

Bouchier, and here is his description of the treatment he was subject to:

"What would the cadet of the present day think of the treatment we small boys had to put up with sixty or seventy years ago? Promotion depended almost entirely on interest. The Service was entered at twelve or thirteen. After two years at sea, if the boy passed his examination, he mounted the white patch, and became a midshipman. At the end of four years more, he had to pass a double examination—one for seamanship before a board of captains, and another for navigation at the Naval College. He then became a master's mate, and had to serve for three years as such before he was eligible for promotion to a lieutenantcy. Unless an officer had family interest, he often stuck there, and as often had to serve under one more favoured, who was not born when he himself was getting stale."

On a subject as interesting now as it was half a century ago he makes the following remarks:

"Before taking leave of my seafaring days I must say one word about corporal punishment. Sir Thomas Bouchier was a good sailor, a gallant officer, and a kind-hearted man, but he was one of the old school. Discipline was his watchword, and he endeavoured to maintain it by severity. I daresay that, on an average, there was a man flogged as often as once a month during the first two years the *Blonde* was in commission. A flogging on board a man-of-war with a 'cat,' the nine tails of which were knotted, and the lashes of which were slowly delivered, up to the four dozen, at the full swing of the arm, and at the extremity of lash and handle, was very severe punishment. Each knot brought blood, and the shock of the blow knocked the breath out of a man with an involuntary 'Ugh,' however stoically he bore the pain. I have seen many a bad man flogged for unpardonable conduct, and many a good man for a glass of grog too much."

Mr. Coke did not love the Navy, and at a very early age managed to escape from it. It was decreed that he should return to Holkham and prepare for the University. One of the most amusing sketches in the book is that of Mr. Collyer, at that time rector of Warham St. Mary, and elected to be the boy's tutor. He was a strict man, of an irascible temper, and sometimes astonished the guests by the rudeness of his domineering ways, as the following quotation will show:

"For example, one Sunday evening after dinner, when the drawing-room was filled with guests, who more or less preserved the decorum which etiquette demands in the presence of royalty (the Duke of Sussex was of the party), Charles Fox and Lady Anson, great-grandmother of the present Lord Lichfield, happened to be playing at chess. When the irascible dominie beheld them he pushed his way through the bystanders, swept the pieces from the board, and, with rigorous impartiality, denounced these impious desecrators of the Sabbath eve."

This tutor was succeeded by a much more distinguished man—Mr. Alexander Napier, a son of the Macvey Napier who was the first editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. He seems to have been full of life and vitality, as well as being a fine scholar, and for fifty years he held the living at Holkham. Mr. Coke, in 1846, became an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he formed the acquaintance of some who were to become the distinguished men of the age, such as Thackeray, Tennyson, Frederick Locker, Stirling of Keir, Tom Taylor, Millais, Leighton, and others. He has a good deal to say about the first-mentioned of this group, and what will be particularly interesting to lovers

of "Pendennis" is that he came a great deal into contact with Andrew Arcedeckne, the prototype of Harry Foker. He was commonly called Archie, and was the owner of Glevering Hall, Suffolk, and nephew of Lord Huntingfield. Coke describes him as "about 5ft. 3in., round as a cask, with a small, singularly round face and head, closely-cropped hair, and large, soft eyes—in a word, so like a seal that he was as often called Phoca as Archie." Thackeray used to meet him in the Garrick Club, and Coke fancies the novelist was rather afraid of the little Suffolk squire.

"The shy, the proud, the sensitive satirist would steal quietly into the room, avoiding notice as though he wished himself invisible. Phoca would be warming his back at the fire, and calling for a glass of 'Foker's Own.' Seeing the giant enter, he would advance a step or two, with a couple of extended fingers, and exclaim, quite affably, 'Ha! Mr. Thackeray! litary cove! Glad to see you, sir. How's Major Dobbings?' and likely enough would turn to the waiter, and bid him, 'Give this gent a glass of the same, and score it up to yours truly!' We have his biographer's word for it that he would have winked at the Duke of Wellington, with just as little scruple."

