

upon it; but, with a shudder which convulsed her frame without waking her, she recognized that it was not George Armstrong—but Lloyd Courtenay, who lay there cold and still.

Then the scene changed and Courtenay was offering her a rose. As he did so he became dim and vanished. The rose died in her hands, and seemed to sting her by its touch as though a very viper.

Now she was on board a boat alone with Lloyd on the water. He took her hand and gazed into her eyes with looks of adoring love, as he had done the night of the betrothal. He was going to embrace her, when Armstrong's face appeared behind, and flung him into the sea. As she saw him with a look of mortal agony on his features, and a despairing cry on his lips, the visions passed and she awoke.

It was midnight. The fire had nearly burnt itself out; only a few red embers remained. The bedroom was getting deathly cold. Still Vivyan did not seem inclined to get into bed. The influence of the visions remained upon her. She felt—and nothing could shake it off—that her lover was near to her.

Suddenly there came a loud ring at the bell, which reverberated through the silent, echo-full house. This was followed by the baying of the carriage dog from his kennel in the courtyard. An awful darkness of suspense, fear, superstitious dread seized upon Vivyan's heart-strings. She strove to cry, but no sound came.

But hers was a courageous nature which soon rallies. She put on a heavy cloak, and went out into the passage, carrying a chamber candlestick with a candle in it, hastily lighted. Soon the butler appeared, hurrying into his clothes, half asleep, and not knowing what had aroused him.

Together they descended the stairs. Before the great hall door could be unlocked they were joined by a footman, who had taken a minute longer to dress. At last the door was unfastened and thrown open. Beyond all was darkness in the thickly falling snow, but close to was something, not yet quite covered. It was a man lying at the very doorstep, who must have had just strength enough to pull the bell and then have fallen. An awful sinking at the heart told Vivyan who it was. If she had seen him clearly nothing could have made her more sure. Together the men bore the inanimate form, and placed it gently on the sofa of the room in which their mistress had so recently dined.

Then they brushed the snow off him,

and carefully wiped his face. It was indeed Lloyd Courtenay, but so old, so worn, so wan, so terribly altered and aged, only Vivyan recognized him. He must have been a dying man when he turned homewards, and the last struggle through the snow had done its final work. And yet not quite final. The heart still pulsed slightly. Vivyan knelt by his side with her arms round his neck. The groom went round to the stables to saddle a horse to fetch a doctor. But no earthly skill could avail anything. Vivyan felt this with a bitterness of despair, as she chafed the brow, and showered on lips and hair kiss after kiss. Even the servants felt it was a very sacred scene, and withdrew to the other end of the room. For one moment Lloyd opened his eyes, those eyes which had once been so beautiful, but were now filmy in death. He looked round. Then his eyes settled on Vivyan's face. Their gaze softened strangely as he looked into her eyes, an almost dog-like expression of fidelity and love came over him, and from the depths of his very being spoke to her inmost soul. It was only for a moment; then a deep drawn sigh, as of a weary child, once lost and wandering from home, now safe in its mother's arms with head pillowed on her breast; then rest, abiding, everlasting.

So men pass into sleep; but love dies not; because love is eternal. That only grows brighter and purer in the waiting time, as it prepares once more to unite severed hearts on the further shore.

From Longman's Magazine.

#### SOME INDIAN WILD BEASTS.

I WILL not try to enumerate all the wild beasts in India. It was my fate or fortune to meet a considerable number of them, under various circumstances and conditions, and though it compels me to be guilty of much disagreeable egotism, perhaps it may be in my power to tell something new about them. Yet it is very possible for an Englishman to spend many years in India without ever seeing a live wild beast. It would be less safe to assert that he will not have heard the voice of one, for even in the most civilized towns, such as Calcutta or Bombay, the jackal makes night hideous in the streets, and many a newly arrived visitor has jumped hastily from his bed, believing that a horrid murder was being committed within a

instrument, or rides a bicycle, just as its keeper prompts it, it would be of little use for me to say anything of the humdrum accomplishments of the Indian elephant and his mahout, with which the public used to be satisfied. In England I have seen a bear riding on a horse, and at Paris a short time ago a lion was exhibited similarly mounted. There may be countries where these animals divert themselves thus *secundum naturam*, but I can only apologize for my ignorance of it.

