whirling bolas, unerring in its aim, brings down another and another, till the party are satisfied with their chase and their prey. The dogs fall upon the poor animals, when rendered helpless by the bolas, and often cruelly mangle them before the hunter has time to dispatch them. Seldom does anyone miss the game he marks. It is the height of ambition among them, the last result of their training, to excel in the chase.

The sport being over, next comes the dressing of the meat. The body is split open, the entrails removed, the heart and large veins opened to permit the blood to flow into the cavity. The Indians scoop up with their hands and eagerly drink the blood. When their thirst is satisfied the remainder is poured into certain of the intestines selected for the purpose, to become (to their accommodating tastes) a luxury as highly prized as any so called Bolonga. The ribs are disjoined from the backbone and, with head, discarded as worthless. The body is thrown across the horse's back and conveyed to the camp. Arrived at camp, or their wigwams, the chivalrous hunters never unload their beasts, but lean upon the horse's necks till the squaws come out and relieve them of the spoil. They then dismount, unsaddle their horses and turn them loose.

Their mode of dealing with the carcass of the guanaco is enough to dissipate whatever appetizing qualities the meat—in itself very palatable—would otherwise possess. It was no very uncommon circumstance while the squaws were removing the hide to see the dogs tugging at the other end of the carcass. The squaws meanwhile cry out, "Eh, ah" in a dissuasive, though not

angry tone. If the animal became too audacious the ire of their mistress was kindled and they would break out with "Cashuran cashahy." A phrase equivalent to that which in English directs its object to a region unmentionable in ears polite.

The skins of the young guanacos are selected for mantles, on account of the superior softness and fineness of the hair. Nearly a dozen skins are used for a single mantle, as a large part of each is esteemed unfit for use and thrown away. The skins, while green, are stretched to their utmost tension upon the ground to dry. When partially dried they are scraped on the flesh side with a stone, sharpened to a thin edge, sprinkled the while with water to facilitate the operation. When the surface is made smooth and of a uniform thickness, it is actively scoured with a coarse grained stone till it has a bright polish. The skin is again dried, then crumpled and twisted in the hands until it becomes perfectly soft and pliable.

The thread, as has been stated, is made from the sinews of the ostrich. These are extracted by the exertion of great strength, and divided into strings about the size of ordinary shoe-thread. They are then twisted, the ends scraped to a point, and when dry become stiff. They are now ready for use.

Two pieces of skin are cut to fit each other. The tailoress holds the edges together with the left hand, and drills them for sewing with a sharp pointed bone held between the first two fingers of the right hand; the pointed thread, held between the finger and thumb, is inserted and drawn through; and so the work goes on. The stitches are fine and a very neat seam is made. Other pieces are added and when the whole is finished, the seams are rubbed smooth with bone.

The fur being worn inside there remains the work of outside decoration. With a quantity of clay, blood, charcoal and grease, amalgamated for the purpose, the artist arms herself with a stick, for a brush, and executes divers figures in black on a red ground which if intended to shadow forth men require a vigorous imagination to detect the likeness. They might pass for unhappy ghosts (if a little more ethereal in composition) or for deformed trees. They bear a rude resemblance to a chair in profile or a figure 4, and are thickly disposed over the whole surface in the attitude vulgarly termed "spoon-fashion."

The garment is now complete; the edges are carefully trimmed

with a knife; and the fabric is then thrown over the shoulders, with the infallible certainty of fitting as closely as the Indian tastes require. A "genteel fit" is the easiest thing in the world; herein the Patagonian tailors have decidedly the advantage of their fellow-craftsmen in civilized countries.

Our expedition took us in a west-north-west direction, and in our progress we not only secured abundant game of the ordinary varieties but I encountered and shot a young lion, the first specimen I had seen in the country, although I had seen their skins in possession of the Indians and heard stories of their chase. This was a young animal about the size of a small calf two months old. I was riding with the chief one day across a piece of low bushy ground, when the dogs gave tongue that they scented some unusual animal. We halted and the chief cried out to the dogs "Chew, chew!" Then they were off in great haste, rushing here and there, barking and growling, and soon drove the lion from his cover. The other Indians but a short distance off, ascertaining what was up, made a dash for the lion, with a reinforcement of dogs from all quarters. Horses, riders and dogs, from the smallest to the largest gave battle. Hallooing, barking, howling enough to frighten any wild or tame animal out of his senses. Some were running full tilt to cut off his escape; while the hunters, bareheaded, leaning forward in their saddles and urging their horses to their utmost speed, then whirling the bolas above their heads let fly with vengeance, but with no other effect than to arrest the furious animal, causing him to turn in desperation on the dogs and drive them back howling with pain. Others of the pack watching their opportunity would spring upon his back and fasten their teeth in his flesh. He brushed them off with a stroke of his paw, as if they had been flies, and was again in motion, halting occasionally to give fight to his nearest enemy. The Indians press around him and the battle grows fiercer. "Chew! Chew!" roar the Indians and the dogs return fresh to fight.

Amidst the howling of the wounded dogs I brought up my old Kentucky rifle and bowled him over upon the plain. As he lay there stretched out upon the plain his huge jaws quivered in death, while his eyes had a frightful glare. He was a beautiful animal with soft, sleek fur of a light brown color; head and eyes large and full, and sparkling with ferocity. I now robbed him of his handsome robe and threw it across my saddle, then went on.

Some ostrich were soon started, then the chief put speed to his horse and darted away. The bolas is suddenly hurled at his victim, the chief still sitting in his saddle to watch its effect. His horse suddenly stops, he dismounts, seizes the entangled bird by the neck, and swings it violently around until its neck is broken. Then the whole hunting party is under march for the encampment, where they are welcomed by their squaws.

CHAPTER V.

ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.

After being with the Indians and their chiefs all of these years that had passed and gone, I made up my mind to escape from the tribe, for which I had planned in times past. The first thing was to make my plans, and the next was to execute them without being recaptured by the pursuing party. I had got out of powder and ball, which the Indians called "bumpo," and I told them that I could not kill any more lions, or guanacos, if I could not get some more bumpo; that I should have to go where the white man lived to get the bumpo; that I wanted him to send one of the sub-chiefs with six of his warriors as guard for me, and to go into camp near by while I was away for my bumpo. I had been with them so long that I had gained their good-will by not trying to escape and by leading them to think that I did not want the white man to catch me, for if they did I could not hunt the guanaco any more. So the old chief held a council with the other chiefs, and finally they decided to form a party of six warriors, and a chief called Red Face, to escort me some fifty or sixty miles away.

One morning I saddled my steed while the Indians were catching their ponies. When all were mounted we turned our course for the Rio Negro river. Now I was taking my old backward tracks, which I had made years before, but they were not visible as the heavy rains had caused them to disappear from my sight. Nevertheless we held our course for the lower plains. About noon the Indians lassoed two guanacos, and at night we all camped near a spring in a little valley where we dined on the flesh of the last named animal. In the morning we were off on the trail again and the second day at two o'clock we came to the Rio Negro river. Here we made a halt for our dinners, then crossed the

river. I held my course in the direction of the mouth of the Parana River, where the city of Buenos Ayres is situated. When we came to a place called the South Plateau Springs the Indians went into camp to wait for my return. But I forgot to return, and if any of them are there now they must be pretty well along in years, and have given me up as a lost child. As I drew near and within a few miles of Buenos Ayres I saw in the distance a party of mounted men. They spied me and came in my direction, trying to make out if I were an enemy or friend, for they saw that I was mounted and armed with a huge knife, a bolas and a long rifle. When they came within a couple of hundred yards they formed a line of battle. Then I knew they were not Indians for they never approach a foe in that way. They approach in single file. I dismounted from my horse, standing in front with my hat in my hand and my rifle by my side, I awaited their approach. Before the party came up I knew that they were friends, and as they approached the leader spoke to me in Spanish, I answered him in Spanish-Indian tongue. This party of men was a party of Spanish-Indians who are called gauchos. They had come from the out-skirts of the city to hunt up and drive in a herd of wild cattle, to slaughter as beef for the city's use. Part of them returned with me to the city.

I did not make a long stay in the city of Buenos Ayres, therefore I cannot give a description of the city. In some years it is very sickly being often attacked by the cholera, when the inhabitants die off by thousands. Then you may see a doctor with a handkerchief tied over his nose and mouth, with his horse going at a break-neck speed, to visit the sick and dying. There is not any manufacturing done in all of this great city. Everything is export and import except beef, which costs nothing here. Mutton costs ten or twelve cents a pound, and why? Because they seldom kill a sheep, keeping them for their wool. But it exports a great quantity of hides, tallow and horns. The sheep were so plenty at one time upon the plains that they were cheaper than wood, and the Spanish would drive them into the furnace for fuel. But of late years they have found out that the wool of the sheep is of more value than the hide of the ox. Hides there are worth only one dollar each, and when imported here are worth six or seven dollars. The city is made up of most every nation on the globe as are most southern cities. When it is so sickly

the most of the people move out upon the plains away from the city, until all danger is over, and then move back to their respective homes. Horses roam over the plains wild and in such vast herds that a man once took the contract to supply an army with ten thousand horses for the small sum of seven cents apiece.

CHAPTER VI.

SOUTH AMERICA TO LIVERPOOL.

THE RETURN TO NEW YORK, THENCE TO LIVERPOOL.—SIGHTS I SAW IN LIVERPOOL.—THE MURDER OF ANDREW ROSE.—THE TRAMP AND THE WORKHOUSE.—RECRUITED INTO THE BRITISH ARMY.—HOW A BRITISH SOLDIER FARES.

In the year 1856 when I made my escape from the Indians I was eighteen years old. On returning to the city of Buenos Ayres I remained there only a few days. I took passage for the city of Valparaiso, which is about half way from the Gulf of Arica to the Straits of Magellan. This city exports great quantities of grain and copper ore. Then I sailed from Valparaiso to San Domingo, one of the West India Islands, then we crossed the bay and sailed by the island of Puerto Rico, across the Bahama banks, past Cape Hatteras and so on to New York. After arriving in that city I went to a sailor boarding house, for a few days only.

I next shipped in a packet ship by the name of the Old Washington. She belonged to the Black Ball line, and, at a distance, looked like a man-of-war. At this time she was lying in the East River near where the Brooklyn Bridge is now. This old ship Washington, which I had shipped in, was bound across the Atlantic for Liverpool, England. The day before the Old Washington weighed her anchor I went aboard. She, being a large ship, carried a crew of twenty men, but at the time of my coming on board she lacked one man to make up the crew. The next morning I turned out bright and early, and came on deck to call the cook to prepare hot coffee for the crew before they turned too to wash down the decks.

As I was going aft I saw in the scuppers on the port side of the ship a coarse sack. I went up to it and gave it a kick with the toe of my boot, thinking it might be a sack of some kind of vegetables. I took my knife and ripped open the end of the sack. The first thing that came to sight was a pair of number

eight boots, then I ripped up a little more and came to a pair of human hands, then I gave it another rip, and before me laid an old man, his hair turned grey, and, as usually termed, dead drunk. He had been drugged and shanghaied," and thrown aboard the ship some time during the night. I went and got a dipper of water and poured it into his mouth. He opened his eyes and sat up, staring around the ship for a few minutes; then put his hands in his pockets as if feeling for his pipe or his money, then looking up to me said, "Shanghaied, by G—!" Then he said to me, "What ship is this?" I said, "It is the Old Washington." "Is that so? Old Washington, Old Washington, eh? The old black baller, eh? Ha, I know her, you bet. It's all right, Finnergin, and the Devil skewer to the one that left me here." So the old man was taken aft to the captain to sign articles, and became one of the ship's crew. The boarding masters and mistresses of New York City were noted for their shanghaing sailors, that is to put a sailor aboard of a ship and cheat him out of his advance money.

All were on board, and the ship's anchor was weighed and hoisted to the cat-head. A steam tug came alongside, we paid out the tow line, and steamed out of the East River, around the fort, past Staten and Coney Islands, and out past Sandy Hook. After we got well clear of the land the steamer left us, and steamed off to another ship to be towed in by the steam tug. She had a flag up which told us that she came from China. After the little pilot boat came up to us, with her white sails, like a duck sitting in the water; took in the pilot and away she sped through the foaming water to some other ship, which had on board a crew that was nearing their native land, where wife, children, friends or relatives are waiting with glad hearts to welcome them home from their long and toilsome voyage. Soon we saw coming near us one of the Cunard Mail Steamships bound across with the mail and passengers. As she passed she blew her whistle three times, as a salute, and we hoisted the stars and stripes to the mast-head three times in quick succession, in return.

The old ship Washington had a prow like an old wash tub. When there was a good strong wind and with all her canvas set she would plow through the water, and looking over her prow you would see the water foaming as though it fell from some cataract. Onward over the deep waters we sailed, day after day, and night

after night, until we reached the Banks of Newfoundland. Here at times the fog is so thick that a sailor on one side of the ship's fore-castle deck cannot see a man on the other side, though only about twenty feet away. Sometimes the fog was so thick you could feel it beat against your face as if it was fine snow.

There are some sailors who are very superstitious, believing in ghosts. One night while crossing the banks, one of the sailors who was on watch on the fore-castle deck came tumbling down the gangway about eleven o'clock at night, heels over head, and white as a corpse. He woke me from a sound sleep, saying,

"Sam, this ship is haunted." He had seen a ghost and wanted me to go up on deck and stand watch for him.

I said, "There is no such thing as a ghost. Do you think that if anybody dies they can come back again where you can see them?"

"Well, I don't care, I say I saw a ghost up there and he was white too." So I turned out and went upon deck to see if I could see the ghost.

"Where is it?" And he pointed with his finger to something white upon the fore-castle near where the anchor was. There sat the captain's old tom-cat, perched upon the cat-head, watching some flying fish as they flew out from under the ship's prow. I did not like the idea of having to stand another man's watch on deck the second time. The old cat being perched up there, loomed up in the fog and looked most as large as a man. I took one of the capstan bars and threw it at the supposed ghost. It went overboard and the next morning the captain's cat could not be found.

One dark stormy night, while crossing the banks, the wind blowing fresh from the north-east and pretty cold, the captain gave orders for the man on duty to keep a sharp look-out ahead. We heard the loud rushing of water to the windward of the ship and about a quarter of a mile off; onward we went and louder came the sound of rushing water. I ran up the rigging, when I saw through the dense fog the enormous pinnacle of a gigantic ice-berg. I sang out "Down with the wheel! Down with the wheel! Quick!" The ship's wheel was put down, and not too soon to avoid a collision, for when the ship came up in the wind, the ice-berg was only about three times the ship's length away, its top towering high above the tops of the masts, a hun-

dröä feet or more.

Then all hands were put to the braces and the ship was put on the other tack, until the coast was clear from the ice-berg. After all danger was passed, she was brought up again on her course and her yards again braced up sharp. She put her best foot forward and in a few days we sighted the high land, Holyhead Light, which is sixty miles from Liverpool. When we arrived in the River Mersey the anchor was let go until the next morning when we hauled into Victoria dock.

Liverpool is the second largest city in England and an important commercial city. It is noted for its docks. The dry docks are the finest in the world. Every dock has a gate at its entrance, when a ship is docked the gates are closed and keep the water within so that the vessel is always afloat. The docks all have different names, such as the Victoria Dock, Queen's Dock, London Dock, Waterloo Dock, Brahminmore Dock, Princess Dock, India Dock, Commercial Dock, Liverpool Dock, and so on.

After I landed at the city of Liverpool, I took a walk up town to see the sights in a foreign country. I passed a number of streets and came to a fine building which was called St. George's Hall, then I came to the Nelson Monument which is made of cast iron, painted black, and is placed in a little square of the City Exchange buildings. On the outskirts of the city is Kirkdale Jail, where Captain Rogers, the murderer of Andrew Rose, a British sailor, was hanged in the year 1857 while I was in Liverpool. The ship's name was the Martha Jane. The steward of the ship kept a memorandum of the ill-treatment and murder of Rose, and as soon as the ship came into the dock, he reported the officer to a policeman. They came aboard the ship and made the three officers prisoners. The captain had on board a white bull dog which helped murder the sailor. The chief mate's name was Mills, and the second mate's, Sims. Captain Rogers and the mates were tried and convicted of murder upon the high seas. The captain was hanged, and the two mates were sentenced to prison for life.

There was a man who composed a song about the murder, and had it printed with a picture of the ship and the murder. He went around the streets showing it and singing the song. In the picture, you could see Andrew Rose lying on the deck, and Mills setting the dog on to bite him.

THE MURDER OF ANDREW ROSE.

Come all ye people pay attention
And listen for awhile to me,
While I relate a dreadful murder
That happened on the briny sea.

Of Andrew Rose, a British sailor,
His sufferings I will now explain.
While on a passage from Barbadoes -
To Liverpool they came.

Then they put him in a barrel,
And seven long days they kept him there,
And without food or water.
Oh, what cruel treatment for a gallant English tar!

Then up aloft they sent their victim;
All, beneath the burning sun.
Mills, the mate, did follow after,
And beat him till the blood did run.

Then high upon the yard-arm
A rope was soon prepared,
Where Andrew Rose's wretched body
Was suspended in the air.

Then upon the 'deck they did fling him
And gagged him with an iron bar
Then made him swallow a thing I will not name.
Oh, what a treach'rous murder of a gallant English tar!

Then they set the dog on to bite him,
While for mercy Rose did pray,
When his flesh in mouthfuls
All about the deck did lay.

Now while their time was drawing nigh
In Kirkdale Jail the wretches lay.
Captain Rogers, Mills and Sims,
Waiting for their fatal day.

Oh, what a treach'rous murder of a gallant English tar!
When the mates were reprieved, not then to die.
He could not for a while believe that
He alone should suffer upon the gallows high.

Now the captain, his wife and children three,
All with golden curly hair.
Oh, what a dreadful thing for them to see
Their father's body suspended in the air.

It was quite interesting to go upon the street in the early morning, and see the way the poor class of people earn a living. You will see women with a basket upon their heads, going down the street, crying out "Fresh herring!" Then pretty soon another will come and cry out, "Hot buns! Hot buns! All hot!" And another "Penny wink! Penny wink! Penny wink!" And another sing out "Mussel! Mussel" And another "Clams! Clams in the shell!" Then another "Shrimps! Shrimps!" Another "Cockle! Cockle!" Then you might see a man with two pails and a dipper, crying out, "Cocoa! Cocoa! All hot! All hot!" The poor buy what they eat in small quantity, as penny worth of bread, or a penny worth of butter, or tea, or sugar, or milk, or cheese, which ever they have a mind to buy. Most of this class of people are single men and women.

The buildings in the cities of England have no chimneys above the roof of the houses, but three or four cylinder shaped funnels made of clay and burnt the same as brick. I never saw a stove while I was in England. They did their cooking with coal over the grate. I never saw them make any biscuits, or doughnuts, or bake beans, as we do in America. The English are great for getting up soups, stews and puddings. The black or blood pudding is a favorite with them.

The soft shell crab is a dainty much liked by them, as well as the skate fish. In fact they like most all of the varieties of shell fish. I used to be amused to see the girls eating penny-winkle, to see how ingeniously they will extract their little prize from the shell with nothing more than a pin and a quick turn of the wrist.

After I had been roving about the city of Liverpool for some time I got out of money, and did not have the good fortune to

get a ship. About that time I came across two sailors that were in the same fix as myself. We three made up our minds to tramp to the city of Cardiff, which is in Wales. But there we did not succeed in shipping, so we took back tracks across the country of Wales and part of England, and brought up in the city of Liverpool without a cent in our pockets, and not a place to lay our heads. I proposèd that we three should go to a place called Bremenmore Workhouse, which is situated upon a hill in the outskirts of the city.

As we gained the top of the hill there stood a large brick building surrounded by a whitewashed wall about ten or twelve feet high, at the entrance was a gate that swung on its hinges as you passed through and a weight propelled it back into its place again. After entering this gateway we came to a long narrow passage about ten feet wide and fifty feet in length, between the white washed walls, leading to a door. On rapping at this door an old man about sixty years old opened the door. As he made his appearance I asked him if he could accommodate three sailors with lodging for the night, and at this he asked us to step inside. We entered a large room where there were some long wooden benches and here we all had a wash. After freeing ourselves from three or four days' dirt, we could see our faces, and feel like Richard, himself again. This old man callèd our attention to himself with a squealing voice.

"Boys, do you know what duty you have got to perform for your night's lodging?"

"No, sir."

"Well, sir, you have got to grind fourteen pounds of corn before you retire to your bed."

"Is that so?"

"That's my statement to you, boys."

"Well," I said, "we want something to eat first, something to sustain our bodies, you know. Let me see fourteen pounds of corn, and here it is ten o'clock now."

Pretty soon in came the old man with three one-pound loaves of bread, as black as your boot, and a quart dish of (What do you call it?) "skilly." But it was like a singèd cat, better than it looked, especially to a hungry tramp.

After our repast we went into a little room about four by six feet square and ten feet in height, each one by himself, the door.

closed by a spring. In this little room near the top was a square hole, at the end opposite the door was a platform to stand upon and through the wall from a room on the opposite side came a crank, which was connected with a corn mill in the room outside. I took hold of this crank, which had a sweep of about 80 inches, and began turning it around with pretty good speed for awhile. I had worked there for about half an hour and it began to turn pretty hard, when one of the boys sang out, "How does it go, Sam?"

"She goes like a lily, Jack."

Then Tom sang out to Jack,

"How is she heading, Jack?"

"Oh, to h— with her, Tom, I am about bust-up. I say there, old man, grease her up."

In a little while I sang out to the old man,

"I say there, aint that corn most ground out?"

"About half out."

"Well then you may grind the rest yourself. I wont turn that crank around again to-night. I'll die first."

"That's so," chimed in Jack.

"And I'm with you," said Tom.

The old man kept us there about half an hour longer, but when he saw that we meant business he let us out into the room where we had eaten our suppers of black bread and skilly. It was now the hour of one o'clock and the old man took a piece of candle and led the way up four flights of stairs and into a room about thirty feet wide and sixty feet long. There was two rows of cross legged bedsteads, stretched with canvas, but with no other covering except the roof of the house as a shelter. We stretched ourselves upon these canvas beds and were soon in the land of dreams. We were the same as dead, or that nature might wake us from a sound sleep, but that was not the case for when morning came and the light of another day shone through the garret window, myself, as well as the others, were commanded to awake by a smart rap over the shoulders with a stick. On opening our eyes, before us stood an English soldier, a sergeant in rank, as a recruiting officer for the army.

"Crawl out, here" he said, after giving the rap with the stick, "turn out, here. Let me see who and what you are. Get out! Get out!"

"Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

"Get up here, don't you want something to eat and drink?"

That brought us to our feet at once. And there before us stood this recruiting officer, in a leather hat, red coat, black pants with a red stripe up the leg, a white belt, white cotton gloves and a cane. We three turned out and were not long in getting into our sailor rigs. Then we went down town with the sergeant to a dining-saloon, and after partaking of our breakfast the sergeant took out of his pocket three one-shilling pieces, saying as he handed each of us a shilling:

"I suppose you boys would like a little change to buy some beer."

We accepted his offer, not one of us expecting to have any trick played upon us by the officer.

After we had spent our shilling we went to the door intending to go out upon the street, when the sergeant stopped us with a stern command to halt, and I said to him, "What authority have you to stop me or these other two from going out?"

"Didn't I give you a shilling?"

"Yes, sir, to buy some beer with, you said."

"Well, that was the Queen's shilling, and now you three belong to her."

"Is that so?"

"That is my statement, sir."

"If that was the Queen's shilling, why didn't you give it to her instead of giving it to me?"

"Well, sir, when you boys each took the shilling from my hand that enlisted you into the Queen's service, and I now have the authority to hold you as enlisted recruits."

Now I saw we were caught by the British Lion, and as an officer generally has the law on his side, we were compelled to submit to his authority. He then took us from the saloon to a place called Mother Garbit's Randy-voose, (rendezvous) where we remained for the night.

The next day we were taken before a counsellor, and when we were duly sworn, we formed a ring and each placed his hand upon a Bible. (English you know.) Then the counsellor repeated some words which we were directed to repeat together, after him. When this was finished each of us kissed the Bible, and were told that this bound us to their laws.

The next day we were taken before the examining physician. When we came into the large hall where the examination was being held, we found there were a number of other recruits there for the same purpose as ourselves. We were seated in a row with others, and as each in turn was called into the floor, the physician would test his lungs then make him run and hop across the room and examine his teeth, throat and eyes. He was made to hop first on one and then on the other foot, and to swing each arm around separately and strike the back of his hands together behind him, and lastly, to take a long breath and cough. His weight and height was then taken.

My height was five feet, six inches, my weight one hundred thirty pounds.

The tallest man in the British army was Charles Harding, who was seven feet three and one-half inches in height, and was universally known by the nick-name of "The Giraffe." The shortest man was Humphrey Williams, only five feet three inches tall. We called him "The Sawed Off." Williams was a Welshman by birth.

In a few days we left the city of Liverpool and were transported to a town called Chatham, which was headquarters for the army and navy. Here we stayed for six months to learn our drill.

On arriving in Chatham we took up our quarters in the brick barracks, situated on an elevation which overlooks the town, and were fitted out with a suit of regimental clothing which consisted of two pairs of shoes, two pairs of pants, one red jacket, one tunic, one chapeau, one knapsack, one great-coat, one haversack, two pairs of gloves, two pairs of stockings, two shirts, and one leather stock for the neck. Then we had what was called a "Hold-all." This contained a knife, fork and spoon, a razor, brush and strop, shoe brush and blacking, button-stick, brush and comb, and a canteen to go on top of the knap-sack.

We first dressed in what was called a shell dress, with a round cap on the side of the head to which was attached a leather strap which rested upon the chin. We wore a red jacket with yellow facings and brass buttons, embellished with the lion and unicorn, and a pair of blue trousers with a red stripe down the leg completed our suit. This was our every-day dress.

Our full dress for Sunday or when on review, was a tunic with

black pants and a white belt around the waist. With this we wore a chapeau with a brass plate on the front showing the number of our regiment. Mine was the eighty-third. Around this number was a wreath of laurel leaves, and outside of all the English motto, "Honi-Soit," which means, "Shame on him who evil thinks," and above was the crown of England. At the top of the chapeau, and raised about two inches from it by a wire, was a woolen ball about the size of a hen's egg. The upper half of this ball was white and the lower half red. The strap of the cartridge box, our belts and rifle slings were kept white by brushing them over with a sponge which had been dipped in wet pipe-clay. This, when dry, made them as white as snow.

Our first drill was called "setting-up" drill, which was as follows. We were formed in line, and taking the right-hand man for a starting point, the others move to the left until each can just touch with his fingers the shoulder of the man at his right. Then they are put to the right or left half face, whichever the word of command may be. The next command is to unbutton your jacket, so as not to burst off the buttons, then to put both hands above your head, and locking your thumbs together, bend your body over until you touch the toes of your shoes, remaining there until the word of command is given to return to your former position. The next performance was to throw your arms back behind you, striking the backs of your hands together. Then swing your right arm around, then the left, striking your hands together with a kind of slapping noise. Then, face to the right, to the left, right-about-face, left-about-face, to the right-about-face, to the left-about-face, then stand at ease. The drill would be two hours in the forenoon and two in the afternoon.

Our rations were weighed out, so much for every man. One man's ration consisted of three quarters of a pound of beef, one pound of bread and three pints of coffee. For breakfast we had one pound of bread and three pints of coffee. For dinner, three pints of vegetable soup. For supper, three pints of tea. On Sunday we had a roast dinner which consisted of a piece of meat as large as your finger and two small potatoes about as large as a walnut.

Every soldier in the regiment had to take his turn as cook, barber, and orderly-man, that is to stay in the barracks for one day. One of the duties is to take the tables outside and scrub

them with sand and water until they are white as a hound's tooth. This is done every day. These tables are four feet wide and eight feet long, and are supported by two iron trestles.

Every soldier in the British army is drilled to know each sound of the bugle. There are a great many bugle calls through the day, too numerous to mention. After dress parade in the evening, the first bugle sounds at eight o'clock. This is called first post. The second bugle is at nine o'clock, and the third bugle sounds what is called last tattoo at half past nine then lights out. There is the dinner call, which every recruit learns first, for it is sweet music to his ear. But when the bugle sounds to mount guard, every ear seems deaf.

Every soldier of good conduct had the privilege of going down town after evening roll-call. Every recruit leaving the barracks to go down town must have his belt white, his shoes blackened, a pair of white gloves and a cane. If you met an officer you must salute him, by bringing your hand to the peak of your cap as he passed by, when he would return it. If a funeral should be passing you must halt, standing erect and in a saluting position, until they passed by. There was a non-commissioned officer who walked the streets of the town every night with a book in his hand. He knew, by sight, every soldier in the regiment, and if he saw a soldier pass an officer without saluting him, or caught him looking in a shop window, or standing talking upon the street, or under the influence of liquor, he would write his name down in his book, and pass it in to headquarters. When the offending soldier arrived at the barracks he would be put into the guard-house until the next day. Then he would be taken before the commanding officer and sentenced to ten or twelve days pack drill and confined to the barracks.

While you are standing in the ranks you are not allowed to turn your head, to move a hand, to spit, or speak, unless commanded to do so. If you break any of the above orders you are escorted to the guard-house by a file of soldiers with drawn bayonets, and a non-commissioned officer in the rear. The next day at ten o'clock you are taken before the commanding officer to answer for yourself.