We cannot follow the career of Mr. Coke in detail, but must content ourselves with taking a few illustrative passages. One of these illustrates the historic fight between Sayers and Heenan, which the author had the fortune to witness:

"Sayers, however, had not escaped scot-free. In countering the last attack, Heenan had broken one of the bones in Sayers' right arm. Still the fight went on. It was now a brutal scene. The blind man could not defend himself from the other's terrible punishment. His whole face was so swollen and distorted, that not a feature was recognisable. But he evidently had his design. Each time Sayers struck him and ducked, Heenan made a swoop with his long arms, and at last he caught his enemy. With gigantic force he got Sayers' head down, and needless of his captive's pounding, backed step by step to the ring. When there, he forced Sayers' neck on to the rope, and, with all his weight, leant upon the Englishman's shoulders. In a few moments the face of the strangled man was black, his tongue was forced out of his mouth, and his eyes from their sockets. His arms fell powerless, and in a second or two more he would have been a corpse. With a wild yell the crowd rushed to the rescue. Warning cries of 'The police! The police!' mingled with the shouts. The ropes were cut, and a general scamper for the waiting train ended this last of the greatest prize-fights."

Another, and the last that we shall transcribe, is that in which the reading of Thackeray is compared with the reading of his great rival:

"Thackeray's features were impassive, and his voice knew no inflection. But his elocution in other respects was perfect, admirably distinct, and impressive from its complete obliteration by the reader. . . . The story told, as Thackeray told it, was as delightful to listen to as to read. Not so with Dickens. He disappointed me. He made no attempt to represent the different characters by varied utterance; but whenever something unusually comic was said, or about to be said, he had a habit of turning his eyes up to the ceiling, so that, knowing what was coming, one nervously anticipated the upcast look, and for the moment lost the illusion. In both entertainments the reader was naturally the central point of interest. But in the case of Dickens, when curiosity was satisfied, he alone possessed one; *Pickwick* and *Mrs. Barrell* were put out of court."

Altogether the book is full of interesting passages, and is well worth the attention of readers who are interested in the condition of England during the Victorian Era.

THE RHINO AS WE MET HIM.

THE rhinoceros is stated by competent writers to be exclusively a bush feeder. This, no doubt, is so to a great extent, but I have several times seen them eating grass, and I cannot help thinking that in some of the arid, treeless plains which rhinos frequent, they would get a poor dinner if they were dependent on bush food. On the Athi Plains, and in German East Africa, we were surprised at the small number of birds accompanying them. I should say that in 60 per cent. of the cases



THE MORNING START.

no birds were present.

Several species of the larger animals are accompanied by birds, the rhinoceros bird being often found with rhino and buffalo. The buffalo and elephant are more often seen with the white egret, when there is sufficient water in the neighbourhood to warrant the presence of these water-loving birds. We have never seen egrets with rhino, although they were often about in the vicinity. These birds come for the ticks and other parasites



CHARGING.

so plentiful on the rhino (the rhinoceros bird in a far greater degree than the egret), and in return for the hospitality they receive, give warning of the approach of danger by jumping up, uttering shrill screams, and finally, when the danger becomes imminent, make off, after a final warning swoop, overhead.

It is by no means as easy as one would think to see rhinos at any distance, as they are generally the colour of the earth of that locality, as a result of the matutinal mud bath. Near Baringo, most of them were a brilliant red, whilst in the German Masai plains they were mostly of a light grey khaki, which made them almost invisible, and, indeed, I got within 40yds. of two rhinos on one occasion in the open, without being able to distinguish them from the ant-heaps around. Many writers consider that when a rhino charges, in many cases he is merely rushing blindly in the direction which he imagines to be the least dangerous. I feel sure this is not the case, as I have invariably found them make an exceedingly good shot for the shooter, and I believe that their first impulse is to attack, but, losing their heads, they rush madly along, and so give the sportsman every opportunity of escaping them. We also noticed that, whereas in the open a rhino is more likely to make off, in bush he is almost certain to charge if surprised, and we attribute this to the fact that he is unable to determine the distance he is from the danger, and so takes the offensive. A lion, I believe, will nearly always charge if one surprises him at close quarters. On one occasion I had to dress a native's shoulder, from which a large scoop of flesh had been taken by a lion which he had come upon on the grass, and which had sprung at him, given him a smack, and then rushed off. In this connection it is worthy of notice that the lion seldom, if ever, uses its claws when wounded, relying entirely on its teeth; but when attacking a man, either for food or in an impulse of self-defence, he invariably uses his claws, after which, as in this case, he often leaves his victim after knocking him down with a blow of his paw.

B. had a most unpleasant adventure with a rhino at Baringo. The whole place there was full of them. The country consisted of large and small plains with patches of dense low thorn bushes, through which one could only pass by following game tracks. He was following a wounded oryx, when he came upon what looked like a red ant-heap. However, when the ant-heap moved, B., who only had his Mauser and split cartridges, retreated at best pace along the single track he had come by, pursued by the rhino. His gun-bearer, who was following, also turned and ran, and falling flat on his face, let off both barrels of the heavy rifle, B. coming down on top of him. The rhino rushed by within a yard, or less, and never once turned.

