



A SHOT FROM THE SADDLE.

[Frontispiece.]

LEAVES FROM THE DIARIES OF  
A SOLDIER AND SPORTSMAN  
DURING TWENTY YEARS' SERVICE  
IN INDIA AFGHANISTAN EGYPT  
AND OTHER COUNTRIES 1865-1885

BY LT.-GENERAL  
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, INCLUDING SOME OF  
THE AUTHOR'S SKETCHES

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## PREFACE

IT has fallen to my lot during almost forty years of military service—chiefly in India—besides taking a part in sundry campaigns, to enjoy somewhat unusual opportunities of sport, especially with big game, and, living in close contact with natives, I have been able to learn something of their character and habits, and of their attitude towards ourselves and one another. I venture therefore to think that some record of my experiences may prove not uninteresting to those who cannot share the same.

The narrative presented in the following pages is drawn from the journals I have kept, the items being strung together in the order of their occurrence, without any attempt at scientific method; and, as it seems to me that the best I can do is to set things before my readers as I myself saw them, I have depended throughout upon my own recollections and impressions, and have as seldom as possible sought information in books. There may, in consequence, be occasional inaccuracy as to historical details which I have to mention, but I am not essaying the part of an historian.

Something of what I have to tell will doubtless not be new to those who, like myself, have sojourned long in the East ; it is not, however, to such that I address myself, but to those of my countrymen who must be content to view our great dependency through the eyes of others.

Various incidents of the Egyptian campaign of 1882, here related, have already seen the light in an article written more than twenty years ago for *Blackwood's Magazine*, but it seems improbable that this should be in the recollection of the present generation of readers.

As to the orthography of Indian names, I have not adopted the "Hunterian Method," which, necessary though it may be for official purposes, is better adapted for Volapük than for the English language. Any prejudice I may once have entertained in its favour was effectually dispelled on hearing a traveller speak of "My rat," when he meant the well-known town Meerut, now officially disguised under the pseudonym of "Mirat."

Necessary limitations of space compel me to confine myself to the first half of my life as a soldier, and to omit, with other particulars of the subsequent twenty years, what appear to myself the most interesting of all my experiences, when wandering in Koordistan and Persia.

This preface would not be complete without an acknowledgment of the valuable assistance I have received

from my brother, the Rev. Father Gerard, who has not only read through the proofs, and made some useful suggestions for the improvement of the book, but has enhanced its value by furnishing it with an excellent Index.

MONTAGU G. GERARD.

ROCHSOLES, LANARKSHIRE,

*25th May 1903.*



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## CHAPTER I

GIBRALTAR—1864-1866

GIBRALTAR, more popularly known as "Gib.," or "The Rock," was perhaps one of the most favoured stations in the early sixties, and gunners desirous of qualifying for Horse Artillery, by three years' foreign service, almost invariably endeavoured to put in their time there.

Besides that obsolete numerical, a Brigade of Artillery (ours, the old 1st, mustered 1100 strong), we had six line regiments quartered within the two and a half miles, from the casemates at the north to Europa Barracks at the south; everyone was an honorary member of every other Mess, and the whole garrison pulled thoroughly well together.

Guard duty, if irksome, had the compensating advantage of leave being open all the year round, and we gunners, who had but one officer's guard, "The Ragged Staff," enjoyed all the benefits of this arrangement, without the attendant drawback of having two captains and seven subalterns on this duty one day in every six.

In those days, and probably now also, things were kept up very much on a war footing. Sentries on the North Front mounted guard with loaded rifles; gates on the land side were closed from sunset to sunrise; no civilian was allowed in the streets after 12 P.M. without a lantern, and

a pass from the town major; and only one door on the harbour side was allowed to be opened up to midnight, and then only under stringent regulations.

Ships passing the flagstaff at Europa Point had to show their colours up to sunset, and it was the joy of the guard on duty at this battery to blaze off under any shadow of an excuse—first shot across the bows, second astern, and third at the rigging of any boat omitting this compliment. If the ships were inward-bound, they had the additional mortification of being boarded when they anchored in harbour, and made to pay for the ammunition.

This custom, which was similarly exercised at Tarifa and Ceuta by Spain, was eventually abolished, after an English brig had been accidentally sunk.

The Moorish Castle, where a good many of the gunners are quartered, is a capital place, when once you get there, but a pretty stiff pull up from the Mess-house in the square, some 300 feet below; and there is said to be an order still extant, "That not more than one officer in uniform is to ride on the same donkey."

There is a charming view from the gardens there, and, in the summer, one escapes the smelly heat of the town beneath. The picturesque old tower, all pitted with cannon-shot, conceals, according to tradition, a large treasure, bricked up by the Moors before surrendering to Charles V., and some attempts at excavation were permitted in my time. The expense, owing to the hardness of the masonry, and the certainty that Government would claim everything found, however, checked researches. At one time attempts were in fashion to reach the bottom of St Martin's Cave, where, it is said, General O'Hara's sword still lies at the furthest point yet reached. In my recollection, at least three parties claimed to have beaten the record, one lot having gone ahead for

four hours ; but the uttermost attainable point still remains a mystery. The air seems to be perfectly pure and clear, so far as men have yet penetrated. In fact, some of the numerous side passages lead one on long after the main roads have closed, and explorers had to use a ball of twine to secure their return. Tradition has it that the cave crosses the straits into Africa, and that the apes—introduced to the Rock by a former governor—had come across by this route.

One year also there was a craze for climbing the back of the Rock, between the Signal Station and O'Hara's Tower, and the ascent and descent to Catalan Bay, 1,400 feet, was, I think, made in four hours.

In the great siege, it is said, a party of about a hundred Spaniards scaled the cliffs by night, and hoisted their flag at the Signal Station, but as they were unsupported, the position, next morning, was stormed by our grenadiers, the survivors being thrown over the precipice.

There was a story of an English "globe trotter," out for an evening ride beyond the Spanish lines, who, afraid of being locked out for the night, as first gunfire had gone, attempted to gallop through the sentries, instead of riding round by their main guard. One Spanish sentry shouted at him ineffectually, but managed to lay hold of his bridle as he passed, and the idiot clobbered him over the head with his hunting-crop. However, the Spaniard hung on, some of the guard doubled up, he was made prisoner, and marched off to Algeciras, 8 miles. There he was promptly tried by Court-martial, and sentenced to be shot, for striking a sentry on duty, and the Governor of Gib. had all the bother in the world to obtain a reprieve until diplomatic representations could take effect.

In my time the Spaniards were uncommonly civil to

us, and we used to ride, shoot, and receive their hospitality to an extent that would be impossible in our more densely-inhabited land.

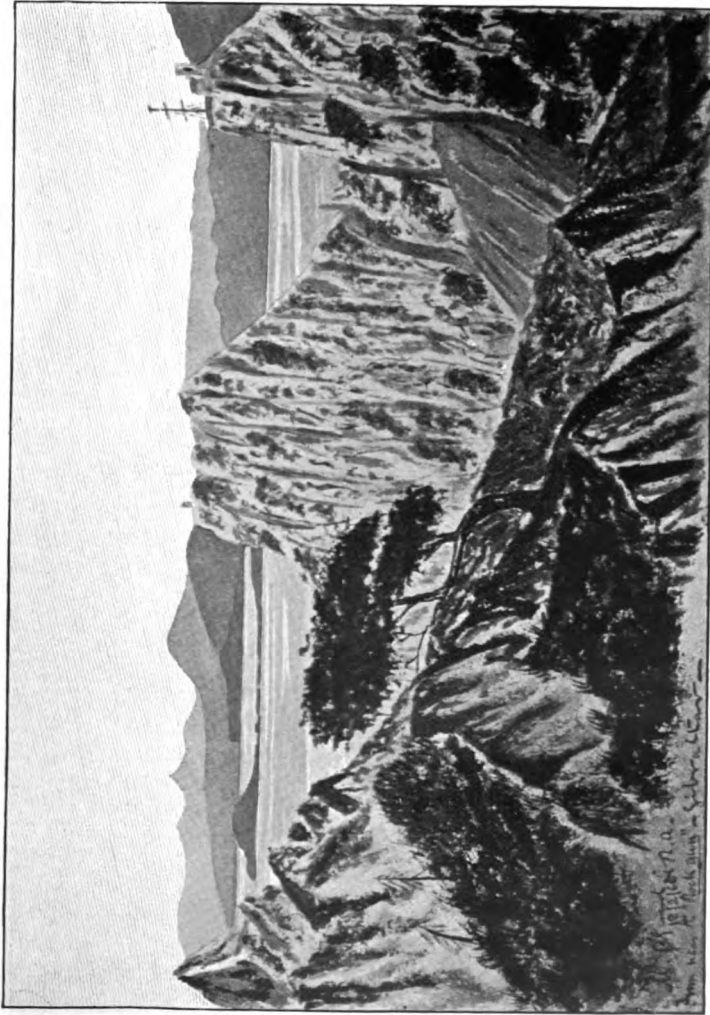
Every year the Captain-General of the province asked for a list of British officers wanting game-licenses, and these were given without payment, and guaranteed the holder against all molestation. This was a courtesy which it would be vain to look for from our Revenue Department.

The Calpe hounds were also entirely dependent on the good-will of the peasants, and in those days one seldom met with any incivility. As the country was wild and but scantily cultivated, little, if any damage was done to the farmers. There was practically no jumping, but a deal of scrambling, the fox being chiefly hustled about amongst scrub jungle on hill-sides, or through ravines.

A couple of Spaniards followed with picks and spades, as earth stopping was not practised, and the only chance of that greatest of all rarities, "a kill," was by digging-out. The whole was a jolly day's outing, but precious poor so far as hunting went; and when once you ran into the *sōtos* of the cork wood—deep, tangled marshy brakes, with gigantic brambles festooning the trees—you were pretty sure to be there for the day. Once, when the greater portion of the pack had been rioting in the same patch for an unconscionable time, I asked the huntsman what he supposed they were on.

Well, sir," he replied, "it's some of them pore puppies led away by one of them there nick-numonses; they smells that sweet they does! . . ." I fancy that what he dignified by the name of *ichneumon* was a mere pole-cat.

Owing to some international difficulties as to the surrender of deserters, one could not take a soldier servant into Spain, and we had to make shift to carry our guns slung on the back when off shooting, and to



VIEW FROM NEAR THE ROCK GUN, GIBRALTAR.

*From a drawing by the Author.*

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picket and feed our horses at the *ventas*, where little but shelter was to be had for love or money.

For the very enjoyable, but rough, riding tours further afield, to Ronda or Grenada, you carried your little all in saddle-bags, or, if luxuriously inclined, chartered a baggage mule.

The *ventas* (inns) were often simply long barns, used at one end for people, and at the other for animals. You were lucky if you got a raised *adobe* platform on which to lie, and of privacy there was none. The gift of a little tobacco earned more civility than mere money, and to be allowed to buy a feed for your horse, you had to lift your hat and address the raggedest hanger-on as "Señor." "Vaya usted con Dios," to the muleteers one met, always ensured a kindly reply, and whilst the offer of a cigarette was gratefully accepted, the proffer of a nip from your flask was invariably declined, even on the coldest day. *Aguardiente*, reeking of aniseed, was the only procurable spirit, and smelt so strong that only the badness of the water occasionally forced us to take it medicinally. At some of the larger villages, *Vino blanco* and *Vino tinto* (both rough country wines) were obtainable, and the only food to be had for love or money was soup—usually uneatable for garlic—eggs, or very fair omelettes, and chocolate. One could generally buy bread, coarse but palatable, and in the autumn grapes and other fruits were to be had for the picking, round most of the farms.

The Calpe hounds, to which I have already alluded, were a subscription pack of twenty to twenty-five couple, and met throughout the winter on Tuesdays and Fridays. We had an English huntsman, whilst two officers of the garrison acted as whips, and another officer was annually elected Master. The kennels were on the North Front, with a good sea-breeze, but there was a heavy mortality in summer-time, and all drafts had to come from England.

I believe that, now, want of support and local friction have made the pack dependent on a wealthy native.

Shooting, also, in the vicinity of the Rock, was more an excuse for a day's outing, amidst wild and charming surroundings, than productive of any tangible results. Red-legged partridge, a very few hares and rabbits, and some roe deer in the depths of the cork wood, were the only indigenous species. Cock, snipe, and wild fowl came in in the winter, and throughout the autumn there was always a sprinkling of quail, whilst occasionally, when these were delayed in their migration to Africa by south-west winds, we got what was termed an *entrada*, and might find a plentiful supply for perhaps only a few hours. In the big marshes at Casa Vieja—50 miles off, about half-way to Cadiz—there was fair snipe-shooting, and quantities of duck and geese in the winter; whilst at Bocca Leone, some 18 miles north beyond the cork wood, I have seen over a hundred partridges in the day, but too wild to lie to a dog, and beaters being unprocurable, we never got a chance save at an odd bird.

In the spring of 1866 some officers of the Rifles, who had had Cashmere experience, made a ten days' trip to the Sierra Nevada about Malaga, and saw some thirty ibex. I do not think that it was generally known previously to this that any still existed.

As there was practically no game preservation, all species, whether migratory or otherwise, were terribly persecuted, and as wild as hawks; and when we started for a day's sport, it was quite a toss-up whether on arrival we should find the ground in the possession of another party.

I may best indicate the character of our sport by a few statistics recorded in my contemporary journal. With three guns, and sleeping out for a couple of nights, we got six partridges, thirteen quail, five pigeon, three "various." Two guns for two days—fourteen partridges, two quail, one

rabbit, two pigeon. One day—three cock, two snipe, one quail, one plover, one "various."

There was an extraordinary shooting accident during the winter of 1865. Two officers of the 15th had driven out to the first river, for snipe, on an "outside car" (the only style of vehicle to be got for hire on the Rock), and at the "Marsh," met two of the 86th who had come by boat across the bay. It turned out a terrible day, with torrents of rain, so they gave up. The sea having got up considerably, all four started on their return journey on the car, which had a led horse and a postillion to help them through the sand.

Not far north of Campo is a small stream spanned by an old Roman steep-pitched bridge, 200 or 300 yards from the beach, but seldom used, as the bar at the mouth of the rivulet is usually absolutely dry. The driver of the car never thought it necessary to make the detour by the road, and before the party, who were muffled up against the drenching rain, had fully realised that the stream was in full flood, they were into it, and the water catching the step of the car, overturned it, and, encumbered as they were with wraps, they could not gain their legs, and they as well as the vehicle were swept out to sea. Of the six men and two horses, only Captain H—— of the 15th, the postillion and the led horse, who broke his traces, escaped alive; and the two former were only rescued, dead beat, by a Spanish *carabinero*, who chanced to be passing, and who rode into the water to their assistance. It was said that one of the officers who had come by boat, on being offered a lift back on the car, gladly accepted it, saying he had an uncomfortable presentiment of being drowned that day.

We got far better sport on the Moorish coast, and out of ten days' leave, could get about six of shooting.

Local steamers ran to Tangiers twice weekly, doing the journey in about four hours going, and three hours

returning, thanks to the strong current setting in from the Atlantic.

As was first discovered, I believe, by a French privateer sunk off Ceuta reappearing a few days later near Tangiers, there is a strong under-current running out from the Mediterranean, thus affording the curious paradox of water running up and down hill at the same time. Anyhow, sailing ships never attempted to beat seawards through the "Gut" during westerly winds, and numbers often anchored for some days off Gib., waiting for more favourable weather. There is an old tradition that, a century and a half ago, when the Rock was threatened with a siege, a ship with the plague on board attempted to come into harbour, and a frigate was sent out with orders to sink her, if necessary with all hands. Aided by this persuasion she managed, in the teeth of a strong head-wind, to prove the possibility of beating through.

In my days there was no pier at Tangiers—the ancient Mole having been blown up by the English when we evacuated the place at the end of the seventeenth century—and not even small boats could get alongside dry land. Passengers landed cock-a-stride of brawny Moors, who waded in waist-deep, and ladies were carried ashore shoulder-high in chairs.

The solitary hotel of those days, Vincent's, in the centre of the town, extemporised out of an old Moorish house, was provided with only the bare necessities of life, but, as usual with a French landlord, the *cuisine* was very fair.

A room near the citadel gateway is pointed out as the quarters of the great Duke of Marlborough in the days of his early soldiering. The streets are narrow, irregular, and dirty, and the prison, where malefactors are herded together like wild beasts in mere cellars, seemed a perfect *inferno*.

Justice there, though rough and ready, was, judging by

the tranquillity of the country, pretty effective. We saw one prisoner flogged through the streets at the tail of a horse, and every now and then his escort halted, and he had to proclaim that he was being punished for stealing that animal. I was told the poor wretch was beaten down to the sea, there ducked by the soldiers to refresh him, and then flogged back till he dropped, alive or dead, no one seemed to know or care.

Great numbers of Jews, restricted to a certain quarter, and allowed no headgear save a skull-cap, pervaded the town, and their decidedly handsome women were very much *en evidence*, and valued money considerably more than reputation.

To go into the interior, we had to apply through the Consulate for a soldier, who was paid a dollar a day, and accompanied travellers just to show that they were under the Sultan's protection. Woe betide the tribe within whose limits anyone came to grief; they were held absolutely responsible for whatever accident might happen.

Moorish soldiers, who in those days wore no uniform, formed a sort of hereditary caste, and being naturally in a chronic state of arrears of pay, had, on the whole, a somewhat hard life of it.

An offending tribe gave a grand chance of wiping off some of their old dues, and after the more portable property had been annexed in the name of the Government, some of the more hungry troops were given free quarters on the offenders, as the expression was, "to eat up the tribe," which they literally did. The system, from a traveller's point of view, worked well, and the tribesmen met with were most solicitous for his welfare.

