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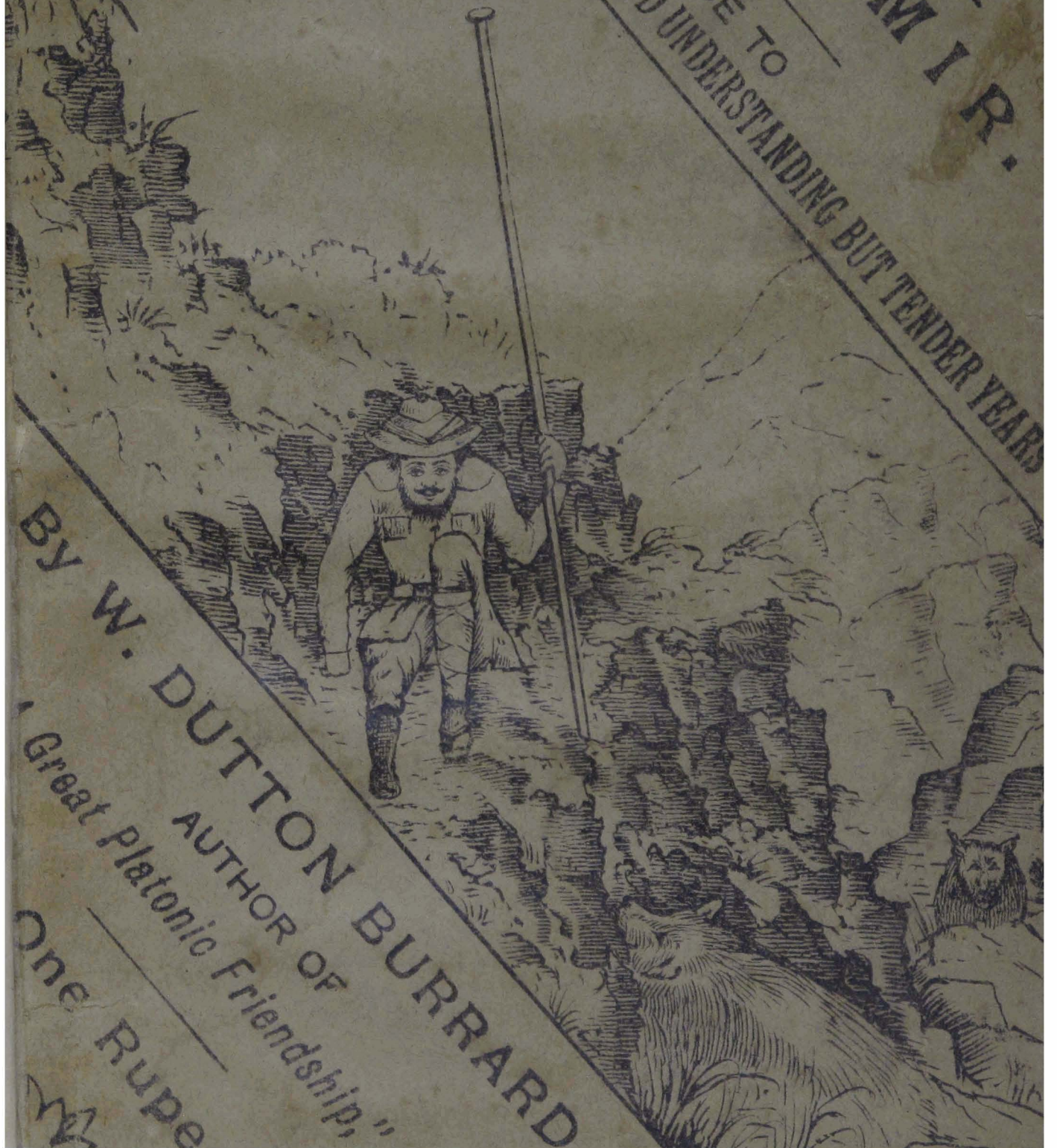
A FIRST

BEAR - SHOOT

IN KASHMIR.

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I N K A S H M I R .
A GUIDE TO
WOULD-BE SPORTSMAN OF SHREWD UNDERSTANDING BUT TENDER YEARS

"Aj ne hai."



BY W. DUTTON BURRARD
AUTHOR OF
"Great Platonic Friendship,"
One Rupee

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AUTHOR OF "A GREAT PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP," ETC.

ALLAHABAD

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1892

PREFACE.

TO 2ND-LIEUTENANT CALLOW, R. A.

MY DEAR CALLOW,

By all means publish the letters, which I have been writing to you of late on the subject of Kashmir sport, if you really are of an opinion that they may be of the slightest use to any of your would-be sporting young friends. At the same time, in granting you the permission, I must confess to being not wholly at my ease. Amongst my not too-numerous goods and chattels, it is to the smallest article of all that I, perhaps somewhat foolishly, accord the greatest value. Indeed, it is so very small that possibly, nay probably, save from my own subjective point of view, it absolutely has no positive existence. I allude of course to my literary reputation, which I do not think can in any way be enhanced by the publication of private letters, thrown off hurriedly without regard to either form or style. But let that pass. Do with them, my friend, whatso'er it listeth thee. Shortcomings from the literary, artistic point of view, proper, may possibly be condoned by those who derive utilitarian benefit from their perusal.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,

W. DUTTON BURRARD.

QUETTA; }
4th February, 1892. }

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LETTER THE FIRST.

PRELIMINARY.

I MUST confess, my dear Callow, that I was mightily surprised at your applying to me, of all persons, for information relating to Kashmir. My own experience of the place being confined to five months, it would indeed require a man of some conceit to set himself up on such slender grounds as an oracular authority. For myself, I disclaim all such arrogant intentions. The most I can do, is to give you information on certain useful points, preliminary and incidental to your undertaking. Matters actually pertaining to *shikar*, I do not so much as venture to approach. Such information may readily be obtained from many well-authenticated sources; notably from a little book, entitled "The Sportsman's Guide to Kashmir and Ladak," by A. E. Ward, in which may be found everything conceivable, that you could wish to know. At once procure it.

The best method for me to employ is to tell you briefly what I did myself, cautioning you, to begin with, not to be led away by the ridiculous idea that everything I did was right. Indeed, in all probability, it was mostly wrong. No greater innocent than I ever started for Kashmir. But knowledge, I hold, can be equally attained by the scrutiny of failure, as by the study of success. So use your natural perspicuity, and wax wise at my expense.

Nothing was further from my thoughts than a visit to Kashmir, when my C. O. first proposed it to me with the generous offer of five months' leave. I had neither gun, rifle, ammunition, tents, equipment, nor experience. At the time I had not even inclination. But that soon came, and with it a perfect battery of offence,—thanks to the kindness of my brother-officers.

Starting from Quetta on the morning of the 18th of April—absurdly late for a *shikar*-enthusiast, which I never pretended, even to myself, to be—I travelled hard for three days and two nights, arriving at Pindi on the evening of the 20th. The events of the journey were of no note whatever, since any one can ride in a railway carriage, who chooses to pay for his ticket. It is quite a different thing to ride a bare-backed Waler, as you, my friend, will probably soon discover. But the varying temperatures were interesting. Quetta was 65°, Sibi, 90°, and from Ruk to Multan, all through one mortal day, 104°. Pindi had cooled down again below the hundreds. It is a little eccentricity of mine to carry a thermometer about with me. In such small ways do great minds amuse themselves.

And now came the dearly-bought acquirement of experience. I had telegraphed on beforehand to Dhanjibhoy and Sons, the Government Carriers, Pindi, for a seat in the mail tonga to Murree for the succeeding day, the price of which is Rs. 8. Another course that would have been open to me, would have been to have hired a private tonga; but as this would have cost me Rs 24, I did not entertain it. Indeed, it is a noticeable fact that passengers invariably select the former course. It has, however, obvious disadvantages, chief of which is, you may be delayed a day, or even more, before you get a seat. My companion in the Pindi

waiting-room, that night, where we slept, in the face of a most emphatically printed prohibition hanging on the wall, found himself in this predicament, he not having taken the precaution to book in advance. He was a very young officer—though not so young as you, Callow—and what he did under the circumstances will always inspire me with a sense of awe. Foiled in his attempt to get Kashmirwards, he abruptly changed his plans, and started off the next morning to Miranzai, there to join the Field Force as a *volunteer*. No one but a very young officer could have conceived of anything so audaciously sublime. But he knew a Field Officer in the Force, he said, and once he could get there, he felt certain that they would never have the heart to send him back (*sic*). I have often wondered how he was received.

A tonga only holds three passengers, and a very modest quantity of baggage—a little bedding and a gladstone bag per head. Your luggage, consequently, has to find its way by other means, and the ordinary native *ekka* is generally employed. You may possibly have a difficulty in getting one at first; but the exercise of a little peremptoriness, coupled with a *pour-boire*—how ridiculous a term, as applied to dealings with a race who bide by the Koran, you cannot conceive, but then you would not understand Urdu—will probably produce the article. Personally, I started off my heavy luggage about eight o'clock the next morning, under the charge of my private servant, booking it straight through to Baramulla. For this I paid Rs. 17-8 wisely, however, deferring payment of the whole, till the journey was completed. I myself started in a mail tonga some two hours later.

Now comes in a point. The mail tonga, reaching Murree in about six hours, starts at five the next morning for Baramulla, where it arrives about 10 A. M. on

the following day. So, roughly speaking, two days are required to complete the route. This is effected by a change of horses—save the mark!—every few miles, the distance being about 167 miles. Now the *ekka* animal is never changed at all. The same beast, that starts in a jaded condition from Pindi, arrives in course of time at Baramulla, looking none the livelier for the exercise. From which, my dear Callow, you will at once perceive, with your natural intuition, that your baggage will take longer in the *ekka*, than you will in the tonga. The *ekka*, indeed, will require at least four days. So, if you do not wish to be delayed, you must make arrangements for sending your heavy baggage on two days in advance. I—so great was my innocence—made no such arrangement; in consequence of which I had to tarry a day at Murree, and again a day at Baramulla. But, remember, you cannot book your seat in the tonga straight through from Pindi to Baramulla. The Pindi authorities only see you as far as Murree, and then you have to book afresh. So it is quite on the cards that you may be compelled against your will to rest a day in Murree. This would have been the case with me had I not primarily intended to do so; an Army Surgeon, evidently a family man, having booked the whole tonga for the succeeding day.

As I have already intimated, I started by mail tonga from Murree at 5 A. M. on the morning of the 23rd, having passed the preceding day in a holstery, called "The Victoria Chambers," very convenient for my purpose, being just opposite to the tonga-stand; but with all due regard for charity, and the milk of human kindness, and anything else you like, not to be recommended for any prolonged sojourn. Whether it be a permanent institution of the place or not, I do not

know; but while I was there, the building laboured under the disadvantage of having no dining-room. The consequence was, we all dined in our respective—cells, I was going to say—and the dinner, beginning at the left of the verandah, was solemnly brought round, course by course. My room happened to be on the extreme right, and I never remember enjoying my evening repast less. The whole arrangement irresistibly reminded me of the time when the lions are fed in Regent's Park—for which, as I daresay you know, my dear Callow, there is an extra charge of sixpence. There was no charge, however, in our case, with the result that I must have had at least twenty coolies, watching me from outside, engaged in the interesting process of mastication.

The cost of tonga from Murree to Baramulla is Rs. 27. And be sufficiently wise to take your tiffin with you, for though there are dâk bungalows every ten miles or so for the use of those who choose to march, or go by private tonga—the Queen's Mail does not stop. After the lapse of two or three hours you will cross the Jhelum at Kohala, where you will pay toll to the tune of annas 8, being a mail-passenger—otherwise Re. 1—and you will be in Kashmir territory. Then onward, without stopping, save to change horses, along the river bank till you reach Uri, 104 miles from Murree, about 8 P. M., where you will dine and sleep at the dâk bungalow appointed for the purpose. In anticipation of which night's *rest*, I should advise you to come forearmed with insect powder. You will find it necessary, as indeed you will throughout the whole extent of Kashmir territory.

You will start the next morning, after a hasty breakfast, about 6 A. M., and if there be no fellow-

passengers, you will probably elect to take a front seat next to the driver, so as to enjoy more fully the beauties of the scenery. And if he happens to be an elderly man with a palpable grey beard, dyed bright red, don't, just for the sake of conversation, ask him how old he is. They are delicate on certain matters—these Mahomedans—and you will find he will not like it. Be colloquial by all means, but temper your remarks with a modicum of discretion.

You will arrive at Baramulla about 10 A. M.; but long before that most unhappy moment of your life, for miles along the road, you will have been beset by *shikaris*, boatmen and coolies, clamouring for employment. In the selection of which I can offer you no advice. The choice of a boatman is not of much importance, but, provided you mean business, the *shikari* of course is quite another thing. If you have not pre-arranged to obtain the services of a certain individual—which is the course universally adopted by those who know Kashmir, and also know what they are about—you must rely wholly on your own judgment in estimating the comparative values of the testimonials, which each man will immediately produce for your inspection. This was the course that I was compelled to adopt; but I cannot say that my choice was wholly satisfactory, although, from the sporting point of view proper, I had no reason to complain. But then I went up with no ambitious schemes. Visions of gigantic Markhor troubled neither my sleeping nor waking moments. It was my first visit—I fully realized my inexperience—and I was content with a very modest programme. Bear—red and black—were to be my sole objective, knowing, as I did, that of all things they were the most easily to be obtained. Whether your views upon this

point will be the same, I cannot say. But for your own sake, I earnestly advise you not to aspire too high. Wait till you have gained experience—and believe me, you have a lot to learn—before you turn your gaze in the directions of Ladak or Baltistan. Your fall—for whatever you do you will certainly fall, your execution coming up in no way to your anticipations—will be so much the easier.