When I was in the British army a soldier's pay was only fourpence per day. The sergeant of each company paid at eight o'clock in the morning, or six in the evening. As each soldier's

name was called he stepped up and received a three-pence bit and one penny, or a four-penny bit, or four pennies.

If a soldier used tobacco, which in England was three-pence half-penny per ounce, and used an ounce per day, he spent all but a half-penny. To-day he keeps this half-penny to put with tomorrow's half-penny, then with the two half-pennies he can buy one penny's worth of butter. Thus you see the English soldier who used tobacco could eat butter only every other day. While those that didn't use the weed could have butter every day by the penny's worth.

As we went down town from the barracks, which was situated in the edge of the town of Chatham, we passed many public houses which had very curious names. I will give a list of a few: The Big Drum, The Cross Keys, The Sailor's Retreat, The Red Cat, The Brown Bear, The Soldier's Inn, The Beehive, The Jolly Tar, The Cross and Crown, The Royal Crown, The Blue Bell, The Waterloo, The Wanderer's Home.

After we got through with the setting up drill, we commenced our rifle drill and ball practice, upon iron targets with the Enfield Rifle. All through our target practice I stood first in rank as marksman, and held that honor while I was in the British army.

CHAPTER VII.

OFF TO INDIA.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP BY LAND, AND WATER.—THE ARABIAN DESERT, THE RIVER NILE, THE SUEZ CANAL.—AT THE RED SEA WHERE THE EGYPTIANS CROSSED.—ACROSS INDIAN OCEAN TO BOMBAY.—SIX MONTHS ON THE TAPTEE RIVER.—HINDOO TOWNS, CUSTOMS AND PEOPLE.—SOME HINDOO NAMES, MARRIAGE CUSTOMS, ETC.

One morning a despatch came from the Governor-General to send out some re-enforcements, by the over-land route, to India. The order was read to us while on dress parade for one hundred of us to hold ourselves ready to go at a minute's notice. In a couple of days the order came and we were marched off to the railway station, and took the train to Southampton to embark on board the steamship Rippen. There were one hundred of the 83d Regiment, to which I belonged, sixty men from the 17th Lancers, fifty of the First Light Dragoon Guards, and one Battery of Light Artillery.

When we embarked on board the Rippen at Southampton, we were all fitted out with a suit of white clothes, a bag, a haversack, a calabash for water, and a hammock. Every soldier's name was marked in full upon his clothes bag, as well as his hammock.

The Rippen was a large steamship with two smoke stacks, and two decks. When it came night we all fell into line upon the upper deck, our names were called out, and at the same time our hammocks were thrown upon the deck. The owner took it and went between decks, and slung it to the hooks, consigned to him. The hammocks were slung about four feet from the deck.

The soldiers used to have great old times. After they all turned in and were asleep, someone would get out and run the whole length of the ship, bumping his back up against the bottom of the hammocks. One or a half dozen would find themselves standing upon their heads. Sometimes they would cut the lashings at the foot of the hammocks, letting them down, and then you could hear some tall swearing. In the morning at the first

sound of the bugle, everyone turned out and rolled up his hammock. At the second bugle he brought it upon deck with him.

The first port we came to was Gibraltar. Here the ship run in to take in coal, and we remained here one day. Way up on the top of the rock was a sentry box, on the side opposite the town. The soil is a kind of red and yellow sand, not as much as a green shrub grows upon it. Where the town is situated are fine trees and vegetation. Oranges, grapes, pears, and some other kinds of fruit grow. Most of the inhabitants whom I saw were Spanish or Portuguese.

Early in the morning we steamed out from the harbor, and up the Mediterranean Sea. The next port we made was Malta. We run in there in the night time to coal up, and it was so dark I could not see any of the town. The steamer entered a dock between some high walls. There were some granite steps as a landing for small boats, at the top of these steps I saw a soldier on guard. There were a number of Maltese throwing aboard the coal. They were jabbering among themselves, but I could not understand them any more than I could a lot of wild geese. We steamed out before morning on our way to Alexandria.

That day the steamer ran against a monster sea-turtle, which was lying asleep upon the water. The vessel knocked him over upon his back, and we had a good view of him before he righted himself. The captain said it was about as large a turtle as he had ever seen, and that he should think it would weigh eight or nine hundred pounds.

As we drew near the coast I saw a long sandy beach as far as the eye could reach, with here and there a stray cocoanut palm, and in some places a clump of them. A short distance from the beach were a number of windmills, about half a mile apart. It was quite a pretty sight to see at a distance, all these windmills whirling around. A string of camels were going to the city of Alexandria, loaded with grain. They were driven by negro slaves. These camels have a hole cut in the side of the nose and a stick as large as your finger inserted, a string is fastened to the stick and the other end fastened to the tail of the camel in front. A dozen or more are hitched together in this way.

In the afternoon of this day we steamed into the harbor of Alexandria, and dropped anchor. At our left and near by was a Turkish man-of-war. She flew a white flag with a red half

moon at her mast head, and from her mizzen peak, a white flag with a red cross. The next morning we went ashore and marched to the railway station. There was served out to each man a haversack full of ship bread to last us across the desert. We were soon rolling over the track, and onward toward that famous river, the Nile.

The cars of England are not made the same as the cars are in America. They are box cars there, with four apartments to each car, and only four passengers to each section. Two sit facing each other. In a little while we came to the River Nile. Here was a floating bridge. Three cars ran on the track on the one side of the bridge, and three on the other side, then the bridge left for the opposite shore. The cars were hauled off on the track on the other side of the river by an engine. When the bridge started to cross the river, the water foamed for yards all around it as white as snow, making a loud noise. I asked what took the bridge across the river and was informed it was propelled by air.

The engine took us on the other side, and away we went until noon, when the train stopped. Near the track was a large tent with a table set the whole length. Here we had our dinner, which was given by the Queen of England, in honor of our being the first British troops that ever crossed the Arabian Desert and the Isthmus of Suez in a train of cars. Our dinner consisted of roasted camel's hump, yams, oranges, and cold water. As we passed between the tables up to the head of one, some of the Liverpool galoots would pick up the oranges from each plate and put them in their haversack; by that means some did not have any. This same joskin sat next to me, and I took half a dozen from his haversack. The camel's hump tastes something like beef, but much nicer and more juicy; the yams were very mealy and of a purplish color, and I thought that they were tasteless. After dinner we came out from the tent, and found there a small multitude of Egyptians, Turks, and Arabs. They had collected to see the British soldiers, and some to sell fruit, which they carried in baskets on their heads.

All the Turkish women wore white robes, and the unmarried ones wore a white veil that covered their whole face except the eyes, and extended below the knees. The men wore a sort of white gown, with a red silk sash around their waist, and a turban upon their heads.

The Arabs are all slaves. A little way off across the railway track, on the plains in sight, were some huts, made of mud and cane and thatched with palm leaves. These were the homes of the slaves. I saw a great many of them around the cars, and all were naked save for a sheep skin around the loins. Pretty soon I saw a Turk upon a horse advancing. He had charge of the slaves, and with a lash ten or twelve feet in length he gave one of the Arabs a cut across the back. It sounded like the discharge of a pistol, and the Arab jumped about six feet in the air with a wild shriek. Then he would gallop his horse to another and another, until they were all driven away to their mud huts.

After we all got aboard the cars, one of the soldiers made a motion to one of the Egyptian girls, who had a basket of oranges upon her head, to come up to the car window. When she came up he put out his hand and tore away the veil so as to show her face. She flung the basket of oranges upon the ground, and sat down and wept, covering her face with her hands. One of the Turkish soldiers standing near struck at his arm with his sword, but missed his mark. And lucky he did for if he had hit him he would have cleaved it off. The maidens wear these veils until they are married, then take them off. A young Turk never sees his sweet-heart's face until they are married.

The engine blew her whistle, the bell rang, and away we went, flying across the desert. We travelled the rest of that day and all night, and the next morning found ourselves upon the Isthmus of Suez. We all got out from the cars and looked around to see where we had brought up. As far as the eye could reach, I could see nothing except a desert of white sand. Not a green shrub or a spear of grass in sight! The only thing to see was the skeletons of animals which had fallen under their burdens, or been starved to death, or smothered by the sand storms.

Here was the end of the railway track, but there was a crew at work upon it at the time. The natives would level the sand, an elephant would take the sleepers from the cars, carrying them with his trunk, and throw them down, the natives would place them, then the elephant would bring a rail, and the natives would pin the rail to the sleepers. In this way the overland railroad was constructed.

This being as far as the track was laid, we left the train and

were to be transported by some other means. A little way from the cars were a lot of jackasses, horses, and camels. We formed a line and the officer said that these asses, horses, and camels were to convey us to the Red Sea, a distance of twenty-two miles, and that we could all have our choice of animals. Then the officer gave the word to charge, and you would have laughed if you could have seen us. Some had never got into a saddle in their lives. After a while they all got mounted. I took a little jack, that had a red silk saddle. He was all grit, and life. every time I would touch him with my boot, he would kick up and try to throw me over his head. As we advanced our paths were so strewn with skeletons that in places we had to go around them.

When about half way to the Red Sea we came to the Poison Tanks, or Wells. Some of the soldiers let their jackasses drink at this well, before they knew the water was poison. After they had gone about half a mile, the ones that drank from the well began to swell up, then they laid down and died. The 17th Lancers and the Dragoons had their spurs on, and they had their jack's sides all covered with blood. They soon played out and they had to foot it the rest of the way into Suez.

We came to a large gateway, or arch, which we went through into the town. Here we got the first view of the Red Sea. There lay in the harbor a British man-of-war, a steamer called the Bombay, from Bombay, and around upon the beach lay a number of old Egyptian junks. I called for a glass of water, paying an English six-pence for it, and it was very brackish. I asked him how much he would ask for the Red Sea, and he said, "Red Sea! Muchy, plenty, sahab."

I was here a few hours, so took a walk along the beach with an Egyptian, who could talk a little bad English, but not so bad that I could not understand him. While walking along I picked up a black stone, about two inches long, shaped like a shoe, and a few other fine stones which I kept. This stone shoe I brought home with me, and presented it to the State House at Augusta, Me., as a curiosity. It has my name, the day and date upon it. Anyone visiting the State House can see it in a glass case. The Egyptian pointed out to me the place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea with Pharoah and his army in pursuit. At this place, on the Egyptian side, where we were standing there was a

gradual descent to the sea. On the right there was a bluff of fine sand stone, with some Egyptian characters upon the face of the rock. Across the water I could see where he said they came up from the sea. Where they crossed it was about half a mile from shore to shore.

After going on board the steamer, she was lying there until she got up steam. The water was so clear that I could see little pebbles not larger than a walnut in thirty feet of water. We boys thought it a fine chance to enjoy a bath in Egyptian waters. So a number of us went down under the paddle box of the vessel and swam around. Soon one of the crew upon deck sang out,

“A shark! A shark!”

We all made for the paddle box and climbed up just as he shoved his ugly nose out of the water. They said he was what they called the blue man-eating shark. He was about fourteen feet in length.

We weighed anchor and steamed out of the harbor. The English man-of-war fired a salute, and we returned it. We sailed down the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean to the City of Bombay, which was once the capital of India. As we entered the harbor the steamer dropped her anchor just inside of the coal wharf. We went ashore in small boats. At our left a point of land ran out into the Indian Ocean from one side of the city, and upon the extreme end of this point was a lighthouse.

After landing we marched to what was called the point barracks. They were constructed of wood, situated on an elevated piece of ground, overlooking both city and harbor. Between our barracks and the lighthouse, just over the hill, was the English cemetery where we buried two of our number. In the suburbs of the city there were some finely constructed barracks occupied by one regiment. I think it was a Scotch regiment.

Between the city and the point near the water was a little native village, or ghom as the Hindoos call it. The English named it Coal Harbor. Back of the city, upon an elevated piece of ground, were some very neat looking residences where the English lived and some of the wealthy Parsees.

One day a couple of Scotch soldiers that belonged to the lower barracks came down to the harbor to bathe. One of them jumped in and took a cramp. He went down out of sight, then came up and went down again. I saw that he was drowning and that

his brother standing upon the pier did not know how to swim. So I stripped off and dove in under him giving him a quick toss upward with my head. But when he came to the top of the water I put my foot out and he got a death grasp on it. I swam for the pier, but just as I got there the surf carried us both back again. He was hanging to my foot all this time and dragging me down. I was getting weak, but I made another effort, and this time gained the pier and caught hold of a rope which was made fast to the pier, just as the second surf came along. I drew myself out with the drowning man hanging to my foot, but for days after I carried the marks of his finger nails upon my ankle. We had quite a job to bring life back into his body. We rolled and pitched him about on the sand as though he had been a log of wood. After a while we brought him to and took him to his barracks. In a few days he came around all right. So I saved the poor fellow from a watery grave.

After we had been in Bombay for four or five weeks we embarked on a boat and sailed across the bay and up the Taptee river to Surat. Here we used the castle for our barracks. Surat, with its towers and pagodas, had an imposing appearance, at a distance, but as we approached, the walls looked old and decayed. The city is situated upon the Taptee river, about twenty miles from the point where it empties into the Gulf of Cambay. It is about sixty miles in circumference and shaped like an ox bow. Draw a line from one end of bow to the other, and call the line the Taptee river. Near the center of the city, by the side of the river, was the castle, which was at one time garrisoned by a few Sepoys. The other side of the city is surrounded by a wall which is flanked by semi-circular towers. Without the walls I found some good bungalows, formerly occupied by French, but now by the English officers. The streets are narrow and irregular. Only small vessels, which are called "ketches" can ascend the river to Surat. We remained here in the castle six months, through the rainy season.

I saw that nearly all the business of the city was carried on by the Parsees, the Hindoos being generally as indolent as they are superstitious. Mohammedans make up the remainder of the population. While I was stationed in Surat I had a very good chance to study the different castes of the natives. A walk through a Hindoo town affords novel sights at every turn. The houses are

mud huts, with mud floors and mud walls scarcely high enough to stand erect in, and covered with a thatching of grass. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty. You may see cow dung, mixed with chaff and kneaded into thin cakes, stuck on every neglected wall to dry for fuel. The shops are often only seven or nine feet square, and seldom twice that size. Wholly open in front, without any counter, but the mat on the floor, part of which is occupied by the vender sitting cross-legged, and the rest serves to exhibit his goods. The barber sits in the open air in the streets upon a mat, and his customer, squatting on his hams, has not only his face shaved but part of his head, leaving the hair to grow only on the crown. They will cut your hair, shave you, cut your finger nails, dig out yours ears, clean your teeth. All this for one anna, which is only about two cents of American money.

Near tanks and streams of water you may see "dabies" slapping their clothes with all their might upon a stone or block of wood. Pawnee-wallas, with their leather water sacks made from the skin of the goat and slung dripping upon their backs, carry water from far off tanks or wells to the town. Women carry water on their heads in earthen "chatties."

Costumes and complexions of every variety move about without attracting much attention—Hindoos, Mussulmans, Parsees, Brahmin, and Jew. Children run about stark naked with a silver plate, or one of brass, tin or copper, not larger than the top of a tea cup, hanging in front by a string or cord tied around the hips.

I will give some of the Hindoo words commonly used, and their meaning in English: Kansuma is a servant; kit-mut-gar, table servant; muxilche, to wash dishes; babagee, a cook; abdar, he who pulls the punka; meeta, a sweeper; metrane, a female sweeper; ayah, a child's nurse; durwin, gate-keeper; mally, gardener; dirgey, tailor; daby, a washwoman; garee-walla, coachman; syce, cutter of grass; jug-walla, one who keeps cows and goats; hurkarru, a messenger boy; chuprasse, letter carrier; chokedar, watchman; cooley, one who carries burdens; Pawnee-walla, one who carries water; bheestie-walla, one who drives a bullock with a sack of water upon his back; aug, fire; nimuck, salt; muskah, butter; doode, milk; ghost, beef; soor, pork; bundhook, gun; golly, ball; ghora, horse; gin, saddle; chury, knife;

soother, spoon; cutchether, a fork; cooter, a dog; bogah, a bear; leo, a lion; muggar, an alligator; sislar, a rabbit; adany, a man; beeby, a woman; chuckerree, a girl; chuckrah, a boy; pawnee, water; rusty, a road; yec-rose, is one day; yec-miner, is one month; yec-burous, one year; kitny-budgar, what time is it? yec-budgar, one o'clock.

This is the way they count: yec, do, teen, cha, paunch, sat, art, no, dus, tarrah, barrah, punderrah, solar, selar, saturah, beese, chalese, noaese, beese, chalese, which counts up to twenty.

Marriages are not often contracted before puberty, and are consummated with the sanction of priests. Parents do not make matches for children; and every youth looks out his own companion. As in civilized countries, this reasonable boon is denied the children of royal blood. Among common people, when a young man has made his choice, he declares himself to his mother, and if there be no objection, he is permitted to frequent the hut, and something like a regular courtship takes place. He continues his intimacy till all parties are agreed, when he is admitted to eat with the daughter, and sleep at the hut. He is then her husband. The marriage consists in eating out of the same dish. Whenever this is seen marriage is inferred. Indeed, if it can be proved, they are married, and must live as husband and wife. After marriage the young man must reside with his wife's parents three years, three months and three days; serving them as a son. If he chooses not to do this, and the bride be willing to leave her parent's home, he must pay them sixty rupees; and if, at a subsequent stage of his domestication, he chooses to depart, he pays such a proportion as can be agreed upon. The marriage ceremonies among the higher classes are as follows: On the wedding day the bridegroom sends to his intended suits of apparel and jewels. Mutual friends assemble with him at the hut of the bride where a liberal entertainment is given. The hands of the couple are solemnly joined in the presence of the company, and they partake of a little pickled tea out of the same dish. Divorces are common. If both parties agree, they go before a priest, who requires them to eat pickled tea before him, as was done at their marriage.

CHAPTER VIII.

A MARCH THROUGH THE HEAT OF INDIA.

TREES OF INDIA.—JUGGERNAUT CAR AND HINDOO WORSHIP.
NIGHT MARCHES AND HOT DAYS.—CATCHING A MONKEY.—
CLIMATE AND SEASONS.—SURROUNDED BY FEROCIOUS ANIMALS.
—WORSHIPPERS OF THE MONKEY.—A THRILLING DAY'S
HUNT.—AT NUSSERABAD.—A LAKE OF DUCKS.—HINDOOS
BURNING THEIR DEAD.—THE COBRA-DI-CAPELLO.— SNAKE
CHARMING.—SHOOTING A COBRA.—THE HINDOO DRESS.

I will give you a few words on the tropic fruits of the Indian country or Central India.

The banya tree, which bears a fruit called jack fruit, attains to a height of eighty or ninety feet. The branches are long and thick, the leaves dark green. The fruit when full grown weighs from twenty to forty pounds. It grows from the limb near the trunk of the tree. The fruit has a rough, thick, green skin, and is full of white stones the size of a pigeon's egg. The timber is very valuable and is used for the making of instruments, furniture and ornamental work.

The mango tree is one of the largest fruit trees in the world, sometimes reaching the height of one hundred feet or more, and having a circumference of twenty or thirty feet or even more, around its base. Branches, thick spreading; leaves, long, narrow, smooth and shining; with small white flowers. The fruit is delicious, about four or five inches in length, and from two to three in width, with a thin, smooth, greenish-yellow skin. Inside is a large hairy stone. The timber is excellent and is used for a variety of things.

The papau tree grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and is without branches or leaves except at the top where the fruit grows close to the stem. The leaves are from fifteen to twenty inches in length. The fruit is of a green color and resembles the muskmelon in appearance as it also does in taste. It has round black seeds. This tree bears throughout the whole year. There are several kinds of the papau tree. Its sap is a most deadly poison when taken internally, but is used by physicians as a medicine.

The bamboo, as many have given their best judgment of its uses, enters into the construction of most articles of use. I find it is life, death, food, clothes, and many other things such as posts and walls of houses, rafters, floors and thatch, and also to bind these together; scaffolding, ladders, fishing apparatus, wheels, scoops, oars, masts, sails, spars, pipe, chop-sticks, clothes boxes, paint boxes, pickles, preserves, musical instruments, torches, cordage, bellows, paper, rafts to float upon the water, bows and arrows, hats, helmets, bow strings and quivers, oil cans, water cups, and many other things that are too well known, and it would take a whole chapter to record them. The young bamboo sprouts make capital soup.

The banyan tree is the king of the forests of India, both stately and grand, surrounded by its descendants, when four or five centuries old. It throws out from its roots, branches that grow very rapidly upward and soon become in their turns stems for the support of the parent branches, and extending wider their domain. The Indians have a legend that it was the banyan tree that was in the garden of Eden, and from which our first parents, Adam and Eve, gathered fig leaves and made aprons, for this tree produces small figs that grow in bunches on the stems and branches.

While I was here in Surat I saw what they called the Juggernaut car and Hindoo form of worship. For weeks before the time fixed for the event the Hindoos arrived at the rate of thousands daily, and the city was crowded to its utmost capacity. There are rarely less than one hundred thousand people there on the occasion of the great festival, and sometimes more than that number. This festival takes place in July of each year. When the day comes for the ceremony, all the space in and around the temple is densely crowded, and the priests find it difficult to move about in the performance of their duties. The idols are taken from their pedestals and placed in their cars, and as this is done a signal is given and the multitude falls to the ground. In a minute they rise and the elephants move the great car forward amid the beating of hundreds of drums and the clashing of many gongs, trumpets and cymbals. The huge car of Juggernaut is eighty feet high and moves onward amid the shouts of the vast assemblage. The sound of the music and discords of the priests seated within is frightful. The progress is slow, and often the

journey of a mile requires a number of days for its accomplishment. The end of the journey is the summer house of the god, and when the car has been brought there it is abandoned by the assemblage, whose pious duty has been finished. And all these uncivilized beings have been worshipping a false god instead of the one true god.

One bright morning we rode away from the dingy walls of Surat and the sight of the dark green foliage of the forest was refreshing to me. About five miles from the city we entered upon the jungle. There are many who have a queer idea of a jungle among those who have never visited India. The word is generally supposed to mean a luxuriant thicket; but in India every patch of wild, uncultivated country, whether forest or grassy plain is designated as a jungle. The country through which we began to travel is level and near the foot of the Ghaut range of mountains, and very thinly settled, and for miles we could ride over the grassy plains. Here and there were clumps of trees, the mango, the tamarind, the banyan, the fig, the guava, the orange, the lemon, lime and cocoanut trees, and many others too numerous to mention.

The first march was from Surat to a town called Cambay. We were all armed with the Enfield rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition to each man. There were sixty of us besides one squadron of lancers and battery of artillery, and we were to march through this country and fight our way through every town as we came to them and to join our regiments which were lying on or encamped upon the Nessrybad plains, a distance of 700 miles up country. Soon we arrived at the town called Cambay. This town is only a shadow of its former self. Its decayed looks have been chiefly owing to the filling up of the bay at the head of which it stands by the deposits brought down by the rivers. The general appearance of the town is dingy and ancient. Most of the houses are built of clay and the streets are narrow and dirty. Various Hindoos, who are the Indians of that country, and Mohammedans, remain to tell the stranger or the hunter the story.

Here in this town is a very ancient mansion or mosque near the Nawaub's residence. Its main court contains three hundred and sixty pillars of a handsome red sandstone. The inhabitants number about 10,000, who are Hindoos, Mohammedans and Parsees. I found that the manufactures were various and val-

uable but the trade was not important. The surrounding country was fertile and well cultivated.

One evening we resumed our line of march from Cambay, the days being too hot to march through the hot sand under a tropical sun. Our long line of camels which were loaded with our tents and baggage, was winding its way through a rebellious country, and happy we were to find ourselves once more among fresh fields and jungle.

Our route led along the shallow river Sabermatty. The adjacent country was generally fertile and thickly settled for several miles up the river above Cambay. Beyond this however we found ourselves in jungle land. Here on the second day's march through the jungle I first had the opportunity to shoot that small animal called the mangoust, or the snake killer. This one was twenty seven inches in length from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. He was the size of a grey squirrel; the tail and snout was long, the limbs short, and the motions were as quick as lightning and with great difficulty I obtained a fair shot. His eyes were small and red and twinkled like a star. These little animals are very useful in hot countries where they destroy rats, mice and snakes. They generally seek their prey by night, creeping along without noise and darting upon the unsuspecting reptile with unerring aim. A few days after this I witnessed a fight between a mangoust and a snake which is called Cobra-de-capello. As quick as the snake showed himself the mangoust made a spring and had him by the neck close up to the head. The snake entwined itself around the body of the little animal and it seemed as though it would cut him in two. But the little animal would draw himself from its coils, and gaining his feet would shake the reptile as a dog would a rat. But in the battle the little animal was bitten and after killing the snake the mangoust ran to the bushes and began to eat an herb and then he threw up the poison. This herb looked like our American pennyroyal as far as I inspected it, but had no perfume.

Camp Ahmedabad is situated on the banks of the river Narbuda. This town is built of mud huts covered with bamboo and thatched with grass. And about half a mile up on the right bank of the river stands the famous banyan tree which the Bible speaks of. Under this huge tree we made a halt and pitched our tents for three days, then crossed the river and went into camp just back of the town for three days more.

One morning I thought I would take a ramble out a little way and see what I could find. As I was going across a rice field, I saw at a distance a large monkey of the whip kind. They take that name by having a long tail like a whip. Her color was silver-grey with a black face and she had a young one hanging to her breast. I thought I would like to capture him if I could and soon the old one went and hid behind a bunch of bushes and was peeking over them at me at about 300 yards off. So I put up my sights for that distance and fired, and as soon as the report of my rifle rang out she turned a complete summersault and ran a little way and spread herself out flat down upon the ground, and the little monkey sitting beside the mother crying. When I got most up to her she up and ran and at the same time the little one clung to its mother's breast, and then she grabbed him and bit him and then threw him one side for a rod or more. There was a single tree which stood in this field and she ran to it and gave a jump and caught a death grip upon a limb and hung there by one hand until she died.

The little one meanwhile ran to hide in the hedge of prickly pears. Now I stood my rifle up against the tree where the dead monkey was and prepared to capture the young one which was running along the hedge. I ran up to him and when almost in the act of catching hold of him he would dodge through first one side and then the other. He was so small and so young I thought he couldn't bite, and after chasing him for about half an hour I got hold of him and the little scoundrel bit my thumb on which I carry the marks of his teeth this day. As I didn't want to be outdone by a monkey, I pulled off my coat, ran and threw it over him. He scratched and screamed, but of no use, I had him fast and took him into camp. I fastened a string around his body and fastened him to a tent pole. I would offer him milk and berries but he would only look up and cry like a child with tears running down his face, which he would wipe away with his little black hands. One of the men that belonged to the brass band wanted him so I gave him away. And when he went on the march he was put upon a cart loaded with some heavy boxes and got between them while going down hill and was crushed to death. And that was the last of the poor little monkey.

The monkey, in fact, was deified by the ancient inhabitants of India, chiefly, it is supposed, from its resemblance in form to humanity. Their bodies were supposed by the Hindoo super-

stitution of the transmigration of souls, to be the shrines of human souls that had nearly reached perfection, and thereby made their habitations royal. Therefore to insult the hoonuman is a crime of high class, while to kill one is equivalent to high treason and punished with death, and such an act as the murder of a monkey is, or was, sufficient to raise a population against the offender; and men who will not scruple to assassinate, or torture, or even leave an infirm companion to die of hunger, thirst, or wild beasts, will consider their feelings outraged if an accident happens to one of these creatures. Therefore supposing Mr. Monkey to be fully aware of all this feeling in his favor, it is no wonder that he is a spoiled child, up to all kinds of tricks. For its name this animal is indebted to the deity, Hoonuman, who is worshipped by the Hindoos under the form of an ape, and is one of the most frequent objects of their adoration, almost every pagoda having this figure delineated in some part of it.

The monsoons are trade winds which blow over the land of India as well as the sea. The northeast monsoons commence about the middle of November, and the southwest in May, though the time varies in different parts of India. The monsoons are always attended by stormy weather, by frightful hurricanes and tornadoes. The seasons are three in number; hot, rainy and cold. The hottest months all through India are March, April, May and June. Then come the rains, from June 15th to October 15th, when the showers fall heavy and fast every day without intermission till the low lands are covered with water and meadows which before were parched and dry, are clothed in emerald green. Shrubs and flowers assume brighter tints, and all nature looks refreshed. About the middle of October the rains subside, the atmosphere clears, and a pure cool, but not cold temperature succeeds. Thus for eight months in each year the sun shines steadily, without a cloud across its face, and then for four months the rain falls without intermission. In Jeypore, and some other parts of Rajput presidencies where the lands are hilly and broken, the seasons are more decided.

The thermometer often falls to zero in early morning hours in the month of January, while the summers are hot and dry. In March the hot winds begin to blow, the heavens are overcast by pale yellow clouds, charged with sand and vapor that in falling are unpleasant beyond measure. And for hundreds of miles such is the intense heat of these winds the ground becomes parched

with great rents, trees cast their leaves, and all vegetation is completely at a stand.