A photograph B. took of a rhino

shows how on occasion these beasts are too absorbed in their own reflections to be much disturbed by anything. He saw a rhino just over the crest of a little rocky hillock on the plain, strolling along and feeding, apparently on grass. There seemed a good opportunity for a photograph, so giving his 450 cordite ready loaded to the gun-bearer, B. carefully crept up over the rise. The wind was very changeable, and twice an eddy blew from B. towards the rhino, the distance between them being very little. However, the beast was too engrossed in feeding to notice their presence. Having crept up behind a tiny bush (the only bit of cover at hand), B. found the impression in the finder too small, and so had to leave the slight protection the bush afforded, and creep nearer. The rhino continued to feed, but once or twice looked straight at B., but failed to see him, as he stood perfectly still. At about 15yds. or 20yds. range, B. snapped, waiting, however, till the beast turned his head, as he was standing nearly stern on. The click of the shutter startled him, and he

turned round and stood facing. Up went his tail, rigid, and he took two or three steps forward as if about to charge. B. and his gun-bearer retreated facing him. By the time they got to a safe distance they saw the rhino quietly feeding in the same place.

My first introduction to a rhino was on the Athi Plains, about four days after our shooting began. I had been following a herd of water-buck all day, and I was trying to get up to them in open ground, when suddenly a rhino appeared on their left flank. I had left my gun-bearer behind, and was armed only with a Mauser, and after surveying this relic of the Ark, I continued to pursue the water-buck, passing him at about 300yds., a range which I thought safe, as the wind was blowing from him. I had just got level with him, when an opportunity occurred to shoot at the water-buck, of which I took advantage; on which the rhino became violently excited, and with head and tail up he proceeded to nose towards me, quartering like a setter. The wind, generally shifty, had shown him my whereabouts, but he was too blind to be able to make me out. He had a very poor horn, so as I had no wish to try conclusions with him, I advanced to the rear, and breathed more freely when I looked round and saw him facing the opposite way, investigating a deceptive puff of wind from the other direction.

My first proper encounter came the next day. I had just met B. alone, who had left his gun-bearer behind to cut up a beast, and was consequently without his heavy rifle. Whilst looking round with our glasses, we made out a rhino about a mile off on the open plain. It alternately looked obvious and invisible, according to the way the sun struck it. We waited a little for signs of B.'s gun-bearer, and off we went. My gun-bearer, one known as Jumah Gunbearah, a Baganda, explained to us, as best he could, that all we had to do was to walk up and



A TWENTY-SEVEN INCH HORN.



GRAZING PEACEFULLY.

shoot it, and so we did. But on getting nearer we found that there were three together—a male with a nice horn, a female with two nearly equal horns (probably about 16in. long), and a big calf two-thirds grown. I confess that one or two excuses for leaving them alone occurred to me; but B., who never knew what fear was, and Jumah, who always evinced the greatest contempt for rhinos, were for losing no time, so I decided that any misgivings I might have felt were out of place. We attempted no concealment of any sort, except as regards the wind, and got within 100yds. before they noticed us. They were standing in a lazy, reflective sort of attitude, looking like big black pigs, doing nothing in particular, until up went the calf's tail, and round spun the old ones, different ways, to try to determine on which side the danger lay. As the old bull turned broadside on I gave him a solid 450 cordite bullet in the shoulder, and off they all went, the bull by himself, until suddenly down he went, quite dead, after running about 60yds. The female several times thought better of her ignominious flight and turned, and even advanced a few yards, but ultimately made off. We could see her for quite three miles, going hard. As the game laws only allow one two rhinos, one was inclined to forego this excellent opportunity of getting a right and left. The bull's front horn measured 23in., a very fair specimen, and the back horn about 9in. We noticed the females were much



A NOONDAY NAP.

more inclined to have the second horn of nearly the same length as the front, but, when this was not the case, the front horn was longer and thinner.

A little success is apt to give a swollen head; in this case I was so satisfied at the ease with which a big beast had been secured, that I acquired a quite unjustifiable confidence, which might have got me into trouble. The next day I saw a female rhino and a calf on the plain, and thought I would get a photograph; so I took my heavy rifle and camera and proceeded to stalk them.