On one occasion, when moving our quarters from one valley to another, several Moors who had been accompanying us as beaters wished us *salam* when we came to the watershed. On being asked through the interpreter

why they would not see us on to our destination, they replied, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, that they had a quarrel on hand with these neighbours, and might get shot if found on their ground, but that we were perfectly safe.

The only case I ever heard of, of a sportsman running any risk, was when a party were shooting wild pig on the Riff coast near Ceuta. Late in the afternoon the top-most gun spotted a *Kabyle*, with a long matchlock, evidently ignorant of his presence, stalking from the rear one of his friends below. He watched with some curiosity until the M'oor, who was some 80 yards off, took up a position behind a rock, and began to blow up his match and take aim at his comrade, when, thinking it time to intervene, he gave him both barrels of B.B. in the rear. The man was so astonished that he dropped his matchlock and rolled down hill, speedily disappearing in the thick scrub.

Through Monsieur Vincent's help, an interpreter could easily be hired, and baggage mules for the bedding, stores and cooking utensils, which had to be taken with us; and for a couple of guns and a soldier servant, three baggage animals usually sufficed.

The Moorish soldier was mounted, and we generally walked, shooting our way. The useful Monsieur Vincent had a farm about 15 miles south-west of Tangiers, situated on a palmetto-covered plateau, with lovely springs of water below, overlooking some large marshes at "Shaf el Akab," a couple of miles from the coast, and 6 or 8 south of Cape Espartel. This we used to hire for a mere trifle, and as it at least contained bedsteads, tables, and chairs, it was a great convenience.

The climate there was simply perfect in the winter, though occasionally there was a gale and broken weather. We had as a rule bright, clear, sunny days, sufficiently

cold in the early mornings to make it difficult to cap your gun (we were in the days of muzzle-loaders), whilst by luncheon time, at one of the fresh clear springs, generally shaded by a fig- or olive-tree, it was a toss up whether it was preferable to lie down in the sun or the shade.

Wild borage (very useful for claret-cup) and watercress existed at the springs below the farm, whilst mushrooms in abundance were found in November, and they formed a pleasant variety to our somewhat scant *cuisine*.

On one occasion, after eating a certain quantity of mushrooms, my friend and I simultaneously remarked that they seemed singularly flavourless that day. On calling up our servant, he explained that "those" we had sent back in the morning were such "nasty black things" that he threw them away, and had substituted some nice "white ones" he had found growing near; however, no ill consequences ensued.

A sheep only cost a dollar, though, after all, there was not much of him; and on one occasion, one of the party put it to the vote whether we should not have one *per diem*, so as to have daily fresh kidneys for breakfast.

I give no details of the sport, which, however interesting to ourselves at the time, would be less so now to my readers. I will only note that some pig-sticking has, I believe, been managed in later years, not far south of Tangiers.

On the western coast, near Mogador, the Moors occasionally ride down partridges, chasing a covey at full gallop across the undulating, sandy stretches of ground met with in the neighbourhood of the sea, until, after three or four flights, the birds skulk in some of the low thorn clumps, where the men dismounting kill them with sticks.

Picnics to the lovely cork woods were a great feature



in the summer, and a most enjoyable change from the glaring heat of the Rock. We generally sent out provisions on a baggage mule, and cantered out early with a feed of barley for each horse, which was simply picketed under a tree for the day.

The "Convent" was a favourite rendezvous. On one occasion, before starting homewards, we were larking our horses over some small jumps there, and one of my brother officers (no light weight) came a cropper with a hired hack, which, though apparently none the worse at the time, died that night after his return. Mr Montegriffo, the owner of the hireling, thereafter used to inform his customers, on every possible occasion, that he never hired horses to midshipmen, officers of marine, or Mr C—.

The first-named of this proscribed class certainly tried livery stable-keepers pretty sorely, and to see a dozen of them start flogging hard, racing against each other down the narrow and crowded main street, beat the finish of an ordinary race hollow in point of excitement.

When cantering on the beach beyond the lines, Spanish pedestrians never troubled to move for an officer of the garrison, but when they caught sight of a "midshipman's ride," they turned and ran for the deep sand, knowing it was a case of dear life.

At the Calpe Hunt steeple-chases, held just under the Queen of Spain's chair, there was as a *finale* a hack-chase of a sovereign (£5) sweep. On one occasion this was won by a sporting middy on one of Montegriffo's hacks, a fairly good haul of about fifteen pounds. Mr Montegriffo, who witnessed this, instantly claimed the money, threatening proceedings as soon as they returned to Gib.; so the boy, with great promptitude, rode down to the beach at Campo, hired a fisherman to row him on board his ship, and turned the horse loose to shift

for itself; and I think it was three days before it was recovered.

At a cricket-match played between an eleven of a man-of-war in harbour, and one from a regiment of the garrison, there was considerable excitement, as the finish was a very close affair. The former team had nine wickets down, but only required half a dozen runs to win, and upon one of the sailors who was "in" making a good hit, the impartial blue-jacket, who was umpiring at that end, was seen waving his bat wildly overhead and shouting, "Run, Jack, run like blazes." Upon this, the "Tommy" who was his co-umpire promptly gave the batsman as "run out," and the latter, to keep up the spirit of the thing, threw his bat down and offered to fight the soldier. The termination of the match was therefore unique, whilst the term of "the impartial umpire" was long a standard joke in the garrison.

There were some lovely-looking streams in the hills, to the north of Castellar, but I never heard of any trout in any water thereabouts. From May to July one could get a day's fishing in some of the rivulets, particularly near the mill in the cork wood, but I never caught anything but small barbel or dace, and these only with worm or paste. Though I have seen fish rising occasionally, I did not get half a dozen with fly in as many hours' actual casting. I see it noted one day that we saw eight or nine snakes in the water, one bright-green one swimming, with head out, at a great pace.

Beguiled with the story that sea-trout were to be found at the mouth of the Guadiana, I once set out to make an attempt upon them. Having painfully and laboriously reached the spot and set to work, I had scarcely wetted my line when a pair of carbineers appeared, made a prisoner of me, and marched me off to

their colonel. He was very civil, and, after a few questions, released me, and I went back to my fishing. But this remained the only noteworthy capture of the day.

In January 1866, we had great excitement over Prim's revolt, and for a week or ten days were deprived of our overland post. Proclamations of the ambitious General were posted everywhere, even in the streets of Gib., and it was not until the 22nd we heard of his flight into Portugal. One officer who was at Malaga at the time of the outbreak, told an amusing story. Seeing a considerable crowd and some ferment in the streets, he asked a loungee, lazily smoking his cigarette, if there was a bull-fight on. "No es nada, Señor," replied the Spaniard; "un pronunciamiento, no mas" ("it's nothing at all, sir, only a revolution").

Every August, the small town of St Roque was enlivened by the annual bull-fights, which lasted three or four days, and the whole place was *en fête*.

The most interesting thing was to see the arrival of the drove of about a score of bulls, from the upper mountains, wild, savage-looking customers with long spreading horns. They were driven in by mounted herdsmen with blunt lances, and it was decidedly advisable to keep clear of their way. The contractor who supplied these had four or five trained oxen, which formed round his horse, and allowed him to ride safely into the midst of them, when he wanted to separate any from the crowd. I remember seeing a notice posted up, that the young bull "Aguardiente" would be let loose in the streets of St Roque at 9 A.M. the next morning, when the more enterprising spirits of the population distinguished themselves by baiting it as it appeared, and being chevied over walls and into houses in all directions. As we had started somewhat late, we had rather a push to get our horses safely inside M'Rae's

doorway, before the streets were given over to the use of the bull.

Like almost every other man I ever spoke to on the subject, I went "just for once to see what it was like," thinking I should never care to go to a second bull-fight; but we got so interested by the marvellous nerve and pluck shown, by the *chulos* especially, as to forget the cruelty, and all performances were fully patronised, not only by our officers, but often by ladies also. The bull ring is in the regular style of a Roman amphitheatre, with a sanded arena, 60 or 70 yards in diameter, enclosed by a 6- or 7-foot wooden barrier. From this rise some twenty or thirty tiers of masonry steps, of about 20 by 30 inches wide, on which spectators sit, almost on the toes of those on the row above them. The narrow entrances, on the principle of the Vomitoria of the Roman Colosseum, are few in number, and situated about half-way up the tiers of steps; and the only distinction as to prices of seats for the public is between *sol* and *sombra* (sun or shade), the whole place being open to the sky, and at 4 P.M. pretty grilling on the sunny side.

The *coup d'œil* of the parterre, brilliant in sunshine, and packed with peasants in gala dress, and women in bright but harmoniously-blended coloured robes, with the constant play of their fans, forms the most brilliant scenic effect conceivable.

Six bulls are usually killed in an afternoon, and the real blot of the whole performance are the broken-down horses, with their right eyes bandaged, some twenty or more of which are often killed in an afternoon.

The *picadores*, whose lances have a big boss a few inches from the point, to prevent their penetrating, and can never stop a determined charge, are sheathed in armour up to the waist, and once they are down are as helpless as a crab on dry land.

The splendid way in which the *chūlos* (some twelve or fifteen of whom are in the ring) risk themselves to save their comrades and attract the bull's attack, is decidedly the most interesting part of the whole performance.

There is a step along the barrier, 2 or 3 feet from the ground, to enable them when pressed to vault over, and here and there screens in front of it, sufficient for a man to step behind, but too narrow for the bull to follow, and behind these the *picadores* are generally dragged. The performances of sticking the *banderillas* into the withers, and of the *matador* giving the *coup de grâce* with a rapier, difficult as they are esteemed, do not compare in interest with the play of these *chūlos*, who, with their bright-coloured scarves, seem like a swarm of gaudy butterflies around the victim. I cite a single instance of their marvellous address. I saw one *toreador* step lightly between the horns of a charging bull, and hop over the animal in his blind career.

Occasionally, at the close of the *fête*, they had rather an amusing parody of the performance. In this case a young bull with balls on his horns was turned in, and any of the spectators who liked might descend into the arena to display his prowess. No blood was shed, and damages were confined to a few *gamins* being tossed or trampled on, and an odd donkey acting as a *picador's* horse being rolled over.

We had an unpleasant outbreak of cholera in August 1865, both its introduction and progress exhibiting several curious features. The 19th Regiment came to Gib., and were there disembarked to await a sailing transport for the Cape. Previously to their departure from Malta, a ship with cholera on board had arrived there from Alexandria, but had been kept in strict quarantine, and no case had occurred anywhere on the island. A

day or two after their arrival, and quite six or seven since their departure from Malta, a "suspicious" death occurred in their camp, which was on the Algeciras side of the bay, outside the Land Port.

I remember some medical officers, who had been on board, assembled to investigate the matter, discussing it an hour or two later at Mess, and only one of them, with Indian experience, seemed convinced that it really was a case of cholera. Anyhow, the camp was moved as far as the limited space of the North Front permitted, to the Mediterranean shore towards Catalan Bay, where there was fresh ground and a different water-supply.

Two more cases shortly afterwards occurring removed all doubt, and the epidemic set in steadily, first raging on the North Front; then following up with a couple of cases in the casemates in the two barrack-rooms on either side of the main roadway, as if it had walked in by it; then gradually working southwards through the town, occasionally sparing the entire side of one of the narrow lanes, and finally dying away at Europa Point, some three months after it had first broken out. The curious feature was, that, in the short space of 3 miles, it was never universally prevalent throughout, and houses and troops in the centre and south were unaffected, weeks after it was raging in the north; whilst when those living at the casemates and in the town had got rid of it, it was prevalent about Rosia and the south barracks. Most of the civilian inhabitants managed to clear out before the quarantine cordon was put on, and this simplified matters considerably. I forget what the death-rate averaged—I think about forty a day—but we soon had to give up bands or firing parties for military funerals, as these depressed the soldiers, and eventually, during the worst of the time in September, the subaltern on duty from each regiment, and a small escort, paraded at hospital at 6 A.M. daily to bury

any of their men, as quietly as possible, who had died during the night. The convicts—who numbered about a thousand, and were men of extra bad character, and lodged in the hulks—suffered the most, and, I believe, lost 14 or 15 per cent. of their number. We were put in strict quarantine by Spain, as well as by every Southern port, and all exit from the North Front was hermetically closed by Spanish sentries. After several days' starvation, so far as fresh supplies were concerned, an arrangement at last was come to with the Spanish authorities, and rather a quaint market was opened in the middle of the neutral ground.

Two lines of ropes kept buyers and sellers 40 yards apart, and you had to shout out and make your bargain across the intermediate space. When terms were arranged, the seller carried his basket, consisting of fruit, vegetables, or fish, midway between the ropes, and retired back to his side. The purchaser then went forward, deposited his money on the ground, and walked off with his purchase, whilst to complete the transaction a *guardia civilia* then advanced, took the coins in a pair of tongs, dipped them in vinegar, and handed them over to the seller. This somewhat mediæval arrangement seemed to work smoothly, and laughable as the precautions appeared, they proved efficacious, as not a single case of cholera occurred in that part of Spain.

We were thus isolated for thirteen weeks, and though the first of us were allowed to land at Tangiers on the 7th of November, an old notice in the *Gib. Chronicle* runs: "In the event of the removal of the cordon, the hounds will meet at St Roque on Tuesday, 14th November, and Friday, 17th, at the first *venta*"; so we were not really released till about the middle of that month.

Early in September the wing of one regiment under orders for the Mauritius was to have embarked on a

Tuesday, but on the previous Sunday a case of cholera occurred in the Engineers' barracks next to them. They were accordingly hurried on board, but when loading their baggage the following day, one of the fatigue party was attacked. He was removed to hospital, and no further case occurring, the ship, as soon as all was ready, unmoored, and anchored in the bay a mile or so out, with no further communication with the shore. At the end of three days they signalled "All well," and were ordered to proceed on their voyage. Nine days out, I think, cholera appeared, and nearly fifty men died.

A remedy that appeared tolerably efficacious was a wine-glass of gin and bitters, equal parts. At all events, if taken in time, it was probably a preventive, and less nauseous than chlorodyne.

Owing to the exceedingly cramped ground on the North Front, field-days were little more than a march past, and even these were discontinued during the summer, when, on account of the heat, troops wore white, with serge overalls and straw forage-caps covered with white. It was found at Malta that the infantry, who wore peaks to their caps, suffered severely from ophthalmia, whereas the gunners, whose eyes were unprotected, escaped unscathed.

The chief work of the artillery consisted in mounting and dismounting heavy guns, of which 68-pounders of 112 cwt. were about the biggest we had in battery. I do not think we had above a dozen rifled guns, 110-pounder Armstrongs of 82 cwt.—thought wonderful pieces at that time.

On one occasion, the Khedive of Egypt, passing through in his yacht, came to witness our practice with these as a great curiosity. Our sighting shot at 2500 yards blew up the buoy, which was moored as target, and, as luck would have it, a white squall coming on, the range boat was unable to place another, so he went away much



impressed. On another occasion, at 2200 yards, in ten shots we sank three targets, and certainly both they and the 40-pounders were very pretty shooting guns.

At ordinary practice with the old smooth bores, we were often much interrupted by sailing ships drifting into the way, and we had occasionally to suspend firing for an hour or so.

One day, when we had only two more rounds to fire, a full-rigged ship got becalmed between us and the target, so we had to kick our heels until she had drifted clear. It was getting late, and our men were anxious for their dinners, so at length our captain thought that he would risk it. The fuse was, however, somewhat short, and the shell burst dangerously near the vessel, on board which we saw considerable commotion; signals of distress were hung out, and a boat put off for the shore. My commanding officer thereupon mounted his horse, anxious to get in the first explanation to our colonel, but on arrival at the brigade office found himself forestalled by a sea-faring man, who was enquiring for the officer commanding the artillery. Upon asking what he wanted, he said that he had come to excuse himself, as it was not his fault that he had got in the way.

Our captain promptly assured him that he would make it all right for him, and that he need say nothing further on the subject, so as soon as the skipper had cleared out, he slipped off without reporting this little incident.

The officers of the garrison had a charming bathing place at a little-used creek, Rosia Bay, where one could dive into 40 feet of water, and where large parties assembled on hot summer afternoons.

It was also very exhilarating bathing off Europa Point on a rough day, when you had to take a header into one of the big rollers just as it broke on the rocks, and get

carried out clear of them by the ebb. It was popularly supposed to be 100 fathoms deep at this point, and easy as it was to get in, it was rather difficult to emerge again without being dashed up, to the detriment of your elbows and shins.

On one occasion the appearance of a school of porpoises amongst us caused a perfect panic, conjuring up as it did visions of sharks, and we accomplished our return to the shore in record time. There were a certain number of sharks off the slaughter-houses at Catalan Bay, but they were very seldom seen on the northern side of the Rock. Nevertheless, a sailor of the U.S. corvette, the *Kearsage*, was taken down by one at a bathing parade in Algeciras Bay. This vessel, which had sunk the celebrated *Alabama*, was at Gib. shortly after the fight, and her officers, who were a rougher lot than any I have since met, received a good deal of hospitality. Contrary to the accounts which appeared in the English papers of the splendid shooting made during the hour and a half's duel, the officers assured us that they had only been thrice touched, once only seriously in the rudder post, and then by a blind shell. They only claimed to have twice hit the hull of their antagonist, the second of these, from an 11-inch Dahlgren gun, sinking her outright.

In the winter of 1864 we had visits both from a French regiment, whose steamer had damaged her machinery, and from a contingent of Austrian officers, delayed from a somewhat similar cause, both *en route* to join the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian in Mexico.

They dined frequently at various Messes, but the latter were far and away the more appreciated, and were voted a "real good sort." As many as could hire hacks came out with the hounds, and rode right well, whilst at after-dinner feats of strength or skill they more than held their own.