In Central India it is so heated as to be almost as unendurable as the air from an open furnace. Animal and vegetable nature wilt beneath its influence. Bungalows where Europeans live must be closed and covered with thick mats. These are kept constantly wet, day and night, by coolies who stand with buckets of water, and every half hour give the mats a thorough drenching from top to bottom. The wind being brought in contact with the mats it loses a portion of its heat, and the air is rendered cool. But without this it would be impossible to live. Flowers in vases turn crisp, as from the heat of fire; and wood becomes so hot that one can scarcely bear his hand upon it.

After leaving Camp Hamryhabad we struck our tents, and marched to the town of Allahabad. The march through a part of the country presented a beautiful scenery.

The road led us many miles through deep sand which was burning hot from the heat of the sun. On each side of the road for miles was a hedge of prickly pears six or eight feet in width and nine or ten feet in height. These roads are very narrow and the hedges being so high breaks off what little wind there might be. I saw beyond these hedges fields of cotton and tobacco and maize and opium poppies which they make the opium from. We marched by night and lay under canvas by day.

When we struck our tents, that means take them down, the bugle would sound to pack up and load up the camels. When we wanted to load a camel one would be led up by a Cheestie walla, then take hold of the string which is made fast to his nose and give a quick jerk and say, "hoat!" and the camel would lay down. There was a large sack that we threw over his back. Then we would pack six beds on one side, and six on the other, pass a long rope through each corner and pull them together and fasten it, and in this way we loaded the camels with our beds. When we wanted them to rise we would say, "hoatah" and the camel would rise. Other camels were loaded with tents, one tent to the camel, which was a load, or twelve beds, which would weigh 300 pounds, to each camel. After the camels were loaded they were led into line one behind the other and a string is fastened to a piece of stick which is inserted into the camel's nose, then fastened to the camel's tail in front, and in this way our tents and baggage was transported over the hot burning sands of Central

India. A night's march would be from eighteen to twenty miles and five minutes halt every four miles for a rest. When we would leave the camp the brass band would strike up a tune, "We Won't Go Home Until Morning," or the "Bonnie Laddies," or "The Wearing of the Green," or some such song. They would play four miles. The fife and drum would play four miles. So they would take their turns in music. And why the playing was kept up all this time was done to keep the wild animals away, such as the tiger, leopard and lions which the country abounds in. Sometimes when marching through the thick jungle a tiger would make a bound into the ranks and take a man out in a second's time and all you would hear would be a murderous roar, then a cry from the unfortunate victim whose fate it was to be carried off.

Sometimes when we would make a halt over night and while lying in our tents I could hear the roar of the lion, the mighty king of beasts, and the growl of the murderous tiger at a distance; and near the camp that devilish howl of the hyena, and the whinnying of the cheetah and the cries of hundreds of jackals. Then at the break of day the chattering of thousands of green parrots, and monkeys leaping from branch to branch, and the peafowl perched upon the top of the lofty trees and sounding its loud cry that you could hear in the distant hills, with their plumage spread, than which there is nothing more beautiful.

While upon the march from Hamryhabad to Allyhabad I got foot sore and had to mount one of camels which was about half wild. But I got hold of the string which was made fast to his nose and "hoat" him down and mounted the saddle, and then "hoatah" him up again. This was about mid-night and he kept shying at most everything he saw. At the time I had my rifle slung upon my back and the camel was just turning around one of the high hedges of prickly pears when a confounded jackal dodged through the hedge and ran through the camel's legs. And the camel made a bound in the air and a jump sideways and landed me high and dry on top of the hedge. Now you can imagine how I appreciated the descent with a thousand thorns three or four inches in length piercing my body, and if a camel ever got a blessing, he got one.

At the time of the catastrophe my rifle was flung somewhere out in the dark, and to extract myself from my awful bed of thorns I folded my arms and rolled off upon the ground. I

groped around in the dark and found my rifle a few rods away but the camel was gone. I brushed the sand out of my eyes and ears, then straightened up and fetched two or three long breaths and started out to find my camel, and to settle matters if I could find him. I traveled for half a mile when I espied him standing among a group of other camels. I fixed my bayonet upon my rifle, then crept as near as I could without disturbing the other camels. But just as I was going to give him the mortal wound he espied me in time to avoid his death blow.

When we came to the ghaum, or village of Allahabad most of the Indians fled to the jungle, or mountains, for they were afraid of the white soldiers. Those that did not desert the town would come within a hundred yards of our camp, and squat upon their hams, making signs for us to come and buy what they had brought to sell. Some had doode which is milk, in earthen chat-ties; another would have some butter, which they call muskah. They would sell it to you upon a green leaf, giving you about four ounces for a half anna, which is about two cents of our money. Some would have sour curd, which they called cheese, that was also handed to you upon a leaf. Some of them had eggs for sale. But I never saw any kind of meat for sale, except fowl, and fish, which they called muchey.

We marched from Allahabad to a town called Deca, and pitched our tents about half a mile from the town, in a grove of mango trees. Here we made a halt of three days to rest our weary feet. While at this camp I took my rifle and went out back of the town to look around to see if I could find some new curiosity. In this presidency the monkey is worshiped as a god by the Hindoos. But I did not know anything about insulting the Hindoo's hoonuman. Among the branches of a tall tree I spied a queer looking monkey. He was about as large as a cat, his color was almost white with a black beard around his chin, his face and hands were as a European's in color. I should think his tail was as much as four feet long. I up with my rifle and let him have it, and down he came a dead monkey. I wound his tail around my hand and started for camp. I had gone but a little way when I heard the Indian war-whoop. Looking around I saw twenty, or thirty Indians coming upon the run, brandishing their war clubs. Soon I saw they were on my trail. I knew that if I kept running and swinging the monkey by the tail that they could not get near enough to take hold of me, for if they did and

I had struck one of them with the dead monkey it would have broken his caste. I ran about half a mile swinging that monkey around my head, on account of having my rifle in my left hand, and not daring to stop and shift hands, it was quite fatiguing. If I had stopped it would have cost me my life, for if a European wounds or kills a monkey, peacock, or any living thing which they worship, they look at it in the same light as if you had shot, killed, or put to death one of their number. They believe when one of their number dies that his soul has fled into a peacock, monkey, or some living thing, which they then worship as a god. They chased me as far as our camp and the men seeing my trouble came to the rescue and drove them away.

We marched from Deca to a town called Ironpore. Most of this part of the country is jungle. The roads are very crooked and narrow. In some places we could only march two abreast, and sometimes in single file. In places there would be half a dozen paths running in as many directions so that it would be hard to find the right one. We had bakers and cooks with us, and they would go a march ahead, thus having our bread baked and tea ready when we came to the camping ground. As soon as we had pitched our tents we each took our little half pint dipper and went to the commissary's tent. They would serve out a half pint of Bengal rum, or arrack. The Indians made this from the cocoanut palm, or rice and sugar-cane. This liquor is called by the Indians darhue.

Among our beasts of burden, beside the camels, were elephants. Some of the small elephants would carry the spare ammunition, and other stores. One or two of the largest walked behind the heavy guns, so that when they sunk in the sand, they could lift them out with their trunks. We had a young elephant with us. He was only about four feet in height, and his name was Gimbo. He was a great pet with all the soldiers, but he liked his grog as well as any of the soldiers. He would be around after it every morning, and if he thought he was not going to get it he would kick up a great row. One morning a number of us got together and gave him our allowance, which made about half a gallon. This made him drunk. He started over to the officers' tent, and pulled up all the tent pegs, letting the tents down upon the officers heads. He made things lively around the camp for a time, for such a little rascal.

Our next march was to a town called Burr, which is situated

at the foot of Burr Pass. This was a narrow pass between the mountains. At this place there is a small ghaum, or village. Between the ghaum and the mountain is a small lake swarming with alligators. At this place the Hindoos worship this reptile by putting their first born into a basket and casting its contents to the alligators, as a sacrifice to their god, the Hoonuman. While stopping here a Hindoo, who kept a small shop in town, used to come into camp. One day I got to talking with him about his religion. And he said to me,

“You go up country and die, when you come back, you will come back a monkey.”

After my absence of six years up country, when on our march down the country we made a halt at the same place. In the morning the old man made inquiry about me, and said he heard that I died up country. When I saw the old Hindoo, he said to me,

“I told you that you would die and come back a monkey.”

Our next march was to Mt. Abbue. From the summit of this mountain, which is a table-land, there is a fine view of the surrounding country. In the middle of 1857, when we arrived at Abbue Mountain, there was a company of soldiers stationed at the top. We went into camp at the foot of the mountain upon the plain near a small village. We stopped here for two days and some of our men went up the mountain to see some of their old friends who were encamped there.

All around the southeast side of the mountain was a thick jungle of high bushes and tall grass, with here and there a clump of trees. The trees were mango, tamarind, fig, or ironwood. While the men were up on the mountain I saddled my little half-blood Arabian steed, and taking my light rifle which carried an ounce and a half ball, struck off about three miles to a little village. I left my horse in charge of the village folks until I should return from my day's sport. I took my rifle, a few rounds of ammunition and a lunch, and started off around the mountain with a guide. We came to what was once a river, but was now dried up. We followed along its dry shallow bed to where the tiger, who fears neither man or beast, has his lair. At a bend in the river was a path which we crossed, and a few hundred yards to our right was a rise of ground. I ascended to the top and looking to my left I spied an antelope. I told the guide to stay there

and watch the antelope while I crept up to get a shot at him. Before I started off the guide said to me,

"Sahab," which means mister, pointing with his spear which he carried in his right hand and a shield in his left, "do you see that white stone a little way this side of the antelope?"

"Yes, but what about it?"

"Well, sahab, one month ago a tiger killed one shakery there in that place."

After the guide told this story I struck out to stalk the game that was in sight, not thinking that a foe was nigh. As I was making my way through the bushes and tall grass upon my hands and knees, near the white rock I saw the fragments of the poor, unfortunate native shakery. A few feet further on was his skull, well picked. I passed this with a shudder, and still kept creeping nearer my game. At last I was within a hundred yards of the antelope, but he was standing head to me and near the ground, so I waited for him to present a broadside. While waiting I crept under the shady side of a clump of bushes to wipe the sweat from my brow and to cool my aching head. On looking up the antelope presented to me a half broadside, a full view of his shoulder. I raised my rifle to shoot but was almost afraid to shoot for the barrel of my rifle was so hot from the heat of the sun that I could hardly hold it in my hands. I took it up the second time and banged away. The ball caught him on the shoulder, and passed the entire length of his body, coming out of his hip on the opposite side. When the ball struck him he gave one tremendous bound and turned a complete somersault. When I got to him he was drawing his last breath, and his limbs quivered with his last struggles. A fine buck I said as I viewed him. He had a fine pair of horns *three feet in length*, with a twist like a gimlet from their base to within six inches of their tips, smooth and shiny as though they had been polished. I drew my knife from the sheath and took off his skin. Throwing it over my shoulder I retraced my steps to the hill where I had left my guide.

But on arriving I found him gone. So I took up the piece of antelope steak which I had cut, and with the skin I descended the hill. I went down a little below where I had shot the antelope and crossed the bed of the river. Here I gathered some sticks and struck a fire to cook my steak. The sun beating down upon me with its burning heat caused my mouth and lips to be-

come parched and dry with thirst. While my steak was cooking I went along the bank of the river to find a pool of water with which to bathe my aching head and quench my thirst. When I came back to the fire my antelope steak was cooked, so I sat down to eat the dainty morsel.

I heard the crackling of bushes across the river about thirty yards from where I was, and to my astonishment when it broke cover what did I see but an enormous tiger, with the dead carcass of my antelope in her mouth. I sang out "hold on there, old gal, drop my meat," and at the same time I blazed away at the striped thief. I gave it to her hard and sharp in her old striped side, making her beat a hasty retreat, but bringing back to my ears a murderous growl. She made good her escape in the thick and tangled jungle.

After I finished the piece of antelope steak I threw the skin over my shoulders and taking my rifle I set out in a northwest direction. At a distance of a couple of miles I saw a heavy growth of mango trees. While making my way toward this clump of trees I had to pass through grass which was growing far above my head in some places. This is called tiger grass. In these places you may expect to find such animals as the tiger, leopard, panther, cheetah, hyena, wolf, and the wild boar, all in their lair and ready to pounce out upon any unfortunate victim who might pass by. After making my way through the tall grass under a burning sun I at last came to the clump of mango trees. Here I sat myself down to rest my throbbing heart and aching head. While sitting here I heard a strange humming sound. I sprang to my feet to find the cause. I looked in every direction from which the sound might come but could see nothing except the tall grass which surrounded me. Again I sat myself down to wonder what it might be. At that moment a bee lit upon my thumb, and as the Irishman said "his feet were quite hot," for he caused a large bunch to swell up which caused me great pain. I struck at the intruder, but he rose above my head. This caused me to look up, when I saw an enormous swarm of bees hanging under a limb about thirty feet from the ground. The comb extended along under the limb for the space of three feet, about eighteen inches thick and it hung down about two feet in a half moon shape.

I thought it was a good chance to sweeten myself, so prepared to get some of the comb. I cut a long stick that would just

fit the length and bore of my gun, leaving a prong attached. This would be likely to tear it asunder. I knew if I shot a ball it would go through without cutting a piece away. I took my rifle loaded with the stick and bang it went with a whiz. Down came a piece of the comb as large as my two hands. I said to myself I guess those bees thought the lightning had struck them, for the air was black with them. I went to pick up my sweet prize when down they came upon me. I began fighting them, but they made it too hot for me, and I had to retreat in quick time, or what you might have called double time. One pegged me on the lip, another gave it to me over the eye, one on the nose, five or six in the back of the neck, and how many there were in my long hair I did not stop to count. To make my escape from them I started off upon the run among the tall grass. I had not run more than two hundred yards when I ran in among a drove of wild hogs. Now you can bet your sweet life I kept on running. The wild boars made a grunt and a squeal, and away the whole pack came upon my trail. A little way ahead I saw an ironwood tree, and with my rifle and antelope skin I mounted up among its branches. I had not any more than settled in my retreat when they all arrived at the foot of the tree. They were about twenty in number, gnashing their teeth while the foam was flying from their mouths like the soapsuds from a wash-woman's tub.

They would walk off a little ways so as to get a better view of me, then they would fetch a squeal and charge to the foot of the tree, gouging out large pieces of the bark with their strong tusks. What hideous looking things they were! Their bristles were a reddish grey in color, about a foot in length, and pointing towards their heads. The ears were peaked and laid back on the neck. It was no laughing matter to be treed by a lot of ferocious hogs, but I know the reader would have laughed if he could have seen me. Up in that tree with a lot of hogs at the foot, with my swelled eye, my lip stuck out, and my nose as big as the Duke of Wellington's. I looking down at the pigs and they scorning me with their evil eyes. On account of their bristles standing up on their backs they looked like so many porcupines.

While I was up in the tree I began to plan my escape. I thought first to pick out the old ring-leader, and despatch him with a ball from my rifle. Then I thought that would not do for if I shot one and did not kill him he would begin to squeal,

and more would come. After a while I hit upon a plan, and it turned out to work like a charm. I drew my knife from its sheath and cut the head part from my antelope skin. I let the remainder of the skin fall to the ground, and it had no more than touched the ground before one of the largest of the drove caught hold of one end, and another savage one on the other end, and away they went through the tall grass, and the remainder on the trail.

After I thought they had got out of sight and hearing I slid down from my perch and the way I went in the opposite direction was not slow. After I had gone a safe distance I took out my compass and got my bearings for the camp and struck out for the village, where I had left my horse. I had not gone far when I saw a large peacock. I up with my rifle and shot him. A little further on I spied two pea-hens, and also bagged them. With my antelope's horns and my fowl I arrived late in the evening at the camp. This finished my day's hunt around the mountain—fooled by a tiger, and treed by a wild boar.

Our next march, which was a long and weary one, brought us upon the plains of Nusserabad. Nusserabad is situated in Central India, bounded on the east by a low range of mountains, on the west by a chain of high peaks, and at the north you can see in the distance the high peaks of the Himalaya Mountains. These are the highest in the world, and their summits are covered with snow the year round. At the foot of these mountains snow has never fallen to anyone's knowledge, but it is like summer the whole year around.

At the base of this low range of mountains upon the east side of the plains is a chain of lakes connected by small streams about a mile or a mile and a half apart, and running parallel with the mountains. Around these lakes are large boulders of dark grey granite. Around the shores of these lakes the granite is mixed with red and white sand.

Among these granite rocks grows the wait-a-bit thorn. These are crooked like a fish hook, and they catch into your clothes as much as to say, "wait-a-bit." As you travel across these plains you will come across pools of water which contain alkali. These plains are covered with antelopes of many kinds, which you may see bounding in the air with their graceful forms and with gymnastic tricks.

One day I took my shot-gun and went over back of the village

of Nusserabad to a small lake to shoot some duck. When I arrived at the lake the water was literally covered with ducks of many kinds. I commenced deadly work with powder and shot. They were so plenty that when I shot among them, some would dive, and some try to swim out of the way, but others would fill their places. After I had been shooting a few minutes the wind began to blow them ashore, then at my leisure I culled out the best of the pile and the remainder I left upon the ground. I took as many as I thought I could carry, and tied them together in pairs. I started around the east side of the lake to where a small stream ran into the lower end of the lake.

While I was walking along the shore of the lake I saw in a little pool of water a ball of something, but what it was I could not make out. It was quite late in the afternoon, and was getting quite dark. So I went up within a few feet of this ball that was making the water fly two or three feet in the air. I laid my ducks upon the grass and cocked one barrel and fired.

Before I could count ten out came a ball of snakes, straight for me. I grabbed my ducks and made my retreat as quickly as I could. On looking back over my shoulders I saw that the ball consisted of a dozen different kinds of snakes. They were all colors and all lengths from one to five feet. They pursued me so hard I had to throw a couple of pairs of ducks upon the ground to check the advancing reptiles. When they came to where the ducks were which I had thrown upon the ground they stopped, and the ducks were completely covered with hissing reptiles. Just as the moon was peeping over the mountains I arrived at the camp heavy laden with my fowl. This lake had no name until I had been driven away by so many reptiles. I named it the Lake of Snakes, and it goes by that name to this day.

HINDOOS BURNING THE DEAD.

In the Province of Central India the Hindoos cremate their dead upon the funeral pile or pyre. One evening as I was taking a stroll along a river bank I saw at a distance a blaze of fire. In order to know the cause I kept on my way until I arrived at the place. I saw four Hindoos arrayed in white from head to foot, and a pile of wood about four feet square and three feet high. Upon this they laid the corpse of a Hindoo woman which was arrayed all in white. Then a torch was applied to the pile, and a

dense smoke curled upwards with fork-like tongues of fire, licking the white robe from the corpse, the next instant catching the human flesh in its hot grasp amid the chanting of death songs by those who stood around the funeral pile.

There were two Hindoos who attended to the pile. After the body was partly burned one of the men who was armed with a pole would go to one end of the pile where the legs of the body were extended and putting the pole under one of the feet cast it over into the hot embers. At the knee joints the flames would shoot upward into the air with a crackling noise. Then he would go around and put the end of the pole under the head and cast that into the flames also. The smell was quite offensive.

Sometimes the widow is determined to be burnt with her dead husband. Then she would lie beside him upon the pile or sit upon the pile with the corpse in her lap. Then the pile is saturated with cocoanut or palm oil so as to make it burn quickly. As the flames arose the crowd would raise a great shout and the noise of drums, trumpets, toms-toms, and cymbals, which were in honor of the woman, but were intended more purposely to drown her cries at the terrible pain of being burned to death. Their priests told them that the woman who thus gave herself for a sacrifice would have 30,000,000 years to live in Paradise, but if she refused she would not reach there at all. In the eleven years from 1815 to 1826 there were 7153 widows reported as burned, and there were more than double that number that the world never heard of. Where these funeral piles have been burned upon the grassy plains the grass never again grows. After the body has been consumed the ashes are gathered up and put into an earthen chatty and deposited in the side of a mountain.

When a man is supposed to be sick and near unto death, Hindoos who live near a river that ebbs and flows carry him to the bank of the river. This is done that he may die with his eyes looking upon the water which is sacred with the Hindoos. They pour water on his face and stuff his mouth full of mud from the river bank, thus hastening his death. If he should recover, which sometimes happens, after this ceremony is performed, his friends will not recognize him and he is treated as an outcast. His property is divided among his friends. No one will associate with him, and he finds life so lonely that he ends his terrible troubles by stabbing himself with his knife or throwing himself into the river.

THE COBRA-DE-CAPELLO.

This serpent is the most fatal of any in the whole of India. It likes to rove about the bungalow, or camp, on dark and stormy nights. He is a snake that never looks for a fight, but when disturbed or trodden upon or roused to anger he will certainly come to combat. They have a puff of loose skin on each side of their neck near their head which they can inflate when enraged. This puff of skin is called a hood. Their general color is black on the back, and on the under side of a light bluish color, or nearly the color of the inside of an oyster shell. The Hindoo snake charmers and jugglers tame them and play with them without any fear of harm.

There are a great many snake charmers in India. Years ago I used to look at them until I was tired of their performances. They carry a small basket loosely covered over the top. They place the basket upon the ground, and then the cover, or cloth, whichever it happens to be, is removed. The performer squats by the basket and taking a kind of a flute begins playing. In a few minutes the cloth in the basket begins to move and the ugly head of the cobra slowly rises to view. The music is harmonious and soon the snake is quite out of the basket. Standing in front of his charmer he makes a dancing motion, for he is charmed by the music of the flute, but when the music stops the snake crawls back into the basket. While the snake was dancing the Hindoo quickly threw his foot upon the ground and at the same instant grasped the reptile by the neck, then the snake became enraged, and at the first opportunity bit his master's hand. The Hindoo appeared to be greatly excited and rubbed the wound with a stone, green in color, which he said would cure the snake bite. Then he offered to sell one for a number of rupees. The snake was harmless, as his poison fangs had been removed. The Hindoos would wind them around their necks, bodies, and arms, and do all manner of tricks with them.

I told this snake charmer that if he would go out back of the bungalow to a hedge where I knew there was a wild cobra and charm him out I would give him a rupee, that is two shillings. He went and squat down by the hole which I pointed out to him. He began to play his flute, then he would jump back from the hole and dance what we call to cut the pigeon wing. Then he would draw near the hole again, and in a few minutes I saw the

head of a cobra appear from the hole in the bank. He stood up the same as the tame ones, and at that instant he grasped the snake by its neck as before. The snake entwined itself around his arm. Then he brought it over to me and forced open his jaws, to exhibit its terrible fangs, and a bag of poison lay at the base. The Hindoo took a pair of pincers and removed the poisonous fangs. Then he placed his prize in his basket and went on his way. If the snake had bitten the man his life would have been in great danger, for the poison of this kind of a snake is more rapid than that of the rattlesnake, often proving fatal in twenty or thirty minutes after the bite.

ANTIDOTE FOR SNAKE BITE.

Twelve grains of carbonate of ammonia dissolved in water may be given every ten or twelve minutes; or thirty drops of hartshorn, and the ammonia is also applied externally, being rubbed upon the wound. In each case give a dose of castor oil.

One day I took my double-barreled shot gun and made my way to a cotton field which was surrounded by a hedge about three feet in height. There were about six acres inclosed within the hedge, and it was perfectly level. I could not understand whether this hedge was to keep the water in or out, as it was a solid bank of dirt instead of bushes or thorns. I made up my mind that it was so constructed to keep out all kinds of animals. There was no cotton growing at this time, nothing but the dried up stalks which were left after the crop had been gathered. In the corner of the field, where the field had not been plowed, there was a rank growth of grass and weeds.

I had my gun loaded, one barrel with coarse shot and the other with fine shot, as I expected to find either plover, grouse, or partridge in the tall grass. I made a run to jump upon the hedge; as my feet struck the top of the mound I lost my balance. To save myself I gave a quick spring backwards, and struck upon my feet in the tall grass. To my astonishment within three feet of me sprang up one of those dreadful cobra-de-capello. He threw his huge body in a coil and rose erect about three feet, expanding his hood and darting out his forked tongue. His eyes looked bluish green in color and twinkled like two stars. I took my situation in at a second's time. I caught a glimpse of him as I jumped and when my feet struck the ground I had my gun at my

shoulder, and a bead drawn between his twinkling peepers. I pulled the trigger, taking him square in the face with the fine shot. You never saw anything sit down as quickly as he did. When he got back into a coil I gave him the other barrel of coarse shot which cut his head completely off. I took him back to camp with me and measured him. He was seven feet, nine inches long.

I tanned his skin and made three or four belts. They made the handsomest belt that a man ever put around his waist.

I will not try to snake my readers to death, and will now endeavor to enlighten them as to the costumes of the Hindoos, both male and female. The mode of dress of the Hindoos is both simple and suited to the climate. Around the waist is a colored scarf called by them cumberband. This latter garment is about two yards wide, and five or six yards in length. When the person is to prepare it to wear, one takes one end and another the other end and stretching it out to its entire length. Then they fold it together until it is ten or twelve inches in width. Then the Hindoo, holding one end to his side, keeps turning around while the other end is held taut. This is kept up until the entire length is wound about the waist. Inside its folds are carried the dagger and tobacco pouch. He wears upon his feet a pair of sandals. Some of them wear what is called a breech cloth around their body. They often deck themselves with a lot of gorgeous jewelry. I have seen what they call the poor class with belts around their waist of solid gold or silver linked together, rings in their ears and upon their toes and fingers, and about their ankles, and chains inlaid with precious stones around their necks.

The women wear a cloth, or saree, some five or six feet long, often edged with a rich and delicate embroidery of gold or silver, descending to the feet. They gather this into a point in front, and fasten it around their waists with a belt. They then twist the rest around and around their person, after which it is thrown over the head and made to serve both as a bonnet and a veil. A bright silk bodice is worn under the saree, and the whole dress accords well with the sweet and beautiful face of the Hindoo woman or girl. They also wear a profusion of jewels; every available place is often bedecked with them. In some instances all their wealth is thus worn upon their person. Their hair is abundant, long, and black. It is combed in ordinary style in a knot at the back of the head. The women of most wealth fasten it with a band of gold, bound around the entire head, and with or-

amental gold pins. This finishes their dress in *perfect elegance*,
grace and beauty.

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE IN INDIA.

THE WAR OF 1857.—THE HORRIBLE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.
—WEALTH OF A CAPTURED EASTERN CITY.—STATIONED AT
NUSSERABAD.—THE WILD ANIMALS OF INDIA.—METHODS OF
HUNTING.—GREAT NUMBER OF LIVES LOST BY WILD ANI-
MALS AND SNAKES.

The year of 1857 was a memorable one in the history of India. The Bengal army was badly disciplined, and rose in mutiny. The officers were not to blame for the whole system was wrong. Our forces reached Nusserabad and joined their respective regiments. At this time all the European forces in India were reduced to a minimum, owing to the Persian and Russian wars, and other circumstances. European officers, backed by civilians of all grades, had time in many instances for preparation for the safety of themselves and families. How they bore themselves both before and after the storm had burst upon them, is now a matter of history.

Indore, the headquarters of the agent to the viceroy for Central India, is fourteen miles north of the town of Mhow. It was garrisoned by detachments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and Malwa and Bheel corps—all natives. The Maharah Holkar, whose capital lay two miles from the British garrison at Mhow, consisted of a horse battery manned by Europeans, the 23d Bengal Native Infantry, and a wing of the first Bengal Cavalry.

About the twenty-second of June we marched down the road to meet a small column which was on its way up from Bombay. This column was, however, turned aside for the purpose of quelling a mutiny at Arungabad. After returning to camp, while sitting at our meals, we heard the sound of heavy guns in the direction of Mhow. The firing proceeded from Indore, fourteen miles beyond Mhow, where Holkar's guns had opened fire on the British Residency, raking with their fire the horses of the Bhopal cavalry as they stood at their pickets within a square of

four detached buildings belonging to the Residency stables. The men of the Bhopal artillery and cavalry and of the Bheel corps were not in the conspiracy, and were at the time scattered throughout the cantonment. At the same time a ruffianly rabble from the town of Indore, ripe for bloodshed and plunder, came rushing into the lines, eager to sack the treasury. The European officers of the Malwa and Bhopal Infantry ran to their men, but were driven off with threats. The guns of the Bhopal were two in number and had been posted close to the Residency. These replied to the fire of the attacking party while a number of the Sikh Cavalry troop of the same force, having succeeded in cutting away their horses from their picket, rallied round Colonel Travers. The men of the Bheel corps who could be got together were drawn into the Residency, but those of the wilderness seemed more taken up with the various objects of European art and luxury around them.

The Colonel, having got together some of his Sikhs, led a gallant charge on the Indore guns, sabering and driving out the gunners. The infantry, who were in support, opened fire, compelling him to retreat, and he and his men regained the shelter of the Residency.

At the commencement of the outbreak the Resident, Colonel Durand, sent off an express to Mhow, calling for the European artillery. The battery was sent off at once, but was met half way by a horseman with the information that the Residence had been compelled to vacate the cantonment; and had gone, together with his officers and some other Europeans with their families, in the direction of Sehore, escorted by the Bhopal guns, the Sikh cavalry, and the Bheel corps.