I have called my first acquaintance with Baramulla a most unhappy moment, and such indeed it was. Conceive yourself surrounded by fifty—nay, a hundred—yelling, squalling, excited, smelling natives, fighting tooth-and-nail around your person, and you may faintly picture what you have before you. With difficulty, and with no semblance of dignity, I made my way down to the river-bank, preceded by the boatman, whom I had selected on the road, solely in virtue of his apparent cleanliness of body. For you must understand that the Jhelum becomes navigable from Baramulla, and you leave the land and take to the water—and a very pleasant change it is, too, after your forty-eight hours' jolt. To rid myself of this human wasp's-nest, I at once crossed over to the opposite bank. But in vain. In less than three minutes' time the swarm was upon me again, my house-boat surrounded by a host of smaller craft, many of the occupants of which were presently, much against their will, swimming to the shore. How such a curious state of affairs came to pass, I cannot pause to explain. As you may know, in the universal struggle for existence, it is the fittest who invariably survive.

There exists a system of personal agency in Kashmir, peculiar, I rather fancy, to the place. It is an essential, that every one out in the wilds should have some agent representing his interests in Srinagar. On him

you depend for a continuity of supplies, for the delivery of correspondence, for ready money, and, indeed, for everything that you may require. It is without doubt a lucrative business. Judging from the absolutely ferocious state of rivalry, that exists between the opposition firms, it must, indeed, be a *most* lucrative business. These, amongst a host of *shikaris*, coolies, boatmen and nondescripts, were the men who now surrounded me.

The choice of an agent is so very material a thing that I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of recommending any particular firm. I can only say that, personally, after listening for hours—or was it years?—I only know that time can never efface the appalling recollection—to a recital of their various claims, I ultimately selected Summad Shah, shawl merchant, Srinagar, in whose hands apparently the greater portion of the custom rests. The account which he presented to me on my return, it is true, was one of which it still makes me pale to think; but it is only fair to him to state that its abnormally swollen dimensions were due *solely* to my own inexperience, and positively reckless indiscretion. Stores of all sorts, sold in Srinagar, are most excessive, and the exercise of a rigid self-denial is imperative, assuming—which it is surely safe to do—that your pockets are not overburdened with superfluous cash. Having inscribed my name in his book, and handed over to him the currency notes I happened to possess, duly entering them on the credit side, I prepared myself to consider the all-important question of necessary outfit, and this brings me to the main query underlying your somewhat incoherent letter—What outfit shall I take?

Assuming that you will not obtain more than three months' leave—which you certainly wont—and that it is

your intention to devote the whole period to *shikar*, could I do so, I should reply—with the exception of guns, ammunition, underclothing and medicines—take *nothing*. But as a strict adherence to such advice would assuredly result in police intervention, I will modify the *dictum* to—Take as little as you possibly can. Everything that you will require for a *shikar* expedition can be obtained in Srinagar from your agent. Immediately on arrival, you divest yourself of your gala clothes, and robe yourself in *puttoo*—the native home-spun—at Rs. 5 a suit. And do not be too particular, should the waist-band press unduly close. You used to be characterised—you will excuse me saying so—by a distinctly aggressive chubbiness—on the spur of the moment I really can find no other word—and probably time has not altered you in this respect. Believe me, you will soon wear down to fit your clothes. Personally, I wasted away to a veritable shadow, insomuch that on my return to Srinagar I was greeted by the unanimous query—put however in all solicitude—“Good gracious, are you ill?” “Never so fit in all my life!”—was my invariable reply, and such indeed, without hyperbole, was nothing but the truth.

Some of your queries are pertinent enough, but some are supremely foolish. For instance—“Shall I take table-cloths and napkins?” What could be more absurd? The answer wholly depends on the style in which you intend to live. If at dinner-time you mean to put your shikari and coolies into plush and powder, with a string-band thrown in on Thursday nights, take them by all means. If such be not your intention, don't. Your one aim must be to reduce your personal kit as near to the absolute vanishing point as is practically possible.

“How many pair of boots shall I take, and of what kind?” Take the pair you wear on your feet, and none other. In the hills you wear grass-shoes, which your coolies make. Bond Street boots and precipices do not agree. Poor Hutt, who lost his life last year, was wearing boots at the time. Sadly enough he had written in his diary the night before, that he would really have to take to grass-shoes, he found boots so dangerous. Had he the next morning only acted on his own suggestion, things might have happened differently. And do not be misled by alarming yarns as to the difficulties experienced at first in the wearing of grass-shoes. Almost the last words my tonga-companion—a young fellow in the 5th—addressed to me at Baramulla, were—“My eye, I *should* like to hear you swear your first day, going up hill.” I smiled, as in politeness bound, but I could not help thinking that it was an extraordinarily depraved desire to drop from the lips of one so young. As a matter of fact, had his desire been so all-powerful as to have induced him to temporarily forego his own sport—it was his second year, and he was going to Baltistan—and to accompany me on that momentous day uphill, he would have been sorely disappointed. Throughout the day my unprotected toe but once came into contact with the solid rock, and even then there was nothing at all noteworthy about the particular oath I uttered. On the other hand, it is quite possible that my good fortune in this respect may have actually owed its origin to his satanic utterance; *verb. sat.* being peculiarly applicable to your humble servant. May it be so to you, oh! Callow!

In the plains you wear sandals, made of rawhide or with socks—worsted, leather and grass. The grass shoe is made of a toe distinct to allow of the application of the grass shoe.

—you will obtain from the universal provider, you call your agent. Also, while you are about it, get made a huge puttoo ulster, with hood voluminous. It will cost you very little—Rs. 10—and will prove invaluable to you, when seated on the mountain-side amidst the snow, waiting wearily, hour after hour, for the bears, which never come. To the same purpose, fur-lined gloves, with thumb alone detached.

Well—to continue. My luggage having arrived that evening, I woke up the next morning to find my two house-boats—the one for myself, the other for servants and cooking purposes—well on my way to Srinagar. [But don't you engage two boats. They are really not required, and the cost is double.] Going against stream the whole way, progression is not rapid. Having safely weathered a storm on the Woolah Lake, where the fury of the elements sank down quite abashed before the terrific howling of the children on both boats, we passed into the Nooroo Canal—a short cut to Srinagar, navigable at certain periods of the year—halting for the night at Shadipore. On this same canal I was lucky enough to get some teal, which came in most acceptable after a week of barn-door fowl. I arrived at Srinagar the next day about 3 P. M., Summad Shah meeting me on the way—the Baramulla man being a brother in the van—and transporting me to his shop in his own little boat. I also met Amira, from whom you will get chopper, hatchet, skinning-knives, alpen-stock, sight-protectors, and anything connected with guns and ammunition that you may require. For instance, he supplies ball ammunition for a 12-bore, should you be so destitute as not to possess a rifle. Also Express bullet ammunition for a Martini Carbine. The interview with Summad Shah was a long one; but I ulti-

mately issued forth more than fully equipped, having bought everything in the way of stores, leathers, clothes, cooking-pots, &c., that I could possibly require; also having hired tent, servants' pal, and complete camp-equipage.

In my aforementioned innocence, I had brought into Kashmir a large quantity of useless baggage. The whole of this I arranged to be stored in my agent's godown, and having replaced my boxes of civilisation by three *kiltas*—leather-covered baskets—and seen my recent purchases safely packed in them—in the first, clothes; the second, stores; and the third, cooking-pots, I had them transported to my boats, and I was ready to start, which I did early the next morning.

And now let me refer briefly to the *cuisine*. *Chacun à son gout*. I can only tell you what I took myself, and so possibly suggest to you a guide. This then was the list, and a very modest one indeed. But, as I have said before, my bill, at the expiration of two-and-a-half months, was appalling; and I cannot impress on you too earnestly the imperative necessity of being as sparing as possible in *all* your purchases.

Salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard—Coleman's is the best, according to his own advertisement. Sardines, and Liebig for supplementing soups. Arrowroot—as a medicament, and a nastier mess I cannot conceive—curry powder, candles, cayenne, pickles, jams, vegetables, tea, sugar and Worcester sauce, which you will find most useful in helping you to convince yourself that you are eating Southdown mutton when you are in agonies of masticating goat, or something remarkably resembling it. Toilette soap, for your person; bar soap, for your clothes. Matches galore, ink, biscuits, tobacco, writing paper and anchovy paste, which latter

found most succulent and tempting with appetite at fault. Smile not, oh! Callow! You, who have been accustomed to see me dine, and dine well, at your mother's sumptuous table, probably cannot conceive an appetite such as mine ever giving way. But it did, and in this respect I fancy that I was not peculiar—fresh arrivals in Kashmir generally suffering in this way owing to the sudden change of life. I, indeed, passed a most unhappy week, and then it was that the medicine chest was opened. In mine, disclosed to view, were quinine, Cockle's pills, castor oil and chlorodyne. As to the cellar, take as little as possible. But in whatever direction your particular taste may incline, include a bottle of brandy—again as a medicament. But because you happen to have it in your possession, and because you happen to come in late after a long day's climb, tired and out of temper—you have possibly seen a bear of positively phenomenal dimensions, and you have probably missed it—there is no earthly reason why you should sit down and recklessly drink off a pint. So much is not good for any one, as you yourself will realize in the morning. And do not take my words offensively. Remember, I am old enough to be your father—provided, of course, I had had the precocity to have had a son at nine. But what you *may* do to advantage under such distressing circumstances is this. Put a tea-spoonful of cognac—not a soup-spoon, remember—into your soup, which *in se*, as a rule, will not irresistibly remind you of your London Club. Its revivifying effect will quite surprise you.

When, in all blindness, I was engaged in the selection of these stores from Summad Shah's cupboard, the thought suddenly flashed across my mind that at some time or other I had somewhere read concerning some

arctic—or was it antarctic?—expedition that the crews would most assuredly not have survived had it not been for lime-juice. Coupled with this came the remembrance of my own battery in the hot weather, drawn up in lime-juice parade order. It was a heaven-born inspiration. I ordered a bottle to be put up, and in a week's time I found myself writing to Summad Shah quite in the approved style of Mother Seigel's fashionable and extensive *clientèle*:—"Dear Sir,—The Montserrat lime-juice has proved invaluable. Kindly at once put me up four more bottles." It did, indeed, prove to me a boon, inestimable. Besides, from the health-point of view, taking the place of vegetables—which are not—it made a most palatable beverage, and it always accompanied my tiffin-coolie in the mountains—not the lime-juice itself, be it understood, but a quart bottle of clear, limpid water, in a leather case, which you must get in Srinagar, just perfumed with the delicate aroma. Most satisfying and refreshing! At first I used to take cold tea with me, which is, I believe, the general custom, but after a time I conceived a positive nausea for tea, hot and cold, so surfeited was I with pure Himalayan Doonagiree. And talking of tea, this lime-juice in another way came in most *à propos*. When milk was not obtainable, which often was the case, a drop or two of the lime-juice into the cup gave you at once *thé-à-la-Russe*, such as the Grand Duke Knickerbockersoff himself would not have disdained to drink. And so for the *cuisine*.

As to quantity of each article, you must consult your own requirements; but, in all things, the less the better, on the score of weight as well as expense. For instance, three pots of jam to begin with—my young sweet tooth—would be better than twenty. By so

arranging you might save a coolie, and further supplies are obtainable whenever you choose to despatch your dâk-runner into Srinagar. And don't forget, before starting, to provide yourself with such self-evident necessities, as the tin-opener and the corkscrew. Had I myself been sufficiently spry in this respect, a lot of horrible language would have been avoided.

And forswear all manners of oil—kerosine, rangoon, salad. Admirable things in themselves, nothing nastier can be conceived, if accidentally applied to other purposes than their own special functions in this world's economy. Better a broken heart than a broken bottle of oil. Besides, substitution is so easy. For kerosine, use candle-lamps; for gun-cleaning purposes, use vaseline; and for salad oil—well, your salads you will find to be of so unique a quality, that really oil will be superfluous.

The following are the few things I purchased from the leather-man, all of which are necessary:—

Three kiltas.		Tiffin-basket.
Cartridge-box.		Bottle-dar.
Socks and sandals.		Basin-top.
Bed-strap.		

The latter of which is quite invaluable, enabling you to pack all your toilette apparatus inside your basin, and so ensure to your sponge and tooth-brush the select company, which is desirable. The bottle-dar is the contrivance already referred to, for carrying your drink upon the march.

You should also get a measuring-tape for your trophies. Beware that you are certain to unconsciously over-estimate your horns by inches and your skins by feet. It is true that, after measurement, you will in all probability decide to continue in your error, but as you will

then be conscious of your own deceit, it will be your own affair entirely. I cannot presume to tamper with consciences other than my own. I once did so, and the results were so peculiar that—but I digress.

Among other things, you ask me—"Shall I bring a Hindu servant?" By no manner of means whatever. All the Kashmiris, with whom you will come into immediate contact, will be Musalmans, and a Hindu planted in their midst will not further the keeping of that peace, so essential in camp or on the march. Such is the perversity of human nature, that when the Musalmans are keeping a *burra din*—that is, a high festival—you will find your Hindu keeping a solemn fast, sulking in a corner, and openly resenting the unhallowed tom-toming and feasting of the infidels. And likewise, *vice versá*, though your Hindu servant will have to be a man of some courage to play a solo on the tom-tom, surrounded by twenty hungry Musalmans. At least, such appears to me to be the case; but I do not pretend to any esoteric knowledge of their respective religious customs. On the other hand, if you possess a good Mahomedan servant, *who can cook*, whom you do not wish to lose, and who belongs to the *Sunni* sect—for a *Shia*, set down in the midst of Kashmiris, would be worse by a long way than your Hindu—bring him with you. Failing this, you can hire a native cook at a salary of Rs. 10 *per mensem*.