Of all Indian animals the wild boar is the best and bravest. I have seen a great deal of him, having for many years hunted him on horseback, or with a line of elephants to drive him out of the thick coverts, so that other men well mounted on fleet horses might pursue and slay him with their spears. I was but an indifferent performer with the hog-spear, and have no feats of prowess to recount, though I once took a first spear where about ten other men were eager for that honor; but it was a very small boar, and it was quite his own fault that he fell into my hands, for I was sitting smoking at the end of a covert just thinking of starting for home after a blank morning, when the animal rushed out, and in self-defence I was obliged to spear it. How angry some of the other men were at my luck, though they did not all know how unmerited it was.

Being disabled from riding by an accident, it subsequently became my pleasant function to manage the line of beating elephants, with which, in lower Bengal, we had to drive the wild boar from his lair, in high rushes and thick grass and thorny bushes, so as to make him break across the open plain and fly for his life to some other shelter. It was most interesting to watch the dodges and devices of a cunning old grey boar as I stood in my howdah and tried to get the elephants to drive him out at a point convenient for the riders. The boar usually had his own ideas as to the line that he would take if he were compelled to face the open; but before coming to that last resource he would try everything else. Perhaps it was not heroic conduct on his part, but he would seek to induce the fat old sow, his wife, with her infant progeny, to go out and show themselves as a blind to the hunters. If there were any of his older sons in the jungle, he would roust them from their hiding-places, and try to drive them out, to become a vicarious sacrifice. He would lie down

and hide himself in an incredibly small patch of grass, so that the elephants might pass him by unsuspectingly; or, if too carelessly pressed by a loose line, he would charge right at some loitering elephant's legs, and there are very few elephants that will not flinch and turn aside from a wild boar's charge. It needed much patience and watchfulness to contend with all the wiles of the clever animal. I usually carried a gun loaded with snipe-shot, and a charge fired into the grass or bushes just behind where the boar was moving generally startled him, and if a chance pellet hit him he thought it best to quit the covert and trust to his speed to reach some stronger shelter or swamp impenetrable to elephants and horses. If the riders kept well back so as not to turn the boar again into the covert, he would have about a hundred yards' start before the sound of their horses' hoofs and the cries of "Tally ho" informed him of the coming danger. It takes a very fast horse to catch a full-grown boar in a gallop over the open plain, but every experienced rider knows that he must go as hard as he can if he means to spear the animal. I shall not try to repeat the oft-told tale of the mortal combat that ensues. Oftentimes I could see all the incidents of the chase from my howdah, for not unfrequently the boar when overtaken would jink and come round again to the jungle from which he had started. When men ride really well the boar seldom escapes, unless he has the luck to find some deep swamp through which the horses cannot follow him. A full-grown wild boar in lower Bengal is about thirty inches high, but they are sometimes found as high as thirty-six inches, and there is a skeleton in the Indian Museum in Calcutta of a boar that was forty inches at the shoulder. There is almost as much difference in the anatomy of a wild boar and a tame one as there is between a man-of-war and a merchant ship. In the size of the brain the wild boar has a marked superiority, and perhaps this accounts for his great courage, which makes him fearless of everything. One morning, looking out of a railway carriage, I saw a wild boar come charging down at the passing train, but he missed it, for the train was going too fast for him, and he was a little hampered in forcing his way through the wire railway fencing.