As we had seen no birds on these beasts previously, I quite forgot about them, and was surprised, when still about 80yds. off, by about six of them flying into the air and uttering loud cries of alarm. The alarm was at once sounded; the old one apparently made me out, and came along diagonally, first one side, then the other, with short stops in between. I had taken a snap-shot with the Kodak as they stood at first; but, as the old

lady continued to advance, I beat a slow retreat, hoping she would not find me. However, she came on to about 30yds., when I began to think things were getting a bit dangerous; so,



MEAT FOR THE CAMP FOLLOWERS.

as she faced a bit sideways, I put a bullet into her hump—that mass of flesh and small bones above the vital part—which made her change her mind, and we could see her retreating at best pace for miles. I do not think this wound would be at all a serious one to her.

The next rhino was a lucky chance. Jumah and I were out on our own, and engaged in admiring three beautiful elands, which appeared to know they were protected by the game laws, and allowed a near approach. We heard a shot a mile or more away, and soon after a rhino came over a rise in the ground and up a deep in which we were standing, straight for us. I got out the camera, hoping he would pass quite close, and waited till he got within 40yds. or so. Jumah, meanwhile, had disdained to sit, and was moving about behind me, and attracted the beast's attention, for he immediately swerved and came straight for us. I had him nicely in the finder, so, when he got to about 30yds., I snapped, and, throwing the camera away, gave him both barrels. The first failed to stop him, but number two turned him round. Reloading quickly, I gave him one behind at about 100yds., which, by a most fortunate fluke, glanced off a bone upwards and

got him in the spine. His quarters went down, and he kept sitting up like a dog, then flopping over (during which time I got a shot with the camera). I finished him off with the 450. It turned out B. had wounded it, and he now came up in hot pursuit. This rhino, a male, had a very fine horn, 27in., and a second horn about 10in.

Another rhino of which I took a photograph was lying down half asleep, and we watched it for a long time flapping its ears and moving its head continually to keep the flies off. We got to within 20yds., and I got a photograph without disturbing it, and advanced another 5yds. to get another, when I suddenly saw an eye open, and in a surprisingly short space of time it was up and round. If one had kept one's head a most interesting photograph would have been the result, but, as it was, the rifle came handiest, and down he went dead with a shot through his heart. This is the only rhino either of us killed on the spot with a shoulder shot, though, as a rule, one shot was sufficient, unless the beast was charging, in which case the horn, which practically covers the brain, complicates the shot. I believe if one cannot make sure of the brain, and feels disinclined to sit down low enough to get the chest, the nostrils are the best mark. I have heard of a rhino being knocked out, perhaps only temporarily, with a 303 soft-nosed bullet in the nostrils. The neck-shot at a rhino, when broadside on, is the best. One should approach to within 30yds. or 40yds., or nearer, which is usually very easily done, and aim at about two-thirds down the neck, a few inches behind the ear. The main thing to remember is that in the back part of the neck the greater part is hump, so it is preferable, when in doubt, to shoot low rather than high, as if one misses the vertebræ there are still the windpipe and several important blood vessels, which if hit will kill the beast within a few minutes.

B. shot a fine rhino at Baringo, with a front horn 31½in. There was no wind at all, and he had got to within 60yds. of it when a sudden puff apprised the rhino of his danger. Down he came straight for B., but the puff of wind failing, he stood scenting, and gave B. his opportunity, which he took. On another occasion, accompanied by twenty men, we passed a rhino in this bush within 100yds. The wind was right, and he took no notice of us, though several of the men were talking. We decided on a photograph, and followed him some way; eventually getting within 30yds. of him in a fairly open place, B. stood straight up and took a snap, whilst I stood within 10yds. to B.'s left to get a side shot if he charged. At the click of the camera the rhino stood staring intently at B. for quite a minute, when he suddenly turned and went off, tail in air.

I had an amusing encounter with two rhinos on another occasion in German East Africa. I was after roan antelope, and was going through thin bush rather like an orchard. I was riding a mule we had then, and had quite fifty Wageia natives, who used to turn up from nowhere in particular, following. The right glass of my spectacles, on which I am quite dependent, suddenly fell out, and I had to dismount in no amiable frame of mind and grope for the glass in a tangle of herbage. My gun-bearer just then caught my arm and whispered "Nyama" (game), but I shook him off, asking how he expected me to see game with a blurred mist in front of my eyes. He, however, continued to gesticulate in an excited manner, so looking up, I saw dimly (owing to my lopsided vision) two rhinos, about 30yds. off, coming at their best pace. The accompanying natives had already betaken themselves to a safe place, so I lost no time in getting behind the nearest tree, some 10yds. off; the mule very sensibly followed, and the two beasts rushed by the spot where

we had been standing, snorting like steam engines, and their tails erect in the air. My gun-bearer, Kasabba, a splendid chap, loosed off a soft-nosed bullet from the Mauser he was carrying. He missed clean, but at a range of 10yds. a black man seldom hits a dangerous beast, even though, as in this man's case, he could knock over a buck at 150yds. We saw these two rhinos again another day, and amused ourselves by getting in a kopje