All of our senior officers then were Crimean men, and having been myself at a French military school, I was inclined to ascribe to national antipathy the very disparaging stories they told of the behaviour of our allies throughout that war, to which, as a young sub., I eagerly listened on all possible occasions. The events of the German campaign half a dozen years later, however, proved that their criticisms were more than justified.

Talking of Crimean reminiscences, thirty years later, the then Russian Governor-General of Turkestan asked me most warmly after our 77th Foot (I think), whom he quite regarded as an old acquaintance, and I was ashamed to be obliged to confess that they now had disappeared under a territorial designation. As he expressed it, he had often had to meet them, and knew and respected their colours; for whenever they saw them advancing, they felt there would be wigs on the green, and he seemed to cherish a chivalrous admiration for his old opponents.

There was but little yachting, or even boating, at Gib. in those days, and only two or three cutters of a few tons were kept by any one of the garrison. A melancholy story attached to one of these. Captain C—— of the 100th Regiment, a keen yachtsman, had given the man in charge of his craft leave for the day, and persuaded a couple of his brother officers to accompany him for a sail. Whilst they were running free, one of their caps was blown into the sea, and C——, who was steering, leaning over to pick it up, overbalanced and fell overboard. His friends, profoundly ignorant of how to handle a boat, lost their heads, and ran to such a distance before they managed to lie to, that poor C——, who had been swimming strongly and shouting out directions what to do, failed to reach the boat, and was drowned.

## CHAPTER II

### CENTRAL PROVINCES—1866-1868

HAVING with some difficulty obtained a transfer to Field Artillery, I found myself posted to the 14th brigade (May 1866) in India, and was ordered to join the C/14th at Kamptee forthwith.

Whilst the army list showed this station to be in the Madras Presidency, by the map it appeared to be very much nearer Bombay, and the Staff at Gib. candidly avowed their ignorance of the correct destination. Eventually, on 1st June, I sailed for Bombay by the P. & O. *Massilia*, a 10-knot paddle steamer of 1640 tons and 400 h.p., considered rather a good ship in those days. Though pokey and stuffy in comparison with the boats of modern times, things were done far more liberally then than in these days of competition, and if fares were high—first class, Southampton to Bombay, being about £95—all liquor was free, champagne being given twice a week, and ships carried both a brass and a string band, which played daily, forenoons and evenings. Meal hours differed somewhat: lunch was at 11.30, and dinner at 4. On reaching Egypt, after an eight-day voyage, we heard that the boat from Marseilles with the mails was delayed, so we had to wait three days at Cairo. It is impossible to conceive anything more different from the palatial hotels of that city nowadays than the pot-houses they were at the period I speak of.

The Hôtel Orient, at which we got quarters, can only be described as a beastly hole, and this was the more surprising as, owing to the construction of the Canal, and Ismail Pasha's loans, money seemed no object, and prices were exorbitant—even Arab drivers and shop-keepers looking askance on anyone who did not produce gold in payment. Instead of the easy drive of nowadays, across the Bridge to the Pyramids, we had to cross with our donkeys by boat, and it took from 3 A.M. to noon to accomplish the trip there and back again. There was a line of rail then direct to Suez, by which we reached it in four hours, sailing by the *Malta*, a screw steamer of 1942 tons and 500 h.p., on the 13th June: she was infested by ants, and rolled badly when we got into the monsoon.

Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., was one of the passengers, and I remember his pointing out a spot on the African side where, in previous years, when making a chart of the coast, they found an inland lake of volcanic origin, cut off from the sea by a wide sand-bank. They dragged their boat across to explore this, and found it was teeming with sharks which, they supposed, had entered at an unusually high tide, and these followed them, and even snapped at their oars, being apparently starving.

After a rough monsoon crossing we anchored at Bombay, twenty-five days from leaving Gib. No Europeans lived then in the "Fort," hotels were all at Byculla, and the town was generally rather in a state of collapse, after the over-speculation caused by the boom in cotton, due to the then recent American Civil War.

There was an amusing story then going about of a rich young native merchant bringing a charge against S—, the genial head of the Bombay Police, for abusing and horse-whipping him—a cross-summons being out from that functionary against the complainant for furious driving. Young Bombay in giving his evidence stated that

when driving into the Fort, he had passed S—— sahib, and immediately afterwards heard him calling, “‘Stop! stop!’ but not knowing he meant me, I kept on ; but when I heard him shout ‘Stop, you soor!’ (pig), then I knew he meant me, and I pulled up.”

A score of years previously this class had been kept in pretty good order by the old “Smashing Brigade,” composed of youngsters up on language leave or pleasure, at the Presidency town, who rejoiced in a regular organisation and order book, extracts from which read, for instance, thus, “The Brigade will parade in double column of buggies at close interval at ——.” “The advance guard will move off at 11 P.M., securing the police in —— Road, and overturning their sentry-boxes on the top of them. Objective of the expedition: to storm Ranchunder Shroff’s (money-lender’s) bungalow and duck him in the pond.”

The walls of the Fort, since demolished, then existed, and considerably circumscribed the principal business quarter. A curious commentary on the ways of a century back is shown by an old order that the officer on guard at the Main Gate (Bombay) “is not to deal in fish.”

In June 1866, the Great Indian Punjaub Railway was open only a short distance up the Nerbudda Valley beyond Bhosawal, but with the impetus caused by the high price of cotton, it had been extended to Budnaira in Berar, on the way to Nagpore. Reaching this place on a Saturday, I had to wait at the *dhak* bungalow (which was constructed chiefly of matting) until the Monday, before I could get on by a construction train, and the day of rest was made hideous by the railway people coming up for a big drink, which culminated in a free fight of a very rough-and-tumble description.

Eventually I proceeded by a contractor’s engine as far

as the Wurdah river, whence, hiring carts for my baggage, and a palanquin having been sent to meet me, I accomplished the remaining 60 miles in three days, attempting a little shooting on the way, with scant success.

Our garrison consisted then of one British Infantry battalion, one Madras Cavalry, and two infantry regiments, a horse- and a field-battery of the old Madras Artillery, and a third one of the old Royal Artillery.

Equipment and armament all totally differed one from another, and great jealousy and some friction existed between the two as yet imperfectly amalgamated Services.

About this time, on the first of the old Honourable East India Company batteries going home to Canterbury, a large crowd was found assembled there to meet them, who exhibited little enthusiasm, and soon dispersed with an injured air. It transpired subsequently that the out-going battery had spread the report that a "black" battery was coming to relieve them.

Prejudice apart, from what I saw of the old Madras Artillery, they were not up to the standard of the Royal Artillery, either in smartness or discipline.

As soldiers there practically lived in white clothing, and seldom donned cloth tunics, in some corps in which the fitting-on of new kit was perfunctorily performed, the turn-out was occasionally decidedly comical. At one inspection of a battery whose commanding officer was a bit slack, the inspecting officer, pausing aghast in front of a gunner whose tunic fitted like a blouse, and the length of whose hair reminded one of a volunteer bandsman, turned to his brigade major with the query, "Good God! C—, what the deuce does this man remind you of?" "Well, sir," remarked C—, screwing his glass into his eye and measuring the man up and down, "I think he looks d—d like one of my aunts."

At the General's inspection, some months after I joined,

the three batteries were timed at "removing" a disabled gun, the C/E, with one of only 6 cwt. taking fifteen and a half minutes, the F/20, with one of 10 cwt., twenty-two minutes, whilst the old Royal Artillery battery, the C/14, with a gun of 13½ cwt., did it under the ten minutes.

There were no stables at this station, and troop horses—ours being chiefly stud and country-bred—were picketed out in all weathers, and did just as well as in the costly lines of nowadays. They were fairly shaded from the sun by rows of *neem* trees, and the only precaution that seemed necessary was to strip them when heavy rain began, and keep their blankets dry, the stable picket giving them a rub down, and clothing them up as soon as the downpour ceased.

All commanding officers in those days could flog native followers at their discretion, and I remember the battery sergeant-major bringing one up to our captain at morning stables: "Please, sir, this ghorawallah (groom)——" "Give him a dozen!" broke in the officer. "But, beg pardon, sir," resumed the non-commissioned officer, "this ghorawallah wants three days' leave."

There is the time-honoured story of the sergeant-major complaining of the laziness of this class of men. "They goes to their ghurkos (houses), and they sit on their pitchays (haunches), and they smokes their hubble-bubbles, and they don't care one kooch fikar (no thought) for nobody!"

Up to the present day the Tommies' barrack-room vernacular remains the same, just a word of Hindustani thrown in here and there to leaven the whole, such as the prisoner's explanation when charged with beating a native follower:

"I told him to look jeldi (quickly) with that there beer, and he said 'Abiy, Abiy' (presently), so I maroed (hit) him over the head with a lakri (stick)"; and the



usual exhortation of the baggage-guard to cart-drivers: "Come, now, you just look jeldi with them there byles (bullocks)."

Owing to the presence of Madras regiments, all the servants locally procurable in the bazaar were from that Presidency, and spoke English, a great convenience to newcomers. As is currently said, new arrivals are importuned to engage them by the specious protestation: "I very good Christian, Sahib: eat beef, drink brandy, curse and swear, same like master," which, according to their ideas, comprise the salient outward signs of Christianity.

Calling at the bungalow of a friend, who happened at the moment to be in his tub, and who was enlivening his splashes with singing some fragments of a hunting-song, "Is your Sahib at home?" we enquired from his servant. "Ha, Sahib." "What is he doing?" "Nimaz-parta (reciting his prayers)," gravely responded the domestic.

Their language is peculiar, as they invariably introduce the participle on all occasions, such as "done doing," "done going," "done telling," down to "done deading," to intimate that a favourite dog had died.

Some subalterns occasionally wasted a good deal of time and ingenuity in teaching their dependents our English tongue.

One carefully drilled his boy to reply to any enquiry as to whether the Sahib was at home, with, "You be blowed!" and it was not till the latter had had his head punched two or three times that he sadly realised that "his face had been blackened," as our Aryan brother puts it; and another taught his "butler" a regular catechism, of which I can only recollect: "Q. What is the first duty of a good butler?" A. "Never to make harkat." Q. "What's harkat?" A. "Asking for money."

A servant of one of my brother officers who had got

a day's leave in order to get married, returned in the evening rather down on his luck, and explained that his *fiancée* was a Christian, and the "Padre Sahib" refused to marry them, so he wanted one day's more leave to become a Christian.

A petition I saw soon after my arrival, which was sent by a discharged servant, asking for money on the score of his wife's death, wound up with the touching P.S.: "Please send money quick, as she won't kip."

Despite the monsoon, one had a good deal of work—riding-school or mounted drill from 5 to 6 A.M.; stables, 6.30 to 7.30; orderly room, 8 A.M.; attending breakfasts, or pay, 8.30; one's own tea and bath, 9 A.M.; sword drill, trumpet-calls, etc., 10.30 to 11, then one's own breakfast, 12 o'clock. Stables or foot-parade, 5.30 to 6.30 P.M., after which evening ride, dinner at Mess, and early turn in; so that Sundays and Thursdays, the invariable brigade holiday throughout India, were the only days one could get out into the country.

Some of the veterinary surgeons of those days had apparently begun life as common farriers, and were as different as possible from the educated gentlemen one meets nowadays in that branch of the Service. "Old J—," a rubicund vet. of the Madras Cavalry, was wont to become somewhat noisy, if amusing, when in his cups. One night an official of the Educational Department, who was a University man, and ranked rather high as an inspector of something or other, in an after-dinner argument at Mess, with very questionable taste sneered at the view taken by J—, and hinted that a veterinary surgeon was scarcely qualified to express an opinion on such a subject. "Oh, well," said J—, "I may be a 'orse doctor, but I'd a d—d sight sooner be that than a — usher," and the *sobriquet* of the "Bally Usher,"

stuck to the wretched man, so long at least as he remained in those parts.

For a fancy-dress ball at Christmas time, one of the guests returned to his bungalow after Mess, and attired himself in the garb of Old Gaul, preparatory to repairing to the festive scene. His faithful "bearer," who had never seen a kilt before, watched his master in astonishment, and evidently thought his sahib had dined too cheerfully, and was scarce responsible for his actions. When, therefore, a friend drove round to pick him up in his dog-cart, and the Scotchman proceeded to start just as he was, his perturbed servant rushed out into the verandah, with a pair of trousers over his arm, and imploringly called out after him: "Sahib, Sahib, pantalona bulgaya!" ("Sahib, Sahib, you've forgotten your trousers!").

On one of my first evenings I saw three snakes—one of which was killed inside the Mess-house, the other two crossing the road—when riding, whilst in the succeeding six months I do not think I saw another half-dozen altogether.

A well-known gunner, when field-officer of the day, had a terrible experience. Canterng round the guards at midnight, on one of those inky-black nights of an Indian monsoon, he lost his way and fell down a disused dry well 20 feet deep. Though he escaped with a shaking, his horse was killed, and as there were several cobras inside who hissed at him whenever he moved, he had to pass the night sitting on the dead body of his charger. It was not till the next morning that he was missed, nor was it till noon that he was found and rescued.

A very charming brother officer who had an amusingly abstracted way of taking things, often gave the idea by his replies that he was thinking aloud. Once when a Mess

guest, and asked where he would like to sit at dinner, he dreamily answered, "Between two hard-drinking officers of the mounted branch." This same absent-minded man got bowled over, horse and all, by the Horse Artillery coming at a gallop through our battery intervals, a theatrical effect rather admired at that time. Our commanding officer, who had not noticed the accident, on seeing him on foot, enquired "Why the devil he had dismounted without orders?" "Please, sir, my horse has broken his leg." "Then shoot him," said the irate Major. "Please, sir, I've nothing to shoot him with," was the naïve reply.

At one field-day, being charged by cavalry, who as usual wheeled off on nearing the battery, one non-commissioned officer of theirs, with great swagger, brought his horse round within a yard of one of the guns, when as he passed, the No. 2 (as the numbering then was) gave him a dab with the sponge-head, all covered with the greasy residue of black powder, up the side of his face, and despite discipline, there ensued an unchecked roar of laughter.

There was little sport to be got in the immediate neighbourhood. A brother subaltern and myself had a few couple of Persian and Polygar dogs—coarse greyhounds—with which we had occasional runs, with jackals or foxes. There were also a few very wild antelope, after which we toiled weekly, but as an express rifle was then unknown, and the weapons we used had a 3-foot trajectory within sporting ranges, success was not commensurate with our exertions.

I recollect, on one occasion, after several hours vainly following a herd of twenty to thirty antelope, as I was nearing the grove of trees where I was to meet my friend and our horses, like a "griffin" as I was I thought I would chance a shot into the brown of them; so putting up the

150-yard sight of my twelve-bore, as they were quite out of range, I gave further elevation by aiming a couple of feet up the stem of a shady tree beyond the herd, and loosed off both barrels. Of course they bounded away untouched, but a dismal wailing arose from under this tree where it seems a party of travellers had been busy cooking their food, and my two bullets had ricocheted through them. Greatly taken aback, I was on the point of paying up to silence their clamours, when my friend, a far older hand, attracted by the shots, arrived upon the scene, and on hearing how matters stood, turned fiercely upon them, asking "What the deuce they meant by getting in the way"; and they were so taken aback by finding the case put in this form, that they slunk off without further hints at *baksheesh*.

One day, when walking, rifle in hand, through a *däll* field, waist-high, on the chance of an antelope, I started a hare, which 100 yards further on began squealing piteously. On my running forwards, a huge brown owl flapped up—the hare, which was so mauled or confused that it could not escape, having apparently been seized by the back as it passed.

At this time, so serious was the question of prices in the Central Provinces—in which newly-started Free Trade allowed a ring of native dealers to charge whatever prices they chose (e.g. *gram*, a kind of pea used for forage, which had formerly sold at eighty pounds per rupee, was now at ten pounds, and other things in the same proportion)—that in October '66 we had two outbreaks, when the Sepoys began looting the *sudder* bazaar at Kamptee; but they dispersed on hearing the alarm guns, knowing that the British troops were getting under arms. As an instance of how well the enlightened native understands Free Trade, the annual contract for grain for the Government animals had as usual been tendered for

and assigned to the lowest offerer, who had to deposit, I think, Rs.40,000 as security. However, when the stipulated date of delivery came round, the man appeared, with the story that though he had purchased the necessary grain in the districts, the *sowcar* B——, who for many years previously had had a monopoly, had bought up all local transport, so that he could not bring in his supplies.

The contract then had to be put up again, and was taken by B——, the only man in a position to tender, at an advance of something like 100 per cent. on the former bargain, and it was currently reported in the bazaar that the original tenderer was merely an agent of B——'s, the forfeit of Rs.40,000 being a mere bagatelle in comparison with the enhanced price of a lakh or two of rupees thus obtained.

It was generally believed by the natives that Free Trade was introduced as a punishment for the Mutiny, as under the old *nerrick* system, when local magistrates fixed the bazaar prices according to the harvest, all food was so much cheaper for the poor.

There was a good story at this period of a remote tract between Guzerat and Sind, the Thur and Parkur district, as it was officially designated, but which was known to the natives as "Colonel T. Sahib ki illaka"—"T.'s kingdom," the said initial belonging to an old Deputy-Commissioner who administered his province rather by common-sense than by law. On the Governor of Bombay making a tour through the country, a notice was published that anyone wishing to complain might appear before him. Several Bunias, whose "corner" in food had been frustrated by the Commissioner's action, at once came forward to complain to His Excellency, when "T." promptly placed them under a police guard, and keeping them one day's march in rear of the Governor's camp, did not release them until this dignitary had left his district.