Shall I bring a luncheon-basket? By all means, if you will promise to call it a *tiffin*-basket. It will always come in useful when travelling in India. I obtained an excellent one from the Army and Navy Stores, with an enlarged chamber at one end, by special order, designed for soda-water. But I soon discovered, what I had forgotten at the time, that in the plains of Hindus-

tan, *one* bottle of soda-water becomes a literal impertinence. So I turned it to other things, and found that a box of cigars exactly fitted the recess. Thus, accidentally, are great inventions brought about. Witness the analogous case of the unforeseen rotating power of the gascheck! But your London tiffin-basket—I beg your pardon—luncheon-basket will not do for the Kishen Ganga Hills. A much smaller one will be required, which can be obtained in Srinagar,—what cannot be obtained in Srinagar? For when out shooting your tiffin coolie is always in attendance, ready at a moment's notice to spread before your eager gaze the bounteous feast—probably cold *chuppatee* and a fowl, well accustomed to the irregularities of mountain scenery.

But there is a point—a most important point—to which I was almost forgetting to refer, namely, the pocket library, which you will have to bring with you from the plains. For, I presume, you sometimes read? I ask so extraordinary a question, because, in the course of my travels, I have come across several young officers of about your standing, endowed with such a magnificent intellectual development, that they have openly admitted with a wondrous superiority of tone that they have no need to read, or words to that effect. If such be your case, the Fates protect you, for there is many a vacant hour in store for you, both on rainy days in camp, and on the mountain-side, unless, per chance, you possess an abnormal capacity for sleep, or evince a partiality for the banjo, both of which are admirable substitutes for killing time.

Supposing, on the other hand, that your intellect be still capable of development, and that you read, the nicest discrimination in the selection of your library is essential. What you must aim at is compactness,

density, and infinite variety, for even the Proverbial Philosophy of Martin Tupper is not acceptable in every mood. But to attempt to even suggest to you exactly what books to take is manifestly absurd. Again I say "*chacun à son gout*," and give you a list of what I myself after careful consideration, took with me. But being distinctly intemperate in this respect, I am conscious of having somewhat exceeded the becoming limits.

This then is the list :—

The Works of Shakespeare.—1 vol.,
Poems and Essays of Charles Lamb.—1 vol.,
Gibbon's Rome.—4 vols.,

all of which in the very handy Chandos Classics' edition

The Works of Tennyson—a pirated American edition—to my shame—in which was to be found every word, the Laureate has ever written, and a great many more besides.

Lewis Morris' "Songs of two Worlds," and "Epic of Hades," and Rudyard Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills."

These I afterwards supplemented by a very remarkable purchase made at the Lahore Railway Station Book-stall, namely, a volume of Dick's English Library containing—

Thackeray's "Barry Lyndon,"
Dodd's "Beauties of Shakespeare,"
"Gulliver's Travels,"
"Mr. Midshipman Easy,"
"Don Quixote de la Mancha,"

and—rare stroke of humour!—interleaved, as it were throughout the book, "Moral Tales," by Maria Edgeworth, which I especially recommend to you, my friend and Tobias Smollett's "Roderick Random." And when I say that for this library, complete in itself, I gave the paltry sum of Re. 1 as. 8 (in England, 1s. 6d.) I think you will agree with me that it was a fine

indeed. "Don Quixote" alone was worth—but I will not presume to such impertinence as to offer an opinion on a satire, which has been the delight of civilized mankind for several centuries. I merely ask you, have you read it? Possibly you have. On the other hand, probably you haven't. In which case, do so. You will not regret it.

It is British etiquette in Kashmir to grow a beard. Those who do not, or, what is worse, those who can not, believe me, are barely tolerated in society. Ladies, very rightly, resent eccentricity, and in Kashmir it is most eccentric to go beardless. I tremble, my dear Callow, to think what you will do. When I last saw you, if my memory serves me rightly, your chin was as smooth as the ostrich-egg, in the corner of your late, but ever-to-be-lamented, father's library. (Sir Knotso, at any rate, was not too intellectual to devote his leisure moments to the productions of other men's brains.) But you must make an effort—a tremendous effort. Steal away into the wilds, and do your utmost. Even, if necessary, invoke the aid of Art. Scan, before starting, the advertisement columns of your morning-paper. You may therein find something that may meet the case; but never having had any personal experience in that direction, I must most emphatically decline to hold myself in any way responsible for the result. But whatever you do, do not return to Srinagar, or to civilized parts, in the ostrich-egg condition. Believe me, under such distressing circumstances, life would not be worth the living. Personally, I did the thing thoroughly. I not only grew a beard, but I shaved my moustachios, and also the front part of my head. The latter I did in order to make my *puggree* sit easier, which adornment, you must know, one perpetrates when living amidst the snows. As to the former—I can really offer no satis-

factory explanation—I did it out of pure devilry, or maybe feeling bored with my own society, in the hopes of obtaining a new sensation. Which I certainly accomplished, for after the lapse of a week, my reflected presentment would have sat well for Mr. William Sykes; and without conceit, I hope I may be allowed to say, such a sensation was distinctly and entirely novel. In both instances I think I erred on the side of *trop-dézèle*, and I do not in any way recommend you to follow my example, the all-important question of etiquette not entering into the matter. Besides which, it would place you in a most awkward position if you happened to be suddenly recalled. Indeed, I hardly know what explanation you could offer, if officially questioned on the matter, in the orderly-room.

And now, my dear Callow, I really must bring this lengthy epistle to a close. I have shown you, I hope, how to get as far as Srinagar, with the ulterior aim of proceeding further. Should it be your wish for me to give you information as to what follows after, I shall be most happy to afford you the same—another time.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from saying that, it appears to me, you may possibly be counting your chickens before they are fairly hatched. Your commission not yet being a month old, it strikes me that it is perhaps a little premature on your part to be already considering *seriatim* the question of leave. At the same time I am fully aware, that things have greatly changed since I received my own first commission, and possibly your proceeding may now be quite ~~en règle~~. At any rate, I heartily wish you every success, and subscribe myself,

GULMARG :
 The 29th July, 1891. }

Yours most sincerely
 W. DUTTON BUELL

LETTER THE SECOND.

ON THE MARCH.

AND so, my dear Callow, your youthful folly still inclines you to the hopeful supposition, that you will obtain leave next year. You may be sure that you have my most earnest wishes for your success, and I thoroughly commend your resolution to go to Kashmir with the sole sporting purpose of exterminating Bear. As I said in my last letter, any more ambitious design, during your first season there, would probably end in egregious failure.

But do not imagine that the pursuit of Bear is merely child's-play. If such, by any chance, be your opinion, you will find yourself most woefully undeceived. Even Black Bear *shikar*, in the months of April or May, will entail on you an amount of exertion, such as in all probability you have never before experienced; and the pursuit of Red—the skin of which is a really splendid trophy—will be infinitely harder still. So do not be misled at the outset by Books on Sport, which speak in slighting terms of this particular tract of the chase's wide domain. Remember that such books are compiled by widely-experienced sportsmen, to whom possibly the difficulties in the way of obtaining Bear are of comparatively small account. But to the ordinary tyro sportsman, I can assure you, prove more than amply sufficient. If, however, you insist on adopting from the

beginning these exalted views of sports—and most *sportsmen* of your present experience do—you can satisfy your *amour-propre* during your first season after Bear by regarding the occupation merely as a preliminary training, whereby may be obtained the necessary experience for a more audacious enterprise.

But, as a matter of fact, nothing is easier of manufacture, than that specious style of tall-writing, such as some writers on sport affect. The ingredients required are so few that it lies within the grasp of anyone capable of dexterously drawing the long bow across the dinner-table with an unblushing front; for far from anything approaching to a literary style being deemed a *desideratum* in this particular class of composition, it would even appear that a strict adherence to the ordinary rules of grammar need not of a necessity be considered an absolute essential. Were I to be employed—say, by the “Pioneer” Press—to write a Sporting Guide to Central Asia, at so much a page, apart from the moral considerations, I should not have the slightest difficulty—thanks to the imaginative faculty—in turning out page after page on the most approved model. Something, for instance, in this style.

“It is greatly to be regretted that young sportsmen cannot be brought to see the extreme folly of shooting at big game, not yet full-grown. By so doing they decimate the species for the sake of obtaining trophies, which, in nine cases out of ten, they must be ashamed to exhibit. In the case of Red Bear, I made a fixed rule never to shoot at anything under 7 feet; and so true became my eye, by dint of practice, that I seldom made a mistake in this respect. I remember once, though, coming to grief. We had been out for four days and four nights—living solely on *chuppatee*—and

we had seen nothing. Thoroughly disgusted, I was about to propose to go home, when on the opposite side a Red hove in sight. It was quite 500 yards away, and an impassable gulf intervened between us. 'Maro,' said my shikari. 'Tik?' said I, by which I meant to enquire whether it was up to the standard measurement. 'Tik' said the shikari confidently. But I thought otherwise. However, not to disappoint the man, I finally raised my rifle and fired. The beast fell straight, and subsequently I found I had hit him in the centre of the heart, which, considering the range, I think I may claim, without conceit, to be a fair shot. Judge, then, of my chagrin, when, on applying the tape, I found he barely measured 6 feet 10 inches. At first, I was so disgusted, I refused to bring away the skin, but I was ultimately prevailed upon to do so, and it is now consigned to a place, about on a level with its merits—the upper housemaid's room of Liars-court."

But to you, my dear Callow, I wish to give a faithful presentment of my own impressions, and though in doing so my candour may sometimes compel me to "write myself down an ass," I shall not swerve throughout from the path of absolute veracity. By which means I hope to be able to present to you some faint idea of what may possibly lie before you. You ask me "to be so very kind"—oh! socratic bumkum!—as to give you a general notion of the mode of life led in the wilds of Kashmir. This, drawing on my personal experience, I will now endeavour to do, apologising, beforehand, for the intolerable but alas! unavoidable intrusion of the *ego*.

I think, if I remember rightly, I left you in my last, standing fully equipped on the steps of the *ghât* leading down to the river below Summad Shah's win-

dows. Your two boats—but remember, *you* will only have one boat—with your recent purchases on board, are moored at the bottom, ready to depart. The skincurer, whom your *shikari* has introduced to you, and whose shop you possibly have personally inspected, has made his last salaam to you, duly entered your name upon his books, and already mentally discounted the probable profit that will accrue to him from the introduction. All that you have got to do is to step down into the boat, and to give the order to push off. But, before you do this, I ought to tell you that, properly speaking, you ought never to have gone to Srinagar at all. Indeed, for one who is honestly keen on obtaining good sport, no action could have been more supremely foolish. Let me here insist, with all the emphasis at my command, on the imperative necessity of arriving on your shooting ground as early as is practicably possible. Without this it is futile to hope for anything more than, at the best, a *succès d'estime*. If you desire to obtain a *succès fou*, you must be there as early in April as tongas and legs can carry you. And for these reasons:—

Firstly.—And in reality wholly and lastly—if late, you will find all the good nullahs already occupied.

Secondly.—As the year advances, the days growing longer, your quarry breakfasts earlier and sups later—a state of affairs which you can only fully appreciate after actual contact with the experience.

Thirdly.—From the same cause, the snows disappearing from the tops of the hills, the Bears, no longer confined, roam at their own sweet will, minimizing your chances of capture to almost nothing.

Fourthly.—Their winter-coats are gradually deteriorating.

And if, in addition to all this, there comes a plague of locusts — as was my own unfortunate experience—resulting in the whole ursine race boldly renouncing vegetarian principles, and in consequence failing to come out on to the grass-plots, placed by nature with the evident design of affording the sportsman a fair open shot, then will your cup indeed be full, and there is no knowing to what gloomy lengths you may not be capable of going.

You, in the priceless possession of my advice, will act in an infinitely more sensible manner than I did. You will previously write to Summad Shah, and submit to him a full list of your requirements, begging him to meet you on such-and-such a date at Baramulla; wherefrom you will sally forth to your objective, and so save several precious days. But what that objective will be, I cannot say. Before starting you will naturally consult your friends and guide-books on such a very important point; but it will probably either be Tillail, Goo rais or Shardi—that is, if you wisely decide to go for Red Bear, which you will not often meet with under an altitude of some 8,000 feet. Speaking for myself, indeed, they were seldom to be found under 1,200 feet, but that was my own fault entirely in arriving so late. If, on the other hand, your aim be more modest still, the comparatively low hills, running north of the Kamraj, from Zohlar to Shaloorah, or possibly the Lolab, may be honoured by your presence. But my own experience being so small, I really do not feel qualified to offer you any advice on this knotty point, other than that you had better consult some more knowledgeable man. Wherever you go, the general mode of life will be the

same, and it is to that particular, as far as I understand, that you wish me to give my very best attention.

The simplest method will be for me to extract from my diary anything that I think may enlighten you in this respect. For know, that it is most essential that you should keep a diary, with a full detail of expenditure. When in the wilds small things amuse, and you will find your nightly entry a most engaging occupation. In addition to which, to you it will always prove a thing of interest, and to others possibly a thing of use. It is, indeed, the last link that connects you with civilization. Without it you will not only forget the day of the week, the day of the month, the number of the year, and the state of your finances—believing yourself, naturally, to be well on the credit side, when you be perilously near the debit—but you will, as likely as not, even forget your own name. Before starting, write it legibly on the outside. The possession of the book, too, combined possibly with the fact that you will have plenty of time on your hands, will engender a methodical proclivity, which cannot be too-highly commended. Besides my chit-chat daily entry and detail of expenditure, I kept a diary of correspondence, showing letters written and received—and it will surprise you how sociable you will get in this respect after a fortnight or so of your own company—and a “Form at a Glance”—save the mark!—being a mere enumeration of places, dates and results of those particular days on which I tempted fortune.