I had something to do with rhinoceros, but never succeeded in shooting one, though I sought for them for three long and hot days under the guidance of the best



sportsman in Assam; and I visited their haunts in the Sunderbunds with men of great local experience. But the rhinoceros, like all big animals, has acute senses of smelling and hearing, and makes off at the slightest indication of danger. We had a large one in the Calcutta Zoo which was very tame, and when it got a bad abscess in the head, of which it eventually died, it used to come and lie down to have its ear syringed by the veterinary surgeon, whom it learned to recognize. There were two fine rhinoceros in the rajah's menagerie at Burdwan in the inclosure in which the crocodiles were kept, for the pond in which the crocodiles used to swim served also as a bathing-place for the rhinoceros. One day a young pig had been turned into the inclosure to become food for the crocodiles, and as these animals do not travel very fast on land, piggy led them a lively chase, and at last, perhaps by chance, it took refuge under the legs of one of the rhinoceros, which was looking on solemnly, but when the crocodiles approached the rhinoceros, the latter presented his horn and warned the crocodiles to be off. And so the pig survived and grew up and lived for some months under the protection of the rhinoceros. I saw it there, and sent an account of it to my cousin, Frank Buckland. But in the course of time piggy became over-confident, and one day, as he was walking through some high grass near the pond, one of the crocodiles that was lying there in the sun swept him into the water with his powerful tail and plunged in after him, and no more was seen of poor piggy save that the waters were stained with his blood. When our large rhinoceros in the Calcutta Zoo died, I wrote to every native prince and potentate of my acquaintance to beg for a new specimen, but they had none to spare. At last I wrote to an old friend, a native magistrate, named Tyjuma! Ali, as follows: "My dear Sir, — When I was a magistrate and you were a policeman, if I ordered you to catch a thief, you caught him. Now you are a magistrate in the Sunderbunds I want you to catch a rhinoceros for the Zoo, and am sure you will not fail." My friend replied, urging the difficulties of the case, but promising to do his best. Several months passed, when one day a man appeared with a letter to me. "Honored Sir, — Herewith I send you a rhinoceros, which my shikaris have caught after much labor. They shot the mother and then secured the young one. Please forgive me for sending such a small one, but it will soon get bigger. I am

your obedient servant, Tyjuma! Ali." It was a dear little beast, and quite gentle, so that a man could ride on it. It grew very fast, but it got fever when its large teeth began to come, and so it died. We lost several young elephants in the same way from fever when teething.

Crocodiles, or, as they are more commonly called, alligators, were very common in eastern Bengal. I could not venture to guess how many hundreds I must have seen in many voyages through the Sunderbunds, and in navigating the large rivers and backwaters of the Dacca division. In Calcutta children sometimes keep little crocodiles as pets, but they seldom live long. I have fired many shots at them, but I cannot pretend to have killed many — at least, outright. The crocodile is very tenacious of life. Once when staying at an indigo factory on the Ganges, we were greeted on our return from a long morning's shooting by the news that some fishermen had caught a live crocodile in their nets, and had brought it upon a bullock-cart to the factory. A strong rope was tied round its loins, and it was put into the factory tank or reservoir while we dressed and breakfasted. After about an hour we had the creature pulled out of the tank and tried to kill it. A few bullets seemed to make little impression; a spear thrust down its throat was of no avail. At last its head was chopped off with a Sontal axe, and the body was cut open and the vital organs taken out. The muscular action still continued to move the tail when the beast was headless and its heart was lying on the ground by its side. This crocodile was about six feet long, and a large fish was found in its stomach. In the rajah's menagerie at Burdwan there were several very large crocodiles, as has been already mentioned. They were kept in a reservoir full of dirty water covered with green scum. It was the rajah's custom to give these creatures a live duck occasionally. When a poor duck was thrown into the pond, the head and eyes of a large crocodile might be visible just above the water. When the duck had recovered from the fall, and had settled and plumed its feathers, it would usually paddle away a few feet from the spot where it had alighted. Meanwhile the crocodile's head and eyes had disappeared from their original position, but only to reappear suddenly on the exact spot where the duck had first alighted. It was marvellous with what exactness the crocodile had marked and measured the distance that it had to dive through the thick,