The station, being abandoned, was ransacked and burnt by the Sepoys who murdered twenty-five Europeans, men, women, and children. On receiving this news our Colonel commanding the European artillery at once returned to Mhow with all speed, fearful lest the native troops should have taken advantage of his absence to rise in mutiny.

The so-called fort of Mhow was simply an enclosure about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards square, and was used as a magazine. It was surrounded by a loop-holed wall ten feet high and two feet thick, with small bastions at the four corners, and was originally built to repel the Pindarries. Into this Colonel Platt, the officer commanding, had at the urgent request of

his officers allowed all the European families to be collected. Later on the artillery were also moved into the fort, but fearful of hurting the feelings of the native troops the fort guard, which consisted of thirty men of the native infantry, was increased to fifty.

So the day passed, but as soon as darkness had set in the whole of the native troops in the lines rose in open mutiny. The guns, with grape, were at once turned on the native guard in the fort, and they were ordered to throw down their arms. This they reluctantly did, and subsequently most of the muskets were found to be loaded. The gunners then kicked them out of the gate, and they went away.

Major Harris who commanded the cavalry had gone from the fort, but hearing the firing he mounted his horse and rode toward the lines. He was met by a party of his own men and he and his horse were shot then and there. Colonel Platt, who was deaf, rode up to the fort, and called out Captain Fagan. This officer, till within a few days of the outbreak, had been adjutant of the infantry regiment. Platt could not hear the firing, but his trust in his men was great. He and Captain Fagan went off to the lines—the Colonel confident that he could restore order. They never returned. Their bodies were found the next morning on the parade ground riddled with bullets.

The sky began to redden with the glare of blazing houses, when Hungerford, ordering out two of his guns under Lieutenant Mallock, supported by a few officers on horseback, made a dash down the road of the cantonment. A few rounds were fired into the lines which were instantly vacated by the mutineers, who fled to join those at Indore. Having plundered the station, they moved on to the town of Gwalior. It was part of this force which was cut up by us near the town of Agra.

A strong native force was sent out in April, 1858, by the Bombay government; and an organized advance was made into the heart of the jungles. The column was commanded by Colonel Evans of the 9th Bombay Native Infantry. They were encamped at Burwanee. Reliable intelligence was received that the Bheels and their men were in a strong position in the jungle a few miles to the south. An attack was planned.

A small column was sent to make a feint at a pass to the east of the insurgents. They turned out in strength to oppose its progress. Meanwhile the main body made a detour and advanced

upon the rebels' camp from the westward. The Bheel force were exulting at their supposed victory over the smaller column, when the alarm was given that the government troops were in their camp. They returned with all speed and a sharp fight took place. The Afghans and Mekranees, firing from behind the masses of rock and thorn bushes, made a determined resistance. In all about three to four hundred were slain, principally outsiders, for the Bheels themselves fled early in the morning, and by their knowledge of the country made good their escape.

A few days after this fight we encamped on the banks of the Goe river in the jungle, twelve miles south of the town of Burwancee. Soon after our commander received a message from Bheema, the leader of the Burwancee Bheels, stating that he wished to surrender. He desired one of our officers to meet him in the jungle and let him know the terms under which he would be allowed to come in. The place of meeting was to be two miles from the camp and each officer was not to be accompanied by an armed party. As our officer knew that the Bheels had left the jungles after our engagement, he replied that he would meet him on the following day.

He set out with one mounted man, and guided by a Bheel who had been sent by Bheema. Meeting the officer commanding the Khandesh Bheel corps, which formed a part of the force, he offered to join us, and as he was personally known to Bheema our officer assented. On reaching a quiet place in the jungle our guide requested us to halt, and running off disappeared in the thicket of the jungle. After a short time he returned followed by Bheema, who was accompanied by twenty Bheels armed with matchlocks, bows and arrows. We greeted him pleasantly, and after some little conversation our officer told him the terms on which he might be accepted. They rode back with us to camp, but his men returned to the forest. The news of his arrival created no small stir among the troops. Many flocked around the tent to get a view of one who had always been a thorn in the flesh to all the English.

In the fall of 1858 the mutiny in India was nearly crushed. A few English soldiers were still to be found in the Indian garrisons. These held their ground till reinforced, and then marching forth they wreaked a terrible vengeance on their foes. The force in Central India under Sir Hugh Rose had ended its victorious march from Indore by the capture of a town called

Gwalior. The rebel army, broken and utterly disorganized, had fled southward under the command of a rebel chief, Tantia-Topee. This chief had been the intimate friend of Nana Sahib, and was said to have been implicated in the massacre at Cawnpore.

Despairing of success in the northwest provinces, he hoped to gain the Bombay Presidency and rekindle the rebellion. But as he was driven from the town of Gwalior by Sir Hugh, he fled with his broken host of horse and foot troops, and arrived at a town in Central India, called Jalra-Patun. Here he took possession of thirty guns of various caliber, from the Rajah.

In order to stop the progress of Tantia a small force was sent out under Colonel Lockhart. This force consisted of three hundred and fifty men from the 92d Highlanders, four hundred from the 19th Bombay Native Infantry, two squadrons of the Bombay Native Cavalry, and two guns of the Bengal European Artillery. But on intelligence being received that the rebel force numbered about twenty-five thousand men, and that Tantia had captured the guns at Jalra-Patun, a second column, the 71st Highland Light Infantry, under Colonel Hope was despatched. This column consisted of three hundred and fifty men, and one Squadron of the 17th Lancers.

On receiving intelligence of the advance of our force from Mhow, Tantia moved with all his force to the east and reached Rajghur, a fort about one hundred and twenty miles north of the town of Indore, and ten miles west of the Bombay and Agra Trunk-road. General Michel advanced in a northeasterly direction, and on the afternoon of the 14th of September we came in sight of the rebel force. We had been marching since an early hour, and our men had suffered greatly from the intense heat, at no season more oppressive than during the months of September and October. On arriving at a spot whence the country fell away toward the River Neewuj, we saw the enemy about two miles off encamped on the far side of the river. A portion of their force had crossed to this side of the river, and had taken possession of the fort of Rajghur which stands on the left bank.

Conscious of the exhausted condition of his men, and aware that little could be done during the few hours of daylight which remained, General Michel halted his column for the night. Before daybreak on the 15th of September we were under arms and

moving down the narrow path descending to Rajghur. On either side the country was covered with the wait-a-bit thorn. As far as we could see, to left or right, were the camp-fires of the enemy. A halt was called and we lay down on the road till dawn. We then became aware that Tantia had moved, only a rear guard of a few hundred horses remaining on the ground. He had marched in an easterly direction towards Beowra on the trunk, or main road.

We at once descended to the river, and at the request of the General, a small escort rode into the fort to bring out the chief and learn what we could of the movements of the enemy. The gate of the fort was reached by a stone stope about eighty yards in length. Our officer was accompanied by four troopers of the Bhopal contingent. On gaining admittance our officer left two men in waiting at the gate-way to secure a retreat if it was necessary, and then rode on to the chief's mansion. The fort presented a singular appearance, the streets being utterly deserted except for few old men and their squaws. The roadway and floors of the verandas on either side were covered with horse litter and smoking embers. Everywhere were strewn their dishes which were made of the leaf of the kakra tree, and relics of their last meal. The chief met the officers at the door of his mansion, and at once proceeded to detail the indignities to which he had been subjected by his late unwelcome guests. His looks belied his statements, and we had not any doubt but that they spent a jovial evening together. The chief returned to our camp with us. Our small body of troops, consisting of two squadrons of cavalry and one of the 17th Lancers, were ordered to pursue and the infantry likewise.

The country over which the enemy had retreated was stony and cut up with many small brooks or streams, and covered with the wait-a-bit thorn. Our skirmishers were thrown forward in order to clear the jungle in our front, while the rest of the cavalry kept to the road. About a mile from Rajghur we came on a dismounted gun lying in the road. Soon after stragglers were overtaken and cut up by us, the skirmishers. On the steep bank of the river we found two guns, which had belonged to the Royal Jalra-Patun Horse Artillery. They had been abandoned, and the harness which had been cast off from the horses, lay beside them.

Here we sighted the rear guard of the enemy's cavalry. They

would allow us to approach within range of their carbines, from which they fired a number of shots before stampeding. We now came to a more level country, and on the left side of the road was an open space half or three-quarters of a mile in length, and three or four hundred yards in breadth. This had been cleared of jungle, and roughly cultivated. As our skirmishers advanced over this ground the rebel cavalry turned and came on in considerable strength, driving them in on our column. Sir William Gordon of the 17th Lancers, who was in command, formed his men in line and moved slowly on. Meanwhile the open clearing above referred to was covered by the enemy's sowars, who advanced shouting and brandishing their sabers. As we closed in on them they began to give way, and when they saw us increase to a charge they would not stand. On receiving the order to charge our men came on in gallant style, but the enemy turned and fled. A great many fell before our rifles.

We followed, a portion of the infantry skirmishing in front to the right and left, and the remainder in line with the guns and cavalry. At length we reached the confines of the hard stony soil over which we had marched since we left Rajghur, and before us lay a wide expanse of cultivated ground. But on the side toward us was a brook with soft boggy banks. As we came in sight of it we saw the guns of our enemy below us, and them struggling through the mud. Our men were ordered to the front, and after a few rounds the rebels fled, leaving their guns where they lay.

The cavalry was again pushed forward; and having crossed the river we swept through a small village and out into the open country. Half a mile in advance we saw the Indians in flight—a mass of cavalry and infantry, mixed together. It was now late in the evening, and we had been on the march since early in the morning, and had suffered greatly with the heat of the day. We had cut up and shot down a number of our enemy, and captured all their guns. The enemy had fled to a town called Sironj; when the bugle sounded halt.

Meanwhile our cavalry and men in search of water went off to a small stream. At this place Lieutenant Shaw of Her Majesty's 3d Cavalry died of sunstroke. He was struck down while resting by the brook, and died in less than thirty minutes. Our force marched on to Beowra, where we buried a number of our men, from the 83d, 92d, and 71st Regiments. These also died of

sunstroke. From Beowra we marched on to Nursinghur, and thence to Bhairseea, and drove the enemy northward.

From the town of Sironj, Tantia, having obtained a considerable addition to his force from the Mohammedans of the place, moved to the town of Esaghur in the Gwalior territory, where he took possession of ten guns. He then divided his army; one wing with four guns marching along the left bank of the River Betwa, and the other, with six guns, crossing this same river and moving on to Lullutpore.

We were fortunate in falling in with both divisions. From Bhairseea we also marched to Sironj, and thence to the town of Mongrowlee, thirty miles to the northeast, where we fell in with the right division of Tantia's force. About this time we were joined by one of Scindiah's officers, the Sir Soubah, or chief governor of the district, from whom we received much valuable information. From his scouts we learned that a body of the enemy was coming southward. Our march was so accurately timed that we arrived at the town of Mongrowlee on the ninth of October at the same time they arrived in sight. We at once met them, and after some sharp firing they fled leaving their four guns in our hands.

On the following day all our force marched north to a village called Serai. Here we fell in with the 72d Scotch Highlanders, under Colonel Park. A part of his cavalry and horse artillery was transferred to our force. Our infantry and guns had been directed to move to the east to Malthone, in the northwest corner of the Saugor district. From Serai we also moved east, crossing the Betwa River, and advancing through the jungle to Lullutpore. The river was deep and rapid, and was crossed with difficulty by our troops.

In attempting to push through the jungle to Lullutpore we were fired upon from the thickets and driven back. Then our entire force was marched round to Malthone, and from there through a pass in the hills to Narhut. At this time the second division of the rebels had fled from Mongrowlee, and were encamped at Lullutpore, twenty-five miles to the north. The metalled road led from that place to Narhut.

We thought the enemy would turn our right flank, so our officer determined to intercept them. He ordered us to march to Sindwaho, ten miles to the northeast of Narhut. On the following day men were sent ahead to the surrounding towns, with

orders to the head men to send in all supplies for our force on its arrival. Late in the night our camp was roused from sound sleep by messengers who reported that the advance guard of the Indians was marching into the town of Sindwaho. The bugle sounded "to march," at once. We left camp soon after midnight, October 19, and on arriving at Sindwaho came face to face with the enemy, drawn up on a long rise of ground.

When we came within range they opened fire on us with their artillery. We returned the fire with shells which burst over their heads, causing great excitement among them. The Indians turned and fled, their officers leading the way. Six guns fell into our hands. The pursuit was taken up by our cavalry and artillery, and a number of the Indians were killed here. They made a stand and fought bravely causing us some loss. Captain Harding of the 8th Hussars was numbered among the slain. The Indians fled to the north, and we encamped on the banks of the River Jumnie, about ten miles from the town of Tearee, where we halted for one day.

Lullutpore had been a station of a wing of the Gwalior Infantry, and the ruined town bore sad traces of the mutiny. Soon after our arrival we received a report that the Indians were passing to the south by a jungle route a few miles farther to the west. This fact was noted by a party sent out on a scouting expedition.

As it was most important that Tantia-Topee should not be allowed to reach the Bombay Presidency, we marched at midnight, and the next day arrived at Narhut, the same place from which we had marched to meet the Indians at Sindwaho. At midnight we were again on the march, and halted a few miles north of Kurai, in the Saugor district. The Indians were at that time encamped about six miles southwest of our force. They were much worn out by the rapid marching to which they had been subjected. On the following morning we were again on the march at two o'clock in the morning. We took a southwesterly course and passed through Kurai.

At daybreak, as we cleared the town, we saw the Indians crossing our front. They straggled along the path without any attempt at order, and among the groups of horsemen could be seen the uniforms of many different regiments in great confusion. Advancing upon them we cut their line of battle completely apart. The leading portion went on its way to the south, but those who had been on our right as we emerged from Kurai

turned back whence they came. Our cavalry pursued them closely, slaying them by the hundreds. Now, marching in pursuit of their leaders we came to Bagrode; here we found that they had been attacked by a cavalry force under Colonel Beecher. Several dead bodies lay about in the fields in our line of march. The wild beasts and vultures had fed upon their remains. Wolves and jackals could be seen standing about the fields, gorged and basking in the sunshine.

Tantia-Topee had now gained the hills in the Vindgah range, north of the town of Hoosungabad. The tracks being impassable for guns or wheeled carriages General Michel was obliged to move in a westerly direction to the town of Bhilsa. This town, belonging to Scindiah, is situated on the eastern side of the Betwa River, near its junction with the Bess, thirty-two miles northeast from Bhopal. Here we had an opportunity of visiting the "sanchi tope." This is the place where they had all their relics stowed away. Tantia-Topee had in the mean time reached the Nerbudda River which he crossed to the eastward of Hoosungabad. Descending the Vindgah by a rugged pass, we also crossed and advanced on Baitool.

Tantia was on our left front heading for the town of Ellich-poor, but, hearing that our force would oppose his progress, he turned west along the valley of the Taptee. He crossed this river at Meil Ghat, passing through a large tract of jungle into Nimar, and emerged at a town called Khundwah. General Michel also moved west from Baitool through a wild and desolate country, in which supplies were not to be had. While in this jungle the Banda Nawaub, who had hitherto been with Tantia-Topee, left the Indians and coming into our camp with his family surrendered himself to us as a prisoner.

From Khundwah Tantia passed through Nimar towards Burwancee. The running was now taken up by Colonel Park with his force, then in the field south of the Nerbudda. Here the Indians crossed the river near the town of Burwancee, and headed for the town of Baroda in the Guicowar's dominions. Colonel Park followed in close pursuit, overtaking them at Chota Odej-poor. Here we attacked them and killed many. Tantia then fled to the north through the Banswarra jungle, emerging into the plains of Malwa near Pertabghur, where he was met and again smitten by our column under Colonel Benson. Colonel Somerset with another column then cut in, attacking and driving

him north through the Katak and Jeypore territories, whence he was driven into Marwar by our force from Nusserabad.

Meanwhile General Michel, having arrived at Mhow via Muld-laisir, rested his men and then marched north to the town of Katak, where we halted for a few days. At this place Major Burton, the agent, and his family had all been murdered. Even the Rajah himself was besieged in his palace by a strong force which had taken possession of the town. This is situated on the right bank of the Chumbul River, and was strongly fortified. A column from Bombay, commanded by General Roberts, was sent against them. Having crossed the Chumbul River in boats our force took possession of the inner fortress in which the palace stood. The town was then carried by assault. Our force was encamped near the ruins of Major Burton's bungalow. Its blackened walls bore many vengeful inscriptions written by the British soldiers after the siege.

After leaving Katak we marched towards the plains of Nusserabad. The wretched Tantia was kept moving, and nowhere could he find rest for the sole of his foot. Column after column darted out from the British cantonments, all acting in unison and all bent on avenging Cawnpore. For seven months we had been on his tracks, and it was now certain that his diminished band could not hold out much longer. Driven through Marwar by our Nusserabad force they crossed the hills into Mejwar, where they found us in readiness to take up the pursuit. At this time it had become generally known through the whole of India that the royal amnesty which had been proclaimed was "bona fide." Acting on the faith of it about two hundred of Tantia's men came and laid down their arms. The remainder again fled across Malwa, dispersing as they went, until Tantia deserted by his followers sought refuge with a chief of the Gwalior territory, who was in rebellion against Scindiah.

This man, anxious to secure the good offices of the British by effecting a reconcilliation between himself and his own sovereign, betrayed Tantia to a party sent to arrest him. The wretched Tantia was taken to a town called Seepree, where he was tried and hanged. Tantia, after his trial, vowed that the English should never hang him. On the day set for his execution, the place was prepared under the limb of a stately mango tree, with two dry-goods boxes for him to stand upon. While the rope was being adjusted around his neck he gave the box a kick with his

foot. The box flew from under him, and down he came, thus hanging himself. Before anyone could disengage the rope he was dead. Now General Michel moved his force from the town of Neemuch to Shojaurelpoor, where it was broken up. But detachments continued for some time to be employed in hunting down the predatory bands which had been brought into existence by the rebellion, and who now sought shelter in the jungle.

On the 15th day of July 1857 was the great massacre at Cawnpore, which was ordered by the rebel, Nana Dhoondapunt of Bithoor. The native regiments, which the English forces had drilled, became dissatisfied. They felt their power and knew that the English forces had been weakened by the withdrawal of troops from India for the Crimean War. At this time the Indians, who are called Sepoys by the English, were fitted out with Enfield rifles. These were the best arms the English had at that time. But the Musselmen among the Sepoys had circulated the story that the cartridges of the Enfield rifles were smeared with grease from the ox or swine. Then the Indians refused to touch the cartridges, as it would be the means of breaking their caste. Other causes of discontent flamed the signal for rebellion through the whole of India. The first out-break occurred at a town called Meerut, and soon the natives throughout India rose to arms and killed their officers. Then they united their forces to drive the English out. Where the garrisons had forts, which were fortified, they held them until reinforcements arrived. But at Cawnpore there was no fort. Sir Hugh Wheeler, an English General, commanded several thousand English soldiers. But all the rest were Indians who marched off with their guns and cavalry. Meanwhile General Wheeler mustering the little remnant of his troops threw up intrenchments on a parade-ground. Into this he gathered two or three hundred men from other regiments, with as many civilians and servants, and about three hundred and thirty women and children. The little garrison held out against the foe for three or four weeks, but were in no condition to stand a siege and were not certain of any reinforcements.

In this siege a proposal of surrender was made and received from the Indians, who promised if the town was turned over to them that all the women and children in the garrison would be permitted to depart without being molested, and that boats would be provided to transfer them down the River Ganges to Allahabad. Sir Wheeler would not listen to their bribes, but the condi-

tion was desperate. Then Nana Sahib, the commander of the Indians, who before the mutiny had made great friendship with the English, took a pledged oath that they should be protected. Upon this they decided upon their *fatal surrender*.

The following morning all the little garrison marched out of the intrenchments and were escorted by the Indian army to the river. The women and children and what wounded there were were mounted on elephants. Arriving at the river the English embarked on the boats that were to convey them to a place of safety. The boats were pushed off into the river, when a rebel officer raised his sword as a signal and a battery opened in full force from the banks of the river upon the boats with grape shot. A scene of horror and confusion followed. Some of the boats went down and some were set on fire. Then men, women and children were struggling in the river. Some of the Indian horsemen rode to the river and cut down those who tried to escape or save themselves. Most of the men who reached the bank of the river were massacred. But the women and children to the number of over two hundred were taken back into the town as prisoners, in deeper despair. Here they were kept in close confinement, three weeks in July, uncertain as to their fate, when all the time General Havelock's army was hastening by forced marches to their aid.

Nana Sahib, knowing that he and his army would fall into the hands of the English, ordered that they should suffer death. There were five men among the captives. They were brought forward and shot in Nana Sahib's presence. Then a party of Indians were ordered to shoot the women and children through the windows and doors of their prison. This work of death proceeded too slowly, so some butchers who were accustomed to slaughter came out from town in readiness, and some from Nana's guard who were also appointed executioners. These murderers armed with swords and long knives went in among the women and children, as among a flock of sheep, and with terrible slashes put them to death. Between sunset and dark the deed was accomplished. The doors of the building were locked up for the night and the murderers returned to their homes. Upon opening the doors the next morning it was found that twelve or fourteen women and children had escaped from death by taking refuge under the dead bodies of their murdered companions. Then a fresh order from Nana Sahib was sent to murder them also. But

the survivors rushed out into an open court and threw themselves into a deep well. This gave the murderous Indians a new idea, and they dragged forth all the bodies which their cruel hands had slain in the prison-house and threw the dead and dying together in the well.

The next morning after the massacre General Havelock's army arrived at Cawnpore. The English soldiers rushed to the prison-house in hopes of saving the lives of the unhappy captives, but the sight which met our eyes caused strong men to weep. The floor of the charnel house was covered with blood, long tresses of hair, shoes, stockings, bonnets, and dresses, as well as children's play-things. On the walls we read the writings of the victims, and the walls and pillars were defaced with the marks of the bullets and strokes of the sabre. On following the trail of blood to the well we found the murdered and mangled corpses of the whole company. Turning away from the sight of that ghastly tragedy, the soldiers only asked to meet face to face the perpetrators of that horrible crime. But the cowardly Indians had fled at our approach.

All the Indians whom we captured were court-martialed, except some who were shot or blown away from the great guns. But Nana Sahib, the leader in this fearful massacre, escaped punishment. The strictest search on the part of the British government has never yet found him. This tragedy at Cawnpore gave our troops a spirit of revenge. When our forces captured the fortified city of Delhi we slaughtered the Indians unmercifully. After the seige of Delhi there was hardly a tree in the vicinity of the city but had an Indian hanging from its branches. On coming to the town of Lucknow, which is the capital of Oude, where we came to the relief of our besieged comrades in the city, we captured a walled enclosure, within which we found two thousand Indians and killed every one of them.

After the capture of Delhi the soldiers were given the privilege of entering the city and looking about for one day. The fort was a mile in circumference. The wall of the fort was sixty feet high and the main entrance to the enclosure was by the Lahore Gate. This consists of a massive stone arcade, five hundred feet long, and is considered the finest structure of the kind in the world. Within this fort is a building or public hall. This is open on three sides and supported by rows of red sandstone pillars which were elegantly ornamented. The ceiling of this

chamber is beautiful with solid silver plates, some of which were torn off at the time of the mutiny, and sold in the city of London for a hundred and seventy pounds sterling. The throne set back in the wall, covered by a canopy supported by small marble pillars.

In this hall is the famous peacock throne, called so from having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it. Their tails are extended, and the whole is so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and other precious stones of appropriate colors as to represent life. The throne itself is six feet in length by four feet wide. It stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold, supported by twelve pillars. A fringe of pearls ornamented the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a green parrot, of ordinary size, and it was carved from a single emerald. On either side of the throne stood an umbrella—one of the Oriental emblems of royalty. They were formed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls. The handles were eight feet high, of solid gold and studded with diamonds. The cost of this throne is said to have been six millions pounds sterling.

During the mutiny in India, while encamped in a garrison, all the soldiers would attend church. The service was held in a bungalow on Sunday morning at ten o'clock. When the bugle would sound the men would fall into line on the parade-ground in two divisions. The Catholics would form one line and the Protestants another, then they marched off to their respective place of worship. The brass band always played in front of the Protestant division.

At this time Indians were causing all the English garrisons much trouble. The red rascals would creep from tree to tree or from rock to rock, or any way by which they might take advantage by skulking suddenly upon us. One Sunday the red devils skulked up and opened fire on us while in church. They poked their guns in at the door and windows while the service was being held. All of us carried our loaded rifles to church, and when the Indians would molest us we would not stop to go out through the door but most of us would jump out through the windows, causing them to beat a hasty retreat. There would generally be some killed and wounded in the skirmish on both sides. They would be most troublesome at dusk, and during rainy weather.

They would grease their bodies all over or oil themselves, so if you should catch one he would slip through your hands like an eel.

One night while all our regiment were sound asleep in our barracks, the treacherous Indians skulked up and fired in upon us. At the first volley I caught up my rifle from the rack, as well as the rest of the soldiers, and took after the skulking Indians, shooting in the direction in which they had retreated. On these occasions they had a trick of oiling themselves all over with cocoanut oil. Their skin being olive or copper color, and it being quite dark, it was hard to see them, and this they were conscious of. In the morning we would find three or four bullet holes in the wall at the head of our beds, and have often found one or two in our pillows. Sometimes one would be hit with a bullet in his leg, arm, or shoulder, but I don't remember that any one was killed outright while lying in bed but a great many were wounded. I remember of one man by the name of McGrath who found three bullets in the pillow which was under his head, and four more which had been shot through the headboard of his bed at the same time, and had flattened against the wall and fallen upon the floor under the head of his bed. These he picked up the next morning. When he picked them up he said "Well, boys, that was a close shave—without a razor." For he found some of his whiskers which the bullet had cut off laying upon the pillow.

In 1858 after the mutiny was subdued throughout India, and all the predatory bands had been hunted down through the mountains and jungles, all the English soldiers were garrisoned in different parts of the country at such places as each regiment was assigned. Our regiment, the 83d, was assigned to a station upon the plains at Nusserabad, which is surrounded by lakes and mountains. In this part there are most all kinds of large game, such as the elephant, rhinoceros, buffalo, elk, the spotted deer, lion, tiger, hyena, cheetah, leopard, panther, jaguar, wolf, jackall, fox, civet-cat, ant-eater, iguana, raccoon, porcupine, hedgehog, badger, tapir, bears—black and brown—and various other animals too numerous to mention.

My company was transferred about nine miles from Nusserabad to a place called Ajmear Residency for one season. While at this station I would often get a pass and go off over the country on a hunting expedition. I bought a half-blood Arabian steed and three dogs. One large dog weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. He was half blood-hound and half Saint Bernard. At

one time he had his tail struck off by a tiger's paw, so I called him Old Stub-tail. The second dog was a grey-hound which I called Old Fan. The third dog was a bull and terrier and I called him Gunner. As for a name for my horse, I called him Sandy because he was born on the sandy desert of Arabia. This was a horse that had no fear, for he has stood still and let a roaring lion spring with a bound clear over his back without even stepping out of his tracks.

While I was in India I hunted wild animals in several different ways. Sometimes it was by digging a hole near a tank or spring, and from this hole I would shoot them when they came to slake their thirst by night. Sometimes from a howdah upon an elephant's back, at other times from the back of my steed, and often times on foot which is considered very dangerous.

Now I will tell you as near as I can how we stalk our game there. We go to a tank, spring, or pool of water and ascertain if there has been any large game there by their tracks, either in the mud or sand. If the tracks are found and look quite fresh, we take in all the surroundings and about thirty or forty yards from the drinking place dig a hole about five or six feet long and four feet deep and three feet wide. Then in front and on the side next to the water stick down some bushes or pile up rocks so as to make a barricade to shoot through and to screen you from their sight.

This is all done in the daytime and at dark take your blanket—if you have one—a lunch, and a couple of good rifles; one that will carry a three ounce ball and one that will carry an ounce and a half ball, then with your pocket full of small stones, as large as hen's eggs, get into your shooting hole. Put two stones where you can get at them handy in case you need them. Lay your jacket on the edge of the hole to rest your rifle upon, which will be loaded and cocked.

Then everything being all ready, all that you, or the hunter, has got to do is to sit there like a cod fish in the pot, and listen. These stones are to throw at small game to scare them away, until the large game which you are waiting for, comes. But look out that you don't fall asleep. Sometimes you will imagine that you see things in the darkness of the night, when you don't. And you will think you hear all kinds of sounds, but it will be only your imagination.

But if you hear the stealthy tread of any animal which is

coming to the water, don't poke up your head to be betrayed, because all wild animals when they come to slake their thirst, always stop at the water's edge before putting their heads down to drink, and look all around to make sure that an enemy is not lurking about. But after a minute or two rise up with much caution, with your rifle ready. If he be standing side to you then shoot just back of the shoulders; but if head on shoot between the eyes; but if he is standing stern to you, wait until he has drank and turned round to walk off. Then make a low whistle and he will catch the sound, now is the time to bring down your game with a shoulder shot.

Sometimes the tiger is hunted in this way: Take one or two well trained elephants. Put upon his back a large pad, then upon that put a large box called a howdah, large enough to contain three or four men. The driver, or mowhaut, will sit upon the elephant's head. There is a long chain with a ring at one end and a ring in the middle, at the other end is a large ball that would weigh ten or twenty pounds. This the elephant carries in his trunk, and when a wounded tiger leaps upon the hind part of the elephant he takes hold of the ring in the end of the chain and brings it around with such tremendous force that he knocks the tiger off and often breaks his ribs. If the tiger should spring upon his side or head, as they often do, the elephant drops the end ring and takes hold of the one in the middle, knocking the tiger off. Then he goes up and crushes the life out of him with his big foot.