"HABET."

quite close and shouting. They were entirely nonplussed by the situation, and dashed hither and thither in frantic excitement before they decided ultimately to take themselves off. A rhino, like an elephant, hates a dog. We had a charming Airedale called Nell; she enjoyed rhinos above everything, and would run them a mile or so. On these occasions the rhino never attempted to turn at her, but simply lay legs to the ground in a panic, whilst Nell would snap at their heels.

At Baringo we found a rhinoceros grindstone. Whilst a



"JUMAH" AND MASAI BOY.

beast shot by B. was being skinned, two rhinos came along and started stropping their horns in turn. They rubbed them first one side of the stone, then the other, and on subsequent examination we found the stone was polished perfectly smooth, and showed signs of having been used for this purpose regularly. It was a stone about 3ft. high, with a round top. It is very difficult to cure a rhino's head-skin, as a space forms between

the horn and the bone, and unless great care is taken, the horn rots off. We always found it necessary to dry their skins in the shade. We found the females had thicker hides than the males. Rhinos either breed very rarely, or grow very quickly, as one often sees a cow with a calf nearly full grown. When the calf is small, the cow keeps to herself. F. RUSSELL ROBERTS.

GUINEA-PIGS.

THEY were nice confiding little animals in schoolboy days, giving little trouble and much comfort when pulled out of a top-hat to while away the dull minutes of the morning sermon. Mice and rats ran about too actively, entailing sudden grabs that were apt to attract the shocked attention of the other pews, and subsequent explanation to the master in charge. In those same far-away days the conjurer on Weymouth Esplanade never failed to bring down his house when, after cutting someone's best handkerchief into strips, and having asked the audience most particularly to notice which hat it had been put under, he raised the said hat, and, behold! not the handkerchief, but a guinea-pig. Its appearance was so deliciously irrelevant that it was quite irresistible. So that a great surprise awaited those who, after a lapse of twenty years, were reintroduced to their old loves, and found them to be a most illustrious breed with a club of their own—the National Cavy Club—and with no doubt a stud-book in the background, besides other literature and breeding lore. For, indeed, careful attention to breeding may, as in other fancies, meet its due rewards in cups and H.C.'s. In fact, as votaries at this new altar say, there are possibilities in this animal. What these possibilities may be the illustrations



C. Cadby.

JOCK AND BABY.

Copyright.

shown give a very good idea of. The wearer of such a handsome motoring coat as Primrose might well be mistaken for a species of Yorkshire or Skye terrier (though it is just possible in this case



C. Cadby.

TWILIGHT.

Copyright

to see which end bites); but he is neither dog nor North Country bred, but a cream-coloured Peruvian, four months old, with whose coat immense trouble has been taken to get the parting down the back correct. Brushing, combing, and in some cases even curling papers are resorted to when preparing for a show.

Another variety, the Abyssinian, is represented by Mab, with a fine yellow and black coat, which illustrates clearly the rosettes, or circles, each with a separate

centre that are so prized by connoisseurs. The name Abyssinian, it may be said in passing, is an utterly fancy appellation, all known varieties coming originally from South America; they, however, seem to lend themselves readily to the production of fresh varieties, and it is on this quality that breeders base their hope of a future for their "Fancy." They have already acquired constitutions that defy our climate, and whereas in a wild state their powers of reproduction are small, the domesticated ones have acquired as great an aptitude for the multiplication table as the proverbial rabbit. An old tradition used to assert their ability to eat rats, but the result of shutting up the two in a loose box for a night, did not bear out such a conclusion. In the morning the guinea-pigs had disappeared, and a general air of rotundity and satisfaction about the rats proclaimed that for once, at any rate, they had had a good square (or should it be an oblong) meal; in fact, they are the guinea-pigs' most dangerous enemy, far more so than even the cat.

They make excellent eating, and once the conservative tastes of this country get over the novelty of the diet, there should be no difficulty in disposing of the many surplus young ones at remunerative prices. Possibly



C. Cadby.

PRIMROSE.

Copyright