You will, of course, before starting from India, have provided yourself with a map of the country. If not you will be as a boat without a helm—a prey to the winds and tides. In the hands of a novice, its possession is a great check upon the designs of an unprin-

cipléd *shikari*. If you have not one, write to the "Trigonometrical Survey Office, Calcutta," asking them to send you sheet No. 28, by V. P. P. It will cost something under Rs. 3. But let me warn you not to place too great a confidence in it. As far as the general lie of the country and relative positions of the mountain peaks are concerned, it is probably mathematically correct, but I do not advise it to be taken as an infallible guide with regard to intermediate detail. For instance, between the mouths of the Kheel and Machil Nullahs, I walked hard for upwards of two hours, and the road was never more than undulating. On the map this distance is given as *one* mile. A small matter, certainly, but one not calculated to improve the temper, when arrangements have been made over-night on the strength of its assumed accuracy.

Also arrange beforehand for the particular paper, you affect, to be sent to you daily. You may not be a literary man, and you may be sufficiently wise to have the heartiest contempt for everything party-political, but, notwithstanding, you will esteem it in the wilds beyond all price, and will religiously read through every word, not forgetting the advertisements.

The boats which took me to Srinagar, brought me back fully equipped, and deposited me two or three miles beyond the town of Sopoor. And let me say here, I did not find the boatmen nearly such "good fellows" when I came to pay them. A more grasping, greedy, unprincipled crew I have never had the misfortune to meet—and, indeed, this applies to most Kashmiris, and alas!—especially to *shikari-log*. The owner of the boats had *fourteen* children, and they were all present, and to each of them was I expected to give *bakshish*? Had my good-humour only held out, I veritably believe that the

goat and the fowl would have been solemnly brought forward to receive their share; but luckily for my pockets—oh! I was green then—I struck at the ninth. To my expostulation that *bakshish* could not be given in proportion to the inordinate dimensions of his family, the boatman merely replied in a tone of quiet but confident excuse, that he knew a man at Bandipore who had five-and-twenty *sons*—which, of course, exonerated him from all further criticism. Whether this most unfortunate being had daughters as well, I did not stop to enquire.

On my way to Srinagar I had given my *shikari* Rs. 10, with which to make the preliminary *bandobast*—to provide coolies, grass for shoes, and food for following; and he had despatched a man at Sopoor for this purpose. I found him now awaiting me with my future permanent staff, which, to my surprise, amounted, all told, to the following:—

1 Shikari.	2 Dâk coolies.
1 Chota-shikari.	4 Camp „
1 Tiffin coolie.	1 Private servant (cook).

But my *shikari* emphatically assured me that when far away from Srinagar, amidst the snows, I should need the services of the whole lot; and he stated the same more emphatically still on two or three different occasions, when my sense of the fitness of things prompted me to repeat the query. In this he deliberately *lied*, and I mention the fact because I consider it most important that fresh arrivals should not be imposed upon in this respect. Kindly attend to this most particularly. When you engage your *shikari*, tell him distinctly what number of men you want, and refuse absolutely to take any more. The *shikari* loves to do the heavy swell, at your expense, with a train of followers, from whom probably he also exacts tribute,

either in coin of the realm, or in labour during the winter months.

The following *suite* will be sufficient to take you anywhere in Kashmir :—

1 Shikari.		2 Camp coolies.
1 Tiffin coolie.		1 Servant (cook).
1 Dâk „		

A *chota-shikari* is really only useful in assisting a beginner, when in difficulties—no, not pecuniary, but, owing to a conjunction of head-giddiness and precipices, perilous. It is quite an open question whether to take one or not. Personally I should never again trouble the species. But if you do decide to engage one, don't, when in the first agonies of grappling with the language, address him by mistake as "*chota-hazari*." Blameless as you may be of all intention to offend, you will find that he will not like it.

Of course, if you wish it, as a luxury you can have two dâk coolies; but let the order proceed from your own mouth, and do not, as I did, allow a whole horde of useless and certainly not *dolci*-do-nothings to be foisted upon you.

And be very particular not to exceed the customary pay, which is—

Shikari	Rs. 20 per mensem.
Chota-shikari	„ 10 „
Tiffin coolie	„ 7 „
Other coolies	„ 6 „

Every man of them will "ask for more." But if not for your own sake, for the sake of those who come after you, be adamant. I, indeed, look upon it positively in the light of a moral obligation. The present deplorable state of affairs has been brought solely about by the inexperience of the young, and the reprehensible folly of a few money-bags—probably fat, and doing most of their sport vicariously—who ought to have

known better. When my *shikari* had the impertinence to object, at the expiration of the first month, I merely told him that so much and no more would he get from me. If it were not agreeable to him, he was at perfect liberty to return the next day to Srinagar, on the chance of finding some more accommodating *Sahib*. He, however, decided to remain.

You will remember—or possibly you will not—the description of the obscene harpies, who some years ago infested the palace of Phineus on the banks of the Bosphorus. It has been ingeniously surmised by a French critic that they were after all nothing more nor less than a swarm of locusts. Personally, however, I cannot accept the hypothesis. My own theory is that, when they left the Bosphorus, they travelled across Asia Minor, Persia and Afghanistan, and settled on the northern frontier of Hindustan—the present Kashmiri race being their direct descendants. And such is the force of heredity, that even now, after the lapse of countless ages, many of the attributes of their original ancestry are openly discernible.

Their desire for *bakshish*, indeed, amounts to a positive disease. It is the ruling passion of their otherwise phlegmatic lives. The smallest service accorded is deemed worthy of this pernicious form of recompense. At Zolrah, for instance, the milkman who had supplied me with milk for three days, receiving for it the charge demanded—which, it is safe to assume, was not an under-charge—actually put in a claim for *bakshish*, and so persistently that he followed me for upwards of two miles in my march, until finally I was fain to give him something, if only to get rid of him. And the action of this man was typical of the conduct of the whole race. Amongst the *shikari-log*, indeed, the crav-

ing has developed into an insatiable *furore*, such as now probably no human means would prove adequate to extinguish. In their case it may be accounted for from the fact that the *shikar* season lasts at the most only three months, and it is their design during that period "to reap a harvest"—as the Indian press elegantly puts it, in referring to the Srinagar season—of sufficient richness to maintain them for the whole year; their natural inclination prompting them to squat on the ground for the remaining nine months and do nothing. Whether it be mete to encourage this propensity or not, I do not pause to consider. The moral aspect of the case does not concern me. In the present instance, I am only thinking of your pocket, and in consequence merely forewarning you as to what assuredly lies before you. The bestowal of wages, correctly balanced, is in their eyes something less possibly than a downright insult, but something distinctly more than a personal slight. Far from according you a modicum of thanks, they will stand with palm wide open, passively awaiting the coming *bakshish*, and any argument you may adduce, based on a primary consideration of the meaning of a *contract*, though it will receive a respectful hearing, will not be deemed weighty enough to admit of the withdrawal of the outstretched hand. And not only in reference to coin. Every article you possess, as it comes under their curious scrutiny, will give rise to the everlasting speech—and oh! how wheedling the tone!—"Give me, Sahib." Upon this question, differing materially as it does from that of legitimate wages, it is not incumbent on one to be didactic. Every one may do exactly as he pleases, according to the state of his own finances. But I should like to state that had I generously or rather

weakly yielded in every instance, when a demand was made, at the end of my trip, I should have been so destitute of personal belongings that I should have been compelled to have borrowed a blanket in order to have made my return journey to Quetta in that state of decency prescribed and insisted upon by an advanced civilization.

When I finally said good-bye to my *shikari*, I gave him as *bakshish* half a month's wages, socks of every description, sandals, puttees, a suit of clothes and a new pugree. Was he contented? Not a bit of it. After the most imperceptible of hesitation, he asked me for shirts. It was clever of him. It was the one thing, and the only one, in his personal apparel, that I had omitted to give him. But it was also rather exasperating, and I rewarded his perspicuity by giving him the summary order of the boot.

You will find that no subject of conversation is so interesting to the *shikari-log* as a recital of the *bakshish* which they have received in past years from previous Sahibs. And if your mental attitude be such that you are inclined to believe everything you hear, you will be compelled to confess that the quality of generosity is degenerating in the human race with more than rapid strides. On no other assumption will it be possible to comprehend the incredible, nay fabulous, largess that Sahibs were in the habit of bestowing on their followers, not one lustrum ago. In my own case, what *bakshish* I gave, I gave solely in proportion to results obtained; which I am conceited enough to consider an arrangement worthy of the most servile imitation. It proved an incentive to activity on the part of my *shikari*, beyond, at any rate, my own feeble power of description.

In addition to which, I made him occasional small presents. I started him with a new suit of clothes. I

kept him supplied with puttoo socks, though your own discarded ones—for they wear into holes very rapidly—are quite good enough for men who walk for nine months of the year barefooted. I also kept him and all my servants, by aid of my *dákwallahs*, supplied with Kashmiri tea, Kashmiri bread, and snuff, and when a sheep was slaughtered, I generally presented them with a quarter. But when both he and my *chota-shikari* asked me for blankets, they were not forthcoming. They both had plenty at home—they admitted so much—but they had purposely left them behind in the hopes of obtaining a fresh supply. Their object, indeed, is to try and get a complete new outfit, not only for themselves, but for their families, every year. I can assure you, my dear Callow, to such an unreasoning extent has the grasping nature of these people developed, that, when at the expiration of your three months' shoot, you, as a natural consequence, entertain their dismissal, they behave, as though they considered themselves entitled to, and fully expected to receive, a pension for the remainder of their lives. Such conduct, naturally, helps to somewhat mitigate the pang of separation.

It is the custom also to provide your *shikari-log* with food. How much this should come to, *per* head, I cannot tell you. I only know that personally I soon found it convenient and economical to pay at a fixed rate, which was assessed for the coolies at Rs. 2 *per* head *per mensem*. The *shikari*, on the other hand, though his food was always identical with that of the others, received Rs. 5. Unless you can obtain authoritative information on this point, you will find a system, based on these rates, to be very much less expensive than that of actually supplying them with articles of diet as demanded. In the former case there is a limit

to the charge; in the latter there is none, as I soon discovered, their alleged powers of digestion progressing by leaps and bounds, until I might for all the world have been the proprietor of some travelling menagerie.

Prior to starting off on your expedition, your agent will obtain for you a *purwana*, which you will find to be a most important item of your equipment. With it, in your possession, you may do and dare anything. Without it, you may run the chance of going supperless to bed in the midst of comparative plenty. It is an order on the part of the Maharaja to the particular districts in which you intend to move, by which is assured a ready compliance to your requisitions for food and coolie-labour. For you must understand that the villagers are not eager to carry your baggage, or even to supply you with food. Quite to the contrary. In April and May, their sheep, in the flexible language of the East, are "*ne taiyar*," by which, they mean that they have not yet begun to reap the fruits of the coming spring, and as a consequence are lean and scraggy. Which, you may say, argues a most praiseworthy consideration for the interests of the *Sahib*. But there may possibly exist some concomitant reason, why they should be so extremely averse to sell.

It was on the 29th of April, that I landed above Sopoor as stated. Had I been sufficiently wise in my generation, by that date I should already have taken up my position on my shooting-ground. But my projects for the future were of so nebulous a character that they did not deserve the name. They were *nothing more*. Knowing nothing, I was content in the hopes of finding a haven of plenty, and the next day I drifted to Zolrah, where I remained the day

You will understand that when you march, in addition to your own permanent coolies, you will require the services of the villagers. The authorized rate for a march is four annas a head, but half marches and even quarter marches are recognized. It may suit your purpose sometimes to move only a couple of miles. One anna a head will then meet the case. On an average, I employed eight of these village coolies; for your personal equipment, including kiltas, tents, furniture and ammunition, will be swelled by the addition of a couple of skins full of rice and flour—your *shikari-log's* food, and possibly two loads of grass for grass-shoes. You will thus see that *moving* is in itself a source of considerable expense, and for this reason alone it is advisable to take up a position on your shooting ground as soon as possible, and to remain there as long as you can.

29th April.—Marched to Zolrah. Was told it was six miles. Must have been at least twelve. Came in very tired and foot-sore.

Never believe your *shikari's* most solemn asseverations as to distance. This particular phrenological bump is at present in a very rudimentary stage of development amongst the Kashmiri race. Their standard of measurement is the *kos*, which is supposed to represent about two miles. Take it always to represent three. You may possibly then be on the safe side. There is nothing more irritating than to find yourself out in your calculations in this respect. It is as though you started with the requisite amount of stored-up energy, and no more. Project a march of twenty miles, and you will march contentedly to the end. Project a march of six, and find you have to do twelve, and you will treat it as a personal affront. But whatever may

be the length of your *first* march, you will probably not arrive at your destination with an absolute equanimity of temper. We, as a race, are now so highly evolved, that we have practically civilised ourselves beyond the necessity of using our legs for peripatetic purposes. Rather are they now considered convenient frameworks for displaying well-fitting boots and breeches. Seldom is one ever called upon to *walk* ten miles. In consequence of which, when you come to attempt it, you will not find yourself in the very best of training.

Had I not promised to be absolutely candid, my friend, my *amour propre* would certainly prevent me from transcribing the following passage. But deeming, that, as a side-light, it may prove instructive, I unwillingly sink my personal feelings to your benefit.

April 30th.—Candidly speaking, the most terrible day in my life. Started at 4-30 A. M. My first experience of mountaineering. Awful pull-up. Was not heard to exclaim "Excelsior" once during the day. Arrived under shelter of neighbouring peak about 10-45. Had seen no bear, though a heifer had been killed by one at base of hill two days before. Took up position, and sat throughout the day. At 6-30 P. M. started down. Had been veritably looking forward to my jaunty descent. Never more woefully undeceived. It was inconceivable. Have experienced it in many an awful nightmare, but never before in horrible reality. We seemed to be coming down the sheer cliff with an absolute *nothingness* below. On three occasions got head-giddiness and could not proceed. Was so tired that I could barely stagger into camp about 9 P. M.

And these were the hills to which I have referred a few pages back as being "comparatively low." No words of mine can better exemplify than this unpremeditated contrast of terms, the surprising effect, that an experience of two months' mountaineering can produce.