muddy water. Of course, as soon as the duck saw its enemy it fled, splashing and fluttering, to the other side of the tank. But it was only an escape from Scylla to Charybdis; for there were several crocodiles in the tank, and the poor duck had rushed wildly into the jaws of another monster. The huge jaws opened and closed, and the duck was seen no more. In the Calcutta Zoo we sometimes kept a crocodile in a cage for the public to see at their leisure. Unfortunately, we had more crocodiles than we wanted, for volunteer crocodiles from the river Hooghly and its tributaries found their way over our fences and walls into the ornamental waters, where they killed several of our black swans and English swans, and other valuable birds, before we found them out or could provide a safe refuge at night for our pets. The water was drained off from the lakes, and several sportsmen attended in the hope of getting some crocodile-shooting; but the crafty animals had buried themselves in the mud, and were strictly invisible.

Let me turn to the more innocuous tribe of monkeys, which are usually favorites with young people. I regret to say that one of my earliest mentors in sport taught me to shoot wild monkeys for the sake of their skins, from which we made comfortable, soft racquet-shoes. But I soon abandoned the evil practice; and in after-times did what I could to make up to the monkeys for this unkindness. I flatter myself that I once saved the life of a large ourang-outang in the Calcutta Zoo. He was a big, ugly fellow, all covered with red hair. He had got out of his house and was walking about the gardens, when he was seen by some casual workmen, who were much frightened, and began to throw bricks at him, and strike at him with big sticks, and probably they would have hunted him to death. Luckily, I appeared on the scene, and ordering the crowd to stand back, I went forward and offered the ourang-outang my hand. He immediately took hold of my wrist, and we walked off together to his house, rather a comical-looking pair I fancy, and he gladly took refuge indoors. He was really very tame, and would always eat grain out of the palm of my hand, holding my wrist tightly with his hand till the grain was finished. Some of the ourang-outangs that we had were so tame that they used to be let out loose in the gardens until the hour when the public began to arrive. But they did much mischief to our trees. For

it was their pleasure to get up the trunk of a tree and break off some of the branches, and make for themselves a platform to sit upon, about twenty feet from the ground. If they had been content with one tree, it would not have signified so much; but when the leaves of the shady bower that they had built began to wither away and to give insufficient protection from the sun, they commenced to build a new house and to ruin another tree. They were very sensitive of the heat of the sun. My particular friend mentioned above had the misfortune to lose his wife, a lady of much darker color and rather larger than himself, and, if it is not too rude to say so, even much uglier. But he was very fond of her, and of their baby, which was a few months old, and quite pretty in comparison with its parents. But the poor lady died, and her husband was inconsolable. He planted himself out in the heat of the midday sun, until he got a *coup de soleil*, followed by paralysis, and he also died. We had specimens in the Zoo of nearly every kind of monkey in India, but I have no space to tell of them in detail. Most monkeys are gregarious in their habits, and like to live together in a troop. If kept singly they droop in spirits and neglect their toilets, "whereas," writes Dr. Anderson, "if two or more are kept together they mutually attend to personal cleanliness in the way which is so characteristic of their race."

I have also learnt from Dr. Anderson, that no monkey of the Old World uses its tail as an organ for prehension — whereas in the monkeys of the New World, the tail is as much used as a fifth hand. But if the Old World monkeys have not got prehensile tails, there is one quaint animal in India that makes up for this shortcoming. This is the binturang, the creature that I loved most of all the beasts in the Zoo. It is about the size of an English fox, with pointed nose, tufted ears, and a long, shaggy, pepper-and-salt-colored coat, with a very thick, tapering, prehensile tail. All the specimens that we had were very tame and tractable, and would do almost anything if bribed with a plantain or banana. One rather large one delighted to come out and play with us and climb up our legs, and then lower itself from an outstretched arm by its tail. One day the lieutenant-governor of Bengal came to see the animals, and we took him to look at the binturang. The playful creature at once fraternized with him, as if he had been an ordinary man and not a lieutenant-

governor. It climbed up his leg on to his shoulder, and then gracefully hung from his neck, round which it had curled its tail. The tableau was lovely; and it might have gladdened the heart of Mr. Harry Furniss to see it, but the lieutenant-governor did not quite like it.

