

IX.

IN WYOMING.¹

TWENTY-FOUR hours after landing in New York my preparations for a journey to the Far West were completed, and I found myself looking out from the windows of a Pullman car that rapidly swept past the blue reaches of the Hudson. A project which had been little more than a dream for many years was now at last actually realised. Let me briefly explain this project, that the purport of the journey, and of the following notes, may be understood.

And first I would give the reader due warning that the object of the expedition was not sport or adventure, but science. My companion and I were not, indeed, wholly unarmed. To go without at least revolvers into these western wildernesses would, we were told, be sheer folly. My weapon disappeared, however, in an early part of our travels, but my friend's did occasional service upon a badger or prairie hen. All the sport that was done consisted in the slaughter of the antelope or elk that was needed for food. Nevertheless, from first to last, the journey was full of interest, and, in a quiet way, even of excitement. We had game of our own to hunt, and we pursued it with such measure of success as at least amply to justify our own expectations, and to reward us for the enterprise.

¹ *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1881.