For this sense of giddiness will soon wear off. You will not believe it, when face to face with it, as a new and most undesirable acquaintance. I didn't. On the contrary, I felt convinced that I should never, *never* get the better of it. Yet, notwithstanding the tragic intensity of this conviction, it very soon passed away, and I find myself writing some weeks afterwards when I had accomplished some really dangerous scaling:—"Most exhausting, but I feel that I could now look down into the very depths of Tartarus itself, and smile."

Natural instinct will prompt you to use your alpenstock freely, and so convert an useless arm into an useful leg. But the best thing to do is never to think of the precipices, on the edge of which it is your misfortune to be walking. Turn your mind to more congenial topics, such as ballistics or hydrostatics. An acquaintance with both such subjects may come in useful, especially should your precipice happen to overhang a river. But if you *must* think of it—and it is very hard not to do so at first—try to regard it from the scenic point of view, rather than the homicidal. Instead of reiterating with bated breath—"One false step, and I am lost" and this is what you will do, exclaim in tones of appreciative rapture: "Oh! that I only had the brush of a Constable!"—not referring, you will of course understand, to the metropolitan police force, but to the unique landscape painter, some of whose works, alas! but few, you may study to advantage in the building on the north of Trafalgar Square. If you can manage to do this satisfactorily, and wholly without imposture, you are safe.

How to march is possibly a question of some interest. In the plains, where it was sufficiently hot,

I used to start my servant off, with his cooking apparatus, some time before I got up, with the order to make for a certain half-way village, and there prepare breakfast. My *shikari* would bring me my *chota-hazari*, and then, after seeing all my properties packed upon the coolies, I would start myself. By this method you obtain a pleasant halt in the middle of the day, and it also allows your coolies to catch you up, pass you, and have your tent pitched, and everything ready by the time that you arrive at your ultimate destination. Nothing can be more uncomfortable than to arrive on your camping-ground, and have to wait a couple of hours or so before your effects put in an appearance. In the hills I adopted generally the same tactics ; but deeming my servant would have quite enough to do in transporting himself from one place to another, I contented myself with a cold breakfast carried by the tiffin-coolie.

It rained most of the time that I was at Zolrah, and what with feeling horribly seedy and missing the only shot I got, I was not sorry to leave it. I had made up my mind to try the nullahs north of the Kishen-Ganga.

May 4th.—Appetite now a memory of the past. Have eaten nothing to-day (6 P. M.). Marched to Goosh—17 miles. A very lovely piece of parkland, such as Longleat or even Savernake might envy. Passed on road a paint-besmeared Hindu god. *shikari* most contemptuous concerning it, but his own creed by no means an elevated form of theism. Assured me that the best way to make certain of getting bear was to go to the priest and obtain a written verse of the *Koran* to hang round my neck. The price would not exceed Rs. 3. Declined with thanks. But all the same, wonderfully disciplined these Musalmans. The Ramadan, or month of abstinence, is on, during which they are forbidden to eat or drink between the hours of 3 A. M. and

7-30 P. M. *Shikari*, to-day, complaining dreadfully of thirst, but manfully resisting.

May 5th.—Paid village coolies, to-day, two annas for short march. Bought sheep for Rs. 4 annas 8. The process of skinning an object of enthralling interest.

And so it was, but later on I find the following somewhat qualifying entry:—

The contemplation of the skinning of a bear amounts almost to a religious ecstasy. The sheep is not in it.

During your whole expedition you will taste no flesh other than mutton and fowl. Though a Musalman country, Kashmir is ruled by a Sikh, and as a consequence the bovine race is held sacred. Beef for this reason does not exist. A few years ago it was a capital offence to slay a *bail*. Now, however, more enlightened views prevail; but the penalty, the offence still carries is sufficient, at any rate out in the wilds, to act as an absolute deterrent.

The sheep, too, such as you will obtain, cannot be dubbed first-class. Indeed, I never really realized what the expression "skin and bone" meant, till I found myself face to face with it on the Kishen-Ganga. Literally, the one was as difficult to dissect with a knife as the other. And you will be surprised, too, at the curious shapes, which the joints will take upon themselves, when placed upon the table. Noticing this, I always made a point of carefully vetting the beast before buying it, but I never could find anything wrong. When, however, it appeared piecemeal with the purpose of supplying me with necessary nourishment, it assumed forms and shapes, such as would quite have astonished the imagination of any man of ordinary humanity. To look at it, one would have supposed it to be some hideous deformity, or even to some grotesque monster, such as the gryphon. And as my

servant emphatically assured me, that *he* was not to blame, the thing will remain a mystery to me to my dying day. I need hardly say that such eccentricities of deportment do not enhance in any way the appetising value of the animal.

But the fowls are more palatable, and if you insist on obtaining capons, costing on an average four annas a piece, you will never have fed better in your life. They are extremely well-conditioned, and though I do not for one moment expect you to believe it, I have breakfasted, and breakfasted well, too, off a merry-thought. Now, you don't believe it—do you? No, I thought not. It is, however, a genuine truth, always remembering that there are two ways of cutting a merry-thought, either before or after the breast. However, in my next, I will take my revenge off you for such an insulting attitude of scepticism. I will then tell you a genuine *wopper*—one, and only one—and I guarantee that you will swallow it with all the ease of a castor-oil globule. So be on your guard, my friend, and believe me now to be,

Yours most sincerely,

W. DUTTON BURRARD.

SRINAGAR :

1st September, 1891.)

LETTER THE THIRD.

ON THE GROUND.

IN continuance, my dear Callow, of this most veracious and instructive narrative, I find the following entry:—

May 6th.—Woke up, feeling better. Started at 7 A. M. Eleven village coolies in tow. A tremendous climb over the Seetalwan Pass. Snow most of the way up, and the whole way down, on this, the northern side. Arrived myself with shikaris at top, at 10-30 A. M. Had tiffin. Better appetite. Coolies and servant arrived at 12-15. Started off after a good halt down hill. First two miles racing speed, through clean snow. Afterwards more difficult. Fairly tired when halted for the night. Am about seven miles down the pass. On the verge of a precipice, with lovely pine-forest all round me. Ate a glorious dinner.

From which it will be seen, the loss of appetite referred to in my last, was not of long duration.

May 7th.—The most fearful march I ever hope to have to make. According to map, we have travelled not quite four miles; and we have been going hard all, since eight this morning; the advance-party getting in here—Doondial—at 5-30 P. M., nine and a half hours. The greater part of the way had to be cut and hewn with hatchets, there being no pathway, no bridges, and the river in full flood. Never felt so broken down in my

life. Coolies wonderful, save one, whom I had to pay off. He, however, persisted in following, carrying one tent-pole. Does he expect full pay? I have been over ground to-day, I have never dreamt of—up, up, up, and then down, down, down, with possibly a progression on flat land of some two hundred yards. Paid off coolies. Quite a scene. All of them declaring the Kashmiri rupees—value As. 10—received from Summad Shah, with which I paid them, were bad. Argument failing to convince them to the contrary, was compelled to resort to other means. Great physical victory. Am alone in my glory, with a withy-rope bridge, four yards from my tent, stretched across the majestic Kishen Ganga. A most uncanny looking thing—a suspension bridge, or rather three suspended ropes, for there is no roadway. Am not at all anxious to try it. I employed to-day two extra men from an adjacent village to pioneer and make the road.

Yes, my friend, the 7th of May was certainly a day that impressed itself very vividly upon my senses. It was my first real acquaintance with hard-going, and it was an experience of a not wholly agreeable character. During the summer months, there always exists a certain rough means of communication between the villagers up and down these great mountain ravines. But with the winter, and its gigantic falls of snow, everything of the nature is swept away, and the pass becomes practically closed; all effort to remedy the matter being impossible, until the snows have partially disappeared, and the torrent somewhat abated. Precipices are very seldom to be found on both sides of a stream together. Generally speaking, a high rugged scarp on the one side is opposed by a piece of flat alluvial deposit on the other; and when the rushing waters shew themselves sufficiently complacent, the villagers take advantage of this, and continually throw rude bridges across; so that by constantly changing from one side to the other, a pathway of comparative

easiness is formed all down the ravine. But this cannot be effected till May, and when you in April attempt to make the passage, you will find yourself on one side only, with no available means of crossing over.

But on one occasion, on this eventful day, we positively had to make a bridge. On our own side of the torrent rose a sheer scarp, which if even actually practicable—and in the mood I was in at that moment, I personally had no doubt whatever that it was *not*—in order to scale, would have demanded a far greater expenditure of time and energy than we could afford; whilst on the opposite bank, stretched out of sight in the most tantalizing of manners, a long sweep of flat sand. It was really out of the question not to attempt to effect a crossing. And here, thought I, the knowledge that I had acquired at the School of Gunnery, would stand me in good stead. So I proposed a *single-lock*. A squad of twenty of us had made one once at Shoeburyness in the space of four hours—and we took, I remember, four days to dismantle it. But that was many years ago, and they do things more smartly now, I feel convinced. All we needed, I said, were so many pickets, transoms, ledgers, road-bearers, planks, lashings—and there, I regret to say, memory failed me. My proposal was listened to with much respect. Indeed, nothing could be more admirably conceived, at length my shikari said, provided—and here came the crux—provided we had the innumerable stores required at hand. Whence should we obtain them? And I was bound to confess, I had not the remotest idea. There was no drill-shed, as far as I knew, within two hundred miles of the place. So I washed my hands of the affair, and with a positively angelic resignation, helplessly sat myself down on the bank. Whereupon my *shikari* took a

hatchet, selected a tall pine growing on the marge, hacked its trunk in twain, and lo! it fell beautiful, straight as a die, across the rapid. It was not, however, so beautiful presently, when it came to crossing it. Compared to it, the plank under the roof of "The Shop" Gymnasium, where, I doubt me not, my dear Callow, you have spent many a moment of mortal agony, was so much beer and skittles.

And, in reference to marching, let me here give you a word or two of very elementary advice. Do not oppose your *shikari's* selection, if, when climbing up hill, he temporarily goes down, or *vice versa*, when climbing down, he temporarily goes up. It will be only temporary, as you will soon find, and you will probably benefit in the long run by the manœuvre. You will resent it at the time, I know, but let that pass. Stifle your indignation; it will be only momentary. And do not refuse assistance from your shikari, when he offers it, and do not be too proud to solicit it, when needed. Better to take your *shikari's* hand than to take your own life. Yes, I am perfectly aware that you are a true-born Briton! But that is the very reason why I offer you the advice. Did you happen to be a "true-born Kashmiri," I should not be guilty of such gratuitous impertinence. And always go your own pace. Reject everybody else's as absurd, if not even injurious. Being absolute master of your own actions, you can in this, as in all things, ride the high horse. Take advantage of such a beatific state of affairs fully. It will not occur often in your lifetime.

May 8th.—Woke up to find that Lambadhar does not consider rope-bridge safe for transit of baggage. Am thus delayed a day, whilst villagers are busily engaged in weaving ropes of willow, with which, I hope, to make good its all too-palpable

defects. Got two horrible head-burying insects into me—most painful. Bridge reported ready by mid-day. Got all baggage over safely by 1 P. M. Got myself over safely a few minutes afterwards. Started for Shardi. Very easy march. Rained hard most of the day. Halted for the night at Kurigan, and took possession of the verandah of the village-masjid. Rather curious proceeding, I think, but *shikari* assures me all is right. Where I shall go to, I do not know, as I find now that the two good nullahs on this line are already occupied.

A word or two on the subject of these rope-bridges, as you will surely meet them, wheresoever you go. Conceive to yourself three ropes made of plaited withies, tied to pine-trees, and suspended across the river; two of which are parallel, and intended for your hands, while the third is hung between them some four feet or so below, and is intended for your feet. That is all, and of a surety nothing could be simpler. And nothing, also, can be simpler than to cross them. My anticipatory qualms vanished at once, as soon as I found the strong rope beneath my feet. I do not mean to affirm that I crossed it with an easy *nonchalance*, airily whistling *opera-bouffe*. By no manner of means. Indeed I took step by step with the severest caution. But I do mean to state, that compared with the dizzy heights of mountain precipices, the Kashmiri rope-bridge is merely child's-play. And it was a most welcome revelation.

As the Lambadhar is a person of no small importance, and one with whom you will come into contact at every halting stage, I ought to tell you who and what he is. He is, then, the head-man of the village, and is responsible, I believe, to the Maharaja's officials for the due collection of the village taxes. But that is rather an immaterial point to you. What is more im-

portant is, that he is responsible to you for a due supply of food and coolies. You show him your *purwana*, make your requisition, and enforce obedience. As a rule, you have no difficulty in this respect, but on one or two occasions I certainly had to resort to a vulgar display of force. The Maharaja's sign-manual is of course quite sufficient in itself; but it often happens that the villagers are right away up the mountains with their flocks, and the Lambadhar attempts to impress on you the impossibility of collecting them together by the following morning. Then it is that you have to attempt to impress on him that the word "impossible" has no existence in the vocabulary of the haughty Briton. But he is a man to whom it will pay you to be polite—though I should be sorry to think that your natural courtesy could ever be influenced by such a sordid motive. And he is certainly deserving of *bakshish* in the morning, when your little column of baggage has fairly started from the village.

There is also another high dignitary, whom you will meet, calling himself "The Chaukidar." But what he is, what he has to do with you, and on what grounds his persistent claims for *bakshish* may be supposed to rest, for the life of me I never could divine. I paid him on my first encounter, but rapidly growing wise, thenceforth emphatically declined to lend myself in any way to the encouragement of such gratuitous and venal mendicancy. Kindly treat his plausibilities with the contempt that they assuredly deserve.