Sometimes we would have packages of pepper, half cayenne and half black, put up in rotten paper, in two or three pound packages. When the tiger is wounded and springs upon the side of the elephant to get at the men in the howdah, then we would throw one or two of the packages, and hitting him upon the head it would burst and fill his eyes full. It made them smart so he let go and fell to the ground, only to be shot with another bullet, or to be trodden to death by the feet of the elephant.

At other times when hunting wild animals near the water, if I could find a tree in a good place, I would make a platform among its branches and shoot from that. This last method is safer than any other if you don't go to sleep and fall out of the tree and break your neck. In some parts of India where I have been and hunted it was dangerous for a man to go outside of the

camp after the sun had sunk behind the hills, unless he was well armed.

Here I will give you a list of the lives lost by wild animals and snakes, in a period of six years, from 1857 until 1862, while I was in that country. There are not as many tigers in India now as there were in 1857 and 1858, for the perseverance of other hunters as well as myself, and the bounties which were offered by the British government. But there are quite enough left yet, as you may understand, when in Madras and Central India alone for the month of September of the year 1857 the destruction by tigers and leopards amounted to three hundred sixty-six bullocks, four hundred thirteen cows, one hundred fifty-one calves, eighty-seven buffaloes, one hundred twelve sheep, one hundred fourteen goats, twenty horses, fifteen donkeys, and the number of human lives destroyed in the same time is not known. But the officials recorded that in six years thirteen thousand four hundred and one persons were killed by wild beasts. Divided as follows: four thousand two hundred eighteen of them by tigers, four thousand two hundred eighty-seven by wolves, one thousand four hundred eighty-seven by leopards, and one hundred eighty-five by bears, the rest by other wild animals.

In the year 1871 the total number of deaths in India by snakes and wild animals was eighteen thousand seventy-eight; about three-fourths of these were caused by snakes. In 1869 fourteen thousand five hundred twenty-nine persons lost their lives by snake bites, and you therefore see that serpents are more dangerous than wild beasts. But the tiger that has once in his life tasted human flesh is ever afterward disinclined to hunt for any other game. He has found out how easy it is to kill a man. He can pounce upon the poor unarmed native, and slay him as he happens to pass by his lair.

In one district a tiger has been known to kill one hundred twenty-seven men, women, and children, in less than six months. Another man-eater had killed and carried off one hundred fifty people in one year. They have even made such havoc amongst the inhabitants that they have fled to other parts of the country. The government offered one thousand dollars for this tiger's head. After a while he was shot by Captain Wavle of my regiment, the 83d. This tiger was killed near a town called Agra.

The average length of a full grown tiger is nine feet seven and a half inches. The largest that has ever been shot in India

measured fourteen feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. What their weight would be I do not know, but they must be heavy for they are all bone and muscle. Their sinews are like wire rope, as hard and tough as iron, and will turn the edge of a knife.

The hunter is in great danger to follow up a wounded tiger on foot. When he has made his retreat into the bush it is not safe to venture near, for sometimes he will play the possum and lay as though dead. But in going up to him he will spring upon and kill whoever approaches him. This I know from experience for I have hunted the tiger from the howdah on the elephant's back, and there are not many elephants that will stand the ferocious charge of a tiger. They will generally turn tail and run. I had rather hunt them on foot, but still it is rather dangerous business.

The safest way is, on a moonlight night, to take a live goat or bullock, and tie him to a tree a few yards off, and then get up into another tree. The bullock will low, or the goat will bleat, and the tiger will hear him. You could tell when the tiger has come, for the animal which is fastened to the tree will sing out louder and look towards the enemy. Then is the time for you to bag your game.

CHAPTER X.

THRILLING HUNTING ADVENTURES.

TWO LIONS AT BAY.—THE HABITS OF THE LION.—SHOOTING A PANTHER.—THE GANGES RIVER AND DEADLY JUNGLES.—THE PITCHER PLANT.—A CHEETAH IN MY TENT.—KILLING A MAN-EATING TIGER.—THE PRINCE OF WILD ANIMALS.—AN ANTELOPE DASHES OUT HIS OWN BRAINS.—PURSUED BY A WILD BUFFALO.—STOCKING AN ANTELOPE.—SHOOTING A NYLGHAN.

While I was on Nuesserabad Plains, I thought I would have a little sport with my dogs and gun, with small game such as the jackal, fox and rabbit. I ordered my two after-riders to saddle up my steed, Sandy, and to lead forth the three dogs, old Fan, Stub-tail and Gunner, then Ammi and Gileto, my two after-riders, for that was their names, to arm themselves with their telwars, a kind of sword which they carried.

When all was ready we started out across the wide plain towards a low range of mountains in the distance. As we moved across the plain, here and there were bunches of low scrub bushes where the small animals secrete themselves in the daytime then come forth to prowl by night. We passed by a number of bushes and Ammi was beating the bush when out pounced a jackal, the dogs were slipped loose and away they went. Old Fan, being a greyhound and having longer legs than the others, came upon him first, and springing over his back and nipping the jackal at the same time which checked his speed, while the other dogs soon came up. Gunner soon put in his appearance and had it with him rough and tumble. But when the bloodhound, Stub-tail, got at him it was all up with Mr. Jackal. We killed a number of rabbits and then took up our quarters under some shady trees, for the sun was getting quite hot.

While enjoying the beautiful shade I saw at a distance a number of hay stacks which were about ten or twelve feet in height and twenty or thirty yards apart. While Ammi was holding my horse and dogs I ordered Gileto to go out between the hay stacks and the jungle and see if there were any signs of larger game. And so Gileto had started to go in the direction of the hay stacks which

bordered the edge of the jungle. I saw some kind of animals jumping over the hay stacks and they would clear them at one bound. Ammi says to me, "Sab, look! See them leopards jump over that lay stack!" The stacks being quite a half-mile off the animals looked as small as leopards at a distance. But on drawing out my glass and looking through it, what was my astonishment as well as my two guides' when I said that those two leopards were two lions, or a lion and a lioness!

Then I told Ammi to mount upon my horse and ride to camp in haste and get my two rifles, one rifle which carried an ounce and a half ball, and the heavy one a three ounce, and order a bullock cart and driver and two natives to follow in the direction of the hay stacks. They soon arrived and we all moved towards the stacks. When we reached the stack where the lions had been gamboling a few minutes before they were nowhere to be seen. I ordered the bullocks and cart to stop at the first hay stack until I made a reconnoitre around the furthestmost stack.

I had my big three ounce ready in my hands. One native was on one side of my steed and his brother on the other side. My after-riders were just behind with my other rifle. Just as we had passed the last stack and were opposite a bunch of bushes about fifty paces to our right out springs the lion straight for me! I caught sight of him as he made his spring with a loud roar. At that instant Sandy stopped and I slid off the opposite side to the ground. In the bound the lion knocked my hat off with a stroke of his paw! The lion made two or three more springs out upon the plain about forty paces off and then wheeled around facing us. Quick as thought I dropped down on one knee and fired at him full in the face. I heard the ball spat loud on his mighty skull and with a half roar and a smothered groan he lay stretched out upon the plain. Now the bullock cart was brought up and we lifted upon it our hairy freight.

I thought that the roar and moans of the king of beasts would bring out his mate, but we had gone a number of hundred yards along by the edge of the jungle without seeing anything of our majesty's queen. But the first thing I knew with a murderous roar out she bounded. And as she misjudged her distance in her leap she struck Sandy upon the right foreshoulder and knocked both myself and Sandy upon the ground. At the same time clawing over both myself and horse she grabbed one of the native brothers by his hips and bounded off for twenty yards upon the

plain. As she caught him and as she had no mane to cling to he caught her by her two ears as best he could to save his life. While this was going on, which was but a few minutes, the other brother seeing his brother's danger which was lying under the brute's grasp upon the plain, ran to his assistance with sword in hand and he began cutting and slashing both right and left and while doing this he cut off the fingers of his brother's right hand and the other hand off at the wrist. All this time amongst the shrieks of the man and roar of the infuriated lioness I was afraid to shoot for fear of shooting one of the natives. But while they were all in a fight and the grass and dust was flying so thick I up with my big three ounce and fired. The ball now caught her back of her fore leg and with a loud roar she let go of the first native she had caught and with a stroke of her paw she dashed the other brother to the ground, and at the same time she turned around and Gileto handed me my other rifle and I gave it to her hard and sharp, one over the eye and as she tumbled over I gave her another which told loud and sharp upon her tawny breast, and there she laid with her large yellow eyes dimming with the shadow of death creeping over them while she laid with her huge paws, and her jaws quivered in death as she fell by my rifle, stretched out upon the green sward of the plain.

We placed her upon the cart along side of her mate and took them and the wounded man to camp. The man had his thigh badly fractured besides losing the fingers of one hand while the other was cut off at the wrist by the sharp telwar. One gash was cut from between her ears down over the eye which was laid open two inches wide and ten inches in length; and another one across that one, and one across the side of her head from her ear to her eye and along down to the end of her nose which was laid open clear to the bone. Every one who saw these lions said they were the two largest that had been killed around that part for a long time. The native died a few days after.

The habits of the lion are nocturnal. During the day he conceals himself beneath the shade of some low scrub or bush where the limbs or boughs come near the ground to hide himself from view, or in the recesses of the forest or on some mountain side. Sometimes you may find him sheltered in the lofty reeds and sometimes secreted in long rank grass in the low valleys. And from these haunts he comes forth after the setting of the sun and commences his night's prowls. When gorged with his prey

he retires to his lair and being so satisfied he will not roar unless he is aroused by some intruder and then only utter now and then a few low mournful roars. The lion is most daring in dark and stormy nights, and owing to their tawny color they are nearly invisible in the dark when only a few paces away. When a lion comes to the water to quench his thirst he stretches out his legs and lays down on his breast to drink and while drinking he makes a loud lapping noise. Thus he keeps up this for three or four minutes only to stop to take breath. One thing which is most conspicuous about him is his eyes, when on a dark night they will be seen to glow like two balls of fire. The roar of the lion is powerful and grand, and not to be mistaken. It consists of a deep low moaning repeated two or three times in rapid succession, these each increasing in loudness up to the fourth or fifth time and then dying away in low muffled sounds which very much resemble distant thunder. His age is generally told by the color of his mane. When he is in the third year of his age his mane first develops itself. Then it grows darker as he has attained the prime of life, and when nine or ten or twelve years old his mane becomes a yellowish grey. And lions are small in stature compared to some of the mighty beasts of the forest. While being under four feet in height his body is so compacted that he is able and proves to be a match for the bull buffaloes and is able to pull down the stately giraffe which with his immense height carries his head high above the lofty trees of the forest.

One morning my horse Sandy being saddled I ordered my two after-riders, Ammi and Gileto, to feed the dogs and to get themselves and the dogs ready for a two or three days' hunting trip. In about an hour's time everything being made ready we marched to the hunting grounds at a place called the black jungle, going by way of the town of Elaw. When we came within a mile or two of Elaw we met a bushman from the mountains. He was all excited and said he had seen a panther kill one of his cows. Ammi asked him how far it was to the place where the cow was killed. The bushman said it was "yec burrus," that meant in his language one mile.

When we came to the village of Elaw we went into camp for the night. The bushman said that in the morning he would guide to where his cow was killed. We now camped out on the bank for the night on the banks of a beautiful river, upon a little grassy

plot of ground surrounded by trees and bushes covered with flowers of almost every color.

Amni and Gileto soon had a camp constructed with bamboo poles and bushes. While they were eating their curry and rice for supper, I was taking my repast of plover, grouse, and dried venison. Then we spread down our blankets and took our saddles for pillows, and hobbled the horses near the camp.

Gileto stood the first watch and Ammi the next, to keep the fire burning so the smoke would drive away the flies, as well as the wild animals which might be prowling about. Gileto had stood his watch and then came Ammi's turn. He took his rifle and mounted guard, but had not been pacing to and fro in front of the camp fire long when bang went his rifle. This brought me and Gileto to our feet, but we could see nothing. Ammi said he shot at something large as a hog, for he saw his eyes and they looked like two balls of fire. When morning came Ammi went seventy yards from camp behind a clump of bushes and came back dragging a huge hyena. He was one of the striped kind, and the largest one of his species I ever saw.

Another day had dawned and the sun with its fiery face was just peeping over the hills in the distance. The songs of the birds were making the valley ring with their sharp, sweet notes; the fragrance of the Mayflowers filled the morning air with their perfume; while the foliage of the drooping willow bent itself over the river bank. While Ammi was preparing breakfast Gileto was brushing down the horses, and I was cleaning my rifles, knife and revolver to be ready to give battle to the panther which killed the cow the day before. Just as we were all prepared to start off the bushman came armed with a spear, a shield, bow and poisoned arrows, and a wide belt around his waist which was made from the snake cobra-de-capello as a charm against enemies and all evils and dangers.

The bushman as guide led the way taking us back to where we had met him the day before. Striking off to the mountains he led us about two miles, then crossed a small stream which was a branch of the river where we had encamped that night. After crossing this stream we came to a dense thicket of thorn bushes, then he stopped and pointed with his spear to where the dead cow was. I rode up to the place and could see nothing of the cow but the head and hoofs.

I dismounted with my three ounce rifle and Ammi slipped the

dogs. None of the dogs took any notice of the panther's tracks except the old blood-hound. He ran around for a while with Gunner close to his heels, quite mute, but in a little while the old hound struck off down the stream which we had last crossed. Here he had something at bay, his deep, heavy voice told me that, and at the same time the sharp bark of Gunner could be heard mingling with that of the hounds. We all started in that direction and when we arrived the old hound was looking in between two large rocks behind a bunch of mimosa bushes. Gunner was perched upon a high rock where he had a view of his game. I went around on the other side with Ammi while Gileto and the bushman stopped in front. After we got around I was peeping in amongst the rocks, when Ammi putting his hand on my shoulder whispered, "Sahab." Pointing at the same time with his finger, "See his eyes, sahab." I looked and there he was lying upon a flat rock.

I told Ammi to take a good aim and fire at his breast. When he did the lion made a bound at the same time with an ugly growl, but I met him with my three ounce in the breast. He was bowled over before his own den gorged with the bushman's cow. He was an old male. His length was nine feet from the nose to the tip of his tail.

Ammi and Gileto soon removed his skin. We then turned and marched for the town of Baroche on the banks of the Nerbudda River. At this place we made a halt for one day only, and then resumed our march. For many miles we rode past cotton fields and beneath a burning sun, scarcely a tree of any kind was to be seen. But after we had entered the province of Baroda there was a most agreeable change. The roads were lined with trees of various kinds. The village gave every evidence of prosperity, before the war, and now had a beautiful appearance, being surrounded with mango and verdant tamarind trees. I observed that cotton, sugar cane, tobacco, corn, opium, hemp and flax were grown, the fields being divided by high green hedges. The inhabitants were all coolies, and were a singular people. After riding till noon in this delightful scenery we halted at a little village of mud huts and obtained an excellent meal of venison, hare, peacock and quail.

From these mud huts we rode on. The country again assuming a wilder appearance. We now go to the Nerbudda valley, and the range of mountains. The Satpura and Vindhya mountains,

which lay in the central provinces, are known as the highlands of central India. The valley of the Ganges is at the base of the Himalaya Mountains. This valley runs parallel with the stony range of the Girdle Mountains for the distance of twelve or thirteen hundred miles, and is sixty or seventy in breadth. Between Silligari and Pankabarri the country is most deadly. There are elephants, tigers and cheetah. Between the River Jimna and the River Ganges, and from the Ganges to the Brahmaputra is the deadliest strip of jungle forest in the whole world. Here are enormous snakes, the huge python for one; and the rhinoceros, elephant, tiger, leopard, panther, bears, hyena and a number of kinds of antelope.

You find us now marching along the Brahmaputra jungle, and while looking for a place to camp I first discovered what is called the pitcher plant. It is in the shape of a pitcher when you hold it by the handle. This is the blossom of the plant, and you will always find them to contain water. Some will hold half a gallon, and are full according to their size. It is known as the rajah pitcher, and you may find them full of water when there has been no rain for six months. They are a great advantage to the hunter or traveller, and many a person has had his life saved by finding this plant while suffering with deadly thirst.

To-night we pitch our camp near a large spring, and near by is the mimosa with its golden flowers and its delicious perfume which fills the air, while the pitcher plant entwines itself around its branches. We now pitch our camp and build our fires three in number, one east, one west, and one south, while the back of the camp is generally protected by a large tree, stone, or bank of earth which ever it happens to be. These fires are generally built about fifty feet from each other, and about the same distance from the camp, except one which is only six feet from the bamboo. This is the first one, which is always made first, and is to do our cooking with.

This day as we were late coming into camp the sun had hid its face behind the mountains until another day. The day being quite warm and muggy we were all tired after our long ride over the rough country. While we are partaking of our supper we can hear the different discords of the wild animals in the jungle and mountains. Some of them are coming forth for their prey, and some of them may roar on account of catching the scent of my venison as it is broiling over the embers of our camp-fire. While

upon the march today, and after coming through a little village of mud huts on its outskirts I found in a bed of ashes in an old fire-place a litter of dog-puppies. There were eleven of them, of the wild dog specie, and the first that I ever found in that country. I picked out a dog-puppy and gave it over to Gileto to take charge of and to bring it to the camp.

Our horses and dogs were in an old kraal, I was asleep in the tamboo, and the guard was pacing his beat before the fires. In the latter part of the night I was roused out of a sound sleep by feeling something heavy upon my blanket. I poked the blanket away just in time to see the huge paw of a cheetah, or hunting leopard, lifting the little puppy from beside me where it had cuddled itself up during the night. The pup had been whining and I suppose the leopard heard him. I quickly spring to my feet and as I did the cheetah sprang out of the door, and I close to his heels. I had caught up one of my rifles, but happened to take one which was not loaded. When I saw him passing by one of the fires I up with the rifle and snapped it at him. Then I found out it was not loaded. He made a halt and I threw the rifle at him and happened to hit him on the back. This made him drop the puppy upon the ground, and I picked up the pup and brought it back into the tamboo. I now lay myself down to finish my broken nap, but in a few moments "Mr. Cheetah" poked his head in by the door. I then grabbed one of my boots and threw it at him, hitting him between the eyes. With that he made off and gave up the job.

Morning dawned bright and fair. Ammi and Gileto went off early and had just returned from a large tank. They brought news of seeing the tracks of large game near the tank, where they had come to drink. We went back and found that we could not dig a shooting hole on account of the hard, rocky ground. Then I proposed to construct one with stones and bushes, about forty or fifty yards from the tank. We piled up rocks about three feet high, leaving square holes open to shoot through, one in each end and three in front facing the tank. Then we drove down four corner stakes and laid poles across. Then we covered all over with green bushes, and on the outside of this we put dry cactus and thorn bushes, then a lot of dry grass. Our shooting place was now ready for the night's sport.

When night came we took our rifles and blankets and crept into our shooting hole, with our rifles all loaded, the largest ones

laying with their muzzles out about six inches, and the lighter rifles standing near by. I always took the middle, Ammi on one side and Gileto on the other. There we sat all cramped up and listened for the faintest sound of the stealthy tread of some approaching animal until near midnight. Not a sign of the approach of any large game, except now and then a hyena or jackal which came to slake their thirst, but we cared not for such game, and would often throw a stone to drive them away.

These jackals go in packs, the same as the wolf, and their howl is very much the same. A pack of them will start out for their night's prowling, the leader will cry and then another and another and then the whole pack a hundred or more will howl together. Their howl is between an angry snarl and a sharp quick bark, which is prolonged for two or three minutes. If they be not far distant it is very piercing and disagreeable to the ear.

It being near midnight we began to feel drowsy, but the quick ear of Gunner has caught the sound of some approaching animal, or he has scented them for he growls. At that moment I gave him a slight cuff to silence him. We are all on the alert, with ears, mouth and eyes open, and hardly dare to move lest we be detected. I got on my feet and with care scanned the surroundings. I looked to my right and saw nothing. At that moment Ammi looked out through the hole on one side, then he put his hand on my shoulder and said in a low trembling whisper,

"Sahab, sahab, look to the left. There is something." I turned my eyes in that direction near the edge of the tank, which side was covered with bushes. There was the long striped body of a tiger. He was crouched low on the ground, lapping the cooling water when I first discovered him.

I now had my big three ounce ready. I charged Ammi and Gileto not to fire when I did unless he made a charge towards our place, and if he did to wait until he came within ten or twelve yards then both fire. After he had quenched his thirst he slowly straightened himself up. As he turned partly around he scanned the surroundings far and near, but all this time he only showed a part broad side view. I thought when he left the tank he would turn to the right and follow around the edge of the tank, and this would give me a good broadside shot, but no, he turned right sharp to the left. As he started off he turned and looked towards where we were, with eyes glowing like two balls of fire. I saw it was now or never, so I drew a bead on him and fired a

little low and right for his shoulder. As the big three ounce ball with six drachms of powder rang out upon the still night air the tiger made a bound with a half snarl and half roar, and at the same time a couple of bounds upwards into the air, and striking out with his fore paws as though he was trying to strike something. He kept up this dancing motion until he got out of sight among some bushes. I now slipped Gunner and he went out with a rush. He ran about half way to the bushes and stopped, then fetched one growl put his tail between his legs and came trotting back, casting an eye over his shoulder until he found himself safe among us. I knew by this that I had given the tiger a mortal wound. We thought it not safe to venture out until daylight.

When morning came we went to inspect our lord of the jungle. When we got to the clump of bushes near the tank there lay an old male tiger of good size. My bullet struck him in the nape of his neck just above the upper part of his shoulder, and travelled slantwise towards his ear on the opposite side of his head. It had completely severed the spinal cord. He was not a very thick set tiger, but long and slab-sided. He was about four years old, and measured eleven feet and eight inches from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. He was what they called a man-eater.

The prices of wild animals vary. A well-trained elephant will bring from thirty to forty thousand dollars but one just captured costs one thousand dollars. A fine lioness costs six thousand five hundred dollars. A male lion, one to three thousand dollars. Tigers cost from eight hundred to four thousand dollars. A good trick bear will bring fifteen hundred dollars, but one not trained costs one hundred. Leopards are worth from one to two thousand dollars. The giraffe is worth from five to ten thousand. A camel from five hundred to two thousand dollars. A hippopotamus fifty thousand dollars. Monkeys cost from ten to twenty-five dollars and sometimes more, but a gorilla would cost ten thousand dollars. An ostrich is worth from one to three thousand dollars. A large boa constrictor is worth from ten to fifteen hundred. The large snake, called the anaconda, is worth from two to three thousand dollars.

AN ANTELOPE DASHES OUT HIS OWN BRAINS.

On morning just before daylight I took my gun and strolled from the camp along a path which had been made by numerous animals. I wandered along expecting every minute and at every turn to come face to face with some lord of the jungle, or to meet them at that hour coming from their night's prowling, or returning to their respective haunts. But I saw none and still kept on the trail until I came near a small plain at the foot of a high mountain. Here I found a lake or tank which was surrounded by a dense jungle of thorn bushes and huge granite bowlers. On the opposite side of the tank from where I was to the boulders was about fifty yards. Around the tank for the width of twenty feet was a coarse gravel and bunches of grass growing up here and there. Upon this gravel plot stood a large black buck antelope, cropping the grass, about ten feet from a point of projecting rock where the point came within three or four feet of the ground. It being quite dark to shoot at him across the water I thought I would shoot quite low. I up with my rifle and fired, but I shot too low. The ball struck the gravel instead of the buck, and the fine stones flew about his head and ears. He made a quick spring upwards and struck his head with such a crash against the point of the projecting rock as to knock himself down to rise no more, and leave his brains upon the point of the rock.

PURSUED BY A WILD BUFFALO.

One fearful hot day taking one of my light rifles I went but a short distance from the camp to the bank of a little stream to have a bath in its cooling waters. A large mimosa tree stood on the bank of the stream. My rifle being loaded I stood it up against the mimosa. I stripped off and had a bath, then washed my dirty clothes and came out as naked as Adam before Eve. When I reached the dry bank of the stream I thought I heard a kind of snorting noise. I looked all around but saw nothing amongst the thick mimosa bushes of which there were many. I took my wet clothes in one hand and my rifle in the other and went back a little way from the water over some rough ground to spread my clothes to dry.

I had gone but a few yards, and was passing a bunch of thick bushes when out charged an old bull buffalo. He came with a

mad rush and a snort that meant business. He came upon me so suddenly I had no time to take aim and fire, and all I could do was to try to make my escape by running. I well knew it was sure death if I ran, and sure death if I did not run.

I set off at full speed with the furious bull within ten feet of my heels, with his head down and his tail in the air. At every jump he made he would fetch that murderous snort, which sounded something like the noise of a locomotive. I expected every second to see myself going heavenward from his powerful horns. In my flight across the rough ground I threw down my clothes. At the same time I took a quick glance over my shoulder, and in so doing I stumbled and went heels over head, turning a complete somersault, with my rifle between my feet. I saw the position of my rifle was pointing for his head, so I lost no time in pulling the trigger. At the same instant he made a plunge headlong and with a fearful groan fell beside me. Getting on my feet half astonished with fright I viewed the big heap of flesh that had fallen beside me, which a minute before was full of the wild power which overcomes many of the savage beasts of the forest. The bullet from my rifle had struck him between the eyes and gone crashing through his thick skull to the brain. He was so near me when I fell that the flash of the powder had burnt off the hair upon his forehead from a place as large as a man's hand, and had driven some of the hair into the bullet wound.

He was a huge beast twice as large as the common ox. His legs were short and stout, and he had a thick neck. His horns grew outward and upward. And were ten inches at their base and from three to four feet in length. His skin was black and shone like a polished boot, without any hair except around the head and shoulders. I left him where he fell for the hyena and jackal to pick his bones. Ammi and Gileto went out and cut off some steak and his tongue. For myself I had enough of him, and thought myself lucky to escape as I did by a chance shot without being crushed to death by his ugly head. This was recorded in my day book as one of my narrow escapes from death.

STALKING AN ANTELOPE AND KILLING AN IGUANA.

One morning I left my after-riders, dogs and horses in camp, and went off on a long day's ramble to bring some animals down.

I travelled over hills and through jungle. After going quite a long way I came to a small but high mountain which stood by itself in a little valley. On one side it slanted off enough to allow an animal to ascend part way to the top. On the other side it was perpendicular. On both sides of this valley was a chain of low hilly mountains.

As I was crossing the little valley from the eastern to the western chain I saw at the foot of the mount an antelope, black except the under part which was white. A pair of horns two feet in length grew upwards with a twist like a gimlet. When the sun shone upon them they looked bright as a new polished boot. I thought I would try to stalk him, but he was so wild and wavering I could do nothing with him, or get a shot at his shining coat. He had made his way up the mountain side almost out of rifle range, and was standing on the point of a rock which commanded a view of the mountain below. I now put up the sights on my rifle and fired. As my bullet struck the point of rock upon which he was standing, he threw his head back over his shoulder, and with his nose pointing to the sky he made one fearful leap out upon another projecting rock. He stood there a moment balancing himself upon a point of rock which looked no larger than a man's hand. From where he stood it was many hundred feet down to the valley below, and the face of the mountain was perpendicular. If you could have seen him as I did you would have thought if he missed his foothold he would come tumbling down and be dashed to pieces upon the rocks. As he stood there scanning the valley below I thought another shot might cause him to lose his footing and come tumbling down. But it was not the case for when I fired at him the second time he gave a leap and disappeared behind some other rocks. That was the last I saw of my fine mountain antelope—vanished like a dream.

After crossing the valley and going over the western chain of mountains as I was nearing my camp I came across a small lake in another valley. I went to the lake to see if there were any ducks, but saw none. Then I thought I would try to catch some fish. I stood my rifle up against a rock, and cutting a bamboo pole went to fishing. I caught a few mud fish and gave it up for it was getting late in the day. So I threw away the pole and went back in another direction to fetch my rifle.

When crossing a piece of low ground up started an animal

which I thought by its looks was an alligator, but the moment he saw me he ran away from the water instead of running toward it. Then I made up my mind it must be some other kind of a four-footed reptile. I knew that an alligator could not run as fast as he could, for when I picked up a club and ran after him I had to exert myself to catch up with him. I dealt him a hard blow upon the head, when he turned over on his back and died. This animal was about four feet long, and had a thick, rough, scaly skin of a dark color. From his head down along his back was a loose piece of skin which stuck up like the comb on a rooster's head. I slung him over my shoulder and struck out for the camp. When I arrived I was informed by Gileto that my unknown animal was what is called an iguana. Ammi said he would make a capital soup. I said that they might have him, tail and all, for there was too much devil in him for me to eat, judging by his looks.

SHOOTING A NYLGLAU.

We now strike our tents and leave the black jungle, turning our faces in the direction of the Nerbudda River. Our march takes us between the towns of Silligari and Punkabarri. Here we strike the jungle of Brahmaputra near the River Ganges. We once more go into camp, where that striped lord of the jungle comes forth for his nightly prowls beneath the light of the pale-faced moon.