The methods of the "King of Thur and Parkur," as he was often styled by the natives, showed a fine disregard for law when opposed to justice, and he was credited with having torn up usurers' bonds, and cow-hided the holders when any very pronounced instance of sharp practice had come before him. These unconstitutional proceedings so endeared him to the bulk of the inhabitants that he kept a district the size of Yorkshire quiet throughout the Mutiny, without the aid of a single British bayonet. Even the Bunias, whose rapacity he checked when they had fully felt the weight of his hand, either from respect, or from the conviction that it was useless to fight against him, submitted quietly to the existing order of things. Arbitrary and despotic rule, if justly administered, is far better suited to Oriental character than our slow and tedious legal formalities.

The great O——, in pre-Mutiny days, when Resident of Baroda, I think, had to adjudicate in an important suit between two wealthy natives. The litigant, who had the weaker case, on the eve of judgment being pronounced, sent a bribe of 50,000 rupees to him. O—— kept the sum, decided the case against the sender, and built a racquet-court and a swimming-bath for the cantonment with the money. There is a characteristic anecdote of how he obtained the great ascendancy which he enjoyed over the Bheels. Out shooting, the beaters in a body declined to enter in a dense clump of thorns in which a savage tigress was supposed to be. Upon their refusal, O——, with the remark that "He never asked anyone to do what he would not do himself," handed his rifle to a Bheel, whose spear he took, and entered the thicket alone, the animal sneaking out at the opposite side.

A young officer, who was decidedly careless over money matters, finding himself sued by a Parsee shopkeeper

for an amount which he was convinced was enormously exaggerated, was recommended to employ a native *vakil* (lawyer) in his defence. The latter, on being apprised of the nature of the claim, named a very moderate figure at which he could successfully defend the case, but with the stipulation that the defendant was on no account to interfere with his line of defence. On the case coming into Court, the pleader, to his client's horror, admitted the receipt of all the articles charged for, but in reply produced half a dozen witnesses who swore to having witnessed their delivery and seen them invariably paid for in cash on the spot.

Another officer, summoned for assault and battery, to which there had been no eye-witnesses, finding three or four of these produced by the complainant, ordered his own servants to attend on his side, and by simple force of numbers scored a complete acquittal.

There was a typical story how, during a scarcity of grass at Cannanore, the bazaar cow-keepers used to open the gates of compound gardens, and drive their cattle in at nights, the ridiculously inadequate fines imposed by the cantonment magistrate, in the rare instances when they were caught, proving no deterrent.

At last one well-known major, whose flower-garden had been frequently devastated by these nocturnal raids, shot one of the intruders, but was promptly summoned, and had to pay up the value of the cow, some thirty or forty rupees. Emboldened by this legal victory, his tormentors recommenced their visits, but this time the owner, who had men on watch, sallying forth, gave the cow-herd both barrels of small shot, whilst some of his servants who were lying in wait raised the cry of "Chor, Chor!" ("Stop, thief!"), and away scoured the injured man to the bazaar, hotly pursued by them.

As, native-wise, he was fully convinced that a trumped-



up charge of robbery would be preferred against him if identified, he never ventured to complain, and had to remain in seclusion until he had picked out the pellets.

On one occasion, at a *Gymkhana* at Ahmedabad, we had a race for police *sowars'* horses, half-way round the course, with a field of twelve to fourteen starters. Immediately after the start, one of the competitors, whether by accident or as a happy thought, turned sharp off the track, which was there unenclosed, and made straight across the loop of the course for the grand stand. All the rest of the field, with one solitary exception, apparently imagining that their friend was stealing a march upon them, turned and followed suit, and the lot charged down, riding over a crowd of natives, who were chiefly squatted on their hunkers, gaping in the opposite direction, till one after another their mounts tumbled over the ropes, many of the riders landing on their heads in front of the stand, whilst the solitary horseman who had sufficient sense to keep to the course won at his leisure.

So different are their ideas from ours, that I recollect, some years later, at a fair in the Multan district, when there was a camel race, four laps round the race course, one man, whose animal bolted at a corner, managed to pull up, and joined in again at the following round, nor could anyone apparently understand why he was disqualified on this account.

The simplicity of their ideas is often very amusing. At a cantonment in one of the Central Provinces, an *ayah* (native nurse) out airing her mistress's child, perched it on the parapet of a bridge, whilst she stopped to gossip with some friends, and the infant falling over was killed. The magistrate before whom she had to appear inflicted some slight punishment for what was mere carelessness. The following day, however, a large crowd

assembled on the parade-ground, and after waiting till dusk, dispersed with rather a disappointed air. One officer who took the trouble to ask what they had come to see, learned that, according to bazaar rumour, the magistrate had sentenced the *ayah* to be torn to pieces by the station pack of hounds, and that they had come to see the *tamasha*.

On another occasion, a native, armed with the outer sheet of the *Field*, whose heading he exhibited as being an official *Parwana*, went round the country requisitioning carts in the name of the Government, but letting the owners off for a rupee or two a-piece. He reaped quite a harvest for a week or ten days before he was accidentally detected.

The process of reasoning of some cantonment magistrates seems peculiar. A friend, who usually kept a few rupees for casual expenses, in a drawer of his writing-desk, thought that there was occasional leakage therefrom. One forenoon, looking into the drawer, he found it completely empty, although he felt sure he had left several rupees in it. At luncheon, accordingly, he told his butler, whom he suspected, to go to the drawer of his desk and bring him five rupees. This the man did, and upon being questioned declared he had found them therein. On his being charged before the magistrate, the latter acquitted him, on the ground that there was no proof that he had stolen any money.

A very popular subaltern of the Royal Horse Artillery was killed this year, 1867, by a panther, near Chikulda (a sort of sanatorium about 80 miles north of Kamptee). Late one afternoon he and a friend, B— of the police, heard of a "kill," and proceeded to beat for the animal, posting themselves on either side of a deep ravine. The panther appeared amongst some bushes on a slope above S—, who, from a fork in a tree, fired, but overbalanced

himself and fell some 8 or 9 feet to the ground. The panther charged, but was turned by a shot from B— across the ravine. Poor S— scrambled up again, but, probably confused by his fall, he forgot to reload the empty barrel, and again firing without effect, the panther charged and dragged him off his perch, badly mauling him on the shoulder. A policeman, who was in the tree above, shouted for assistance, whereupon the brute left S— and deliberately sprang up after him. The native broke the butt of his pistol over the panther's head, but the beast got him by the leg, and they both fell to the ground. Meanwhile, two Polygar dogs of S—'s came up, and between them and some Bheels with spears, the animal was finished off. Both the wounded men died.

It was not until September that the high maize-fields, locally called *barjaree* and *cholum*, were sufficiently cut to permit of the Nagpore Hunt commencing operations. The notice of these meets was circulated by the Hunt Captain on Mondays, stating where the club tents would be pitched, usually from Wednesday evening until Sunday morning, and members had to enter their names, stating on what days they would be present, so as to permit of the necessary messing arrangements being made. One either got three days' leave from Wednesday to Sunday, or more generally went for a single night, or for even the day's sport, when distances, which varied from 8 to 18 or 20 miles, permitted. The country was "bad riding," though, taken all in all, a most picturesque one, the real curse to sport being the "black cotton soil," simply riddled with fissures, much resembling rabbit-burrows set up on end.

Some of the thickly-wooded, isolated rocky hills might hold almost any wild animal, which, under the persuasion of a line of sixty to a hundred beaters—who get the munificent pay of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  or 2 annas a day, according to a

kill or none—had to break for another range, or the depths of some broken ravines a mile or so distant.

On one occasion, two *sambhur* stags turned out, and were speared comparatively easily, whilst on another, two bears appeared, and though they were speedily overtaken, not a horse would close within spear's-length, till at last one sportsman, who had come out on a hired bazaar *tattoo* (pony), just to see the fun, caught them up, and his diminutive mount making no fuss, he took both first spears.

We seldom killed more than two or three boars a day, nor, as a rule, did we see either any great number of hog, nor any particularly heavy animals. Once, when we were dismounted in a hollow, some hundred yards from the foot of the hill, an old boar trotted out past us, and the very moment he heard the horses in pursuit he deliberately stopped, turned back and charged, being killed on the spot.

During the summer months in this dry, arid country, wild pig have to travel long distances for their food—I have been assured by native *shikarris* sometimes as much as 40 miles to and fro in a night, so they are considerably smaller and lighter, but have the legs of the cane-fed boar of Bengal.

However, every now and then one meets rather an exceptional customer. An extract or two from my diary will give the best notion of our sport.

*Friday, 14th December.* — Meet, Warree; present, C., Th., T., and self; sent on horses, etc., on 13th; delayed by brigade parade in morning. Started on battery nag, 8 A.M., changing at Seetabuldee, and reaching hunt tent at 10 A.M. (17 miles). Began 10.30, first beating *cholum* field, blank, then the *bheer* (grass kept to stack). C. and Th. were at a gap in the hill, T. and self at the point. A large boar broke north-west through the gap. First spear taken by Th. in  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. Canter

after them, I descried them signalling for assistance, and found they had both smashed their spears, but Th.'s remaining fixed had brought the boar up in a bush, and we finished him off without difficulty. A fine boar, 36 inches high,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  tushes, and terribly fat. Returned and finished beat, two *neilghye* (blue cows) breaking unmolested. *Tiffin* (lunch); fed horses, beat hill to south, blank, and about 4 P.M., the small hill at end of Range.

A sounder of three large and a dozen small broke at once; one ridden and killed by C., on "Lamplighter," after one cropper.

The rest of us laid into the largest, which took back along foot of hill. Ground rocky, long grass, thorny scrub, and cross *nullas*. Had difficulty in riding him off the hill, but after three-quarters of a mile, on crossing a strip of plough, I speared, and turned him over within fifteen yards of a wet *nulla* with thick covert, and as he charged got him again through and through; but he made good his charge, knocking my foot out of my stirrup and cutting "Bedouin" in near hind, but Th. and T. coming up finished him. He was 31 inches high.

Back to tents, and started for Kamptee, 5 P.M., riding in by 7.30. Total, three pig—36 inches, 31 inches, 30 inches.

*22nd December.*—Meet, Mahajeree, Pu., Pe., C., and self. Sent on horses, 4 A.M., rode out 7.30, reaching Rajah's garden at 9 A.M., where we breakfasted and ate guavas, starting 10.30 for the *bheer*, through which we rode in line with the beaters. Before going 200 yards a boar broke away to the right, going on to lovely ground; Pe. on "Rasseldar" had a long lead, but overshot, and Pu. and I had a race for the spear, which fell to him on "Bandit," after each of us had had a touch. Pu., about 200 yards further on, gave the death-blow. He was scarce a fighting boar, and did not charge. Height, 32 inches; age, 7 years; tushes,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches. We then returned to the *bheer*, and heard that seven hog had gone forwards. Just as we reached the end of hill, pig were signalled (by flagmen posted in trees) to the left; we cantered on in great uncertainty, looking out for them for quite half a mile, when I rode on to seven large and a dozen small ones in high *cholum*. At first thought they were village pig. However, on calling up the others they broke, C. spearing one



FULL CHASE.

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before they had gone 100 yards, but eventually lost him. I laid into one with Pu., and got the spear, when he stopped in a bush. Two other boar appearing, Pu. rode them, eventually coming to grief in the guava trees in the Rajah's garden. After his departure the boar came out, stood at bay, and was killed—31 inches, tushes small. Pe. had meanwhile killed one of 29 inches. A very large boar was said to have broken back just as we left the *bheer* after the sounder. It was by now time for *tiffin* and to feed the horses. Then we beat the *sendbund* (date-grove), only seeing a sow, and rode back to cantonments by 4.30. Total, three boar—32 inches, 31 inches, 29 inches.

26th January.—Meet, Kopa; present, C. R., Th., and self. Rode out 7.30 with the others, our horses preceding us at 6 A.M. Just after breakfast a native came with the news of a boar, 5 feet high, by his account, in a *dall* field across the river. We rode thither, and flushed him at once; he broke a short way, doubled back, routed various *syces* and beaters, jinked about the *dall*, and for some time was anybody's pig. P. at length got the spear. He showed little fight, though we gave him a dozen spears before he fell, as the crops prevented our getting full speed on, and we often caught our spears on the stalks—30 inches, but tushes small.

We then proceeded to the usual post, the tamarind trees, and the *bheer* was beaten up. After about twenty minutes a sounder of three large and a dozen small broke, and were allowed the usual law to the *nulla*, before we rode them. The biggest kept to the right, being killed by Th. (1st spear) and C. and P. I had crossed the *nulla* too much to the left, and having no chance, rode the sounder, and passing through it, run the largest straight for the Warkee Corries, and after one fall at *nulla*, overhauled him on the dead plain, when he turned, charged, and passed under my spear. As I wheeled, he again charged from a distance of three spear-lengths; I again went too high, but luckily the pace again saved the horse. The third charge I stopped, catching him about the eye, and at the fourth killed him dead, breaking my spear, and losing the head, which I never afterwards recovered. Thirty inches, tushes 4; a very lanky pig. Th.'s, 31 inches, tushes 3½. Back to trees; *tiffin*, and fed horses.

Three hog were reported to have broken back, so we



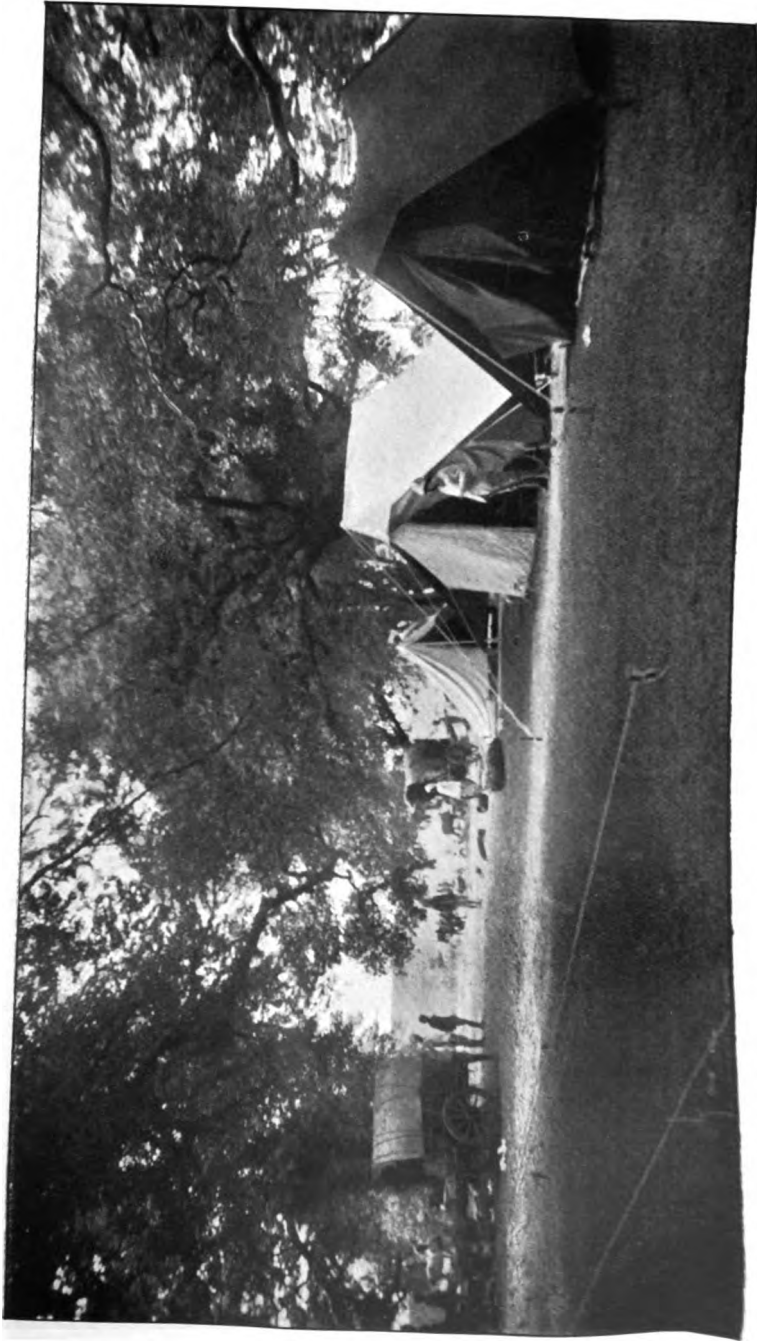
beat the *bheer* down stream, being posted at south-east corner; they again broke back, and a false alarm sent us round by the tamarinds, where on a third beat they nearly broke again; a minute afterwards they broke to the south, across the rocky hill. We had a weary gallop over this, but never sighted them, and home by 6 P.M. Total, three boar—31 inches, 30 inches, 30 inches.

One day, at a beat at this same covert, which was composed of *babool* (acacia), jungle, and long grass, R., of the gunners, rode a boar, who threw him out in a castor-oil field, and doubled back for the *bheer*. R. caught him up just as he regained this, but going a drop down a bank, burst his girths, and lost the reins in his fall. The boar dived into the jungle, closely followed by R.'s little Arab, who literally hunted him through, and drove the pig out at the other side, though so badly cut with thorns that he was laid up for a long time afterwards.

Six of us went out on *February 10th to 20th* on ten days' leave, beginning at Kookie, 22 miles south-east, and working down to Girhur, 50 miles south, and as we were well mounted, had the most extravagant hopes of a record score, but were sadly disappointed. The jungles were everywhere too big, and we only made a wretched bag for a march of 120 miles, but had one or two sporting experiences.

At one village, Baila, we were told that a huge boar was quartered in their gardens; he had been there four years, had killed or wounded at different times five men, done some thousands of rupees' worth of damage, and having been fired at and wounded several times, with no further result than souring his temper, he was considered a veritable *shaitan* (devil).