The valley of the Kishen Ganga is infested with the head-burying insects to which I have referred. They are presumably a species of tick, and you will come into direct personal intercourse with them, probably two or three times a day. Nothing more painful can

be conceived than the operation of pulling them out. With the most patient care, the head generally broke off, and remained inside; and finding that no inconvenient results ensued therefrom—that is to myself; I have no knowledge whatever as to the feelings of the tick—from that moment I brutally sacrificed the dignity of the animal to the benefit of my own comfort, and instead of laboriously attempting to extract it, with an ever-present consciousness of my last visit to the dentist, I used to take a pair of scissors, and ruthlessly nip the beast in half. Unless you be burdened with a superabundant sensibility, I would strongly urge you, under similar circumstances, to do the same.

May 9th.—Rained all night and all day. Am still in the masjid. No one seems to object. True, there was yesternight a long and somewhat heated argument as to the question of my being permitted to retain my shoes. Showed myself so absolutely indifferent to the outcome of the discussion—having no intention whatever of discarding them, the verandah being wet—that I finally was accorded a special dispensation. But my numerous retinue have been most impressively enjoined by the High Priest that the privilege applies to me only, and not to them. Raining cats and dogs. Have outwardly evinced my disgusted feelings by deliberately refusing to wash. But shall not be able to stand my quarters long. The prolonged, incessant, and most inharmonious calls to prayer, not one yard from the foot of my bed, are too much to be endured for many days. To-morrow is the end of the Musalman fast. Have presented my followers, in consequence, with a sheep.

The memory of that terrible High Priest will remain with me, I feel convinced, until I die. The sound of jackals fighting, or of wooing cats, heard in the stillness of the night, is as nothing beside the unearthly yell, which used to issue from his mouth, as the man, standing by my bed, announced to hill and dale that

prayer-time had arrived. It was not uninteresting at first; but when I found that prayer-time was expected to arrive every two hours throughout the day, it was as much as I could do to prevent myself from rising to my feet and screeching in concert. But I am thankful to think that I restrained so reprehensible an inclination. I just patiently endured it, and whilst the Koran was being recited in unison inside—for certain devotees cropped up to every service—I, as unconcernedly as I could, turned my attention to another sort of service—the service of my dinner. But, my dear Callow, it was certainly a very curious condition of affairs. There was an incongruity about my most unspiritual presence in that verandah, so glaring that to think of it made me positively laugh aloud. But it was about the only thing that could have made me laugh, with the elements running riot, and the whole landscape hopelessly wrapped in cloud. For, to tell you the truth, I was feeling very low indeed.

May 10th.—Still raining, when awoke. Cleared up about 9 A.M., but do not intend to attempt shikar in adjacent nullah—my friend, the Lambadhar, assures me nothing is to be found there—in consequence of the *burra din*. Great preparations going on round the corner for the cooking of the sheep. Honours have been veritably thrust upon me. Have been unanimously elected village medico. Patients all the morning, but up to date no fees. Chiefly fever cases, but one tonsillitis, which I was lucky enough to be in a position to prescribe for. Walked half a mile in pyjamas and dressing-gown—could the shade of Molière but have seen me!—to look at a man reported to be dying, and dying assuredly he is. Acute peritonitis. Prescribed castor-oil and hot fomentations. Do not think that he can live. Later, boy brought in with skin disease. Diagnosis at fault. Prescribed mutton fat. Am getting rather tired of good works. Hope they won't bring anything infectious. 6 P.M.—Have just

heard that the man is dead. Every one seems delighted. The truth is a Mahomedan has such an implicit belief in the goodness of The Almighty—and also possibly in his own—that he thinks no more of shuffling off this mortal coil, than of taking off his nether garments. Indeed, from my own observation, he appears to do one, as often as the other.

Three days from this date, I entered one of the two good sporting nullahs, debouching on to the Kishen Ganga. (I say two, instead of a dozen, because the others have been closed to sportsmen by order, since the making of the Gilgit Road was put in hand.) It was a great stroke of luck my being able to do so, for, as I have told you, they were both already occupied. But as it happened, their tenants were officers of our Regiment, and they both, in answer to the notes I sent them, most generously gave me permission to enter their principalities—for such indeed they were in point of size—up to a certain limit. From which you will be able to see that there are, after all, some advantages in the very-much-abused Royal Regiment of Artillery.

And so it was from this date that my actual shikar experiences began.

A glance at the map will show you what these so-called nullahs are like. Do not be misled by the term into conceiving of something of only limited dimensions. They are anything but that. The one, into which I was so fortunate in this way as to effect an entry, measured on flat land twenty miles by fifteen—or, in other words, three hundred square miles. In actual reality, since it was composed entirely of gigantic mountains, it measured of course a great deal more. It was really a combination of nullahs, with the main stream running down the centre, and emptying itself by a narrow egress into the Kishen Ganga River. Had it

not been for this narrow egress, shikar etiquette would not have sanctioned the entire appropriation of so large a tract of country by one individual. It would, then, have been a series of branch-nullahs, into each of which any one might have entered with impunity. But as it was, the natural conformation of the ground made it, as it were, a thing complete in itself, and it became the sole property of the sportsman who happened to arrive there first. So you will understand how vastly important it is for you to make every despatch, and so find yourself in undisputed possession of a tract of territory, sufficient in extent possibly to occupy you for the whole of your leave.

When I entered the nullah, the proprietor was some two marches north of the confines of my limit ; but in a very few days, a question of private affairs brought him hurriedly down, and I had an opportunity of thanking him in person. We dined together one night, looking in our rough clothes and unkempt beards very unlike the model British soldier, and it was really wonderful, after our few weeks' isolation, how the conversation flowed. He had, at that time, shot five Red Bear, and that wholly unassisted. Having gone through the experience in a previous year, he had boldly dispensed with all *shikari-log*, and had relied solely on his own personal knowledge of the ropes. His whole suite consisted of one cook and one coolie ; and to say that I experienced a feeling of respect for him, as he lay out his trophies for inspection, would but very inadequately express my true state of mind. It was rather something approaching to a sense of awe, and when I thought of my own magnificent, and alas ! lazy following, I must confess that I felt very small indeed. But I solaced myself by considering that

one must always learn to walk before one attempts to run, and the next morning I said good-bye to him, and found myself in sole possession of the nullah.

And now the question was, how to bag for myself similar trophies to those which the late proprietor had taken away with him. My original procedure, then, was to pitch my camp on the main stream, contiguous to some village, and also to one of the branch nullahs; for it is in them that you will find your quarry. The centre nullah, or back-bone, as it were, of your territory is studded throughout its length with tiny villages and solitary shepherd-huts, and the Red Bear, being essentially a shy animal, will not as a rule frequent it. I used to be called early—very early. Before it was yet light, my *shikari's* smiling face used to obtrude itself through the doorway of the tent, and announce the most unwelcome news that my time had come—and oh! how I learned to hate that smile as the weary weeks rolled on. Having hurriedly dressed by the light of a flickering dip, I would devote a few moments to the consumption of my *chota-hazri*, and then in an unwashed state would sally forth, alpenstock in hand, accompanied by my two *shikaris* and my tiffin-coolie.

For it is advisable not to wash in the morning. Turning out at 4-30 or 5 A. M. to face the snow, with possibly a breeze blowing—which the Fates forbid—you will find a slight cutaneous incrustation beneficial. But there is absolutely no reason whatever to prevent you washing thoroughly in the evening on your return. And are you nice with regard to your finger tops? I hope so. Without care you will find them go to rack and ruin. Take my advice. Carry a pair of nail-scissors in your waistcoat pocket. Sitting through the long, long midday hours on the mountain side, waiting for the Bear to

rouse themselves from slumber, you will have ample time on hand to attend to this particular department of the toilette. For you must know that Bears show no consideration whatever for the requirements of those who come at so much trouble and expense to kill them. Between the hours of 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. they are seldom to be seen. Breakfasting in the morning, they retire to their fastnesses, and sleep during the day, coming out again for tea. So it comes to pass that half your day is spent in doing nothing. A friend of mine, to whom this system appeared especially obnoxious, suggested the scheme of kidnapping sundry cubs, educating them after the approved human method—namely, feeding in the day-time and slumbering at night—and then, when fully certificated, again to let them loose. His idea was that the little bit of leaven would leaven the whole lump; that the Bears, so let loose, proud in the consciousness of their own superior education, would gradually impart their newly-acquired habits to their less-favoured friends. And so, said he, we should get our sports in a more civilised and convenient way. To all of which I gave a hearty agreement. But why, said I, not go further still? The scheme admitted of an almost indefinite expansion. Why not, for instance, obtain your sport, sitting astride the edge of the bear-pit in the Zoo? Whereupon my friend got angry, and for the moment ceased to be my friend. But this is an intolerable digression.

The side-nullahs at this time of the year will still be filled with snow, and on this artificial road-way in the morning you will carefully make your way, ever onward, glancing searchingly over the giant-hills, which enclose you on both sides. For it will be high up on them that you will probably find your prey—a dot

woolly brown, moving busily about on a patch of green. But long before your own eye has detected anything, the keen sight of your *shikari* will have done its work, and you will have been called to a sudden halt. And happy you, when such occurs! For, day after day, it may be your weary fate to toil on and see nothing. And then, when you have walked miles and miles, with the sun now well up, the time will have passed for any chance of sport; and you perforce will have to betake yourself to some convenient spot, and there prepared to spend the day. Your first thought probably will be breakfast, but alas!—how unutterably soon used that welcome meal to come to an end. By 11 o'clock, every crumb had been devoured, and there were five or even six hours stretched in front of one, before the Bear would bestir themselves again. How were they to be employed? It was a question which taxed and entirely floored my natural ingenuity, for, unfortunately for myself, I never could contrive to sleep. In spite of every effort on my part to relieve the horrible monotony of these long-dragging hours, they will always remain in my memory as something very painful. It seemed, to begin with, such a positively sinful waste of time. Of course I read,—read till I was literally tired of reading—read of all sorts and kinds of literature—at least so far as my scanty library enabled me to do. Day after day, my wretched tiffin-coolie found yet another book added to the pack upon his back, and finally my writing case. I also daily took my “Pioneer.” They used to come to me at the hands of my *dák-wallah* in batches of eight or nine, but I always held my riotous inclination to dash upon the lot well in check; and I used to regularly dole myself out one a day. By which means, I always had my morning paper, and what a

positive god-send it was, no words of mine could accurately express. That it happened to be three weeks old was a matter of no account. When in the wilds of Kashmir, with plenty of leave in front of you, you will find the question of dates to be one of absolute indifference. One day being so entirely like another, it will require on your part no effort whatever, when perusing a paper several weeks' old, to imagine that you are holding in your hands a sheet, literally damp from the printers. But even by reading the advertisements, I never could extend the "Pioneer" beyond an hour; and then there were still four or five hours before me. It was frightful. I sent for a Forbes' Hindustani Grammar, with the desperate intention of seriously grappling with the language. But the Fates willed otherwise. I had not possessed it four days—and it had really proved a great resource, being to my intense joy not only instructive but soporific—when the *kilta*, in which it lay, banged down the mountain side off a coolie's back, and the book was lost for ever in the rapid at the base.

It was a great source of satisfaction to me, when face to face with this daily experience, to know that my pocket library was one that required an essentially slow digestion. A similar number of volumes of fiction would have been devoured in a week, and I must have gone stark, staring mad from want of natural sustenance. As it was, I managed to survive, and only slightly wandered during the last hour or so of my dreary watch. Then, I admit my mind grew rather childish, and I found relief in pegging the limits of the shadows, and timing their advance. At about 5 o'clock, the *shikari-log* would re-appear. For after seeing me in the morning comfortably settled for the day, it was their habit to stroll away out of sight. And "*dekna-*

ke-waste” was my *shikari*’s explanation—which in Hindustani would mean, under the circumstances, “to keep a good look out”—but which in Kashmiri signified —“to eat two pounds of Indian-corn chuppati, and then to inharmoniously snore, stretched on the flat of one’s back, for upwards of four hours.” It is well for you to realize this possibility of the same expression in both languages, meaning something entirely different. Otherwise you may often find yourself most grievously deceived.

With their re-appearance, activity again began. It was time for the Bear to re-emerge, and all eyes were again on the *qui vive*, every tiny grass-plot in sight being scrutinised and searched with the aid of field-glasses; and then, were Fortune but propitious, and behold!—far up the massive crags across the nullah on that little patch of green—but no!—let me accustom you first to failure. Success will come assuredly to him who pursues the enterprise with an undaunted perseverance, but failure—possibly long, long weeks of it—may intervene before that happy day arrives. In my own case, nearly a month had elapsed from the date of my entering the nullah—and a month of just about as hard work as I can conceive to be possible—before I actually bagged my animal. But then, as I soon discovered, owing to the lateness of my arrival, the difficulties that lay before me were very much more severe than those, say, with which the outgoing proprietor had had to compete. When he had arrived, a month or so before, the snow had been lying thick down to the very edge of the main stream. When I came into possession, though it still, fortunately for me, remained all up the beds of the side-nullahs, it had melted for some thousand feet up the heights—with this

result, that whereas in his case the Bear were compelled to come more or less down to his level to find their food, in mine, it was I who had to make the move, and it was always a move upward, such as honesty compels me to state, proved anything but agreeable. For the Bear, indeed, had now a tremendous range, whereon to roam. Day after day would I be on that mountain side, remaining still or moving cautiously about, as the case might be, until the falling shades of night brought home to me that the success to come was evidently not to come that day. And then would I turn despondently homeward, and make my way to camp. Generally speaking, I would arrive about 8 P.M., when, having effected my daily wash, I would at once sit down to dinner. Then, after perhaps a short conversation with my *shikari*, not couched as you may imagine in the most enthusiastic of sanguine veins, I would get into bed, and thoroughly tired out, would at once fall asleep. Such is a crude presentment of the daily life that you will lead. But possibly a few short extracts from my diary may assist to vivify so slight a sketch.

May 14th.—Started early. Went up lower nullah on right bank of stream. Good places for *Bhalu*, but none to be seen. Came on heavily to rain in evening, and arrived in camp without a vestige of temper, and drenched to the skin.