Morning dawned bright and fair. I left Gileto in camp with my horse, Sandy, and the other two dogs, while I took Ammi with my light rifle and the old stub-tail blood-hound. I took my big three ounce and we started out along the dry river bed. Upon the sand were plenty of tracks of the wild boar, hyena, leopard, and some old tracks of the tiger. I told Ammi to skirt the river bank with the old hound, while I travelled up the river bed.

As Ammi was making his way through a clump of bamboo which grew near the bed of the river the old hound got on the track of a large blue ox, or nylghau. He was running him by where Ammi was when he up and fired, breaking his leg. He made a rush through the bamboos for the river, and the old hound being so close on him they both arrived on the high bank at the same time. The river bank here was twenty feet in height.

The nylgchau dropped on his knees to fight the hound, but the old dog caught him by the nose. Both came tumbling over the bank into the dry bed of the river, on the opposite side from where I was standing. In the fall the old dog broke his hold, but when they struck terra firma they both came on their feet again. The hound made a dash for his fore shoulder, but the nylgchau brought his head around, hitting the hound such a swipe in his ribs that he knocked him a rod or more away in the sand. This gave me a chance to put a three ounce ball into him without hitting the hound. The ball caught him back of the eye and he plunged headlong upon the river bed. As he came down the old dog had him by the nose the second time.

This nylgchau weighed four or five hundred pounds. They are one of the largest antelopes found in India. In size they are between two and a three year old colt. Their color is generally of a bluish tint. The head is long, with ears and large, full black eyes. The fore legs are straight, but the hind legs are very crooked. When standing at a distance he looks as though he was crouching down with the hind part of his body. Just above the hoofs are two white rings, and there is a white patch under his throat. From his throat down to his breast he is covered with long hair, and there is a long mane from between his ears down his neck to his fore shoulders, and along to a large bunch which is in the middle of his back, and this is also covered with long hair. The hair on the inside of the ear is white. The stern and belly are white. The tail is quite long, and is a cross between that of the cow and the horse. Their meat is quite good and sweet.

When the nylgchau comes to combat he falls upon his knees, his tail in the air, his hind legs spread apart, and his head canted on one side. He keeps himself in this way until his foe approaches, when with a lightning-like spring he is upon his enemy. Altogether he is a most formidable enemy to deal with when driven to close quarters.

CHAPTER XI.

RETURN FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.

THE MARCH TO NUSSERABAD.—DISCHARGING MY FAITHFUL AFTER RIDERS.—THROUGH THE RAM-GHAUTS TO BELGAUM.—ANOTHER HUNTING TRIP.—A FOOLHARDY VENTURE INTO A TIGER'S DEN.—HOW WE ESCAPED.—WE TAKE PASSAGE FOR ENGLAND.—CAPE TOWN, AFRICA.—THE ISLE OF ST. HELENA.—TOMB OF NAPOLEON BONAPART.—ARRIVAL AT GRAVESEND, ENGLAND.

We now leave the Brahmaputra jungle and direct our course for the Vindehyas Mountains, and cross over from the town of Sangor to the River Betna. From the Betna we went to a town called Sipre, between the two towns called Ourtcha and Burdman. This part of the country is rough and hilly, but this long and tiresome march will take us through this part of the country, to the town of Boundi, or north of it, where we enter upon the Nusserabad plains. We encamped in an old government bungalow. This place is called Ajmear Residence, and is about three miles from the town of Ajmear, and eight miles from the town of Nusserabad. We made a stay at this place for about six weeks. While here the weather was fearfully hot; so hot after the sun had sunk below the horizon that we chose to spread our rug down upon the grass outside of the bungalow for a night's sleep.

One morning after a fair night's sleep I crawled out of my bed, or what they call in India a teecheanna. My teecheanna consisted of one rug, two blankets, two sheets, and one pillow. When I made it up I would first lay the pillow one side, then pick up a blanket and shake it and I lay it one side, then pick up the sheets.

"Hallo! What is this; a scorpion?"

I shake him off and put my boot heel upon him crushing him into the earth. Then I picked up my other blanket.

"What's this; a centipede?"

"Yes and with legs from one end to the other, or you might say all legs." I shook him off, and with all of his legs he tried to run away, but I was too quick for him, and he shared the fate of the scorpion—but he was harder to kill.

Now I take up my my rug which is spread on the grass, and what do I find coiled up under the head part of my rug but a deadly cobra-de-capello. He took it into his head as being disturbed and quickly came to standing position. He expanded his hood to warn me that he was ready and willing to give me battle, for death or victory. He stood erect his forked tongue darting out and his eyes sparkling with rage. I lost not a moment in throwing the rug over his ugly countenance. I withdrew from the place and armed myself with a club to return and give battle. Advancing to the rug I lifted one corner with the club instead of my fingers. I kept the rug moving until his snakeship was exposed to view, when with short quick rap I stretched him out upon the green grass a dead cobra.

In the year 1860 in the month of April, which is the spring month, we marched to the garrison of Nusserabad. Here I disposed of my two ever faithful after-riders, and my trusty dogs which had done their duty among the wild animals in an Indian forest. I hope that Gileto and Ammi may live long to recite the stories of their hair-breadth escapes, that they have been in while with their master and friend old Buckskin Sam.

In the month of May, 1860, I wound my way down country to a garrison called Belgaum, which is only a few day's march from the seashore. Here at Belgaum is the treasury building where all the money is kept which is not in circulation in India. As one marches to and from this town he passes through a mountainous range which is called the Ram-ghauts.

Further along in this chapter I will endeavor to explain, or give a further explanation of the scenery in and around the Ram-ghauts. The town or village of Belgaum is about half a mile from the soldiers' barracks. One mile beyond the village is a fort and an arsenal, and but a short distance from the fort is the large treasury building. Up in a large room in the loft was a large collection of the skins of wild animals, stuffed. Among them you could find most every kind which inhabited the country, and some of them had been there so long the hair had all fallen off. It was hard to tell one kind from another except by the difference in makeup of the body. There were the lion, tiger, panther, leopard, cheetah, jaguar, hyena (three varieties), three species of bears, wild cats, civet cats, wild boar, and many which

would fill a whole page of the book to name them all, together with the monkeys and birds without number.

While at this station I made the acquaintance of a Mr. Jack Bailey, a noted sportsman. One day Jack asked me if I would like to accompany him to the Ram-ghauts for a little sport in shooting a kind of bird which is called jungle cock. The next morning each of us took a double-barrel shot-gun, expecting to see nothing but small birds. As we arrived at the Ghauts we turned off to our right and went about half a mile from the main road. We came to the verge of one of the deep and frightful precipices. I stood on a projecting point of the ledge looking downward admiring the untold beauties which presented themselves in the far distant depths. It presented a light bluish tint and turned darker blue as I gazed into its depths, below the cliffs. At the bottom of this forest is such a matted mass of twining plants and thorn bushes that I cannot believe the sun's rays, or the light of day has ever shone beneath its dense foliage.

While I was standing on the point of the ledge with Bailey beside me a beautiful bird of paradise came flying over our heads. It had the most beautiful plumage that I ever beheld. It was all colors of the rainbow. Its tail feathers were like so many different colored ribbons. As it took its flight over our heads Jack let off one barrel at him which took effect and made the feathers fly. The bird kept whirling round and round as he was going down into the dark forest below. He finally brought up on a little patch of green grass intermixed with the most beautiful flowers. The bird was nearly as large as a turkey, but as we viewed it so far below it did not look any larger than a chicken. Bailey said to me,

"Let's go down there and get the bird." I said,

"I don't think it would be a safe thing to do, for there are tigers down there as thick as flies, and our shot guns would be like so many mosquitoes biting them." But Jack had made up his mind to get his bird. He said,

"Tigers or no tigers, I am going down there and get him."

I knew it was a foolhardy thing to do, but Jack was a good fellow and I did not want to see him pounced upon by a tiger so I made up my mind to go down with him. We turned off to our left and followed a path which led down to another flat ledge, far below where we were when Jack shot at the bird. As we left

this second ledge we entered into a long narrow passage or tunnel which had been made by wild animals. It was about three feet wide and three feet high, so in order to proceed we had to crawl on our hands and knees, and drag our guns after us. In this way we would advance a hundred yards or more until we would come to a cave where it would be dark as midnight. Then we would come out upon another shelf of rock. Then along through a dark tunnel of thorns which would stick into our back and sides, hands and feet. After going some distance through dark tunnels and caves we came to what seemed to be the end of the tunnel, or tiger path. At this point I could look down into a deep dark cavern. While we were standing there I heard a low angry growl, I said to Jack,

“Do you hear that growling?”

“I thought I heard something. What was it?”

“Jack, that was the growl of a tiger. I know for I have heard them growl before.”

“Where do you suppose he is?” said Jack. Pointing with my finger I said,

“He is down in that dark cavern, and it is about time we were making tracks out of here.”

The words had not any more than left my lips when another roar came which sounded from hill to hill. As the tiger came on we started with a rush back into the tiger path. We did not stop to crawl upon our hands and knees, but went with a crouching attitude until we came out of the path. We came to where a log had fallen across the point of a ledge. Here I jumped down about twenty feet between the log and ledge. I brought up on my head with my feet in the air. Jack came down over the top of the log, and by hitting his toe he came down turning a double somersault. In so doing he hit the back of his gun and it went off. The whole charge of shot tore up the ground so near my head as to fill my face and eyes full of dirt and leaves. I sung out,

“Jack, for the Lord’s sake don’t shoot me! shoot the tiger!”

When we got on to our feet we made a dash through the thorn bushes and rocks. When we gained the main road we looked back, and could see the old striped tiger sitting upon the log, his roars echoing through the Ghauts. After we found ourselves safe we began to look ourselves over to see if we were all there. In looking myself over I saw that I had lost my jacket; my shirt

was torn to shreds; my face and hands scratched and bleeding. Jack was as bad a wreck as myself, besides losing one of his shoes. This was the first time that I had ever had the experience of hunting and being hunted by an animal which roams as king of beasts in his dominions.

While at Belgaum I had many a pleasant day's sport in shooting antelope and other game. In 1861 I retraced my steps once more through the pass of the Ram-ghauts to the town of Cambay.

At the sea-shore a ship by the name of King Lear of London was waiting. In this ship I took passage for England. The ship laid off from the shore about a mile, and I was conveyed to it in a small boat. As the good ship weighed her anchor and sailed away, I looked back to the fair land. It brought back to my mind all the days, weeks, months, yes, years, that I and my trusty after-riders and dogs had roamed over its vast forests, among its wild animals, birds and flowers.

In a little while we came in sight of the coast of Africa. As we drew near we made the shores near the Great Fish River, then rounded the Cape of Good Hope on the extreme point of South Africa and dropped an anchor inside of the lighthouse point in Table Bay. As we approached Table Bay tall mountains loomed up just back of the town. The bay is a small sea and is generally a safe harbor for shipping in time of storms, but it is exposed to a heavy swell from the west. A wooden pier projects for half a furlong into the bay, from the east end of the town near the castle, where ships discharge and take in their cargoes.

Cape Town presents a beautiful appearance from the bay. The mountains form a fine background. It is regularly laid out and has several good squares. Its streets are straight and wide, with trees on each side, many of them being watered by canals. The houses are of brick or granite, and flat roofed, with an elevated terrace in front and small gardens in the rear.

On the eastern side of the town is the castle, a fortress of considerable strength. It has outworks which command the harbor and roads to and from the country. On the west side of the town the bay is defended by four batteries placed on a hill called the Lion's Rump. The east side of the town is protected by fortified lines of defense. The principal public buildings are the government house, senate, barracks, and commercial exchange. Cape Town is the capital of the colony.

As you leave Cape Town to go into the interior of South Africa

you pass over the great Karroo Mountains, then over the Snow Mountains. These are in Cape Colony. Then you cross the great Orange River Republic, and through the Transvaal Republic which belongs to the British. Here you cross the Vaal and Limpopo Rivers, and over a range of mountains, over miles of wide plains to Victoria Falls and the Chobe River. This is a branch of the great River Zambesi which is in the heart of South Africa.

Here upon the plains you may find good hunting. The hunter will come face to face with the lordly elephant; the lion, king of beasts; the rhinoceros, hippopotamus, giraffe, buffalo, zebra, hyena, panther, leopard, and many kinds of antelope. There is the ostrich which stands eight feet high. The great rock snake, carpet snake, boa constrictor, python, and hoop snake. The naja is as large as the boa and very venomous. There is also the horned viper, mocassin, cotton mouth, the spotted adder, and the cobra-de-capello. The rivers are swarming with alligators and crocodiles; and there are birds without number.

I will give the names of some of the antelopes which inhabit South Africa. I will commence with the sable antelope which is not the smallest, nor yet the largest, but the handsomest in all the world. He has long black, glossy hair upon his back and sides. His horns bend with a bold sweep until their points almost touch his haunches. And his belly is as white as the driven snow.

The next which is the largest, the eland, then the gnu, blaubok, cryx, pallah, harte-beest, kudu, blesbok, springbok, bushbok, duker, waterbuck, blackbuck, and the bluebuck which inhabit the interior and will be found throughout mountain, jungle and plain.

I leave South Africa, which is called the dark continent, and as I sailed away and out from Table Bay I took a last farewell look at that high headland called Table Mountain which is both first and last in view as you go and come from the Cape at South Africa. After leaving the harbor the good ship sped on her way for many hundred miles until we came to the equator. Here we were becalmed, not a breath of wind was astir, and the sea looked like glass, or molten lead. The sun beat down upon the deck causing the tar to boil out from the seams and stick to our feet as we walked about. The ship lay in this way for three or four days with her sails as flat as a pancake.

One morning as I came on deck I looked over the side and saw what is called a man-eating shark. I then asked the mate if he had a shark hook on board, and he said,

“Yes, here is one.”

I took it and looked it over. It was about a foot long, and as large round as my finger. I said,

“I guess that will do.”

I bent a stout rope to the chain part which was about two feet long, and the cook gave me about a pound of pork. I put this on the hook and threw it over the side, but no shark came, for the bait went up against the side of the ship,

“I will let you fish for the man-eater, for I am not used to hunting such game.”

So the mate took the hook and rope and threw it over the stern. In less than a minute there came two, a large one and a small one. The large one came up to the pork and smelled of it and turned away. The little one came up to it and the large one thought he was going to secure it, so he made a lunge for the hook. As he did he turned over on his side and took it all—pork, hook and chain. As soon as he closed his enormous jaws the mate sang out, with a pull, “Hye, ho.”

All the sailors came running aft and caught hold of the rope. Then they made a run and hoisted him up. When he got up to the ship’s rail he opened his capacious mouth and out jumped two pilot fish. The shark gave them warning by a kind of shrill whistling noise. One of the pilot fish jumped on the deck and the other went overboard.

These pilot fish are providers for the shark, and always swim one on each side about a yard distant. They were about fourteen inches long and bright yellow with black bands, or stripes running around them. The one we captured we put in a barrel of water, but in two days he died.

We got the old man-eater on board and he made things quite lively about the deck for awhile. He lashed out right and left with his hard, bony tail, which put us all in mind to stand clear and escape a broken leg or a dig in the shins. The mate took a rope, making a couple of turns around the tail and flukes, and made it fast to some rings on deck. He was secured so fast he could not move any part of himself except his huge, capacious mouth. This would open and present seven or eight rows of

white, sharp teeth, and meanwhile rolling up his black evil eyes. The mate said to me,

"Sam, I guess you are more used to sticking and letting blood than I am and I want to see you give him the fatal stab." So I went and brought my hunting knife with a blade twelve inches in length, and got down by his head. Then putting one knee on his rough scaly neck, I said to the mate,

"Is that tail fast?"

"You bet!"

"Then boys I'll show you how to stick a pig."

I put the point of my knife in the middle of his neck and gave it a fearful plunge, clear to the hilt. Out gushed a crimson stream of his life blood. At the thrust of the knife he brought his huge jaws together with a crash which fairly made his teeth rattle, while his blood ran in a stream along the deck and out through the scuppers to mingle with the blue water of the ocean.

In cutting him open I took out his liver, which was as large as that of an ox. Then I found the shoe of a man who had died on board and we had buried at sea a few days before, and a quart bottle cocked up tight, with a note in it. Upon the note was written, "Ship Victoria of London (L. 35 17° S.)," which is about 97 miles from Cape Town. I told the captain if we could only catch the shark that followed Captain Kidd's ship we might stand a good chance to get some of his gold.

We caught a number of other sharks, but they were not as large as the man-eater which was over fourteen-feet in length.

We sailed from day to day until at last we came into shoaler waters and one morning the sailors sung out "land ahead." Coming on deck the island of St. Helena was in sight about thirty miles distant. It formed a dark blue ridge along the horizon. As we approached it resolved itself into shape and sharper broken outlines as we approached. Except upon a lofty terrace on the southern side, where there was tinge of green and some traces of fields, the coast presented a frightful rocky appearance. But still it displayed some grandness. Some of the walls of naked rock, which were several hundred feet high, rose boldly from the depths of the sea and in places cliffs over hanging their bases were tinted as by

"The darker gloom of a thunder cloud,"

being filled with a purple-black shadow under a dark cloudy sky which hung over the island.

At the southeastern end were two pointed rocks a hundred feet high or more, on rounding the island and making for the port of Jamestown which faces the northwest. The coast on that side rises into high heads, which at the top, one is crowned with a signal station. The rock has a dark blue slate color with veins of reddish brown, and has been burst apart in the center by a volcano, telling of an upheaval by some strong subterranean agency.

As we drew nigh the great cliffs a great battery came to view, being made in the face of the precipice; and as we rounded the point and ran up the bight St. Helena lay before us. Here was another battery at the foot of the glen called Rupert's Valley, from which a road notched in the rocks leads around the cliff to the gorge at the bottom of which Jamestown is built. A sea wall across the mouth of this gorge, a row of rugged trees, weather beaten by the gales of the Atlantic, and the spires of a church were all that appeared of the town. The walls of the fort crowned the cliff above and high behind them towered the signal station on the top of a conical peak, the loftiest in the island. The massive stone ladder which leads from the tower to the fort was marked on the face of the cliffs like a white shroud streaming from its top.

Inland a summit covered with dark pine trees, midst which glimmered the white front of a country mansion, rose above the naked heights of the shore. This was the only gleam of fertility which enlivened the terrible scene.

In shore a few gunboats and fishing boats were anchored. In entering the town you pass through a second wall and gate. A short distance further on is the public square of Jamestown. The little town is crowded and jammed deep in its bottom between perpendicular cliffs eight or nine hundred feet in height. At the top is a church of plain structure with a tall square spire, and beyond is Market street, the main thoroughfare of the little village. On a road which runs up a steep grade behind the town are the barracks of the soldiery and their muster ground, all on a small scale. Then comes the burial grounds, the graves of which resembled piles of charred cinders. Further on and upwards were a few buildings occupying a small grass patch; then a few private mansions and more green garden patches winding upwards for a couple of miles.

The depth and narrowness of the gorge shuts out most of the

air, and the heat being increased powerfully from its walls of black volcanic rock, with a few cocoa palms below, gave it a tropical character. The peak of the signal station loomed high above from the opposite side; and here, over a precipice several hundred feet deep, fell a silver stream of sparkling water.

This ravine supplies the town and shipping besides the gardens in the little valley. On looking back you see the spire of the little church nestled at the bottom against the blue water's edge of the ocean and the little hulls of the vessels in the roads. Near the top of the ravine there are a few small fields divided by some scrubby hedges, which are surrounded by a garden in which were a few orange trees. This was Napoleon's first residence on the island.

Near the largest house was a tall Italian cypress, standing on a little knoll overlooking a deep glen which descends into the main valley. There was a Miss Balcombe who gave an account of Napoleon's life upon the island. After a short ascent I gained the crest of the ridge, where the road was bordered with pine trees, and patches of soft green turf took the place of the volcanic dust and cinders. I had now attained the central uplands of the island, which slopes downward in all directions to the summit of the seawall of cliffs.

Further along upon another ridge of tableland about three or four miles and near the extremity of which, surrounded by a few pine trees, stand the houses of Longwood. In order to reach them it was necessary to pass around the head of the valley. In this direction the landscape was green, dotted with groves of pine and white houses. Flocks of sheep, cows and horses were upon the hillside

Down in the bottom of the valley I saw a small enclosure planted with Italian cypress and with a square white stone in its center. And as I looked upon it I looked upon Napoleon's grave. The clouds rested upon the high summits to the west, and the broad sloping valley on the other side of the ridge of Longwood was as green as an emerald. Where the ridge joins the hills and one can look into both valleys at the same time, there is a small hotel called Rose and Lawn. The road here led eastward along the top of the ridge, over a stretch of land covered with clumps of broom for a mile or more where you reach the gate of the Longwood farm.

On reaching the gate a small boy hove in sight with a brown-

bread complexion, who bore a notice stuck on a board which read, "Who wishes to see the house of the Emperor Napoleon are requested to pay two shillings apiece, children half the amount." A small woman was in attendance to receive the two shillings.

We enter a green veranda facing a wing which projects from the eastern front of the building. The first room I entered was whitewashed and covered over with names of different visitors with chalk and pencil, most of them being in French.

"This," said the little woman, "was the Emperor's billard room, which was built after he came to live at Longwood. The walls have three or four times been covered over with names and whitewashed over."

A door at the far end admitted me into the drawing room where Napoleon died. The ceiling was broken away and cobwebs covered the rafters. The floor being partly decayed and covered with the plastering which had fallen off, brought in sight, in many places, the rough stone walls. A window looked into a barnyard filled with mud and rubbish. Here stretched on a sofa with his head beside the window, the great conqueror breathed his last.

The corner stone of the wall nearest to where his head lay has been cut out and taken to France.

Beyond this was the dining room, which is now a dark and dirty barn filled with rubbish. Passing from this out into a cattle yard, we then entered the bedroom of the emperor. A horse and number of cows were standing there in the floor half knee-deep in the mud, dung and litter.

"Here," said the little woman, pointing to a filthy little room in one corner, "this was the bath room of the emperor, and Mr. Solomon in Jamestown has the marble bathing tub he used. Yonder was his dressing room." A large fat calf was eating some hay in that very room. "And here," pointing at an old cow in the corner, "is where his servant slept."

A little further away on the side facing the ocean, there were some pine trees, near which was once a crescent shaped fish pond, which was then dry and filled with weeds and stones. Here Napoleon used to sit on a bench and feed his tame fish.

We passed from this into a garden, which had been neglected like the mansion, and yet could be seen a faint glimpse of flower beds here and there. On the other side of the glen is the grave of Napoleon, and to view it you pass through a garden which was filled with roses and other flowers, which were all in blossom.

As I approached the little enclosed place at the bottom of the glen, a woman in advance was crying out, "This way, sir! This way!" Here again you must pay your shilling before you are allowed to approach the tomb. It is merely an oblong shaft of masonry ten or twelve feet deep with a rude roof covering the mouth to prevent being filled by the storms of rain. A small railing surrounds it. There are two willows, one of which has been stripped by visitors and not much remains of it now; a flight of steps leads to the bottom of the vault where the bed of masonry which enclosed the coffin still remained.

I descended to the lowest step and there found hanging against the wall a written tablet, and here I will give the inscription as it was written:

"Firmly strike my bounding lyre,
Poet's music can never tire.
Nosegays gay and flowers so wild,
Climate good and breezes mild,
Humbly ask a shilling please,
Before the stranger sails the seas.

"Napoleon was in love with a lady so true,
He gave her a gold ring set with rubies and pearls,
Which was worthy the honor of many great earls,
But she died, it is said, in her bloom and her beauty;
So his love broken-hearted
Forever was parted.

"He drank of the spring and its water so clear,
Which was reserved for his use, and he held it most dear.
So he died, so he died,
In the bloom of his pride.

"In his life he sat under yon lone willow tree,
And studied the air, the earth and the sea;
His arms were akimbo, his thoughts far away,
He lived six months at the house on the hill
At his friend's the brave General Bertrand by name;
And from thence he would come
To visit the spot,
And stand in deep thought,
Forgotten or not."

The little woman said, "six years he lived upon the island. He came here in 1815 and died in 1821. Six years he lived upon the island. He was buried with his head to the east—this is the east, his feet was to the west—this is the west. And where you see that brown dirt, there was his head. He wanted to be buried beside his wife Josephine, but as it could not be done he was buried here in that place. They lay him here because he would come down here with his little silver mug in his pocket and take a drink out of that spring. That is the reason why he was buried here. And there was a guard over him, a sergeant and six men up there on that hill all the time he was down here drinking out of this spring with his little silver mug. And this was the way he would walk." Here the little old woman would fold her arms, and tossed back her head, then strode to and fro with so much dignity that it would make everyone laugh to see her.

In asking her if she ever saw the emperor, "Yes, sir, I saw him many and many a time and I always said 'Good morning, sir!' but he would never have any talk wid me."

So returning to Jamestown I embarked once more aboard the good old ship and the next morning we sailed away from the blackened and desolate crags of the island. And so it remains the history of the latter days of life and death of Napoleon Bonaparte upon the island of St. Helena.

We sailed away until the next land we saw was the Isle of Man, then I believe we saw no more land until we saw the coast of France on our right and Dover, which is at the mouth of the river Thames, at our left. Here we passed close under Dover chalk cliffs, and on up the river and dropped anchor in front of the town of Gravesend. Here I disembarked and marched from Gravesend to the little town of Wallmar where I stopped for the winter of 1862.

CHAPTER XII.

LONDON TO NEW YORK.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN LONDON.—DOVER CASTLE AND CITADEL.—THE INFAMOUS EXECUTIONER'S BLOCK.—THE TOWER OF LONDON.—THE CROWN JEWELS OF ENGLAND.—THE FAMOUS RIVER TUNNEL.—EPITAPHS UPON ENGLISH GRAVESTONES.—THE FATE OF CHRIST'S EARLIEST WITNESSES.—MY HARDSHIPS IN THE CITY.—TOWED IN BY A SCOTCH LASSIE.—AT LAST A CHANCE TO SHIP.—SHORT VISIT TO IRELAND.—CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.—TERRIBLE STORMS AND SUFFERING OF SAILORS.—NEW YORK AT LAST.

In the latter part of the winter or early spring I went for three months to Dover castle which is upon the heights. From here I went over across the town into Dover citadel, where I stopped until the spring of 1863. When I saw that my native land was at war with the South I felt as though I wanted a hand in it. So in the spring of 1863 I went to the great city of London.

When I arrived at that city I crossed the great London bridge and put up at a hotel a short distance from the end of the bridge, on Tower Hill side. At the hotel the landlord gave me a servant, a young woman about eighteen or nineteen years old. And she did wait upon me as though I was a prince. She sat in the same room which was given me all of the time, and every once in a while she would speak in her familiar tongue, broad Scotch, "Ave anything, me bonnie lad?" I asked her for a drink of water and she said,

"Moit heve sum beer. Ittle give ye bone and muscle, me lad."

The next morning I started out sight seeing in different parts of the city. My first visit was to the *Tower of London*, and there is no place in all that large city that strikes terror to the stranger's heart as a visit to this place and to learn of its dark history and the deeds that took place centuries ago.

After walking some time and crossing a number of streets I turned to my right and came in front of a large granite building. While standing there a man said to me, "This way." I went in the direction in which he pointed with his finger, and entered an office where I bought a ticket for admission.

Then I went with a guide and we crossed over an entrenchment, then over a little bridge, under an immense arch of By-

ward Gate, then through to what was called Traitor's Gate.

"Here," said the guide, "are Bloody Towers," pointing with his cane to a tower opposite Traitor's Gate.

"Why is it called by that name, sir?"

"Because King Edward V and his brother were put to death there."

From here we went under the tower into an area, and in the center he pointed to a black pavement where the excutions took place. Here the condemned laid his head upon the block to be stricken off, and that block still bore marks of the executioner's axe. (The victim, kneeling down, rests his neck upon the block, the axe descends, the head rolls over the block leaving the headless body on the other side.)

Then we came to the cell where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned. It was in the part called the White Tower, which was fourteen feet thick, and no window and but a faint light. Here also was the cell where the Earl of Warwick was confined.

All the cells are covered over with inscriptions carved in the stone on the walls.

It was here that Simon, Archbishop of Canterbury, was put to death. He, kneeling down, put his head upon the block that it should be stricken, but the blow was not fatal. He put his hand to his neck and said, "Ah, it is the hand of God." He had not removed his hand from his neck where the pain was, when being suddenly struck his fingers were cut off. But yet he died not until the eighth stroke cleaved his head from his body.

Henry VI was imprisoned here and through the Duke of Gloucester, he was murdered in his bed.

Sir Thomas Moore was executed here. When his head was placed upon the block his daughter Margaret came through the crowd and flung her arms around his neck, crying "Oh my father! Oh my father!" But she was pushed to one side, the axe fell and the head was severed from the body.

Here was where the Archbishop Laud was put to death. And here Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was imprisoned five months and then beheaded.

The Countess of Salisbury was executed here without trial. She was seventy years of age when she was lead to the block, and her long white hair, with her head, rolled over the executioner's block. Then Anne Boleyn was executed here by the axe and block, also Lady Jane Grey.