We were posted within 400 yards of our tents, and the beat began in some onion-beds. Almost at once a huge boar slowly cantered down towards us, and smashing through the walls of a *pān* garden, like a sheet of paper, squatted down calmly in the centre, the owners scuttling out like rabbits when a ferret is down their burrow. These *pān* gardens (betel-nut) are walled round and covered over with thick matting, the interior being one mass of creepers, trained up on narrow rows of sticks, much as are peas with us. It was impossible to ride, and dangerous to send in beaters, so after all our dogs had been set upon him, and ignominiously chased out again, he was treated to several



SHIKAR CAMP.

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charges of shot, commencing with No. 8, and increasing up to B.B., when at length he bolted, and was speared before he had run a hundred yards, but lay up in a thick bear-fruit hedge, where after some hole-and-corner business, during which he badly cut one horse, we finally had to dismount and spear him on foot—a task which, thanks to his being done by the great heat, proved far easier than anticipated.

The villagers greeted his death with great rejoicings, and brought his body in procession, with much tom-toming, to our tents. A couple of months later I was in at the death of my first tiger, an unusually big one; and as I viewed him somewhat disappointedly on the ground, I could not help remarking, "Why, he is not as big as the Baila boar." He was certainly, if not the tallest, the heaviest pig I ever saw—height,  $37\frac{1}{2}$  inches; girth, 54 inches; length, 76 inches; above the knee, 14 inches; tushes,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches.

On the 25th we had been pig-sticking, whilst our camp marched ahead to a village named Girhur, and after we gave up beating, we dispersed to shoot our way to the tents. I had my two Polygar dogs with me, and about sunset they got away in the jungle, chasing a deer that crossed the track. After vainly waiting and calling for them, I had to push on to reach camp before dark. I sent back at dawn next day to our preceding halting-place, where one of the dogs was found; and as the jungle they had been lost in was infested with panthers, I gave up all hope of ever seeing the other. However, he reappeared at my bungalow at Kamptee within thirty-six hours of his being lost, nearly fifty miles as the crow flies, or quite a hundred if he had retraced his steps by the route he had already traversed.

The hill at Girhur, crowned by the ruins of a Mahratta fort, is about 500 feet high, a mile and a half in circumference at the base, and densely wooded from top to bottom. With a line of 150 beaters, whole droves of wild pig were on foot, and could be seen all day trotting along the rocky paths high above, whilst numbers of peacocks, flashing six feet of blue and gold in the brilliant sunshine, came rocketing down, and a herd of *neilghye*—one bull being wounded, ridden and bagged—added variety to the scene. With the exception, however, of one boar who broke, and was speared, not a pig was got out all day. As we were essaying a last beat, I saw what I took to be

a panther, stealing down in the centre of the horse-shoe formed by the beaters, and some of us taking our rifles, were walking up, when a tiger charged back, upsetting one man, who got off with a slight scratch; and as the rest of his neighbours took headers into any handy thorn-bush, like frogs into a marsh, the large drove of perhaps a hundred pig enclosed escaped back in the general confusion. This terminated the proceedings, as the beaters not unnaturally declined trying another drive, so some of us with our rifles explored the hill, which was far too large to offer the slightest prospect of success.

Having had poor sport, it was put to the vote whether we should hunt on the Sunday, and negatived, those voting against it, however, going out for partridges instead—which seems putting rather a fine point on it.

We never got anything like the bags made in Bengal, or the Multra and Kadir, countries of the North-West Provinces. For the season the record of the hunt was—

14th Dec.	Warree	. 17 miles, 4 spears, 3 boar, 36, 31, 30.
22nd "	Mahajerre	. 10 " 4 " 3 " 32, 31, 29.
2nd Jan.	Warree	. 17 " 5 " 2 " 29, 27.
9th "	Seetagondee	. 9 " 6 " blank.
16th "	Kopa	. 9 " 7 " blank.
26th "	Kopa	. 9 " 4 " 3 boar, 31, 30, 30.
6th Feb.	Mahadoola	. 15 " 5 " 4 " 32, 31, 28, 26.
13th "	Seongaon	. 30 " 6 " 6 " 31, 30, 26, 26, 25, 25.
19th "	Kookie	. 22 " 6 " 2 " 30, 30.
23rd "	Baila	. 40 " 6 " 1 " 37½.
25th "	Girhur	. 50 " 6 " 1 " 32.
6th Mar.	Mahedoola	. 15 " 4 " 2 " 33½, 26.
15th "	Seetagondee	. 9 " 3 " 1 " 28.

In the autumn three or four of us made some ridiculously unsuccessful attempts to ride down unwounded black buck, our greyhounds on one occasion doing the first part of the running, and one man with a fresh horse managing to nick in and take it up after the first couple of miles, yet I think we never even distressed the antelope.

On one occasion at Warree, at the end of a beat, when no pig had been seen, I wounded a bull *neilghye*—rather far back—with a 12-bore conical bullet; and though he



BEARS.

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AFTER A BULL NEILGHYE.

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was distressed and bleeding freely, five of us rode him for 3 miles over very stony ground, and had to give it up, one horse being laid up for weeks from the effects. Yet on other occasions I have seen an unwounded bull speared in less than half that distance.

Having with C—— engaged *shikarris* since January, and obtaining the regulation sixty days' privilege leave, we, together with K—— (all gunners), found ourselves on the 1st April '67 at our first camp, the tents being pitched in a lovely grove of mangoes, near the village of Nagri, 14 miles south of Hinginghat, and about 75 from Kamptee. As this was the first of some twenty hot weathers I spent after big game, a few details may perhaps be pardoned.

It being prior to the days of Kabul tents, we had one 18-foot square hill tent for ourselves—though as a rule we dined and slept outside—and a smaller one for the servants. These, and our other stores and belongings, were carried on sixteen baggage bullocks engaged for the trip, our camp-beds, with a couple of coolies each, bringing our spare guns and sundry trifles, preceded the rest of our kit, and were up at the next camping-ground almost as soon as we arrived ourselves.

C. and I had two personal servants between us, denominated in the vernacular "boot rails" (*anglice*, butler), also a cook, a *dhobi* (washerman), 2 gunbearers, 2 dog boys, 4 horsekeepers, 4 grass-cutters, 1 *nalbund* (farrier), besides the two *shikarris*.

We each had a couple of Arab horses, and two couple of Polygar dogs, which proved of the greatest service with tigers. K., who only joined us at the last moment, had his own servants, and a couple of nags. The two *shikarris*, "Bowani Singh," and Luximon, a Rajpoot, and a Brinjarra—who, however, always hunted in couples—received 18 rupees a month between them, besides the Government rewards for game killed, which were Rs.50 for a tiger, half that for a panther, and something still smaller for a bear, hyena, or wolf.



By the Central Provinces *Gazette* for 1868, the wild beasts destroyed in the year ending 30th June 1868, in those Provinces were:—

Tigers . . . . .	391
Panthers and leopards . . . . .	563
Bears . . . . .	384
Wolves . . . . .	274
Hyenas . . . . .	371
	<hr/>
	1983

Of the 391 tigers, six were reputed man-eaters, for each of which 100 rupees was paid, the total amount of rewards coming to Rs.28,273.

In the last statistics I have seen—those for 1901—it is, perhaps, interesting to note that 1859 deaths from wild beasts occurred in the preceding year, for 1171 of which tigers were responsible, no less than 162 of these occurring in the Chanda district of the Central Provinces, and one man-eater at Hazaribagh, Bengal, was still at large with a reward of Rs.250 on him. Wolves killed 403 persons, 166 of these in Rohilkhand. The above fades into insignificance when compared with the mortality from snakes, which for the preceding year amounted to 22,810 deaths, one half of these occurring in Bengal alone. Whilst 18,896 cattle were killed by wild beasts, the loss of only 9123 is ascribed to snakes; 14,301 wild animals were destroyed, and Rs.96,952 were paid in rewards.

The two worthy *shikarris*—and excellent men they were—were as unlike one another in character as they differed in caste, and whilst the first-named relied entirely on his knowledge of the jungle and woodcraft, the other was a tracker, pure and simple, and, as he used to say, “if there’s one *guz* (yard) of sand in the jungle, and the tiger treads upon it, I’ll show him to you.” Neither of the pair ever carried a gun of any description, an old spear being their only weapon.

Our batteries were scarcely up to the modern standard, C. having only Muzzle-Loaders—a 14-bore polygroove rifle with  $2\frac{1}{2}$  drams being his most formidable piece of ordnance—K. boasting of a 10-bore Pin-Fire Breech-Loader with 4 drams, and I of a 12-bore M.-L. rifle with 4 drams and a  $2\frac{1}{4}$  oz. Calvert shell, besides which we used our ordinary smooth-bore B.-L.’s with ball, as second guns.

On an average we marched three days a week, striking tents at dawn, or sallying forth for bears or deer, accordingly as we were marching or halting, never commencing to beat for tigers before 10 or 11 A.M., and usually working on till the evening; then a tub, dined in the open, arrayed in pyjamas and sleeping-suits for coolness, and before dinner was well over we were generally nodding off to sleep, having been some sixteen hours on our legs or in the saddle, and throwing ourselves on our beds, put well out clear of trees, slept *à la belle étoile* till daybreak.

The *modus operandi* for tigers is comparatively simple. The villagers, whose wood-cutters or cattle-herds are in constant touch with them, can, if they choose, give tolerably accurate information of their probable whereabouts—during the summer months, at least—when water and shade are comparatively scarce.

A bull buffalo calf (*haila*) can be bought anywhere for 3 or 4 rupees, and from half a dozen to a dozen of these are tied up by your *shikarris* at likely spots, where there is both water and sufficient covert to induce a tiger, when he has killed, to lie up and guard the remainder of the carcass from vultures and jackals.

When he thus locates himself by the *gara* (or kill), beaters are collected, and delaying till shortly before noon, when the great heat renders a tiger comparatively helpless—as he cannot stand the sun—guns are posted, and the hundred or so villagers advance in a body.

As a general rule, the tiger stalks or trots out a quarter of a mile ahead of the line, and is dropped on the spot.

One very seldom, indeed, finds a tiger when beating at haphazard for deer or whatever else may turn up, as they so largely use the dusty cart-tracks, in their nocturnal wanderings, that one has, in default of a kill, at least their trail to go by.

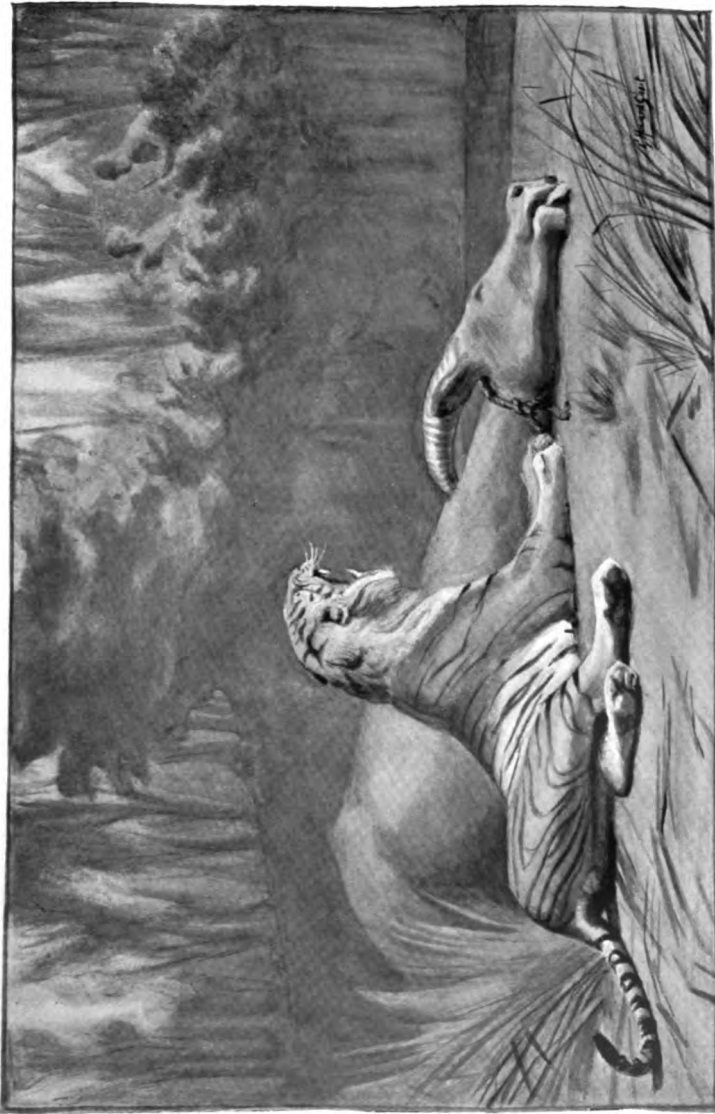
At the outset we had a bad accident. When we were riding a big boar in some fairly open jungle, the pig, doubling off me through a large thorn-bush, charged K.'s horse broadside on, and though received with a good spear in the withers, snapped the bamboo shaft like a piece of matchwood, and bowled the horse head over heels on to the top of his rider. K., who did not regain consciousness till evening, had to be carried on to the next camp on one of our cots, which chanced to pass, and never fully

recovered the use of his right arm, and to this must be attributed the fatal accident he had three weeks later on.

On the 5<sup>th</sup> April, when beating some deep ravines on the right bank of the Wurdah river, which swarmed with hog and peafowl, we walked on to four cheetahs (hunting leopards), two of which we shot (6 feet 10 inches, and 6 feet 8 inches in length), and had a vain gallop with spears after a third one, which broke across three-quarters of a mile of open. Marching westwards, the country entirely changed from the flat, well-cultivated ground interspersed with dense coverts of thorns and date-groves that is found south of the great cotton centre of Hingunghat, into one of low stony hills, sometimes crowned with bold basalt rocks, and the whole dotted over with stunted trees, the vast majority of which are leafless at this season.

It is only along the banks of the perennial streams that any extent of green meets the eye, and only around the scattered and, as a rule, wretched, villages, that one sees any trace of cultivation.

All the rest of the country is covered with grass, waist-high when not burned or grazed down, and after seven months of a scorching sun and no rain, bleached into a dirty yellow ochre tint, whilst the hot wind laden with dust imparts a copper-coloured haze to all surroundings. We had marched seventy-two miles since leaving Hingunghat, and got on to the 11<sup>th</sup> April, only bagging a couple of boar, speared, besides two leopards, a hyena, two bull *neilghye*, a couple of antelope, and some small game, before we got our first *gara*. This was at Pandecourra, a fine large village, with ruins of temples and stone-built houses, as well as a brick fort with casemates and an inner keep. We had been out stalking since early morning, and after a nine o'clock breakfast we started for the scene of the kill, a couple of miles distant, beside a lovely *nuddee* (stream), with pools of water, thick copses of green *jāman* (willow-bushes), and some very fine *kairai* trees along the banks. Old Bhowani pointed out a troop of lungoor monkeys, watching the river-bed from aloft with great attention, and added, that the fact of none of them being on the ground indicated the presence of the tiger. C. and K. had been posted on the right bank, and I had only just crossed to the far side, with a beautiful strip of *jāman* covert



AT THE "KILL."

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in between us, when C. fired, and I heard the tiger's "Woof, Woof!" as he dashed off down stream.

Just then I caught the shouts of the beaters, so scrambled hastily into a small tree, catching a glimpse of the tiger a couple of hundred yards off. I was intently watching the bushes in front when I heard a twig snap behind me, and caught one fleeting glimpse as he vanished over the high bank in my rear, with tongue lolling out, and evidently distressed by the sun.

I did not understand at the time how the tiger had failed to see me, as he must have been within a dozen paces, and rather above me.

We were all much disgusted, and both C. and I had evidently fallen very much in our *shikarris'* opinion, but getting old Luximon on to the *pug* (footprints), we started after our quarry, through some low and open thorn jungle, across which he was heading for another bend of the river. In about half a mile we sighted, when, slipping Rover and Ranger, we ran after him. He sauntered along unconcernedly, at a slow pace, occasionally looking back over his shoulder at us, and appearing as he stalked along as big as an ox. At about 100 yards C. fired a shot, of which he took not the slightest notice, and as we got within 70 yards of him, still strolling away from us, C. and I fired simultaneously, and through the smoke, instead of seeing him charging, as seemed probable, we saw him rear up, seize a sapling, and roll over on his back, tearing this in his death-agony, while the dogs most pluckily seized him as he struggled on the ground.

C.'s No. 14-bore ball had broken the near hind just above the hock, whilst my shell, by a mere fluke, as I aimed generally at him, had burst in the neck behind the left ear, fracturing the skull. Length, 10 feet 1 inch; skin, pegged out, 11 feet 10 inches. The natives, who profess to age them by the lobes of the liver, made him out to be fifteen years old. He had an old scar on the right shoulder, and had lost the right eye—probably caused by the horn of a bison or buffalo—which accounts for his not seeing me.

From the 12th to the 22nd, changing camp five times, but marching only thirty-two miles in all, though we passed much good covert, and spent six days in beating, a panther, two stag *cheetal* (spotted deer), a couple of blue bulls, and some smaller game alone rewarded our

exertions, and all of these were shot out stalking, and nothing was even fired at in a single beat.

One night, during full moon, some of our servants awoke C. with news of a *neilghye* standing under a tree near at hand. He accordingly sallied out in his pyjamas, got to within 20 yards, and gave both barrels into what proved to be a village buffalo bull. On some of our horsekeepers, who were Mussulmans, attempting to *halla* it (*i.e.* cut its throat to make it lawful), it struggled to its legs and lumbered into our camp, where it fell dead within 20 yards of my bed without awaking me.