May 15th.—Took up position high up mountain, as planned overnight. About 5 P. M. a Red Bear hove in sight on hill on my left, passed some three hundred yards under me, and rapidly ran up hill on my right, where it disappeared. Both *shikaris* away at the time—*dekna-ke-wasteing!* I and faithful tiffin-coolie, at the risk of our lives, followed in hot pursuit, but with no result. Under the influence of excitement, I find one ventures over breakneck ground with a grand impunity.

May 16th.—Another disappointment. Going up nullah to-day saw Bear grazing on left side. Had to stalk it up a snow-drift—

very perpendicular, and some four hundred feet high. Had proceeded some way up, when Bear got wind of us and moved off quickly. Fired two flying shots, with no result. Much disgusted. Cheered up on arriving in camp. *Dâk-wallah* had arrived—ten "Pioneers" and thirteen letters.

May 17th.—A holiday, but a busy one. Wrote no end of letters. *Khaber* brought in of two Bear. Practised with rifle. Hit bull's-eye every time. Can't hit Bear.

The reason why one cannot hit Bear with the same degree of accuracy, as one does the target, is of course obvious to you, my friend. The preliminary stalk will necessitate as a rule an expenditure of very violent and possibly rapid movement. You will be called upon in all probability to scale something very precipitous. You will be constantly on your hands and knees, and the suspicious bearing of the beast above will impel you to move with all despatch. The result of all which will be, that when you finally get within range, your hand will be so shaky that you would probably miss a hay-stack. Your only chance is to lie perfectly still and wait—wait till you have recovered your breath, and with it your normal steadiness of hand. If you do this, and if in cooler moments you *can* hit the target, you will probably hit the Bear. But generally speaking, the beast shows no such accommodating a disposition, and you are perforce compelled to fire with but poor prospect of accurate aim.

May 18th.—A comparatively easy day. Went down the main nullah after *khaber*. But a blank day. Day passed more quickly than usual, as I had reserved *two* "Pioneers" to read. Tiffin-eggs *not* hard-boiled. Impotent indignation. Bought a sheep yesterday, one year old, for Rs. 1-12. Finished last one to-night in curry, making the 13th day. Have seen nothing of the people of this village. After the *levées*, I was forced to hold throughout the day at Kurigan, most peaceful.

May 19th.—Rained all night. Raining in morning. The prospect of a day in camp somehow does not depress me. Swarms of locusts.

May 21st.—Woke up to find the bridge across the rapid had been feloniously destroyed during the night. In consequence could not go out. Villagers now—12-30—busily engaged in making new one. Shepherd from the other side brought up before me at 1 P. M., by a crowd of excited villagers, on charge of removing bridge. Apparently no evidence whatever, but collective surmise. Explaining to them my position in the country as a visitor, emphatically declined to administer justice.

May 24th.—Started 5-30 A. M. Temperature 39°. Four miles up saw two Bear high up the rocky side of nullah. Tremendous scale up, only to find the Bear gone. Descended again by 11. *Shikari* made an astounding proposition—that I should offer a propitiatory sacrifice to The Highest, in the shape of young sheep. I, the heir of all the ages, to descend to the amiable practices—chronology biblical—of B. C. 4004. Had Nature but been magnetically sympathetic with my outraged feelings, there must have ensued a cataclysm, such as would have made the very angels stare. Poor man, much hurt at my polite but firm refusal—and now he has no manner of doubt whatever as to the reason of my long run of bad luck!

He was certainly most offended, but as I explained to him, I really could not consent to such a wicked waste of even moderately good mutton. He assured me, with an almost dramatic intensity, that it would only cost one rupee; and I am certain that to this day he is firmly convinced that it was solely the question of expense that deterred me from acceding to his proposition. So let it be! At the time, I had neither the inclination, nor a sufficient grasp of the vernacular, to enter upon an esoteric metaphysical disquisition. And even had I done so, and with success—which is an hypothesis bordering on the absurd—I should probably

have fallen in his estimation lower still. A Kashmiri could comprehend and inwardly sympathise with the disposition to evince tenacity in reference to a rupee—he has even been known at times to do it himself—but the outrageous opinions, such as I would have uttered in relation to the expediency of sacrifice, would have lain entirely beyond the range of his natural comprehension.

And now, my dear Callow, good-bye for the present, and believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

W. DUTTON BURRARD.

P. S.—Did you spot the “wopper,” promised in my last?

P. P. S.—On consideration, I find I have misled you. The “wopper” certainly does exist; but it is to be found, not in this letter, as should have been the case, but in the last few lines of the concluding paragraph of my last.

QUETTA;

15th September, 1891. }

LETTER THE FOURTH.

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STILL ON THE GROUND.  
—————

BEFORE starting on your expedition, my dear Callow, the following rule for a certainty will be most especially enjoined on you. "Never attempt to fire at a Bear, except from above." And a very excellent rule it is, for Bear will never venture on a charge up hill. But like most of these excellent sayings, its practical application—as you will speedily discover for yourself—is a sheer impossibility. Speaking from my own experience I can only say, that had I always faithfully adhered to the maxim, I should have returned absolutely empty-handed. And for this reason, most of the Bear, with whom I came personally into contact, were so judiciously located, that without the assistance of a friendly parachute, to get above them would have been out of the range of practical politics to one, like myself, so greatly influenced by the force of gravity. And as it is, or ought to be needless for me to state, I had no parachute at hand, there was really nothing left for me to do but to set "the golden rule" at absolute defiance. And this I did, with most satisfactory results—all the Bear I bagged being shot from below, or at any rate from a level, never higher than that on which the beast chanced to be standing. But please do not allow your-

self to be influenced in any way by such a direct disobedience of orders on my part. There must have existed some reasonable *data* for the framing of the rule, or otherwise presumably it would never have been framed; and I should be very sorry to think that any words of mine might ultimately lead you into difficulties. I have merely mentioned it, since it was a fact—and facts, as we all know, are “stubborn things.”

Were I, in this matter, to rely solely on my own experience—which would be an excessively foolish thing for me to do—I should be of the opinion, that Red Bear had no claims whatever to be classed amongst aggressive animals. My own intimacy, indeed, so strongly inclined me to this view, that I used to sigh and sigh again for just a little display of spirit on their part. Nothing more aggravating could be conceived, than the rapid departure of the beast, just as, after a most toilsome stalk, one was getting into something approaching to a reasonable range. And this is what, in my case, generally happened, resulting in a flying shot, which did more or less damage to the surrounding rocks, but nothing else. From which, you will naturally assume, that my so-called stalks were conducted on anything but scientific principles. Possibly! But it is very difficult to be scientific, as you will find, when making your way up a narrow nullah, with the wind blowing here, there, and everywhere, and never for two consecutive minutes from the same direction. For what a Bear does possess in a very highly developed state, is a keen scent. There can be no two opinions held on that point. It is, in fact, an evident compensation to the beast on the part of Nature for its defective sight; for a Bear may gaze towards you out of his tiny slits of eyes, at a distance of fifty yards, in the most blissful

ignorance of your disturbing presence. With regard to its sense of hearing, there also seems to be a diversity of opinion. I went up to Kashmir, fully imbued with the idea, that a Bear could neither see nor hear. But my own personal experience strongly convinced me, that the species could not only hear, but hear remarkably well. On one occasion the chance crackling of a broken twig beneath my foot, was sufficient to start my quarry, at a distance of some seventy yards, at head-long pace. And on another, I am firmly convinced, that the stertorous puffing of my own breath—it was a truly terrible climb, my friend—was productive of the same distressing result. For you must remember in the clear, silent atmosphere of these hills, sound travels very strong. But, to return to my original proposition, I do not think that you run much risk from the onslaughts of an infuriated animal. The Red Bear of Kashmir, I should imagine, could claim but the very remotest kinship to the two historical bears, we read of, which emerged from a wood, and in the twinkling of an eye destroyed—or was it devoured?—several hundred rude and intractable children. Of course a *wounded* Bear is entitled to respect—but on that point, I cannot speak from experience, never having had to follow one up, all my shots having been either bulls'-eyes, or disgraceful misses—and especially the latter.

But it is a mistake to imagine the Red Bear to be wholly herbivorous. In the course of my peregrinations, at least a dozen cases were reported to me of goats or cattle killed, and I was in places where Black Bear—which are very much more savage and blood-thirsty—were unknown. The villagers affirm, that Bear seize their prey by the nape of its neck, and so leave an evidence, as to the perpetrator of the deed. Whether

this be the fact or not, I am really not in a position to decide; but I see no reason whatever for discrediting it. The villagers themselves were certainly most emphatic on the point, and rejected with quiet assurance my suggestion that the bovicide might have been a leopard.

It would be idle for me to go on mechanically transcribing from my diary how day after day I sallied forth, sat on the mountain side, and finally returned—always empty-handed. Your imagination will be able to supply that for yourself, but your imagination will have to be very vivid indeed, in order to conceive an accurate presentment of the state of my feelings. From May 24th to June 7th—and I was out nearly every day—I never even so much as saw a Bear, at which to shoot. Fourteen consecutive blank days! It was appalling. And my only consolation under such depressing circumstances was a negative one, namely, that our brother-officer in the adjoining nullah, with whom I kept up a continuous correspondence, lending maps, exchanging newspapers, &c., &c.,—was suffering from the same complaint. If my memory serves me rightly, he wrote to say, that he had experienced a spell of nineteen blank days, and was in consequence preparing to shake the dust of an ungrateful nullah from his feet. But then he could afford to do so. He had made his bag earlier in the year. I had not. I was still bag-less, and was compelled, in spite of everything, to remain on, hoping against hope, that things might take a better turn.

But it was a most dispiriting period, as you may imagine, and I am afraid my *shikari-log* had a bad time of it. It was, of course, not their fault—indeed, my *shikari* doubtless would have boldly proclaimed, that it

was *mine*, owing to my refusal to burn that one rupee's worth of mutton—but it was only human nature on my part to blame somebody, and there was really nobody else to blame. But he *was* aggravating, I must confess. Considering the irritated tension of my nerves, he might have evinced a modicum of tact. Instead of which, he would persist in marching me day after day bang up to the very peak of some high mountain, in apparent utter disregard of the many likely feeding-grounds some thousands of feet below. Such procedure, you must agree, was hardly calculated to produce a soothing state of mind; and I frankly admit, that I finally became most sarcastic, and said some uncommonly nasty things. But it is a blessed relief to me now to remember, that they were invariably uttered in my native tongue, and so passed harmlessly aside from the object of my wrath. Had I but had the gift of caricature, I should have pourtrayed him standing on the apex of a topmost peak, with glasses levelled on to the surrounding peaks, giving utterance to the depressing sound of "*aj ne hai*" (*not to-day*). On a slightly lower level, I should have drawn my own miserable presentment, literally surrounded by a pack of curious, deeply-interested, and snuffing Bear. But this work of art was not to be—at any rate from me, the only brush I am capable of dexterously wielding, being the shaving-brush.

The real offenders were the locusts, which came up the valley of the Jhelum in countless swarms, finding an icy grave on the snows of the Kishen Ganga Hills. The snows, in fact, were yellow with myriads of dying bodies; and when the sun was out, no more beautiful sight could be conceived than the air, thick with shining wings, as far as the eyes could see. But it was any-

thing but a beautiful sight to me at the time. The only sentiment it aroused in me was one of impotent rage. The Bear were simply stuffing themselves full not five yards from their mountain lairs, and the grass on the open plots, which they ought to have descended to eat, was growing merrily away in a manner, literally to make one swear. The shepherds used to tell me, that they had seen the Bear so engaged up on the topmost peaks, and all that I could do was to sit myself down, and savagely wonder for what purpose such useless things as locusts could have been invented. Which was certainly philosophical considering all things. But then I had not gone to the Kishen Ganga Hills with the sole aim of acquiring the bearing philosophic !

During this period, I constantly moved my camp about, and finally found myself almost at the very top of the nullah. There, it was very cold, and the snows on the flat were all honeycombed with partial melting—a state of affairs most disastrous to progression. Each cell of this gigantic comb measured from twelve to eighteen inches across, with a depth of about one foot, and I know no ground more difficult to walk over than snow in this state.

But you must not be misled by this constantly recurring word *snow*. An imaginative mind will find the reality very much more agreeable, than the anticipation. The ordinary young officer will probably picture to himself the top of Woolwich Common on a frosty January night. But his Kashmir experience in this respect will have no closer analogy to that, than has the annual battle, fought on the same historic ground, to Gravelotte. There will be snow, it is true—oceans of it—sufficient in view, indeed, to cover the British Isles a foot deep. But the air will not be cold. Indeed,

I have seldom known the sun's rays more strong, than when I have been seated amongst the snows—insomuch, that it will be advisable, especially as May advances, to seek during the day the shelter of some convenient tree. Otherwise your complexion will be ruined for a couple of weeks, as was mine on one memorable day, when I was forced to sit through the hours, like some disconsolate stork, on a bare rock, not a tree to be seen within a radius of three miles. In the early morning it will be cold, but then you will be on the move; and when the sun goes down, of course the same applies—at which time, especially when the consciousness begins to dawn on you, that you must have waded through a good deal of snow-water in the course of the day, the best thing for you to do, unless anything particularly good is to be expected, is to go home. Your dinner will be waiting for you, and it is wonderful what a bracing effect that knowledge will have on your exhausted energies. Until I was in Kashmir this year, I never thoroughly comprehended the new-born zeal, infused into a jaded horse, with nose turned homewards. I do now, and the beast will have my fullest sympathies for evermore.

*Apropos* of all this, I have just come across the following passages in a work of Hygiene, to which I have been lately devoting my leisure moments. “Never eat a full meal, when in a state of bodily fatigue,” and “Certainly no heavy food should be eaten immediately before going to bed.” I am afraid that these, too, must be classed amongst those excellent maxims, whose practical application is a sheer impossibility—at any rate in Kashmir.