From here we went to a room where all the crown jewels of England are kept beneath a large iron framework. Here I saw the crowns of the kingdom, and among them the crown which had been worn by Charles II. I saw the royal spurs of gold, also the bracelets and jewels worn by the Queen on state occasions, and the golden sword of mercy and justice.

There was a new crown made for Queen Victoria, and used at her coronation. It was a cap of purple velvet inclosed by silver hoops and covered with diamonds. At the top of these hoops was a ball adorned with diamonds, and a cross formed of brilliants, in the center of which is a sapphire. In the front of this crown is the heart-shaped ruby which was worn by Edward, the Black Prince. The cost of this crown was five millions of dollars. There was a large diamond there, the famous "Koh-i-noor," which means "Mountain of Light." This diamond was found in or near the town of Lahore in India. Its weight before being cut was eight hundred carats, and it is said to be the largest diamond in the world.

From the jewel room we went on until the guide, pointing, said, "Do you see those windows?"

"Yes."

"They are in the Devil's Tower, and down under that tower are subterranean vaults. Into these vaults come from the river Thames, at high tide, innumerable rats. The victims were thrown into the vaults, and when the tide rose, the rats were driven in by thousands, and fierce with hunger began to feast upon the poor, wretched beings who had no means of defense. Women, as well as men, were cast naked into these vaults and left to perish by the most awful deaths."

This is only a brief sketch of a short visit to the Tower of London.

On leaving the tower I went to visit the famous river tunnel, and on my way I passed through Fish Street, where a monument is erected in remembrance of the great fire which took place in 1666 and swept nearly the whole city. The height of this monument is two hundred and two feet; and it cost thirteen thousand seven hundred pounds. As I ascended to the top the view of the surrounding city was immense, and is much the same as the view of Boston from Bunker Hill Monument.

After I descended to "terra firma" I made my way below the great London Bridge to the entrance of the river tunnel. This

consists of a brick tube thirty-six feet wide, twenty-one feet high, and thirteen hundred feet in length. The brick walls are fifteen feet thick; and it cost six hundred and fourteen thousand pounds. It was commenced in the year 1825, and was opened to the public as a thoroughfare in 1843. The water broke through in 1828, caused by a Dutch ship letting go her anchor in the river over the tunnel.

I passed through a large gateway to enter the tunnel, and descending came to a landing place, like what in America we call an entry, about ten feet square. Around the walls are set round glass about ten inches in diameter, and if any one choose to look through them they will see a different view in each one. They are placed about four feet apart. I looked in the first one and saw Queen Victoria, sitting on her throne. In the second one I saw Lord Nelson, then the Duke of Wellington, the battle of Inkerman, the Battle of the Rhine, the Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon Bonaparte, the city of London when on fire in 1666, and so on at each landing until you reach the last landing at the bottom of the shaft. These views are set only three feet from the glass, but they magnify and look as if they were fifty feet away.

At the top of each flight of steps as you descend is an organ, which is not seen, but can be heard playing different tunes.

The price paid to go through the tunnel is one penny. You cannot come up the same way as you go down; you descend at your right and come up on your left.

As you pass through you can buy anything the same as if you were on one of the best streets in the city. There are barber shops, saloons, and clothing stores. You can get a good dinner down there, or clothe yourself; buy jewelry, or anything from a needle to an anchor; and most anything which the heart or stomach might crave for.

At the mouth of this great river is the town of Dover, and upon its chalk cliffs, just back of the castle, is a huge gun pointing in the direction of Calais in France; and it is called Queen Elizabeth's pocket-piece. It is twenty-four feet in length and sets upon an iron frame. The date upon the gun is 1544. There is an inscription upon the frame which reads thus:

“Load me well and sponge me clean;
I'll throw a ball to Calais Green.”

When I was a soldier in the Queen's service, her majesty's 83d Regiment, or the 83d County of Dublin Regiment, which was their title, I have done guard duty, and as the sentinel over this most noted gun for many an hour, and through the long hours in the dead silence of the night, watching it as a mother watches her child while asleep. Also many a time in the light of day while there I have told its history to many a visitor and stranger.

The gun itself is made of copper and within three feet of the breech there is a hole, which is either eaten by the copper or by old age, large enough to insert the hand inside of its bore. This gun was taken from the Dutch by the English.

My next visit was to Bunhill Cemetery, and here I found an odd epitaph which reads, "Here lies dame Mary Page, relict of Sir George Page, died 1728, aged 56. In 67 months she was tapped 61 times, and had taken away 240 gallons of water; without ever repinning at her case or fearing the operation."

Here was another one at the grave of Abraham Peck:

"Here lies a Peck which some men say
Was first of all a Peck of clay
Till wrought by nature while afresh
Became a curious Peck of flesh.
Full fifty years Peck felt life's bubbles
Till Death relieved a Peck of troubles;
And so he died as all men must,
And here he lies, a Peck of dust."

There was a notice posted up in public places, and at the corners of the streets, in 1857, which read as follows:

"Liverpool.—Wanted several thousand able-bodied men, to shoot or be shot at, or perish miserably by thirst and starvation on the plains of India."

My next visit was a short distance down the River Thames, as far as Blackwall, to see the steamship, Great Eastern. She was upon the stocks at the time of my visit, and as she laid quartering to the river she loomed up like the Ark of Noah. The hundreds of working men who were pounding and hammering, made din enough to cause anyone to be deaf. So I came away without much knowledge of the big ship.

The next visit took in Queen Victoria's Tobacco Pipe. This pipe is in a large tobacco warehouse at the London Docks; and why

it is called so is because it is a large furnace built in the shape of a pipe, by the government, where all damaged or unsalable tobacco arriving in port is burnt. Damaged tea, and all damaged goods are put into this pipe. A fireman is always on hand to feed the pipe, and it is maintained day and night from one year's end to another. As you enter the Queen's warehouse and look over its iron door you see painted the royal crown and the letters "V. R."

As I have given an account of the martyrdom of great men in the Tower of London I will give a history, which I saw in one of my visits, of the death of great men before our time. This being their own history, and their own fate records the following facts; "Matthew suffered martyrdom, by the sword, in Ethiopia. Mark died in Alexandria, after being dragged through the streets. Luke was hanged on an olive tree in Greece. John, it is said, was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, but escaped death and was banished to Patmos. Peter was crucified at the city of Rome with his head downward; he was put in this position at his own request because he did not deem himself worthy to be crucified in the same way that Christ was. James was beheaded at Jerusalem. James the second was thrown from a pinnacle of the temple and beaten to death below. Philip was hanged against a pillar at Phrygia. Bartholomew was flayed alive. Andrew was bound to a cross whence he preached to his persecutors till he died. Jude was shot to death with arrows. Thomas was run through the body at Coromandel in India. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded. Barnabas was stoned to death by the Jews at Salonica. Paul, in deaths oft, was beheaded at Rome by Nero." Such was the fate of Christ's earliest witnesses, the twelve.

Just as the Hebrew priest received
The first sheaf from the reaper's hand,
And to the Lord whom they believed
Offered the harvest of the land,

So Jesus risen from the tomb,
Where love had laid him gently down;
Came to the altar in the bloom
Of that new life which won his crown.

Now in my sight-seeing in the city of London I ran short of

money as many do who have no capital at hand. In this condition I had to introduce the tramp's plan, for I could no longer be called a bonnie laddie by the Scotch lass, or a prince at the hotel.

Therefore when it began to grow dark, which is early in the large cities, I would begin to look around to see where I was to put up for the night. So after wandering about the city all day, when it came night I would drop myself down in some dark and out-of-the-way place or doorstep and soon be in the land of dreams. The first I would know a flash of light would be flung full upon my sleepy countenance. At the same time a gruff voice would greet my ears "Halloo! Wake up here!" On opening my drowsy eyes, before me would be a burly policeman with a club in one hand and a dark lantern in the other. The kind words I would receive would be "Come get out of here, and don't you let me catch you on my beat again." So I would be hustled out from there and start upon my wanderings again. Meanwhile the night watchman would follow behind at a respectful distance until I had gained the far end of his beat.

So onward I went and across a number of streets or a square which happened to be in my path, until I would drop myself down in some secluded place until the dawn of day should appear. But the dawn of day had not come, and it being about the middle of the night I had wandered about till I had got on the other end of the same beat and thrown myself down upon another door-step. In a few minutes which seemed hours to me, that flash would beam in my face again, "Halloo! You around here again, are you?"

"Can't the devil let a fellow rest?"

"Yes, I'll rest ye if ye don't get up and get out of here!"

So away I went again like a ship in the fog, but not so proud. After a while I happened to work off his beat in another direction which took me down near the docks. This night being cold and foggy I threw myself down to rest my weary and faint stomach, with nothing over me to protect me from the chill of the night air. The stars peeped down upon me, and the silvery moon with her pale face would now and then catch sight of me, and I of her, as the heavy mist of clouds would roll away from her brightness. At last I gained the street which ran along by the docks. The docks are separated from the city by a high wall ten or fifteen feet high. Upon this street as I drew near I saw, in the darkness of the night, a great flame of fire streaming upward

from a long building which had no roof. I approached the building at the back, and as I came around to the front I saw what made the light, which issued from the top. There were men with a number of teams loaded with fine coal which they threw into this huge furnace. I should think it was two hundred feet long, twenty feet wide and twenty feet high; and at the bottom was a large iron grate and small brick arch-ways below the grate, so as to cause a strong draught. In front a high stone-way was made to drive up to the level of the top of the furnace, where they would throw in fine coal until it was full. When it came to be so hot as to look like a lake of running fire, they would take a large rubber hose, which was connected with a force pump, and play upon it until the fire was drowned out. Then it was allowed to cool off and when cool enough to enter the furnace they would break it apart with a pick, and throw it into wagons when it is taken through the city and sold as coke, or charred coal.

After watching the method of converting coal into coke I went around to the back of the furnace where it was quite warm, and there laid myself down and had a long sleep. Yes, a sleep which nearly became my last sleep, for the back part of the building being cracked in places caused the gas to escape. This I breathed in and it caused a long, deep sleep. One of the men saw me lying there and dragged me away where I could obtain fresh air. I remember on awaking of my head aching and a faint feeling. By this time daylight had appeared and I took a stroll along the docks.

At last I came to where there was a Norwegian ship in the dock, I went aboard and there saw some young sailors about my age. They began to jabber away to me, but I could not understand what they said any more than I could a lot of wild geese. I did not know whether they were speaking good to me or swearing at me, but I thought they were a curious kind of people. They were all dressed alike and it consisted of a pair of white duck trousers, a jacket of the same, a red woollen knit cap with a yellow tassel hanging from its crown, and a pair of wooden shoes. As it was not their custom to wear stockings, they would put some straw into the shoe then crowd their foot into it. The ends of the straw sticking out all around made them appear all the funnier. They seemed to be a jolly set; and pretty soon I made the acquaintance of the cook. He was a Swede, but could talk the Norwegian language and a little English. So I asked him what they

were saying to me. He said they wanted me to go to sea with them, after the cook told them I was a Yankee from America.

So I stopped aboard until noon, and they invited me—their Yankee guest—to dine with the host. When the noonday meal was ready a great copper kettle full of bean soup was set down in the middle of the deck. Then all the sailors sat down upon the deck around the kettle, which had a long handled ladle in it. Then the cook brought each one a wooden bowl and a horn spoon, except one or two which were made of wood and nicely engraved. I took my seat flat upon the deck the same as the rest who sat tail-or fashion and I had to adapt myself to the same plan, for I could not let my legs hang down Yankee style.

Along in the middle of the afternoon I left the docks and went up in the city, and strolled around until dark—the time for night hawks to be looking out for a hole to crawl into. I kept on going until I came into Finsbury Square near Providence Row. Here in Providence Row is a large building which is called the Poor Man's Refuge and is kept by a Dr. Gilbert. From six to eight o'clock are the hours of admission. At eight o'clock each person as he passes from the street through the front door receives half a pound of bread, which is passed through a hole in the wall on your right as you pass in. Then you pass through a long entry and come to another room where there is a sink thirty feet long. Here you have to stop and wash. Then you enter a large room, I should think it was all of a hundred feet square. In the center of this vast room was a fire-place about four feet high and ten feet square; and inside of this brick work was a large copper boiler, which I should think would hold four barrels of water.

Into this a man would put some chicory, which they use as a substitute for coffee. This weak beverage has no flavor other than a very disagreeable taste. This he deals out to those who are lucky enough to have a penny in their pocket—one penny for one half pint. Those who go in without the penny have to eat their small loaf of bread dry.

Among this crowd of people you will see them dressed from a tall beaver hat and kid gloves, down to those who have barely clothes or rags enough to cover their naked body. In this place men, women, and children are all together, the little kids, some of them but a month or two old, squalling for something to eat besides dry bread. The music of the kids—as they are called by that class—and the buzz and hum of everyone's voice is enough to drive a mad bull wild, if he should be in hearing.

At nine o'clock a bell rings, then there is a great rush for a place to sleep. The women are taken into another apartment, and the men go up one, two, three, and four flights of stairs. I went up the second with about fifty others, into a long room where there was a row of bunks built out of boards, on a kind of platform with one side raised a little higher than the other. These extended the entire length of the room, and a row on each side of the room. You slept with your head towards the middle of the room and the feet to the wall. There was no covering of any kind and you had to lay on the hard boards. I found it was no use to turn the boards over to get on the soft side. For a pillow I had to do as I saw the rest do, take my shoes and jacket and put them under my head. There was a board which ran from the head to the foot of the bunk about a foot wide, between every man.

After I had been lying down awhile I got partly asleep, but all at once I felt something tickle back of my ear, then in the back of my neck, then in my stocking and in the sleeve of my shirt. I began to scratch, but the more I would scratch the more I would itch. I thought there might be some game around so I began a still hunt so as not to scare the game if there was any lurking around. As I had no shot gun or rifle I armed myself with my knife, and lighting a match turned over and viewed the wide cracks in the boards. As I held up the burning match in one hand and the knife in the other, I happened to look over into the next bunk where there was a Dutchman. He saw the glitter of my knife in the light and jumped up with a roar.

"Mine Got! Mine Got! Vot you kill me! Frow der knife er vay. Me tinks you vas one robber."

"Shut up, you darn Dutchman, there is game around here."

"Frut you call me—came?"

"You know, but look, see in here," and pointing to the cracks in the boards there was the great white body louse. The cracks were so full they could not all get in, and their great white bodies were sticking out. Some of them had the letter W on their backs for war. When the Dutchman saw them he said,

"Mine Got! Dot vos game. Der varmint vill eat mine bloot all out."

I ran my knife in the crack and drew along the entire length of the board. I could hear the heads and legs of thousands—yes, twice that number—crack, and the knife blade came out all red

with blood. When the Dutchman saw the blood he said, in his broken English,

“Py Got, mine frent, dots shust like kilt von pick!” (pig)

The next morning I was covered with great red blotches where I had scratched the skin off.

The next day being Sunday we all went to church, way up in the top of the building. It did not make any difference about the creed; the crowd was composed of all nations—men, women, and children; Catholic and Protestant are alike admitted. Those who come on Saturday evenings remain until Monday. On Sunday we were served with half a pound of bread extra. The Refuge is open from October to April.

When any one is first admitted he is served out a ticket upon which is printed in a row of figures from one to ten, in this style: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10, and this is good for ten successive nights. The first night you enter a man punches a hole in number 1 and the next night in number 2, and so on until the figures are all punched out; then you cannot be admitted again for ten days.

Everyone gets a loaf of bread on coming in at night and a one pound loaf on going out in the morning, as you pass out into the street. As for myself I was ashamed to carry my pound into the streets in broad day-light, so I threw mine into an old woman’s apron as she held it out.

The vermin crawl and bite
 In the darkness of the night,
 When I closed my eyes to rest—
 Angels above and tramps below.
 My Lord, if I’m not blessed!

After leaving the Refuge where I put in one night’s misery, I wandered about the city until it grew dark, and the dim light in the smoky suburbs of that great city for that day had faded away into the darkness of the night. I thought I had seen most all the sights and scenes which were worth seeing, and had been through some of its ordeals; only to gain a little knowledge of the way in which some classes of people drag through their everyday existence.

The latter part of the evening of this day will always be a memorable one in the history of my life. I never shall forget what

happened on that eventful night, and here I will give an account of it just as it happened.

Upon this night as I was going down a street I came opposite a large block where I heard music and dancing. So naturally I stopped to listen and in less than a minute down the stairs from above came one of the most beautiful girls, both in looks and dress, that I ever saw. She said to me,

“Where ye going, me laddie? Coom upe ere, laddie, wid me. I canna look to ye. Where was ye ganging, home?”

She being a Scotch lass I had to speak her tongue as well as I could, and therefore told her, “I was na ganging awah for I had na home twa gang.”

So she called out to another lass, and they two caught me and pulled me up stairs where there was a ball. The brass band was playing at the time we entered the hall. Here was about a hundred young men and girls. I took a seat near the door, so as to skip out the first chance I got. In a few minutes they formed another set and a young fellow came over to pick out a girl to dance, as his partner, and I said, “Here, take this lass.”

Then she said to me, “Canna my laddie dance?”

I said I had rather see her dance wi’ o’ laddie. So they went on the floor, and after they had got started in good shape, and I thought her attention was drawn the other way from me I up and made for the door and down stairs for the street. But before I got half way down stairs she had both arms around my neck, and singing out for the other lassie to help her. They tugged me back up stairs again; this time she sat down by the side of me and would not dance any more for fear I would run the gauntlet again. She said she had found me on the street and I was her bonnie laddie and I must gang hame wi’ her.

So after the ball was over, it being about one o’clock at night, we went down stairs and gang awah hame. We went down a long street, should think a mile or more, then turned to the right and ganged awah for another half mile, then she turned to the left and by this time I thought she would gang me to death.

But a little further on—well, I did not stop to measure it—we came into a nice wide street with nice buildings, and here she turned up. Yes, she turned up to a block with granite steps at the front door, and a trellis of vines of ivy. She took a night key from her pocket and unlocked the door, and said “That’s me bonnie hame.”

As we passed in she shut the door, but did not lock it only pushed the bolt on the inside, then opened another door and came into a long entry. The first door upon the left she opened and we passed into a most beautiful room, decorated with large oil paintings and carpeted with a plush carpet. The furniture was most elegant; a magnificent rug was spread beside the bed with the design of a Scottish deer in its center; upon the mantle were two vases of Japanese manufacture; upon a stand near the bed were two silver drinking mugs, also a silver pitcher which would hold half a gallon. This she takes then turning around to me, and at the same time giving it a flourish, said, "Laddie, we mus ha some beer to cheer my laddie wy hame."

So out she went and in a few minutes in she came with a half gallon of stout, which is considered the best of porter. Then she filled up the two mugs; I made away with one, and she put the other out of sight in the same way and at the same time. Now she said,

"Me bonnie laddie this be wy hame fra twa nicht."

Then leaving the room all to her bonnie laddie I saw no more of her for that night. Now as it was long into the night I made my way into bed. When I jumped into that feather bed it came upon both sides of me as though I was laying in the trough of a sea with a huge wave each side of me. I laid my clothes in a chair near the door and a new pair of shoes upon the floor near the chair. There was no lock or bolt on the door. When the light of day had come I turned out and began to dress myself. I got everything on and in its right place until I came to my feet where my new shoes belonged, but they were not to be found. While I was looking around the room for them, thinking I might have misplaced them, I heard the door open and on looking around there stood the Scotch lassie with a smile on her face. I said,

"Where are my shoes, lass?"

"Wy, laddie! wi pawn them for ten shillings."

"What! Pawn my shoes for ten shillings?"

"Ay, laddie."

Well, I sat down confounded. "What did you go and shove up my new shoes for?"

"Wy, to pay the lodging wi."

I took the pitcher and told her to go and get it filled with beer. After she had gone I searched the room, and under a stand I espied a pair of slippers. I hastily tore off the rosettes and put

them on, then let out my suspenders so the bottom of my pants would only reveal the toes of them beautiful slippers. After making everything as well as I could in the short space of time I had before she returned with the beer, I made haste and skipped out. Yes, out, you bet! And up the street until I came to the corner, and there I leaned up against the corner of a large block to hold it up or to keep it from falling down.

It was a pretty cool morning and frost was on the ground. Here I stood at the corner looking first up street then down street, with my flippers in my pockets, and thinking where or in what direction to strike out. At this time people began to make a stir going to their work. First one would pass by, then another, then two or three, then half a dozen.

Pretty soon there were three men came along and they were all brothers. They noticed me while passing, stopped and spoke to me. One said,

“Lad, you look cold.”

“Oh no, not much.”

“What are you, a sailor?”

“I was before I landed in this city, but I am a tramp now.”

“Well lad, can’t you get a ship?”

“No, I’ve been all around the docks and can’t get one.”

“Have you got a boarding-house?”

“No, sir nor a lodging house.”

“Well, would you like to ship?”

“I would like anything I could get.”

“I guess so, too,” as one of the brothers looked down at the lady’s slippers which I had upon my feet, “where did you get them?”

“Oh, those came by chance.”

“Well, my lad come with us and we will see what we can do for you, for I have been in the same fix myself and I know just how a body feels when they are away from home and got no money or no place to put their head.”

And at the same time one of them turned around and said,

“Here, lad, is a shilling.”

“Yes,” said the other, “I’ll chip in one too.”

“Thanks.”

“Have you had any breakfast?”

“No, sir.”

“Well then come in here, lad.”

So we entered an eating saloon where there was beefsteak, veal, ram, lamb, sheep, and mutton, rabbit pies, pigeon pies, meat puddings, and blood puddings, birds hung up till their feathers fell off in their age after death, rabbits until their eyes had rot and run out of their heads. Well, I could not relish fowl for they looked to black and blue where their flesh came to view; and the dead rabbits looked as though they had run themselves to death; and as for that blood pudding it looked as though it had once been eaten. So I made my breakfast of beefsteak, eggs, and coffee.

Then we went to a second hand shoe store and one of the brothers bought me a pair of shoes. The tops were made of calf-skin and the soles of gutta-percha.

We went from here out on the street and the oldest of the three said,

“Now, lad, will you stick to me if I will keep you for three weeks, or till I can ship you; and give me a part of your advance money?”

“Stick to you, well, I guess I’ll stick to you like a leech.”

So he kept me three weeks, but got no ship. Then he had to cast me off his hands as a bad egg. Well to make a long story short, but nevertheless it is true. I looked around every day until I got into a sailor’ boarding-house.

One day I was out around the docks looking for a ship until my feet got cold. I went into a shoemaker’s shop to warm them before a hot fire of coal in an iron grate. I put both feet up before the fire of living coals, and when I felt them warm I started for the door. I had got as far as the door when the old shoemaker sang out,

“Ay, there! lad, ye has lost your sole.”

On looking back there they were both stuck fast to the floor, and I stood there with only the uppers upon my feet. The old man said,

“Hold on me lad, I’ll fix ye.”

So I held on to the door. He got a pail of cold water. Then tore up the soles, and taking one in one hand and the other in the other hand he held them up before the fire till they got hot; then clapped them upon the uppers, held them in the pail of water for a minute, threw them at me and said,

“All shod again, me lad.”

When those soles came off I thought of those girl’s slippers.

After a while I got a chance to ship in a Scotch brig. Her name was Mary Ann of Aberdeen. She was a full rigged brig, and carried only a small crew who were all Scotch. There was a captain, mate, and two before the mast—the two were cousins to the mate—while I being cook made up the crew of the brig Mary Ann. The vessel was loaded with coal and bound for the city of Dublin, Ireland. As I had never seen that Emerald Isle I was longing to see the soil where those big praties grow which I had heard so much about.

So one morning we set sail and in a few days we run into the stone dock in the green Isle. While the coal was being discharged I took a stroll up town to take in the sights and scenes in "Paddies" country. I found the Irish peasantry live in groups. Their low stone houses with thatched roofs are rather a picturesque feature of the Emerald Isle. The outside is nicely white-washed making it clean without, but within, pigs, poultry, and dirty children mingle—but with this difference, that especial favors are shown the pigs because "they pay the rint."

The Irish beggar is very persistent, and with a doleful story to relate, followed by a group of ragged, dirty children, will greet you with a pitiful face. Or some old woman with the corner of her apron applied to her eyes will say, "sure sir, ye'll help an auld woman to a farthing, for yees countenance shows ye've a good heart, and for the love of God and the holy mither ye'll lave me a few pennies. I'm a lone widdy depending on me two hans for the wee bit o' sup as kapes body an sowl together, an it's hard work that has been me lot in this wary world but I niver stales, an am the pour sowl of honor, an if ye'll lave me a penny to buy a bit o' bread may hiven bless ye, me friend."

As I passed up one of its main streets from the docks, I came into another handsome street, called Sackville. Here a number of large elegant buildings loom up on either side of the street, and well-dressed people promenade. On this street is a monument erected to the memory of Admiral Nelson. The shaft is one hundred and five feet in height, and is surmounted at the top by a figure of Nelson leaning against a spar. Around the base is the English motto, in large iron letters, which reads thus: "England expects every man, this day, to do his duty."

The most noted building in Dublin is the Bank of Ireland which was once the House of Parliament. The custom house, museum, art gallery, and colleges are among the handsomest

buildings. Bordering on the city, on a rising piece of ground, lies Phoenix Park, which contains over one thousand acres. At the entrance of the park stands a monument to the Duke of Wellington; its height is two hundred and five feet. Not far from this monument are the barracks of the English soldiers; and the "redcoats" may be seen roaming about upon the green lawns. Here in the park are hundreds of deer which roam unmolested over the grounds. In one part of the park stands the summer mansion of Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In another portion of the park is a large zoological garden. Just beyond this lies the "city of the dead," beautiful with trees and flowers. The abodes are of granite and marble. Among them are some familiar names, that of Curran—the Irish orator—the pride of Dublin City; the next Daniel O'Connell; and among them is a monument to the memory of Dean Swift. Among the places of worship is St. Ann's Chapel, and within lies the body of Felicia Hemans. But the most important is that of St. Patrick; this was erected in the year eleven hundred ninety. He was the one who banished snakes and frogs from the Emerald Isle.

After I had finished my rambling about the city and its surroundings I came back to the dock where our brig was lying and had nearly discharged her cargo of coal. The Irish crew which was at work found out that I was a Yankee from America and had never been in the Emerald Isle before, so they thought they would play a little trick on me to get the drinks, by making me think it was customary for any one who came to Ireland to treat the crowd, or crew that discharged the cargo. So they asked me if I would treat the crew to the drinks in a public house up town, and I said yes.

There were five in the crew and after the brig was unloaded we went up to a saloon. He called for the drinks all around, and I paid for the same which cost twenty pennies at fourpence a drink, which would be forty cents in American money. This was an Irish joke, as they thought, on a Yankee upon Irish soil. So I thought it my turn to play back the trick, and said to the head man of the gang,

"I have treated your crew to the drinks, now it is your place to return the compliment."

"All right. To-morrow morning you bring up ye crew an I'll trate 'em, an pay for it. Sure an I will."

I went to a large ship that was lying in the dock, which had a

crew of twenty men, and said "come up town with me, boys, and I will treat the whole crowd and make an Irishman pay for it." We all went up, but the Irishman was not there. I told the bar-keeper that such a man was to pay for the drinks for my crowd, and to give them what they called for. They all called for whiskey straight, that means to drink it raw. After the crowd had been treated and we had gone aboard, the Irishman went down to the saloon to see if we had been there. When the bartender told him the bill for the drinks was ten shillings, he looked up to the bar-keeper and said,

"Holy St. Patrick! If that aint a Yankee trick, upon me sowl."

On the next morning we pulled out from the dock and set sail for a city called Aberdeen, and thence to a place in Scotland called Montrose, where the brig was hauled up and stripped of her sails and rigging.

I returned to Aberdeen and shipped in a large bark, about eighteen hundred tons burden. It was loaded with railroad iron and bound for New York. It was in the winter time and we expected to have a hard, rough passage across the Atlantic. One morning we spread her white canvas, and sailed away from that Scotch Island where the "highland" boys sing the tune of "Bonnie Breeze," or of "My Highland Laddie, O!"

We took the northern passage to cross the Newfoundland Banks, but just as we entered the Banks we encountered a fearful storm. The captain lost his reckoning of latitude and longitude, on account of its being thick fog and stormy for two or three weeks. We had to lay to under close reef topsails, and this caused her to drift away north among the icebergs, by which we were nearly run down a number of times.

While in this storm the bark sprang a leak, and for ten days every man was at the pumps and never left them day or night. Some of the railroad iron was sticking out of her sides two feet, in places where it had worn through. What seemed the hardest we got short of food and all out of water, and were put on short allowance of one ship biscuit or cracker per day. That bit we had to eat with one hand at the pump. The pumps were kept going by having a long rope made fast to the crank on each side, and ten men on one side and ten on the other. All the sleep we got was by letting one man from each side go and lie down for an

hour, with his clothes all wet, then turn out all steaming and go to the pumps and two more leave.

After a while it became so desperate we had to lash ourselves with a rope to keep from being washed overboard by the great seas that would roll over her. I remember one day the vessel was lying over on her beam end, and the seas would strike her sides and fly up in the air, then come with a crash upon the deck. It was enough to strike terror to the bravest heart that ever sailed the ocean. About this time as the black clouds were above us, the captain became crazy. He came running upon deck in his shirt sleeves, bareheaded, and with clinched fists. Looking up at the black clouds he would shout at the top of his voice, "Oh, God, sink my ship under me. I dare you to sink her. Sink her. God damn ye. Sink her. I'd as lief go to hell now as any time. Sink her, God damn ye." Then he turned and went down into the cabin. I will say to my readers that it was enough to make the hair stand straight on end to hear that man swear.