On *17th April* all of us started at 4 A.M. to the hills, to wait for bears. No *gara* again, though the villagers swear to three tigers; out at 10 A.M. to beat amongst the gorges, and in five beats saw four hog, a *sambhur*, a bear, and four *cheetal*, but no one got a shot.

After a march over terribly stony hills, where in the space of half a mile we counted forty-three broken axletrees of country carts, we reached the village of Syikerry, on a good stream of water, with shady trees on the banks, and a well-built fort in the centre.

Having a *gara* there on the *22nd April*, we proceeded as usual to beat about 11 A.M., but in the first drive, the tigress, as she proved to be, broke round our flank, re-entering the *nulla* higher up. We then pushed on for about three-quarters of a mile to post again, but finding by the track in the sandy *nulla* that she was still ahead of us, went on for another half-mile before taking our stands, which we had to do hurriedly, as we could hear the shouts of the beaters advancing, and had not time to get into trees. We were perhaps 80 to 100 yards apart, and though the valley was very open, with scattered trees and waist-high grass, there was just sufficient undergrowth to prevent our seeing one another. I had scarce taken my place on the main *nulla* when the tigress appeared about 100 yards to my front and stood panting underneath a shady tree.

Had I been alone I should have fired, but dreaded the reproaches of my companions in case I missed, when it was certain that she must approach closer. After some minutes—she apparently suspecting something, as she had been staring so hard in my direction, I was almost afraid to wink—she turned off towards K. Two shots followed just as I lost sight, then I heard a "Woof, Woof!" got a glimpse of her racing back in the opposite direction,

and heard K. call, "Come here, G." Running forwards, I soon perceived K. walking, without rifle or helmet, towards a shady tree, and fancying he was merely done by the sun, was proceeding more leisurely, when, just then, I realised that K.'s gunbearer, who had been shouting something unintelligible from a tree above, was warning me that "the *bagh* (tiger) was close by." Almost simultaneously I spotted her, crouched in the grass seven or eight paces off, but with her back towards me, apparently watching K. An easy shot at the back of her head, and she sank down with scarce a quiver, and so little did I think anything had gone wrong, that my first words to K. were chaffingly thanking him for letting me have a shot at his tiger. In reply he said, "Why, the brute's *puckeraoed* (seized) me." I then noticed that his clothes were torn and speckled with blood in half a dozen places. He made light of his wounds, merely deploring that he would lose a fortnight's sport, and said he had seen the tigress the whole time whilst waiting opposite, and that when she left the *nulla* and headed straight for him, fearing she might run into him in the grass, he fired at, and missed her at 50 yards end on. She then passed him at full speed a few paces off, and he shot her through, though too far back, with a spherical bullet. She continued on a few lengths, then turned, charged, and before he could cock his second gun, which was leaning against a tree alongside, he felt himself knocked down, and twice rolled over, when, being suddenly released, he had called to me.

K.'s second gun, which was dented in two places near the breech, was, when I picked it up, still at half-cock, and we found he was clawed in the left arm and shoulder, and bitten in the small of back, in the fork—which seemed the worst wound of all—right knee and left calf. His sun-pad over the spine, belt, *shikar*-knife, and a pistol which he carried, had apparently greatly deadened the worst of the wounds; but the shock must have been great, as a small glass flask in his breast-pocket was broken into a dozen pieces. She was a small tigress of 7 feet 10 inches. We got him back to the tent on a *charpoy* (camp-bedstead), and after dressing his wounds as well as our limited ideas of surgery permitted, we resolved, despite his protests, on taking him back to cantonments. Having rigged up his camp-bed into an extempore litter, C. started, at sunset,



with him, and, impressing bearers at each village, reached the railway in about thirty-six hours, and Nagpore that day, where K., who seemed all right, was installed in the doctor's house.

As no immediate danger was anticipated, and C. could do no more, he rejoined me in camp a couple of days later. It was not until three weeks subsequently that we got a post out from cantonments, and learned to our surprise that poor K. had died three days after the accident, from no assignable cause but "shock to the system."

In ignorance of this sad event, we continued our shoot, seeing and bagging several bears, whose pursuit generally entailed much climbing and a great deal of running, in attempts to head them, or in stern chases after them. Some of the isolated conical hills were crowned with rocky scarps twenty feet high, giving them quite a fort-like appearance, and at the salient angle of these, there was often quite a chaos of overturned basalt columns, piled upon one another in wild confusion, and affording an impenetrable retreat to bears and panthers. Gaining the top of these before dawn, and catching the wild animals on their return, was one's sole chance of bagging anything. The first couple of bears I got, sauntered up to the foot of my hill about sunrise, and delayed so long in a belt of scrub jungle on the slope, that, fearing they had turned off, I ran down to see, and met them within twenty paces, just as I entered the bushes. Number one, who reared up with a grunt, fell dead to my first barrel, whilst I hit number two through the body, as she turned to bolt. Wheeling round, she seized her dying mate by the neck, and began banging his head up and down, howling dismally, and giving me time to reload my M.-L. rifle. Just as I finished this, realising that her companion was dead, she relinquished her grip and bolted, and after a stern chase of quite half a mile, I eventually dropped her. Walking up carelessly, she sprang to her feet and nearly got hold of me, but a lucky shot fired from the hip singed her face and finished her. Lengths, 6 feet 8 inches and 6 feet. Both with one of these, and subsequently with a particularly fat cub, we tried to feed our dogs, but they, though nowise particular as a rule, refused to touch bear-flesh, either in the form of soup or of well-cooked steaks. This seems the more surprising, as the

Indian black bear is a purely vegetable feeder, and lives much on jungle fruit and honey.

We passed a week in this camp at Abkoree, as, though we did not get a *gara*, the villagers were so positive that at least three tigers were about, one of whom rejoiced in the nickname of "Jungi" (warlike), and another in that of "Kala Moo" (blackface), that we stayed on, hunting for bears in the early mornings, and fishing by day. After waiting till the *27th April*, we then started to beat at all hazards, beginning with a small triangle of waist-high grass of a few acres in extent, some four miles from the tents, where all the surrounding under-covert had been recently burned down.

After posting us, old Bhowani, striking across a corner of this patch, walked on to a tigress asleep, who snarled at him, but slunk off into a small deep *nulla*, almost a fissure in the rocky ground, above which I was standing on a knoll. He called out to me, "Sahib, bagh hy" ("here's a tiger"), with as much unconcern as if it were a deer, and bringing up C., posted him in a tree to cover the other side.

As soon as the beat began, the tigress trotted out, but my companion, firing too soon, missed, and sent her off at a gallop, she charging a tree in which a coolie was perched, and springing about 10 feet up at him; but just as he gave a yell of dismay, she passed on.

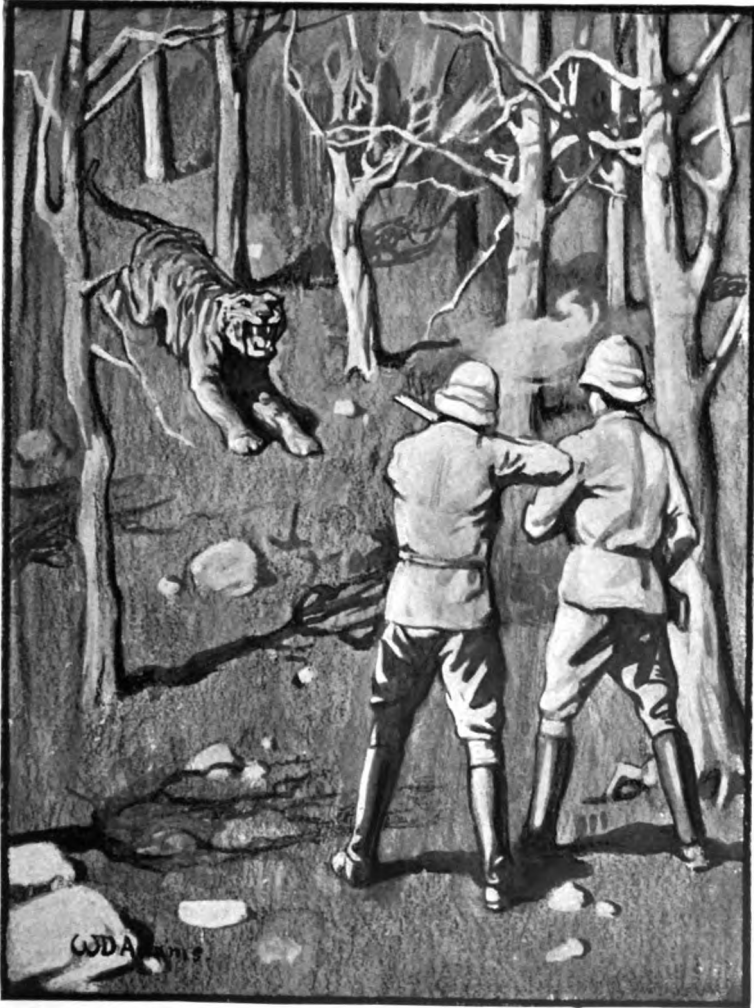
After wasting an hour by trying towards the water for her, Luximon hit off her track, heading across some open tree jungle with no underwood or grass. The heat was so awful that we picked her up within half a mile, and soon doubled up to within 70 or 80 yards, as the slow trot she was pursuing, when first sighted, soon degenerated into a walk, and she loafed along with her tongue lolling out as she occasionally glanced back at us. I fired, evidently hitting, when she roared, but probably intimidated by the seventy or eighty beaters at our heels, cantered on a few strides and crouched behind a tree. As soon as I had reloaded, we advanced, "right incline," to outflank her, when she again slunk off, but receiving three barrels from us, which made her reel, she again crouched behind a tree 100 yards further on, and apparently so hard hit, that we thought it was practically over, and C. did not even reload the rifle he had just fired. We now walked up to within 50 yards, and, in our inexperience, downhill from her, and, standing on either side of a small tree, agreed to

fire alternately. I noticed at the time that both the *shikarris* and beaters, who had hitherto followed close at our heels, now remained behind, only our two gunbearers sticking to us. At C.'s first shot, when I saw dust fly at the point of her near shoulder, she sprang to her feet, and keeping her head low, charged absolutely silently, almost the only tiger I ever knew to do so. She took my first and C.'s second barrel with only a wince, and was within a dozen paces when I blazed my last shot into her—as she appeared like a great firework coming at us—but through the smoke, realising that she was still coming on, and that her eyes were still fixed on mine, I instinctively stepped behind the tree, her head as she shot past knocking my rifle out of my hand. As I turned to face her, I saw, to my delight, I must confess, her tail pass me as she turned her attention to my comrade, who, with his empty rifle, ran off to the right. Just then my gunbearer, who had dodged off somehow, shoved my breech-loader into my hand, as the tigress seemingly stuck in an isolated thorn-bush ten paces off, which C. had jumped, and a shot behind the ears finished the performance. All our last four bullets had struck in chest or neck, and it was only owing to the comparative feebleness of our armament that she made good her charge. Even as it was, she was so knocked about, that it seemed incredible how she had come as far as she did. Length, 8 feet 6 inches.

The villagers regarded her as something so out of the common, that they subsequently ate her.

On returning to camp, *en route* killing two gazelle (*chikara*) with one bullet, we found that the "Jungi" tiger had killed a cow and calf close to our tents in the early afternoon, but on proceeding thither, after an hour's fruitless tracking we decided to leave it till the morning.

On the 28th April we revisited the spot early, and as all around yesterday's tracks had been obliterated, by the villagers dragging *cummals* (blankets), we could clearly see that the cow had been carried bodily, with only one leg touching the ground, for 100 yards, and then dragged for another quarter of a mile to the edge of the water. We had two beats along the stream after breakfast, without result, and whilst L. took up his *pug* along a side *nulla*, old B. led us to the triangle of grass where we had found on the preceding day. Here we were shortly joined by L., who had carried the track to the same place, and it



A CRITICAL MOMENT.

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was an excellent illustration of how they by their different methods arrived at the same result. C. was now posted on the eastern side of the grass triangle, and I, 200 yards distant at its apex, where the enclosing *nullas* joined, whilst the beaters lined off and advanced from the foot of the stony hill which formed the base. At the very outset of the beat, the tiger turned up opposite C., who had two shots, and wounded him in the hind leg, when he galloped towards the beaters, who swarmed up trees, and shortly afterwards fired the grass, which burned slowly in consequence of a sharp shower the preceding night.

A small tiger presently trotted out a couple of hundred yards from us, and made for the river, and as the fire crept onwards the beaters shouted that the big tiger had entered the deep western *nulla*. We accordingly proceeded thither, C. posting in a tree about 50 yards back from his supposed *locale*, whilst I went 100 yards lower down to a small open in the *crevasse*, where I got into a stunted thorn-bush, with my feet about my own height from the ground.

The beaters, who were collected in the nearer trees now yelled and stoned the spot without result, until three of our dogs, who had discovered his whereabouts, entered the fissure, but promptly emerged like rockets closely followed by the tiger, roaring furiously. It formed a most striking scene. The dogs, who had momentarily bolted, now turned, and from fifteen or twenty paces off bayed the tiger, who stood roaring as if his heart would break, presently turning his attention from them to the beaters who crowded the surrounding trees. The wild, desolate waste on the one side was a mass of smoking embers, with here and there a tree blazing furiously, whilst on the other a deep thunder-cloud was creeping up, the whole being set off by a crimson sunset, and our quarry, with tail erect, in the centre, stood roaring defiance to all comers. Just as he seemed on the point of charging at a small tree crowded with men, C. fired, and after swaying about for a second, the tiger recovered himself, and bounded back to his stronghold. My comrade, who thought him mortally wounded, called to me to come and finish him off, so, half-cocking my rifle, I was bending over to choose my footing preparatory to a jump down, when I saw the tiger's whiskers not ten paces from me, as he stealthily emerged from the narrow part of the *nulla*. Some gnarled roots on the bank partially covered his head, and-gave me time to draw myself up and

full-cock my rifle, before, slowly emerging, he glanced right and left, and then up, when a peculiar greenish tinge flashed into his eyes as he realised me, and at once charged with a roar. He was within a few feet, and apparently in the act of springing, when I fired. Reeling backwards, he reared up to his full height, wildly pawing the air in unpleasant proximity to my face, but fell all in a heap to my second barrel, one of my shells having burst in his mouth. Length, 9 feet 8 inches; age, 14 years. This was the one who rejoiced in the name of "Jungi" (lit. "warlike one"), and the glare of his eyes as he spotted me remained long impressed upon my memory.

A severe thunder-storm, which nearly wrecked our tent, and a serenade by yet another tiger, said to be "Kala Moo," who wandered round our horses for some time, appropriately concluded the day.

It was the first time I ever heard the peculiar note which felines indulge in, though rarely, at night when calling a mate. It commences with a series of low moans, crescendo in note and volume, merges into the sound of sawing wood on a hollow-sounding board, and dies away in a wailing sigh, and though this must appear somewhat unintelligible to the reader, it is exactly what strikes one when he hears it at the time.

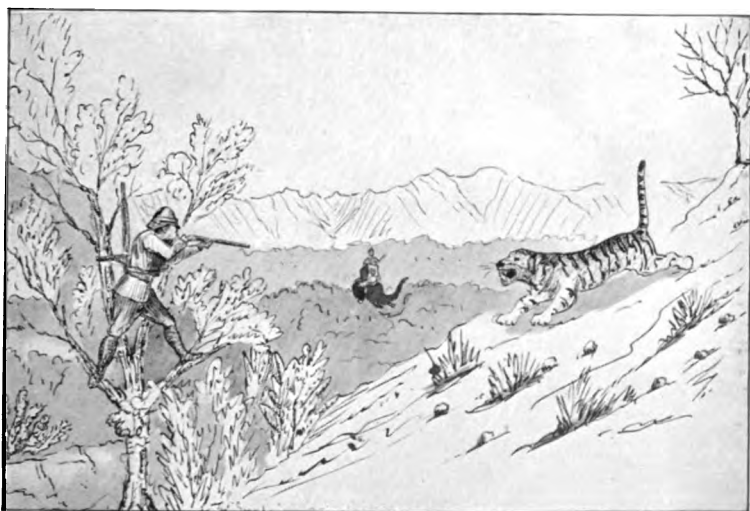
For several days, and with some changes of camp, we got only three bears and half a dozen deer of sorts, two or three of which—particularly one *cheetal* stag—gave good runs after being wounded, and were pulled down by the dogs. We had some hard chases after bears, and twice stalked panthers lying out on the rocks at sunrise; but though we saw the tracks of several tigers, they had so much game, especially *cheetal*, to feed on, that they would not touch our buffaloes. We had many days' beating, but it was like looking for a needle in a haystack, and it was only at intervals of four and five days, and by marching thirty or forty miles weekly, that we picked up a tiger now and again.

At Gonse a cattle-herd ran in whilst we were at breakfast, to say that one of his herd had been clawed by, but had escaped from, a tiger; so we hurried out, leaving our *shikarris* to collect beaters and follow. As the herdsman was guiding us to the spot, he suddenly pointed out the tiger about 400 yards off, stalking another of his lot, a white cow grazing somewhat apart. The tiger got within fifty yards without doing much crouching, broke into a



TIGER AT BAY.

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THE CHARGE OF THE WARLIKE ONE.

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clumsy gallop, and though apparently going no great pace, bowled her over before she had bolted a dozen lengths. The rest of the herd, after dispersing in confusion, returned in a body, staring at their assailant from forty yards off with bovine stupidity, then suddenly realising that something was wrong, they galloped off, with tails erect, across a dry water-course, when, seemingly forgetting all about it, they at once quieted down and resumed grazing.

