

**RAMBLES AFTER SPORT;
OR, TRAVELS AND
ADVENTURES IN THE
AMERICAS AND AT HOME**

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Rambles after sport; or, Travels and adventures in the Americas and at home by W. Mullen

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W. MULLEN

**RAMBLES AFTER SPORT;
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AMERICAS AND AT HOME**

Wm. M. Darlington

R A M B L E S A F T E R
S P O R T ;

OR,

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES

IN THE

A M E R I C A S A N D A T H O M E.

BY

“OLIVER NORTH.”

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PREFACE.

I MAKE NO apology for reprinting the purely sporting articles in this volume; they have been tolerably well received by the readers of the *Field*, and if the re-perusal of them in a collected form affords them only a portion of the pleasure the performance of the adventures therein described has given me, my object will be fully attained.

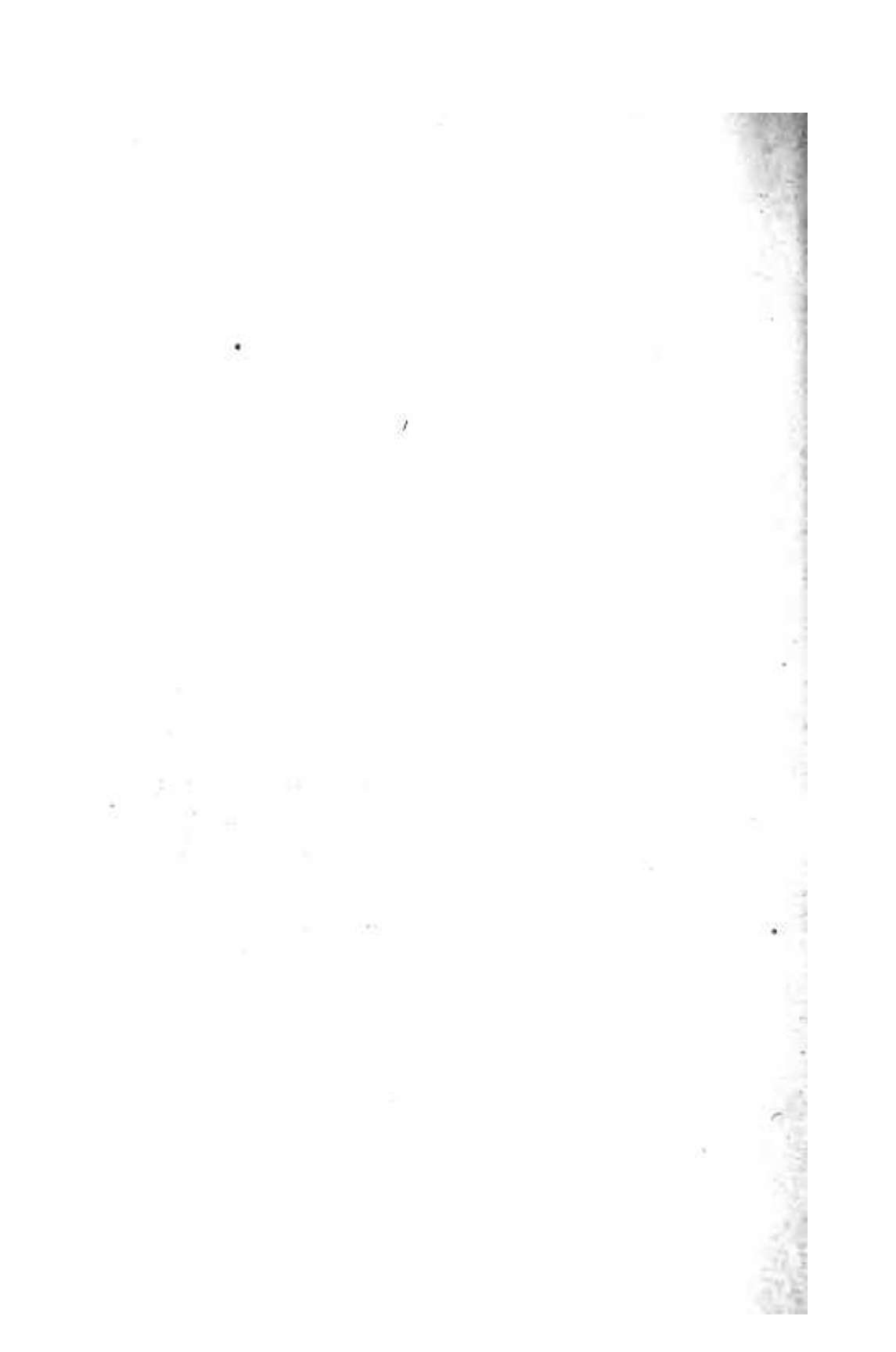
Of that portion which touches on travel in South America I wish to say a few words. I had at first wished to extend the articles I wrote to the *Field* (from which the chapters in this book are condensed) to such a length as should give my readers a pretty fair idea of the capabilities and resources of Chile and Peru. But in commencing my task I found that my three or four years' residence in those countries had been quite insufficient for the purpose. I have, therefore, preferred at present to give merely a sketch of the principal

towns, such as Valparaiso, Santiago, Lima, Panama, &c. I hope to shortly make another visit to Ecuador, Peru, and Chile, in my humble opinion the most interesting field now open to the traveller. The results of my stay in these countries will form the subject of another book.

“OLIVER NORTH.”

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RAMBLES AFTER SPORT.

A WEEK'S DUCK SHOOTING AT POOLE.

“ONNERED SIR the buds ar plenti and the frust gud please kum i as got the punt an Bill as got the bote awl redy i eggspeg you tomor mawnin yours dan.”

The above is an exact facsimile of a letter I received one December afternoon. When interpreted it simply meant that honest Old Dan, the well-known Poole gunner of ten long years ago (*ehou fugaces!* he's dead and gone now) had been true to his promise, and had sent me word that there were lots of birds in the bay, and the frost was likely to hold; that his son Bill had got the fishing smack all “fixed up,” and that he expected me to-morrow morning. As I knew that Dan's *morning* meant about three or four o'clock in the *night*, I immediately ordered round the trap, in which I deposited three of the largest horse rugs I could find in the stable, much to the disgust of the groom, who declared, “all on them 'ere 'osses wud be as dead as mackrils when I cum back of the influenzee.” Better the 'osses than myself I thought. I next made friends with the cook—I always am friends with that important personage if I possibly