In a few days the clouds broke away and the sun once more showed its face, and to me it was the most welcome face I ever set eyes on. Then the mate took latitude and longitude, and we found ourselves within ten hours' sail, with fair wind, of Greenland. We changed our course for New York.

After we had sailed a long while we encountered a second storm, and it became so cold that with all the clothes anyone could muster, or stand up under, he could not stand to the wheel over five minutes at a time, or he would be frozen to death. He had to be relieved every five minutes as well as the man on the lookout.

After this storm cleared away we took our bearings once more and found ourselves about four hundred miles from Halifax, Nova Scotia. In a few days we caught a fair wind and with glad hearts ran into that port. Here we were taken ashore in small boats, and put on sleds, for there was only one man out of the twenty men of the crew that could walk alone, on account of weakness from hunger. I remember, as though it happened yesterday, how weak I was and how I felt. I had been so thirsty and drank so much salt water that I nearly died. I lost the power of speech and could only whisper.

One day I went out on the street in Halifax and had to keep my hand against the side of the buildings as I dragged myself along to keep from falling to the sidewalk. I would go a little

way then sit down and pant from weakness. I would be an hour going where anyone would only be five minutes.

Half an hour after leaving the bark she sank to the bottom of the harbor, railroad iron and all. In three or four weeks she was got up and the hole where the railroad iron had worn through was plugged up. I was the only man out of the crew that would go back on board her again. I went back when she was ready for sea, and finished the rest of the voyage, leaving her in New York City.

THE WATCHES AND TIME ON BOARD OF SHIPS.

Time is denoted by bells sounded by two strokes following one another quickly, then a short interval, after which two more, and so on. If an odd number, the odd one is struck after the interval, making the counting more sure and easy. Observe that even bells come at full hours, and odd bells at the half hours. The crew were divided into two watches; the port commanded by the mate and the starboard—commonly called the captain's watch—by the second mate. They divide the time between them, on deck and below, as follows:

First watch.....	8 P. M. till 12 P. M.
Middle watch.....	12 P. M. till 4 A. M.
Morning watch.....	4 A. M. till 8 A. M.
Forenoon watch.....	8 A. M. till 12 M.
Afternoon watch.....	12 M. till 4 P. M.
First dog watch.....	4 P. M. till 6 P. M.
Second dog watch.....	6 P. M. till 8 P. M.

By means of two watches of two hours each, instead of four hours, called dog watches, the crew get alternately eight hours below at night.

Note that the bells are struck regularly from six to eight o'clock A. M., but from six to eight P. M., or the last dog watch, thus:

6:30 P. M. is 1 bell.

7. P. M. is 2 bells.

7:30 P. M. is 3 bells.

So as to commence them again with the last dog watch.

8 bells.noon, eight and four o'clock.

1 bell.half past twelve, four or eight.

1 bell.half past six P. M., or last dog watch.

- 2 bellsone, five and nine o'clock.
 2 bellsseven P. M., or last dog watch.
 3 bellshalf past one, five or nine.
 3 bellshalf past seven P. M., or in last dog watch.
 4 bellstwo, six, and ten o'clock.
 5 bellshalf past two, six, or ten.
 6 bellsthree, seven A. M., and eleven.
 7 bellshalf past three, seven A. M., and eleven.

In this way, time and watches are regulated aboard of all ships or sea-going vessels.

A SAILOR'S SONG.

Old horse! Old horse! What brought you here?
 From Saccarap to Portland Pier
 I've carted stone this many a year;
 Till, killed by blows and sore abuse,
 They salted me down for sailor's use.
 The sailors they do me despise;
 They turn me over and damn my eyes,
 Cut off my meat and scrape my bones,
 Then pitch me over to Davy Jones.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER ENLISTMENT. CONCLUSION.

ENLISTED UNDER GENERAL CUSTER.—FIGHTING THE JOHNNIES OF THE SOUTH.—SOME OF THE NOTED BATTLES.—THE GAL- LANT CHARGE OF GENERAL CUSTER.—SURRENDER OF GEN- ERAL LEE.—BARBARA FRIETCHIE.—MOTHER'S PRAYERS.— THE BOYS IN BLUE.—BUCKSKIN SAM'S LAST BEAR FIGHT.— CONCLUSION.

In March, 1864, I landed in New York City after a long and weary passage of about three months. The city was all up in arms and one could look in no direction but the streets and squares were filled with soldiers. All I could hear was of some great battle, or so many killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. As I myself had just deserted from the British army, it looked like jumping from the frying-pan into the fire to enlist again in my own country's service. I was not long in the city before I took it into my head that if I could fight the Indians as I had been doing, I could fight the Johnnies.

So I went down to New Haven, Conn., and there was enroled, or enlisted, in the First Regiment of Connecticut Cavalry, under the command of General George A. Custer, on the fourth day of April, 1864, to serve three years or during the war. After I had enlisted in my country's service to perform the duty of a scout or sharp-shooter, I took a United States steamer for Washington, D. C.

I made a stop of a couple of days at Washington, then went over to Camp Stoneman on the Maryland side of the Potomac River. Here I stopped for a few days, then went back to the city and took the train for Harper's Ferry, where we were served out with horses. Then we were sent to the front to join our regi- ment.

After we all got a horse, each man being well mounted, we struck our line of march for the town of Fredericksburg. On a wide plain just before we came to that city we had a pitched battle with the guerrilla, Mosby, but we set him and his men to flight. Then we crossed the river and went into camp just be-

yond the town. The next morning we marched down the Jerusalem plank road, and on to Culpepper Court House, where we joined our regiment of cavalry.

We arrived there about noon, and found them eating their salt pork and crackers, in a piece of woods near the road. We slid from our horses and began to follow suit with our hard biscuit and pork. But I had not time to finish my hard-tack, as we called it, before "whip whiz" came the bullets and they would come "zyp, zee, zing, zip." Then Custer sang out "To the saddle boys," and they all mounted but myself.

I took my old rifle and climbed a tree where I had a good view of the rebs and the artillery just beneath me. When they opened fire I opened on them at the same time. We were upon higher ground than the rebs were, and I being up a tree, got a fair view. I overshot at first for I could see them duck their heads when I would send a leaden messenger among their ranks. After a while I lowered the sight on my rifle and commenced on them again. The big guns and my repeating rifle were making it too hot for them, and they up and got out of the way. I joined my regiment at twelve o'clock and at half past twelve I was engaged with the "Johnnies" of the South.

From here we marched to Reams station where we had another brush with the rebel cavalry, and drove them besides capturing a few prisoners. Then Custer received orders to go on a raid, and to tear up the South Side Railroad, burn down bridges, mills, and everything in general. In this way our cavalry put in the summer of 1864, making raids and fighting when an opportunity offered itself, until winter came.

We went into winter quarters just back of Winchester Heights. From here we would occasionally make a reconnoiter; they also kept us on the scout and carrying messages. One morning in March, General Custer encountered Hampton's division and had quite a brush. While our division (Gregg's) met Fitz Hugh Lee at Todd's Tavern, and after a sharp engagement, repelled his attack. Early the next morning Custer was again driving the enemy; at the same time Gregg's and Merritt's division attacked Stuart's combined cavalry force, charging and capturing his barricades and rifle pits.

On the eighth of May, General Sheridan received orders to gather his scattered forces and pass around the right of General Lee's army to its rear, and after doing all the damage possible

by destroying railroads and burning supplies, to procede to Haxall's Landing on the James River.

On the twenty-seventh of February, 1865, our cavalry force marched from Winchester to the Shenandoah valley, where we encountered General Early's force. Then we moved on to Stanton on the second of March, and then marched along the road for Waynesboro, where Early had taken possession of that town, as well as Blue Ridge.

From the time we left Winchester, until our cavalry arrived within sight of Waynesboro it rained without intermission. The roads were half knee deep with a red mud or clay, that would cause our horses' feet to slip as if it had been grease. When we came within a couple of miles of Waynesboro the artillery undertook to go through the woods. After going a little way they got the horses and guns into a boggy place, and there they got stuck in the mud or swamp. Our cavalry, the First Connecticut Cavalry, the Second New York, the eighteenth Pennsylvania and the Third New Jersey cavalry, all had to turn about and lay a corduroy road before they could get out. All worked like beavers and after a while the artillery was free, and the whole brigade marched along until we came within half a mile of the town, on the main turnpike road.

The first thing we knew we were saluted by a cannon ball crashing through the entire division, and knocking over a number of men and horses. Just then one of the men sang out and said, "Ay, boys, we're getting down where the 'Johnnies' live." At the same time General Custer gave orders to halt and guide to the right and dismount. Then he ordered the First Connecticut, who were armed with Spencer repeating carbines, to form a skirmish line. Just as they were formed I rode up and jumped from my horse, with my old repeater. Custer turned to me and said,

"Sam, my boy, do you see that hill there?" pointing to the right of the town.

• "Yes, sir."

"Well, that is Oak Hill, and I want you to go on the right of this skirmish line and drive them rebs from that hill."

The word was given and away the skirmishers dashed across a flat piece of ground, and at every step would sink to their knees. I, at the same time, started off with my old repeating rifle in their front. While crossing this front the rebels kept up a heavy

sharp fire from the top of Oak Hill down upon us. But I was lucky enough to get across the flat and made my way under the brow of the hill, without being shot, and still being shot at a good many times.

As I gained the top of the hill on the right of the line I saw a reb behind a tree. He up and fired at me but missed. While he was loading I fired five or six shots at him while he was behind the tree. When he saw that I could fire five or six times to his once, he made a run for it. I sung out for him to surrender, but he turned around and fired at me again. Then I up and shot him through the hips and he fell to the ground, and began to sing out, "You have shot me. You have shot me." When I came up to him I said,

"Why didn't you surrender?"

"Oh, my hip! Oh, my hip!"

I ran over the hill to the edge of the woods where there was a fence and in sight of the town. I made a halt at the fence to take breath, and saw about two hundred yards away about fifty rebs running along by the fence. Most of them had thrown away their guns, and I would not shoot at them. Just then our skirmish line came up, and one of our cavalry men said,

"Why don't you give it to those damn rebs, Sam?"

"No" I said "don't fire at them for they have thrown away their arms, but take them all prisoners."

From where I was I could look all over the town of Waynesboro. A little river ran through it, and beyond the river was another wide flat piece of ground, which extended from the river to the turnpike road which ran out from the town.

From this hill I saw the gunners of the rebel battery desert their guns, take a train of cars and clear out, leaving the negro drivers to get the battery away as best they could, but they were stuck fast in the mud.

I made a run from the hill down to the bank of the river, and just as I arrived out jumped a rebel officer, from a bunch of bushes on the opposite side of the river. He fired three shots at me from his revolver. I sung out for him to surrender and he said,

"No, you damn Yankee scout! Never!"

With that he up and fired at me again. Then I told him if he would not stop shooting at me and surrender I would kill him. With this he fired three shots more at me, and I sung out and said,

"You are my meat."

I up with my rifle and shot him through the heart. When the ball struck him he threw up both hands and fell forward with his head and shoulders in the water. As he fell his revolver flew from his hand into the river. I then went up the river bank until I came to the town where there was a bridge made of trestle work with one board laid along on top to cross upon. Here I crossed and went down on the other side of the river where the rebel officer had fallen. I took him by his feet and pulled him out of the water. He was dressed in a Southern uniform of gray with brass buttons, and bound around with silver braid. Upon the collar of his coat were two silver stars. Upon his head he wore a slouch hat with a high crown. He had a sabre belt, but no sabre. What his rank was I did not know until after the war, while in the city of Wilmington I was informed that he was a colonel by rank. I left the officer where he had fallen with a bullet hole in his left breast near the heart. At the same time I heard an uproar on the turnpike road, so I ran across the flat. Upon the road I found some negroes trying to make the mules pull out a battery of artillery which was stuck in the mud. I ran up and ordered the negroes to dismount, and take the mules off and hitch them to the wheels or I would blow their brains out. I asked them where their officers and gunners were and they said,

"When they saw the Yankees coming they all took a train of cars and went off. They told us nigs to get dis battery away, so as not to let de Yanks kotch it, but massa, I knows it is too late. Now yous kotch me for sure, and here am de nigs and the guns and de mules."

After I had captured the battery three or four men of the 18th Pennsylvania regiment came running up, and I said,

"You are behind the times, my boys, for I captured this battery twenty minutes ago."

By this time I was getting hungry, and I went to plundering the caissons to see if I could find something to eat. I searched every one until I came to the last one, when opening the lid of the box I found a dagger and a bag which contained about twenty-five pounds of flour. This I took and throwing it over my shoulder went down to the bridge to cross over. There was only a single board laid to walk upon, and it was all warped up from lying in the sun. As I got about half way across the board gave a lurch and away I went a distance of twenty feet into the river--bag, rifle and all.

I hung to my rifle and when I came up I spouted like a whale. The bag of flour was floating upon the water. I swam and got hold of the bag with my teeth, and with the aid of one hand and my feet I swam around into an eddy, where I pulled myself out with my rifle and flour feeling like a drowned rat. I made my way to where the regiment was encamped by the turnpike road. I shared the flour with the boys and gave the company some supper.

On the first of April, 1865, we fought the battle of Five Forks, and here I will give an account of a rebel charge in that great battle. A rebel commander, with a shattered regiment, came thundering down upon us. Their bayonets were fixed and the gray-coats came on with a wild yell. Their gray uniforms looked black as they came through the rolling smoke, with their colors—torn by grape, canister, and ball—waving defiantly. Three times they halted and poured in volleys, but again came on with a rush like bloodhounds through the thick storm of our bullets—depleted, but determined. Yet in the hot blast of our repeating carbines they read a purpose as resolute but more calm. While they pressed along, swept all the while by volleys, a group of horsemen took them in their flank. It was an awful moment, the horses recoiled, the charging column trembled like a single leaf in the wind, but at once the rebels formed a square, and with solid sheets of shining steel defied our charge. Our cavalry rode around them in vain, but no charge could break their glittering squares. Our men dismounted with their repeating carbines and poured in their volleys afresh, making gaps in their ranks. Then into their wavering line the cavalry thundered. The rebels could stand no more. They reeled and swayed and fell back with broken ranks—beaten—while upon the ground lay their commander with his life's blood ebbing away.

Early in the morning of the sixth of April, 1865, General Ord directed that the Petersburg and Lynchburg Railroad bridge across the Appomattox be held by the Union forces if possible, and if not able to hold it, it was to be destroyed. The 54th Pennsylvania and the 123d Ohio were sent to do this duty. They marched to the river, but found themselves on the right flank of Lee's army, which was in line of battle between Sailor's Creek and the Appomattox.

General Lee made a stand at this point to save his trains. He was in hopes to reach Danville, but we had already forced him ten miles out of his direct line of march. At this time his army

was stretched along the west bank of Sailor's Creek, facing the east and southeast. General Sheridan's and Custer's cavalry was on both flanks.

The forenoon was passed in skirmishing, on the part of our cavalry. The regiment sent to take the bridge was driven back with severe loss. When the Second Corps came up we crossed the creek, and Lee's left flank was forced towards the river.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon before the 6th Corps came up with the rebels. This corps had been marching southwest, but when the skirmishers discovered the enemy Seymour's division was halted and Wheaton's division was on the left. The third division of cavalry was on the left of Wheaton, and here we found ourselves confronted by Ewell's and Kershaw's divisions which were strongly intrenched.

Seymour and Wheaton moved from the road west, and went down the steep bank of the river under the fire of the rebel infantry without flinching, crossed the creek, ascended the other bank, and dashed upon the intrenchments. At the same time brave Custer with his division of cavalry advanced with drawn sabres, with horses upon the run—sped with spur and shout, until they became maddened with fury—the ground trembled beneath the tread of the thousands of hoofs, the air resounded with bugle blasts and loud cheers.

After crossing the creek our cavalry filed up the opposite bank and along by a narrow path filled with small stones. When we reached the top of the hill we came to a fence at the edge of a field. Here Custer ordered me to dismount and take down a length of the fence to let the cavalry through. About two hundred yards across the field in the edge of a piece of woods was a treble line of rebels behind a strong breastwork. Here at the edge of the field Custer formed our cavalry into line, and riding in front said in a loud voice,

“Boys, we are going into a fight, and I am going to lead the charge. I don't want to see a man turn his back to me until he sees me turn mine first, and when he does then every man for himself. When you all see my sword rise in the air, charge with a shout. Every man charge, and for his honor and country do his duty.”

Then brave Custer gave the word,

“Forward! Steady men! Quick march!” Then up went his sword, “Charge!”

Away we went for the breastworks. When we got half way across the field the rebel infantry opened upon us with a volley. Just behind them was their artillery, which poured a volley of shot and shell through our ranks, but not a man flinched from the blast. Then as we gained the intrenchments they poured in another volley. I was upon the right front, and on my left was a private by the name of Levi Corben, also another named Nelson Payne. At the second volley Corben sung out,

"I'm shot! O God, Sam, I'm shot!"

I saw his sword fall from his hand and at the same time he clasped his hand to his breast. I rode up to him and caught his horse by the bridle. I dismounted just in time, as he was falling from his horse, to catch him in my extended arms. I took him from his horse, which stood trembling with expanded nostrils. I sat poor Levi up against an oak tree, facing his noble steed. As I sat him there he closed his eyes and fell over to one side, then with a shout he raised himself up, and looking around for a second said, "Sam, where are they?" Then he laid back and breathed his last breath. I hitched his horse to a tree near by and mounting my own horse I dashed on over the intrenchments and into the woods, where I joined my regiment which was still pursuing the rebels.

By a single charge they caused the whole of Lee's right wing to retreat, and captured thousands of prisoners who stood as if paralyzed by the tremendous shock.

In the charge I came out into the woods where General Ewell had his battery. I went for a stand of colors, but a sergeant got ahead of me and captured them. Then I rushed up to the first gun of the battery, where I saw an officer with some stars on his coat collar. Drawing my revolver I said,

"Surrender, sir, and take off that belt and hand to me for you are my prisoner."

With this he unbuckled his belt and handed me his sword. Then I said,

"Who are you?"

"I am General Ewell, commander of this battery."

So General Ewell presented his sword to me.

This charge caused the entire regiment to throw down their arms. Miles of wagons, caissons, ambulances, forges, arms, ammunition, all that belonged to that portion of the line was lost to Lee in a moment.

Here I will give the names of the generals who were captured in the charge: Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Defoe, Barton, Lee, Borden, and Corse. They were prisoners almost before they knew it.

After the charge was over General Sheridan came riding up and said in the presence of the whole division, "Bravely done, Custer." In the charge General Custer had his horse killed, also Lieutenant Harwell, Captain Bamhart, Lieutenant Norvell, Lieutenant Main, and Lieutenant Custer—all belonging to his staff—had their horses killed in the gallant charge, which of itself proved that it was gallant, and besides desperate. Officers and men rushed upon the enemy like bloodhounds, rivaling each other in deeds of daring.

THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE.

On the morning of the seventh arriving at Prince Edward's Court House we found General McKenzie, with his division of cavalry from the Army of the James. He was then ordered to cross the bridge on the Buffalo River and make a reconnoissance to Prospect Station on the Lynchburg Railroad, and ascertain if the enemy was moving past that point. Meantime the enemy had crossed to the north side of Appomattox. General Merritt with his division moved on and encamped at Buffalo Creek and General Cook with his division recrossed the Appomattox and went into camp at Prospect Station.

On the morning of the eighth Merritt and McKenzie marched to Prospect Station. Then Merritt's and Cook's commands moved to Appomattox Court House. Shortly after the march commenced General Custer sent me in advance of the division to clear the road of shells which the rebs had thrown down, in hopes that our horses' feet would strike and cause them to explode.

Just then we got news from one of the other scouts that there was a supply train, belonging to General Lee's army, at the depot. We pushed on briskly for twenty-six miles, General Custer leading. On nearing the depot we threw out a force in the rear and captured them, without halting the division, and still kept on driving the rebs (who had reached the depot about the same time as our cavalry) in the direction of Appomattox Court House, and capturing many prisoners, and twenty-five pieces of artillery, besides a hospital train, and a large number of wagons. General Devine came up on our right, and the fighting kept on until after dark, and we drove the rebs to Appomattox Court House. Gen-

eral Sheridan told Custer to press the rebels as hard as he could with his cavalry, for he thought the rebs had reached their last standing point.

The remnant of General Lee's army was in our front, and we held them fast until the 24th and 25th Corps arrived, about daylight, at Appomattox depot. Early in the morning as the other divisions were marching up the rebel force tried to break through our lines. When they saw our strength and knew that we were about to charge on them they became confused. A white flag was presented to General George A. Custer, who was in advance and he sent the information to General Phil Sheridan that the enemy desired to surrender.

The Court House where the writings were transacted was a small building, which stood by itself. About four rods from the house I was lying down upon the grass under an apple tree. General Lee came riding up, on a grey horse, and dismounted. One of his staff officers hitched his horse to this apple tree where I was lying down.

Just as the General dismounted I arose to my feet and at the same time Lee and Custer advanced and shook hands. General Lee had an elegant sword and two revolvers, and the handles were of ivory. He had on long boots and a high crowned slouch hat; a grey suit with stars upon the collar of his coat. Such was the appearance of General Lee.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall.

Over the mountain winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind—the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four score years and ten.

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!” The dust brown ranks stood fast,
“Fire!” Out rang the rifle blast.

It shivered the window pane and sash
It rent the banner with seam and gash,

Quick as it fell from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will,

“Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country’s flag!” She said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came.

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street,
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host,

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.

And through the hill gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her and let a tear
Fall for her sake on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of freedom and union wave.

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law,

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

In the dreary hours of midnight,
When the camp's asleep and still,
Not a sound, save rippling streamlets,
Or the voice of the whip-poor-will;

Then I think of dear loved faces
As I steal around my beat,
Think of other scenes and places,
And a mother's voice so sweet.

Mother, who in days of childhood,
Prayed as only mothers pray,
"Guard his footsteps in the wildwood,
Let him not be led astray ;"
And when dangers hovered round me,
And my life was full of cares,
Then a sweet form passed before me,
And I thought of mother's prayers.

Mother's prayers ! Ah ! Sacred memory,
I can hear her sweet voice now,
As upon her death bed lying,
With her hand upon her brow,
Calling down a Saviour's blessing
Ere she climbed the golden stairs.
There's a sting in all transgressing,
When I think of mother's prayers.

And I made her one dear promise,
Oh ! Thank heaven ! I've kept it too :
Yes, I promised God and mother
To the pledge I would be true.
Though a hundred times the tempter
Every day throws out his snares,
I can boldly answer, "No sir,"
When I think of mother's prayers.

And while here I tell the story,
Why my boyhood days were sad ;
Is there not some one before me
Who will make some mother glad ?
Swell her heart with fond emotions
Drive away life's bitter cares ;
Sign and keep the pledge for mother,
Heed, oh, heed her earnest prayers.

Oh, my brothers do not drink it,
Think of all your mother said;
While upon her death-bed lying,
Or perhaps she is not dead;
Don't you kill her, then I pray you,
She has got enough of cares,
Sign the pledge and God will help you
If you think of mother's prayers.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

The boys in blue are turning gray,
Thin grow our ranks and thinner;
We played death's game many a day
But death to day is winner.

Mid whistling shot and screaming shell,
When stoutest hearts must quiver,
Facing the battery's belching hell,
Some crossed death's silent river.

Some mangled, moaned with tortured breath,
Till death in mercy freed them;
In prison pens some starved to death,
With only foes to heed them.

And some God's country gained at last,
Died 'mid the dear home faces,
Of limbs torn off by war's fierce blast,
Their empty sleeves are traces.

We list no more the shrieking shell,
No more the bullet's rattle;
But comrades fall while tolls the bell,
As once they fell in battle.

Then close the ranks as years roll on,
As life's dim sun grows colder;
Face death to come as deaths gone,
With shoulder firm to shoulder:

What though above our wasting ranks
No battle flag is gleaming,
God's red and white in morning light,
O'er heaven's vault is streaming.

Tho' scant the muster roll below,
Above 'tis growing longer ;
Tho' faint on earth our voices grow
In heaven they'll swell the stronger.

BUCKSKIN SAM'S LAST BEAR FIGHT.

One pleasant morning, the seventeenth of October, 1898, in the town of Byron, Oxford County, Maine, myself and Mr. J. Louis Houle started out on a deer hunt. Louis carried a 45-70 and I carried my famous old 44 Winchester rifle.

We started off in the direction of Houstin mountain. When we arrived there Mr. Houle said,

"Sam, let's separate. You may drive a deer to me, and I may drive one to you."

"All right, but remember, if we separate you have what you shoot and I have what I shoot."

"All right, Sam, go ahead."

Louis went around the west side of the mountain and I on the east side. I kept on until I came to West Mountain about one mile beyond. Not seeing any game of any kind, I still kept on and around the east side of West Mountain, and on up to the top where I had a good view of the surrounding country.

After standing there a while and admiring the grand scenery I turned west and commenced the descent. For a little ways the bushes were so thick I had to crawl on my hands and knees for some distance. All at once I came to the edge of a high ledge, and I looked over and far down into a canyon for two hundred feet.

I went to my left a little and on down to a little level spot of ledge about ten by twelve feet, in the edge of a "blow-down." There were some small spruce trees, and one tree standing between two large logs. This one had some gum on it, so I stood my rifle up against a tree. Not thinking of wild animals being

in such a place as that I had only three cartridges in my rifle at the time.

I drew my hunting knife out and was picking the little lumps of gum. All of a sudden I heard a shuffling noise behind me and the breaking of a small stick as though you would break a pipe stem between your fingers. At that instant I caught hold of my rifle and turned around quickly, only to be confronted, face to face, by five hungry bears within ten feet of where I stood between the logs.

One of them got around behind me, another stood at the end of the two logs, while the other three were circling around me. I aimed my old Winchester at number one bear, "bang" and down she fell, dead at the first shot. Then the other two turned to go to my left and bang went another shot. Number two bear fell dead, and the ball going through and striking number three bear in the fore shoulder, he, with a snarl, went down over the ledge for a hundred feet or more. Then I turned around to see what the bear behind me was doing. She was standing behind a tree so I could not get a shot at her head, so I up with my rifle and sent a ball whizzing through her ribs. With a howl of pain and rage over the ledge she went the same as number three. When I turned back again number five bear stood erect on his hind feet within three feet of me, his little eyes twinkling like two stars.

Just at that moment he struck at my head with his right paw, and I dodged the heft of the blow. He only tore my hat and struck me on my right hand. I worked the lever of my rifle and found it empty of cartridges. I shifted my knife to my right hand, and with my left put my rifle over my head as a guard. He struck me a blow with his right paw on the breast, tearing the whole of my sweater and vest from me, and knocking me back against the tree. I recovered myself, as quickly as I could, and with a lightning like spring forward I plunged my hunting knife to the hilt in his shaggy breast.

Over he went on his back and rolled under one of the logs at my left I took two steps forward to finish him with my knife, then I thought as I had wounded him I had better reload my rifle. I stepped back and began to reload, and by the time I got the cartridges in he had crawled out on the opposite side of the log and got behind a large rock. There he stood with the blood dripping from the knife wound in his breast, and peeking around a tree at me. I yelled at him to make him show his

head, but he would not. So I put up the old Winchester and fired at his eye. The ball just missed, and cut the skin from his eye to his ear so that it hung down below his under jaw. He backed back a little and gave me a chance at his neck. Then I gave it to him in the neck—one, two. He thought I was making it too warm for him, so he fetched an angry snarl and with a couple of jumps forward he went down over the ledge, taking sticks, stones, everything with him into the cave below.

I went after him with knife in one hand and rifle in the other and hunted all around one cave and out into another, but I could not hear or see him. I circled around for half an hour, but all in vain, he had crawled in somewhere out of sight to breathe his last.

Then I climbed back up over the ledge to where my two dead bears lay and got down between them for half an hour to see if some other bears would not come on the scene, but all was still. Then I arose and examined my spoil. Two fat bears, how is that for Buckskin!

Then by means of my compass I took my course down the mountain, and with my knife blazed the trees from my bears out to the main road. The next day I got a number of men and got them out. This finishes my last bear hunt.

CONCLUSION.

In closing this work I will say to my readers that I am the only man in the United States of America, who has been at war with four different nations. First with the Russian in the war at Sebastopol; in the war with China; the bloody war in East India, and in the Civil War of America.

After so many years rambling over this wide world, I at last visited my old home in Maine. While resting there I received several letters asking me to go on exhibition. Soon becoming weary of idleness I once more started on my travels, and undoubtedly will continue to rove until old age shall incapacitate me, or death shall claim me as his.

Now, kind readers, you have followed the poor bound boy through his eventful career; and I trust that in his life you will find two great lessons taught: first, that He who rules all things never loses sight of the least of his creatures, and watches over and protects them through all; secondly, that we little know what

is in the future for us and to trust in Him, who doeth all things well, to bring us through.

And now, kind readers, I will bid you a kind "Adieu."

BUCKSKIN SAM.