He was shot without incident, within 400 yards of where he had killed the cow, and proved to be a 9-foot 4-inch tiger.

On another occasion, after beating till about four in the afternoon, we separated to try for spotted deer on our way to camp, and I soon got a fair stag. Sending the two villagers with me to get a cart for its conveyance, I followed them leisurely. It was about half an hour before sunset when we hit off the cart-track to our village, where, above the footprints of the men who preceded us, were those of a big tiger following them, or at least going in the same direction. We carried these to a small river with some nice *jāman* covert, into which the tiger's track turned.

Getting on the bank above the bushes, we pelted them with stones, without result, so leaving my gunbearer up above, I descended to hunt for tracks along the water's-edge.

Suddenly looking up, there was the tiger's head staring full at me from the entrance of a small grassy *nulla* on the opposite bank, and separated from me by a shallow pool of water, a dozen yards in width. It flashed across me that the first backward step might induce him to charge, and that it was a case of "in for a penny, in for a pound," so I took a quick shot into his face, and sprang aside. Nothing, however, followed, not even a growl, and the head had disappeared, making me wonder if it was not all imagination. As, however, it was now sunset, I was glad to retire unmolested and leave further investigation till the morrow. Returning at sunrise with our dogs, we found the tiger stone-dead in a narrow sort of drain, and his skin already somewhat the worse for the delay. He taped 9 feet 2 inches. The shell had caught him under the chin, as he raised his head to look over the grass, and had burst in the back of the throat, breaking the spinal cord.

At Surda, on 12th May, we had three tigers on foot,

but bungled matters, and only bagged one, who was, however, a reputed man-eater, a male of 9 feet. He broke early in the beat, was missed by C. at 100 yards, charged to the shot, and was again let off at 30 paces, but, not seeing his man, turned away. On following—as we thought it was unsafe to use beaters—after we had sighted him three times, and sent some desultory long shots after him, he was eventually burned out of a patch of grass, and accompanied by a tigress, trotted past me at 60 or 80 yards, as I was hunting for a tree in which to post myself. I let the tigress, who led, pass unfired at, and took four shots to finish off the bigger one, who fell about 100 yards from where I first hit him.

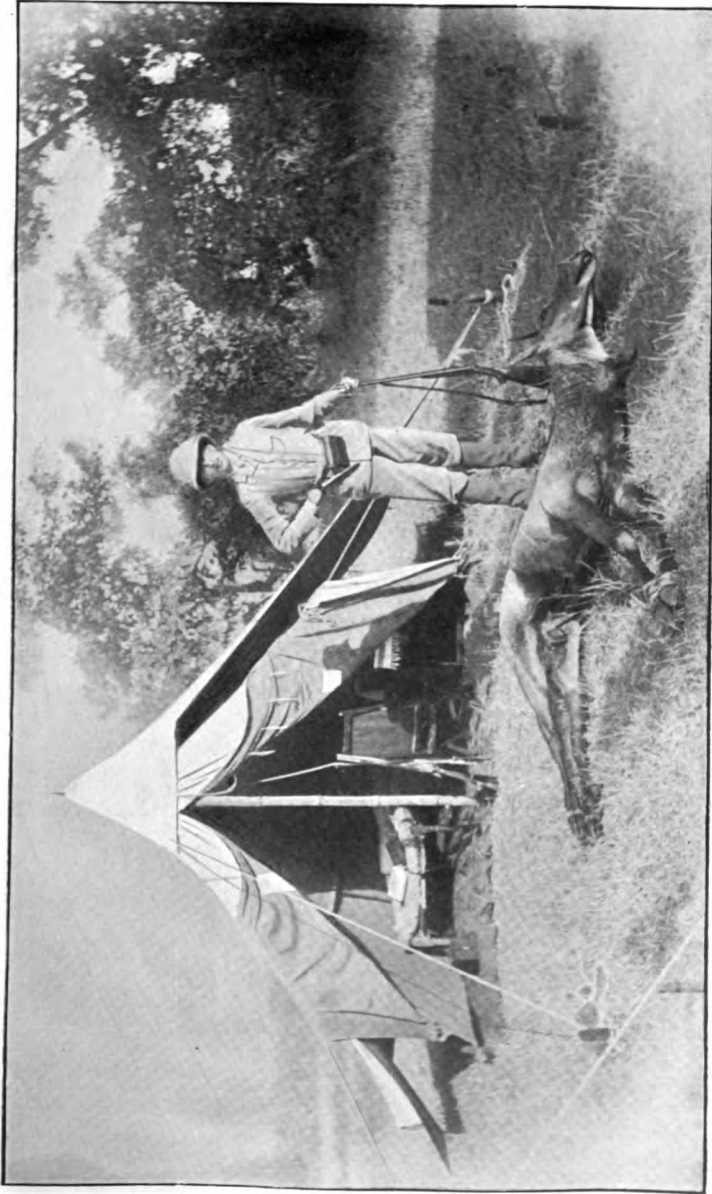
Whilst searching for Number Two, C. suddenly pointed to a dry thorn-bush within fifteen paces, saying, "What a curious effect of light and shade! it looks just like a tiger, but cannot be one"; and as even our lynx-eyed *shikarris* were of this opinion, one of them heaved in a stone, when, with a roar, away went a big tiger, and being defiladed by the bush, was out of sight before we could use a rifle.

On the 18th *May* we found, on visiting a buffalo tied up, that it had been killed by a tiger, who, however, had been driven off by a pack of wild dogs, whose *pug* were distinctly visible over those of the slayer, and our *shikarris* at once declared that we should not find him anywhere near.

The result justified their experience, as it was not till the third or fourth beat, and late in the afternoon, that we eventually shot him, quite four miles from the scene of the kill.

Almost the last tiger obtained we accidentally walked on to, lying in running water under an overhanging *jāman* bush, and shot her within 15 yards. This was a medium-sized tigress of 8 feet 1 inch. We gave up on 28th *May*, riding back about 100 miles into Kamptee, having marched 368 miles in all, and made a bag of ten tigers, 4 panthers, 2 leopards, 7 bears, 9 cheetal (spotted deer), 5 neilghye (blue bull), 5 antelopes, 1 hyena, 12 various, and 4 boar, speared.

Contrary to accepted ideas on the subject, one has far harder work than one ever experiences when shooting at home—when you are seldom eight hours in the open



SHIKAR TENT AND NEILGHYE.

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air, including a drive in a comfortable waggonette, and lunch with every luxury. In the jungle, on the contrary, the sportsman is twelve or fourteen hours in the saddle, or on his own legs, rarely back till sunset, and though to bed after the sparrows, gets up from his *al fresco* couch with them. It is the most healthy life possible, and the profuse perspiration, in which one is continually bathed, has all the effects of a Turkish bath.

The bugbear of the sun is an absolute myth, so long as you taste nothing stronger than tea up to sunset. As a candid man of my acquaintance used to say: "One cannot both drink and go out in the sun, and for my part I prefer drinking"; and as any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, the sun serves as a useful excuse to explain away want of grit, or self-indulgence.

It is, of course, necessary to have a good helmet, and a quilted pad on your back is also advisable, but with these, any fairly abstemious Englishman can face the sun as well as any ordinary native.

## CHAPTER III

### GUZERAT—1868

EARLY in June I found myself transferred to a battery of the same brigade, quartered at Ahmedabad in the Western Presidency, where I joined by rail a week later. The trouble and delay of getting a simple railway warrant from the Staff office at Bombay, was at that time bad enough, but a short time previously, when there were separate departments for the British and Indian Services, it was far more complicated. A man I knew, wishing to ascertain the address of a friend belonging to a native regiment, inadvertently applied to a clerk in the former section, "Oh," said the fat baboo, with a pitying smile on his face, "in this office we have nothing to do with those black regiments."

The style of country in Guzerat, the so-called "Garden of India," differs as much from that of the Central Provinces as does Kent from Ross-shire, and the garrison of what was then the headquarters of the northern division of Bombay was composed in defiance of all theory as to the relative proportions of the three arms. Besides the staffs of the division, and of the artillery brigade, we had but two batteries of field-artillery and two regiments of Bombay Infantry, no cavalry of any description, and, despite the lessons of the Mutiny, not a British rifle to escort our twelve guns.

This district—which is dead flat, and rejoices in a climate often compared to that of the west coast of Africa

—is beautifully wooded, and, unlike the rest of India, the well-cultivated fields are enclosed by cactus (not prickly-pear) hedges. The trees, not only around the villages, but dotted all through the hedgerows, are chiefly mango, tamarind, and banian, of magnificent proportions, and the first and third named are evergreens. An immense number of temples, mosques, tombs and wells—chiefly disused, and many ruinous—are met with on all sides. Animal life abounds—wild hog, antelope, neilghye, pea-fowl and lungoor monkeys being most *en évidence*, whilst in winter the small game shooting—wild-fowl, snipe and quail, supplemented by the indigenous species—would be hard to beat.

Though the magnificent remains of Shah Alum's tomb, and others attest former Mahomedan domination—the spot is still pointed out where Emperor Akbar, in 1575, by his splendid audacity in charging 10,000 men with 300 of his body-guard, decisively defeated a serious rising—this part of the country is now essentially Hindoo and Brahmin-ridden.

A story illustrative of this was current in my time. A robbery had taken place in one of our post-offices, under circumstances which made it pretty certain that it must be the work of one of the fifteen or sixteen *employés* of the office, all of whom were Hindoos. After an English inspector had failed to elucidate matters, an old Brahmin volunteered to unravel the mystery, and at his suggestion all the *personnel* were assembled at sundown at a disused temple half-buried in jungle, which at that hour had a weird and ghostly appearance. After working upon their religious fears, the venerable Brahmin directed all to enter the temple one by one, where they would find a stick lying before the idol, which they were to grasp in both hands and carry three times round the god, reciting certain specified incantations; the innocent had nothing to fear



but the stick would freeze on to the hands of the culprit, thus manifesting his guilt.

The old man made each one as he emerged from the obscurity, approach him, and to the first few who passed merely said, "Go in peace," till when the sixth or seventh approached, he denounced him as the thief, the accused at once confessing.

The stick on the altar was freely anointed with oil of sandal-wood, and the culprit's credulity sufficed to prevent his touching it, fearful lest it should hang on as threatened, and by the absence of the scent from his hands he gave himself away.

Like most of the unwarlike races of India, the well-to-do classes are highly educated, and much resemble the Bengali baboo in character.

An English lady reformer of uncertain age, who came here to deliver a lecture on prison discipline, zenana education, or some kindred topic, told the audience at its conclusion that she would be happy to answer any questions put to her, upon which a fat baboo came to the front with, "How old are you?" "Oh no," she replied, "I don't mean questions of that sort—only ones connected with the subject of the lecture." "Are you forty?" continued the baboo, nowise abashed. "No, I won't answer such a question," was the reply. "Are you fifty?" continued her tormentor. "Oh no, I told you I won't answer such questions." "Are you sixty?" "Oh no, no, no, I'm not sixty," the lady responded, precipitately.

Another baboo, attending the reception of a local clergyman who rather encouraged their visits, was somewhat mystified at being introduced to an elderly spinster, a new arrival, as "Miss So-and-So." By way of delicately asking whether he had caught her designation correctly, in a pause of the conversation he pointed across at her with his finger and the query, "But is she a virgin?"

It was customary to ask to dinner anybody calling on our Mess, and one young civilian who had been so invited made himself so very much at home, and talked so loudly, "old following," amongst others, a colonel who was seated opposite, that the latter gradually getting more and more exasperated, finally leaned forward and said, very quietly but audibly, "My good sir, if I were you, I shouldn't make quite such a noise, for fear that some fellow at the other end of the table might say you are a blanked fool."

There was a good example of taking time by the forelock, when one middle-aged major, appropriately nicknamed the "Brandy Bottle," proposed to a young lady. "Oh, but I thought you were married?" replied the damsel. "Yes, but I expect to hear of my wife's death by next mail," he pleaded.

A worthy old honorary captain, employed in the arsenal at Ahmedabad, upon being asked where his wife, then at home, was staying, replied that he really was not sure, as he had given her "*a carte de visite* to go where she pleased."

Though there was excellent pig-sticking to be had on all sides, there was a sad lack of spears. The only regular beats near at hand were the Katwara, Perana, and Vinjool *bheers*, but runs were mostly obtained by boar being marked down in hedges or isolated fields of crops by *wagrysts*, as the *shikarris* are locally termed. In addition to a couple of rupees for each rideable boar thus shown, the *wagrysts* received an extra rupee for each estimated year of age (*e.g.* a 31-inch boar was a 5-year old) of the pig, if killed, up to a total of 9 rupees, which sufficed to excite pretty keen competition. The hedges, often too big altogether for any horse to attempt, but sufficiently open below for a pig to smash through, and, above all, the deep lanes, gave the boar every advantage, of which they thoroughly understood how to

avail themselves. Occasionally, when pressed up the side of a hedgerow, which they invariably hugged, they would smash through the side at right angles, when at the pace you were going you had to fly the cross-fence ahead of you, pull round, and jump into the field which your quarry had entered, and then seeing no signs of him, jump back again into the original enclosure, where, after having negotiated three fences, you descried him legging it back with a clear gain of 100 yards' start. It was, in fact almost impossible to kill a pig single-handed amongst the smaller *khets*. We seldom mustered more than a couple of spears, and in the four meets in June only bagged half a dozen boar. Thanks to the long delay in the burst of the monsoon, we eventually managed to assemble five spears for the final meet of the season at Dongerwao, 25 miles north of cantonments, where, though we failed to find a particularly large boar, reputed to have killed several natives, still the numbers of hog we saw amply repaid us for a very hot trip; but we were, owing to various causes, reduced to one hunter apiece, and had even to hack out on riding camels. I transcribe one day as typical of the style of sport:—

*Thursday, 11th July 1867.*—Started at 7 A.M. with twenty-nine followers; Luximon, the hunt *shikarri*, had placed a number of *chakoos* (flagmen in trees) most judiciously, and they were of the greatest use throughout the day. Gaps had also been cut in many of the cactus hedges, which were too high and thick for a deer to clear, or for an elephant to force his way through.

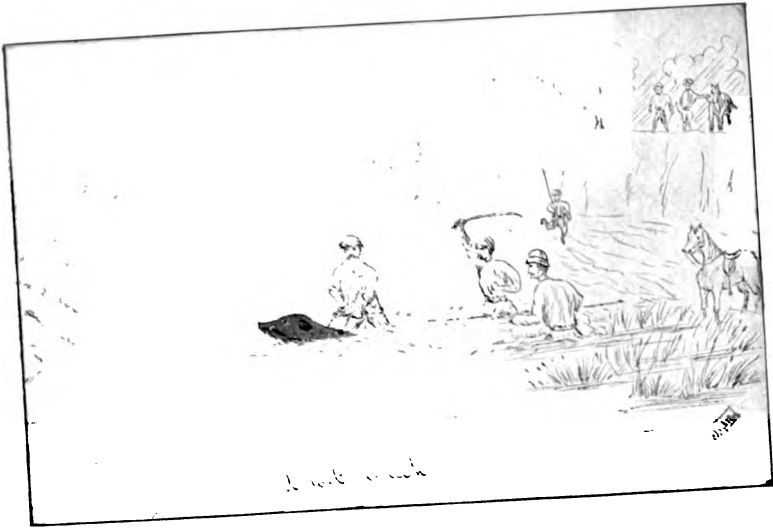
We were first taken to a small hill where two large hog had been marked down, but being aroused and both proving to be sows, they were permitted to retire into private life. We were then conducted a little further on into a perfect labyrinth of hedges, and a splendid boar arose and stood regarding us, with a surly air of surprise. It was not until B. and Sn. had jumped an intervening double, that the boar, after a leisurely survey of us, dived off to the

right into a narrow lane just as T., S. and self entered it. We rattled him down this, and I all but speared, but bursting through the further side of the lane, and crossing an open, showing an unexpected turn of speed, he gained some *babool* jungle beyond. Here for a brief space he was, unsighted, but as *chakoos* steadily pointed out his line, he was caught and got first spear in the quarters when charging T., and taking the point, without apparent effect, in the head, he missed his rip, but caught and held on like grim death to the horse's tail, which he followed up for 60 or 70 yards. He received two or three more spears ere falling. Height, 33 inches; aged as eight years; tushes, 7 inches. A couple of old matchlock bullets were cut out of his quarters.