C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.

From The National Review.

#### A KENTISH PILGRIM ROAD.

NO better example of English conservatism in the matter of local nomenclature can be found than in the name of "The Old Pilgrim," which still clings to the road we purpose to follow, although not only have three centuries and a half elapsed since the last band of religious devotees passed along it, but in many places it has ceased to be used as a highway at all. Although it has never been immortalized after the manner of the more famous Watling Street, along which Chaucer's company travelled on their way to the shrine of Saint Thomas at Canterbury, it was a very important and much-used line of route, inasmuch as pilgrims from all the west and south-west of England followed it, besides many from London who were unwilling to run the risks and dangers attending a journey along the great Roman highway.

Coming from the south-west by the line of the Surrey hills which run above Guildford, Dorking, and Reigate, the Old Pilgrim enters Kent at Tatsfield above the town of Westerham, and, passing under the brow of the hills but above the valley line of towns and villages, pursues a circuitous course which sufficiently testifies to the danger attending journeys in the so-called good old days. The pilgrim guide-posts in those days, as now, were the dotted line of sombre yew-trees planted along the hillsides above the old way, which accompany it faithfully to the end, and at many a doubtful point the modern pilgrim may reassure himself by keeping these ancient sentinels in view.

When the extraordinary veneration with which Saint Thomas was regarded from the date of his martyrdom until the dissolution of the monasteries is borne in mind, it can be readily comprehended that bands of pilgrims heavily laden with costly offerings had excellent reasons for following a sequestered road which, although doubling their exertions, at any rate ensured them safety; and so thoroughly unobtrusive is

our Old Pilgrim Road that many people living in towns within a mile or two of it are absolutely unaware of its existence.

For the first five miles, during which the way skirts Westerham Valley, there is very little to interest the modern explorer. Formerly it cut across Chevening Park, but it was diverted by act of Parliament some years ago in the face of much public opposition and irritation, and we must make a detour in order to rejoin it at the point where it leaves the London and Sevenoaks highroad. Indeed, we would advise the start to be made from Otford; and, always premising that the journey is to be done, as it should be, on foot, get to Lenham, a distance of twenty-three miles, the first day, arriving at Canterbury, twenty-one miles farther on, the next evening.

Otford, now a pleasant little village, beautifully situated on the river Darent, amidst typical Kentish scenery of wooded hill and quiet dale, famous as a resort of anglers, was in old days a place of some importance.

Two great battles have been fought here: the first in 773 between the kings of Kent and Mercia, whereat the former was beaten; the latter, two hundred years later, when Canute and his Danes completely defeated Edmund Ironside.

But the chief interest of Otford is centred around the remains of its archiepiscopal palace, one of those stately resting-houses used by the prelates on their solemn, leisurely progresses between the temporal and the spiritual capitals of which Croydon and Charing are specimens.

Although nothing remains above ground but a picturesque, ivy-clad tower and a line of buildings now used as farm cottages, but with the evident stamp of cloisters upon them, traces of what must have been a very extensive mass of buildings are still to be seen scattered about the surrounding fields in all directions.

The visits of Thomas à Becket are still commemorated in the name given to a tumble-down, bramble-grown mass of masonry known as Becket's Well, the water of which is believed to be beneficial to those suffering from blood diseases, and in the local tradition that nightingales never sing at Otford because they disturbed the holy man at his prayers one evening.

From Otford we ascend the chalky down to the Old Pilgrim, hereabouts a broad and well-used road. At about two miles distance we turn down to the right into