It was on May 28th, that I paid my *shikari-log* their first month's wage, and the row, as detailed in a pre-

ceding letter, as to the amount ensued. I also took this opportunity to dismiss three of my four permanent coolies, experience having brought forcibly home to me by this time, how greatly I had been imposed upon in this matter by my suave *shikari*. To all my expostulations, he had invariably replied, that the services of all would most certainly be required, when once we got to the top of the nullah, amidst the snows. "Water—sheep—fowl—wood—eggs"—so would he enumerate in nasal sing-song the manifold duties, which these poor hard-worked men would have to compete with. But as I invariably pitched my camp by a running stream, plentifully lined on both sides with scrub and brush-wood, and in the immediate vicinity of a village, I was at a loss to comprehend the force of his remarks; and though he told me existence would be well-nigh impossible, were I to attempt to carry on with one man only, honestly I never had any trouble whatever in the matter. Which, however, possibly may have been due to the fact, that I most seriously impressed on the sole survivor of the graceless crew, that if everything did *not* go straight, he, too, would get a speedy *congé*.

But, as a rule, camp-life runs very smoothly indeed. Occasionally, however, it may be found necessary to issue orders of an official character. For instance, I perceive in my diary, under date of May 29th, the following impressive entry:—"Promulgated the following.—No onions to be brought within the precincts of the camp. Any one infringing this order will be liable to instant dismissal." Trivial, you think? Your views, though, would probably face to the right about, were you inflicted, as I was, for upwards of four whole days with a positive onion-plague, every article of consumption—food and drink—being saturated with the



essence of the noisome bulb. Excellent things in their way are onions, but to thoroughly enjoy them, it is essential to be in an attitude of expectation. Nothing, they say, happens so often as the unexpected. Exactly so. In my own case the unexpected happened so often throughout four whole days, that I became at length quite wearied with so much surprise, and hankered again after a return to even common-place.

It was not until June 7th—and lucky for me it was, that the year was abnormally late, or otherwise my trophies might have been worthless—that I killed my first. And I started from Sopoor on the 29th of April! But before this date, I had completely altered the tactics of my attack; and it is to that cause, that I attribute this, and all subsequent success.

My intuition told me—alas! not my eyesight—that, now that the days were growing longer, the Bear would feed earlier in the morning, and later in the evening, adapting their movements more or less to the rising and setting of the sun. This brought home to me very forcibly the unpleasant consequence, that I should stand a very poor chance indeed of meeting with them, even if they condescended to appear; since it took me in the morning from two to three hours to get from my camp well up the branch nullah, and in the evening similarly it was incumbent on me to start on my homeward journey about six o'clock in order to arrive in camp by eight or nine. So I determined for the future “to sleep out”—that is to say, to take a modicum of bedding with me, and to remain out on the mountain tops twenty-four or forty-eight hours, as the case might be. And thus it is, that I find the following entry:—

*June 3rd.*—Desperation breeds enterprise. Delicious morning in bed. Started at 1 P. M. Reached top of grass slope by

4-30. Remained shivering in wind and snow till 8-30, when I returned to where I had deposited my bedding and tiffin-basket. Had seen nothing the whole evening. Gunner's mess-tin most useful. Brought soup-stock in it—which proved most welcome. Liberal dose of brandy in it. In addition, brought kettle for tea, small leg of mutton, tea, milk, brandy, eggs—hard-boiled and raw—pickles and biscuits. A feast fit for a king. Am sleeping under an overhanging rock. Sharp wind, but I more or less sheltered.

*June 4th.*—Barely slept a wink. Lay, hour after hour, gazing at stars. When at last did get off, time to get up. Started at 5-30, and stayed out till 10-30. Saw nothing. Had breakfast. Returned to camp by 4 P. M. Enterprise often fails.

Your natural intelligence will at once impress on you the manifold advantages of this method over my former mode of procedure, from the *shikar* point of view proper. But it also—though it never struck me, that it would do so, before I tried it—carries with it advantages in relation to personal convenience. Instead of rising at half-past four, as in the former case, you calmly take an “Europe morning,” lie lazily in bed, till the whim suits you, and then indulge in breakfast. About one o'clock, with the little kit, just enumerated, safely packed on your coolies' backs, you start for your objective. Arriving there about four or five, you first have tea—and remember, under these circumstances, it is *hot* tea—and then sally forth a mile or two to any likely place in the vicinity. Returning thence at 8-30 or 9, you stroll back to your bivouac, have your dinner, and go to bed. The next day is correspondingly simple. Rising at five to the pleasant consciousness, that no exhausting walk lies before you, you merely stroll out again on to the shooting-ground. Should it be your intention to return to camp that day, you take your breakfast, and at your leisure walk down the hill,

arriving at any time you like between four and seven. On the other hand, should you, deeming the particular place worthy of so much attention, decide to remain out another night, you would merely stroll back again to the bivouac, and take up your position on your bed, till evening again appeared. Indeed, the saving of energy is incalculable : and when, in addition to this, the prospect of bagging your quarry is more than doubled, I think you will agree with me, that the system is one deserving of your most favourable consideration. Its only *disadvantage*, in fact, is having “to sleep out”—and that is so minor a one, viewed comparatively, that it may well be left out of count altogether. These, at any rate, were the tactics, that from this date I pursued ; and setting aside all but practical considerations—judging in fact their expediency, solely by the results obtained—I unhesitatingly recommend them to you for future guidance.

I forgot to ask you whether you smoked ? I rather expect that you do, if a somewhat pernicious system of supplying so much tobacco *per mensem* on written order, which I remember during my time at “The Shop,” be still in vogue. It was, of course, a direct encouragement to one to become an earnest votary of the fragrant weed. To that fact, and that fact alone, do I ascribe my own fall in this respect, virtuously absolving myself, as a consequence, from all blame. I have a most lively remembrance of a certain conflict, which occurred between you and your respected mother, Lady C., some years ago. You were then quite a boy—which of course you are not now—and boy-like, you had taken a roll of brown-paper—or was it cabbage-leaf?—applied a light to the same, and commenced to draw. So were you found by Lady C., and ever shall I remember the un-

speakable look of horror depicted on her countenance. I forget the result of the contest. I know there was a struggle—a wrestle even—but whether she or you proved the victor, I cannot now for the life of me remember. Viewing the matter academically, I should be inclined to give the palm to you, school-boys being better versed in the various methods of opening an attack, than fond and foolish mothers. But that is now all buried history, and probably in these days you indulge both in pipe and cigar. If so, when on the march, or when out shooting, indulge sparingly. You will not have too much breath to spare, and contact with tobacco is not beneficial to a free action of the lungs. In addition to which, your *shikari* will not hesitate to openly express his disapprobation of your partiality to the vicious habit—which, of course, will not be wholly pleasant. Game, too, of all sorts are likely to scent the pungent weed, before even—meaning no offence—they scent you.

There is nothing I can tell you regarding the preliminary curing of your skins, which you will not find very much better told elsewhere. Peg them out in the shade, see that every atom of fat is removed from them, especially about the region of the ears, and rub them well with alum. That is really all that I can tell you ; but, at the same time, if you faithfully follow out this simple advice, you will be doing everything that lies in your power towards ultimately ensuring a well-cured specimen. If, on the other hand, you neglect it, you will run a good chance of the hair ultimately coming out in handfuls. The professional skin-curiers of Srinagar, as compared with those of London, are anything but first-class. It was my own custom, always to bring the skull away, as well as the

skin, so as to get the head mounted; and in two instances, these heads were stuffed in a truly lamentable manner. What animal they may have resembled, I cannot pretend to say, having but small acquaintance with antediluvian natural history, but I can positively assert that they bore no more likeness to a Red Bear in the life, than did my *khitmatgar*. The charge for curing skin and mounting head is Rs. 10—for curing skin alone Rs. 5—but honesty compels me to state, that personally I arbitrarily reduced this rate, and paid less. So you will have to decide beforehand, whether to employ these men, or to send your skins home to Ward. Most sportsmen, I fancy, make use of the local talent. I sent home, however, some of my skins, when cured and mounted, as presents to my friends; and a great deal of trouble I had, too, in arranging for their despatch. After taxing my ingenuity to the utmost, I ultimately fell back upon my old friend Summad Shah, who speedily solved the difficulty, by sewing them up first in cloth, and then in strong leather. In this form, they can easily go by post, and the insertion of a little camphor during the process of packing ought to ensure them against all chance of deterioration. But you will probably have ample time to consider these points, when engaged in the preliminary and somewhat important operation of “first catching your hare.”

My friend of the adjoining nullah, whose leave was up, had written to me, stating that in a certain large nullah, which he had passed through on his journey down, he had seen eight Bear in three days. As he pointedly emphasized the word *seen*, I at once packed up my traps, and made rapid tracks towards such a positive haven of plenty.

*June 10th.*—A very heavy march. Shall not again attempt to run two marches into one. For two to three miles a sheer

precipice, overlooking the Kishen Ganga. A wonderfully improvised track, sometimes having recourse to wooden ladders, at others coming down the scarp by help of withy ropes. In a lamentably bad temper most of the way, but sat it out about half a mile from camp—where a native did the good Samaritan with a glass of milk—and entered camp to the surprise and open relief of all, *smiling*. *Shikari* washed my feet after the approved manner of Easterns. Am shut off from the river by large spur. The first time away from rapids for a month. The silence in consequence quite oppressive. Bought sheep. Last one lasted eleven days.

*June 11th.*—Rained hard all night—raining still. Rained the whole day.

*June 12th.*—Rained all night. Rained the whole day. Carpeted my tent with cut branches, floor so damp.

*June 13th.*—Raining hard. Three days and three nights. Another thirty-eight, and I beat the record! Rained all day—now raining cats-and-dogs. Temperature 45°.

Such an experience, my friend, is just appalling. Conceive yourself confined to your tent for three whole days, with ne'er a soul to speak to! Then it is that you thank your stars, that you have been sufficiently wise to studiously cultivate various mental resources. To read for such a length of time is out of the question; likewise to sleep; likewise also to eat. And drinking, though perhaps possible, is of course not to be recommended. What then is to be done? That is the question which will confront you, and the answer, I am afraid, must wholly depend upon yourself.

The next day I was off again.

*June 14th.*—First accident with coolies. Large *kitta*, containing all my clothes, books, MSS. and writing case, disappeared, together with, I am thankful to say, its carrier, off a bridge into the water. Everything soaked through, but temper quite angelic.

The possession of that bear-skin has done much to restore my mental equipoise. A sense of calm now rests, where before it was distinctly stormy. Had a lengthy conversation to-day with a casual goat-herd. One of his cows had a string, with Koran charm attached, tied round her neck, *as she had not been well of late*. Most interesting! But what a saving of trouble and anxiety it would be in a troop stable, if one could only bring oneself to believe in the efficacy of such a cure. Find the hot Indian corn-cake of my *shikari-log* most palatable.

It had always been my custom to get bread in relays out from Srinagar, my *dâk-wallah* bringing me from eight to ten loaves at a time. But it was not a wholly satisfactory method, though of course it was better than nothing. The bread naturally became very stale, but staleness in bread up to a certain point does not affect the edibility of toast. The limit of elasticity, as it were, is reached, when the loaf either stubbornly refuses to be cut, or crumbles into rocky fragments during the process of cutting. But even then matters can be somewhat remedied by soaking the crags in milk or water. It is not a remedy, however, of a highly curative order. At one time, too, having run out of even these pumice-stone crags, I made a desperate attempt "to make" bread. But the result can only be characterized as having been a desperate failure, and I do not recommend you to try the experiment, without, previous to starting, going through a course of bakery—which would have to be undertaken privately, such courses, as doubtless you know, not having at present been introduced into the Government curriculum. But I should advise you "to leave bread alone." At its best, in the condition in which you will obtain it, it cannot compare with these Indian corn-cakes, on which your *shikari-log* will live and thrive. They are really a most palatable form of food, and are, I presume, the same as the corn-

cakes, so often mentioned in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and similarly delightful books of one's youth.

And now, I feel inclined to close this lengthy but eminently instructive narrative with some abruptness. The idea, which possessed me when starting upon it, namely, to present to you some notion of the life, that lies before you in the wilds, has, I trust, been now fulfilled. There may be points, most important ones, that I have omitted to refer to, but for the life of me I cannot conceive at this moment what they can be. I have faithfully carried you along the course of my diary—up to a certain point—and in that invaluable record most assuredly is to be found every point that impressed itself at the time upon my own notice. And to carry you on further still would be only to reiterate what has already gone before. It is true, that it was just at this point that my good-luck began; but as I told you in my first epistle, it is not my intention to even so much as touch on the domain proper of *shikar*. A very highly developed consciousness of my ineligibility in this respect most fortunately prevents me from posing in so ridiculous a rôle. Nor am I going to inform you of the extent of my bag. Not that I grudge either the time or paper such a lengthy enumeration would require; but simply because I cannot arrogate to myself sufficient conceit to imagine that such particulars could be of the very smallest interest to you or to anyone else. *Chacun à soi-même*. The contemplation of your own bag—when you have made it—will probably enthral you. But that is a different thing.

But in conclusion I should like to point out to you just one thing, which is this—that a *shikar*-expedition to Kashmir, or for that matter to anywhere else, besides being a most enjoyable experience, is the most admir-



able training conceivable for the requirements and hardships of a rough campaign. Sight is quickened; limbs are strengthened; stamina is evolved; self-reliance is developed; temper is disciplined; and the mind is practised generally both to face danger and to cultivate expedients. A goodly list indeed! "The amusements of the chase serve as a prelude to the conquest of an Empire." So wrote Good Old Gibbon—I refer, of course, to the classic historian of the last century—and no truer remark ever fell from that pen, whose sole function throughout was to labour in the cause of truth.

Believe me,  
Yours most sincerely,  
W. DUTTON BURRARD.

QUETTA; }  
30th September, 1891. }

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