After a rest for our horses, we proceeded to another "mark down" in cactus, a quarter-mile distant, B., S., and T. on the right, S. and self on left of some dense hedges, and at once a sounder of three big and various smaller hog broke to our side. As on overhauling them all the larger proved to be sows, we pulled up, all except B., who pressed on to the hill, lost sight, picked up a fresh boar, which he rode, speared, and dropping his spear, lost. The rest of us, meanwhile, rode on slowly to the ridge, when a *chakoo* signalled pig in some *babool* bushes. On entering these slowly, we came upon a sounder of a couple of dozen big ones, wallowing in a tank, and the sight absolutely demoralised us, as it became a case of "every man his own pig." At first, along with T., I rode three or four for half a mile, when they dived under an impassable hedge, and we separated, looking for a way out of it. T., S., and S. all rode and lost hog on their own account, finally reuniting and riding a fresh boar, but lost him also. T.'s galloway was so done that he had to be led home. I was meanwhile cantering down the hedge, in search of a practicable place, when a small boar trotted across my front, a quarter-mile off towards a rising knoll. On galloping up to the spot, no signs of him, but in the hollow below, in a nearly dry tank, stood a boar as big as our friend of the forenoon. Letting out over most lovely ground in the direction of Kurree, I soon overhauled him, as he was done up with the heat, and though my nag was a bit shy of closing, the boar, who seemed very cross at being hustled on so hot a day, turned in upon us, when I caught him low down behind the shoulder. It was a case of first spear and last spear, as a few strides further and he

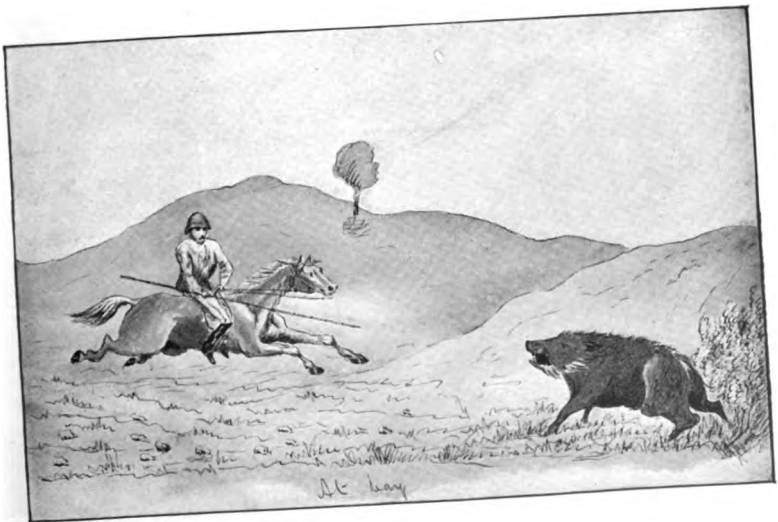
dropped dead. Height, 34 inches; tushes, 7 inches—a welter! Returning slowly, and quite done up, I chanced upon another hog, and rode it, but my nag coming down and rolling over me, I thought we both had had enough of it for the day. B. had meantime speared, but lost another boar, and we regained the tents at dusk, thoroughly done up. All our nags were too cooked to hunt again on the 12th, when three black buck and 45 brace of small game, including the first *florican* of the season, composed our bag.

On the 13th, warned by our ill success, we worked more together, and bagged three good boar by noon, but our horses were now sufficiently stale, so leaving them to follow us, we started on our camels shortly before sunset, getting into cantonments about midnight—only a couple of days before the burst of the monsoon.



A WET FINISH.

[To face page 66.]



AT BAY.

[To face page 66.]



## CHAPTER IV

### ABYSSINIA AND GUZERAT

BEING appointed to the transport train of the Abyssinian expedition, I was, from October to December, 1867, at or near Bombay, undergoing my first experience of how thoroughly our cast-iron regulations and hide-bound offices manage to hamper all practical work.

We were supposed to be organised into divisions of 2,000 animals each, with a British captain and two subalterns, ten British and twenty native non-commissioned officers or soldiers as "inspectors," and 400 drivers, besides a proportion of *mūccudums* (overseers), *nālbunds* (farriers), and other artificers. It was all very pretty on paper, and absolutely went to pieces in practice. By the original order issued, a native non-commissioned officer was to rank above a British private, and my first experience of how admirably this worked was a Bombay *hāvildar* (sergeant) complaining to me that on his giving an order to a "Tommy," the latter had *gāllied* (abused) and kicked him. On ordering the latter before me, he explained: "This man began jabbering to me, and I only called him a black soor (pig), and gave him a kick."

As the *kāla pāni* (sea) had then great terrors for the Hindoo imagination, it was only entirely destitute natives who would enlist at any price for the present expedition, and as all sepoys and followers have to provide their own food in India, and are only paid monthly in arrears, it was



absolutely necessary, in order to keep our drivers together at all, to advance them a small subsistence allowance. As dozens of them, after a week or two, bolted, there was a monthly loss of three or four hundred rupees of money so advanced. When our first pay-bill went in, the whole of this was disallowed by the pay examiners, "as by Regulations pay should only be issued in arrears." All representations of the exceptional nature of the circumstances were vain, and my captain was left about £40 out of pocket. For subsequent months he was told to return all deserters as "discharged" on the dates they disappeared, and he then had to draw their entire pay (about treble what had really been advanced) for the periods they had served. So an officer was forced either to lose £30 to £40 himself, or overdraw double that amount of Government money, the pay examiners being supremely indifferent so long as Regulations were adhered to. Of course this surplus was treated as a "litter fund" for the public benefit.

As a final instance of the ways of official common-sense, I may cite that when we applied for our pack-saddles—an obvious necessity, not only for the purpose of fitting them on, but because it was evident that the majority of both men and animals were absolutely untrained to the work—we were informed that these must remain in charge of the Commissariat up to the port of debarkation, "because they would travel so much better in the crates" wherein they were packed. The result was that after some thousand beasts had been eating their heads off for a couple of months at Coorla and Tanna, they were eventually landed, unequipped and unbroken, at Annesley Bay—where the process had to be begun—with the distilled water alone required for camp use costing 10,000 rupees a day.

Being perforce unable even to practise loading drill, beyond "stables" and attempts to instil some rudimentary

ideas of discipline into the minds of our drivers, we had but little save some very fair snipe-shooting to occupy the time until embarkation—which for a couple of months, we were constantly assured, would probably be the following week.

Whilst encamped at Coorla, a most lovely spot, with a foaming stream fed by the overflow of the Vehar lake water-works, I experienced my first touch of Indian fever, in consequence of bathing in a most tempting rocky pool just underneath our tents. The sensation is as curious as it is unpleasant. I had eaten breakfast with an excellent appetite, and was writing in my tent, when I was seized with a strange shivering fit, and my hand began to dance about, till the pen traced incoherent strokes and dashes upon the paper. Throwing myself, booted and spurred as I was, upon the bed, and dragging my blanket and cloak over me, I shivered, despite the heat of the day, until the frail cot fairly rattled. The paroxysm passed away as suddenly as it had come, after what appeared to be a quarter, and may well have been the whole of an hour. This was succeeded by a dry, burning sensation, in which I tossed about in a sort of nightmare for what seemed to be several days, but which proved to have been only six hours. Whilst I continued all right but a little “muzzy” in the interval, I was again similarly attacked upon the second and fourth days at precisely the same hour, 10 A.M., and a rigorous course of quinine alone enabled me to shake off the fever.

As is too commonly the case in India, the prettiest spots are the most unhealthy, and so many of our men died from fever at Coorla that we were eventually marched to Tanna, whence we moved to embark at Bombay in sailing transports, in the month of December.

Throughout the district around Bombay there are many native Christians, whose numbers must have

formerly been even still greater, if we are to judge by the number of the ruined Portuguese churches scattered about. They probably have merged into the Hindoo population, as there is a great tendency amongst both those of our own creed and of the Mahomedan to imbibe ideas, especially as to caste, from the surrounding majority.

One hot day, when riding near Coorla, I asked a villager for a drink of water out of his *lotah*, but the man objected that this would spoil his caste. "But to what caste do you belong?" I enquired. "To the Christian caste," he replied.

As a curious commentary on the ways of living two or three generations back, a house near Coorla, formerly called "Billy Banian's Castle," was pointed out to me built exactly on the confines of the Bombay and Thama jurisdictions. The *bunia* in question made a *spécialité* of smuggling on homeward-bound ships officers who were so deeply in debt that they would be arrested if attempting to leave the country openly.

At that period, also, "griffins" arriving in India used to get into such terrible scrapes, that they had to be sent up country in charge of a senior officer and delivered over to their regiments. One major, who, unknown to the authorities, was an inveterate practical joker, had been assigned this duty, and the day before introducing those under his charge to the first big military station, informed them that, owing to the heat, it was the regulation that officers should have their heads shaved; and as he set the example of having his own pate operated upon, all his juniors guilelessly followed suit. The next day, when got up for about the first time in their lives in full uniform, with belts and sashes all awry, they visited the general, accompanied by their mentor, he in the entrance-hall pulled a wig out of his pocket and put it on—marching them in with their heads as bare as billiard-

balls, and looking uncomfortably conscious that they had been utterly sold.

The passage to Aden, now five days by P. and O., took us four weeks, we being seventy hours becalmed in mid-ocean, with our bowsprit pointing back towards India. As my tub on board was limited to having buckets of water sluiced over me when decks were swabbed in the morning, I took the opportunity of indulging in a header overboard on the first day we were stationary; but as about ten minutes after I had emerged, a huge shark sailed up alongside, it was the last time I ventured on such a proceeding. Though the only officer with the transport, I had a very pleasant time, and under the tuition of the boatswain, had some very fair sport, throwing a harpoon or the "grains" from the dolphin-striker of the ship.

Some of the skippers of transports were rather rough diamonds, and on one occasion, when we knocked off embarking horses at the crew's dinner-hour, I was asked if I and my sergeant would not come down to the cabin and have a dish of soup together.

Annesley Bay, our port of debarkation, was a dreary waste of sand, though a mile or two back from the shore there was a belt of mimosa jungle most useful for grazing our camels, and containing some wart hog, which the few officers with any leisure vainly essayed to ride.

The headquarters of the transport train were here, and we had a Mess of sorts, about the biggest in the camp. So much interest was excited in Europe by the expedition, that we had representatives from most civilised armies with us, and some amusing stories were told concerning them. One rather helpless couple of foreigners had been wandering about for a day after landing, without food, when on making their plight known to an officer, they were of course carried off to

Mess. Under the influence of a square meal and a good drink they visibly revived, and in the course of the evening got into an animated argument between themselves, till one, springing to his feet, called to a servant, "Bring me a cup of tea—hot, d—d hot"—and when the "d—d hot cup" arrived, threw it in his comrade's face. The latter jumped up and challenged him, both appealing to some of the bystanders to act as seconds; but when reluctantly convinced that this would not be allowed at any price, they after some talk agreed to make it up for the present and fight on their return home.

Another who posed as being a mighty hunter, sallied forth *à la chasse*, the very day after his arrival, returning an hour or two later, radiant with the announcement that he had shot "*deux chameaux sauvages*."

One German officer was chatting with a captain of ours, when the latter called up a passing sepoy, to give some order. On the former expressing great admiration at the smart way in which the man had doubled up when summoned, the latter remarked that surely in his army a soldier came up when ordered. "Oh yaas," responded the Teuton, "he do cōm, but varr-ra shlow."

The first attempt at dispatching a convoy of our baggage animals with supplies should have been a useful object-lesson to those responsible for the disallowance of the issue of pack-saddles whilst we had nothing to do in India. These had been served out only the previous day, and we began loading up at daybreak, under orders to march at 7 A.M. The scene of confusion that ensued baffles description, and more resembled an exhibition of Buffalo Bill's "broncho bursting" than the orderly work of a disciplined force. The majority of the drivers, knowing nothing of how to girth a saddle or adjust a load, simply squatted on their hunkers and

left subsequent developments to fate; those who under the eye of their superiors were forced to work, showed marvellous aptitude in discovering wrong ways of fastening straps and cords; whilst the pack bullocks—upon which on this occasion our energies were expended—after being held by main force to be loaded up, as often as not started off with a series of buck-jumps, and after upsetting their burdens and scattering everyone on their path, stampeded with tails erect down the camp. Eventually, after toiling like slaves till past noon, we had to abandon all idea of marching that day.

Fortunately for myself, I was dispatched next morning in charge of another convoy whose officer had been floored by dysentery. Practically from the time of landing, all attempts at keeping the different units separate was perforce abandoned, and the first transport officer that hands could be laid on was just dispatched with any quadrupeds of any sort fit to march. There were some very fine-looking Syrian camels, which worked entirely independently under their own drivers, and their caravan was always headed by one tremendously powerful, thick-built beast, adorned with a plume of ostrich feathers, of whom they were inordinately proud, as they said he had killed two men. One morning, when loading up, he appeared to object to the process, upon which three or four Arabs rushed at him with sticks, when he turned and attempted to seize one of them in his mouth, upon which the man threw himself on the camel and seized his upper lip with his teeth, giving it a shake as a terrier does with a rat, and the huge brute shut up.

Even with animals which had already accomplished a month's work, I think one's transport experience was about the hardest and most thankless task I had ever had anything to do with. After working from dawn till about 8 A.M. to get the thousand odd animals of your convoy loaded up and dispatched in batches, with a strong rear-

guard of spare beasts, you mounted, after a hurried breakfast, at first under the delusion that the worst part of the day was over. However, it was soon learned by experience that the rear would be found halted within half a mile, replacing loads dropped by those ahead, whose drivers' sole idea was to push on and leave the trouble of replacing them to someone else. As the column, often composed of camels, ponies, and bullocks of varying rates of speed, soon strung out to 5 or 6 miles in length, their supervision in the narrow, winding paths up to Senāfe was quite impossible. At every turn, as one cantered forward to see how the head of the convoy was progressing, one encountered strewn loads, or found an inspector trying to catch an empty *bât* animal and a couple of drivers to reload it—and so it went on all day. A man considered himself lucky if his rear-guard got in before sunset to his intended stage of 12 or 14 miles, and he found that not more than two or three dozen animals and loads had been lost *en route*.

So great was the mortality, especially of camels, in the Sooroo Pass, that at each of the five posts established in it, thirty men were detailed simply to burn the carcasses strewn about, as the hundreds of over-gorged vultures perched on the rocks above were quite unequal to their task. Fortunately there was a good deal of scrub tamarisk jungle, which provided the necessary fuel, otherwise an epidemic must have resulted. I once saw a camel who had broken down, squatted with some forage in front of him, within five paces of a stream of water, and passing that way a week later, found him alive on exactly the same spot, he never having struggled these few paces to slake his thirst.

Amongst our European inspectors, we had half a dozen particularly smart and sober young dragoons, just the type of men, one would have thought, to stand

a bit of hard work, whilst we had about as many very old soldiers of the 109th, recruited in great part from the old Foreign Legion of the Crimean War. Most of these were old toppers whose hands danced suspiciously of a morning, before they had had their first dram, and one and all were drunk at Christmas-time, whilst their younger comrades had been models of sobriety. Within a fortnight of our real work commencing, every one of the young cavalry-men was down with fever or dysentery, and had to be invalided, whilst not a single one of "*la vieille garde*" was a penny the worse for the longest day without food, in a burning sun—and excellently well they did their work also. I suppose they were case-hardened, like a lizard in a bottle of spirits; and I remember an old officer of those days remarking, he "had never known a man die of too much drink, but a precious lot succumbed in training for it."

Six marches brought one to the cool plateau of Senāfe, 7,000 feet above the sea, where a considerable depôt was maintained, but onwards to Addigerat, and thence on to Antālo—the furthestmost point I reached—there were only small rest-camps, with usually a guard of half a troop or company under a native officer. All these posts were practically defenceless, a small, loose stone breastwork serving for little more than to define the enclosure; and as one often saw some hundred natives seated within, either bringing supplies for sale, or bargaining with the Commissariat for forwarding stores, any of these camps might have been rushed without the smallest difficulty. Indeed, the universal friendliness we met throughout the entire route, alone made the expedition possible.

The native idea of trade was peculiar; the dollar—old Maria Theresa for preference—was the sole coinage known, and any subdivision of this never seemed to enter their heads. There might be seen, for instance, a couple of



women seated alongside each other in the camp bazaar, the one with half a dozen, and the other with three or four dozen, eggs for sale, but each would equally expect a dollar for her lot.

As to this currency, it is said that when the campaign was decided upon that the Austrian Government was approached by the British Ambassador with the view of purchasing from them the requisite amount of this, the most popular, form of coinage, to meet the requirements of our expeditionary force. The Ruler of the Dual Monarchy, although his Government was unable to supply the required sum in this obsolete form, evinced his friendship by lending the original die, by means of which the required sum of silver was struck in the London Mint.

Even in those days—when, goodness knows, my acquaintance with the vernacular was decidedly sketchy—I was much amused by the total ignorance of Hindustani displayed by the captain of a Madras infantry regiment—a dozen years my senior—who was attached to the transport train.

Whilst in India the Turkish term of “Welayeti” appertains to anything foreign, it is more commonly used as a noun to designate an Afghan or as an adjective to explain the European origin of an article. In this sense, to spare the susceptibilities of Mahomedan servants, ham is designated as “welayeti mutton,” whilst for convenience soda-water is usually called “welayeti panni”; so it was natural that the English compressed forage introduced in this campaign should be termed “welayeti ghas” (grass).

Upon hearing an officer direct his native groom to ask for rations of “welayeti ghas” for his horses, this captain with fifteen years’ experience of the East enquired what on earth that signified. “Why, English forage,” he was

told. "Oh!" he replied; "why I always thought that 'welayeti' meant soda."

The late Sir D—— S—— commanded a brigade of the expeditionary force. Lord R——, then a major, was in the Quartermaster-General's department at the base, and Sir H. Stanley was there as correspondent for the *New York Herald*. Captain S——, who had for many years served in Theodore's army, also accompanied our headquarters. I believe his experience of that country was unique. Some years previously, on retiring from the British service, he went on a shooting expedition from Aden into Abyssinian territory, where he was well received, but was forwarded on to King Theodore, who promptly informed him that as he was desirous of discussing matters with him without the medium of an interpreter, he would be interned in a fortress until he had learned Amharic.

Having in six or eight months acquired sufficient proficiency, he was re-conducted before the ruler, and had, *volens volens*, to accept a command. He had amongst others a French and a German colleague, and on one occasion, when at Eastertide there was a grand muster of all the chiefs and feudatories, they estimated that between two and three hundred thousand followers trooped past the king. After some years he obtained a reluctant permission to leave the country, and was marching towards the coast with all his effects when they were overtaken by a royal messenger with a peremptory order to return. Seeing it would be impossible to escape without abandoning his belongings, he ordered his servants to press on with the latter, whilst turning back with the messenger he rode straight to the king, before whom he presented himself, and with feigned indignation said he had come back because he could not bear to hear his royal master traduced; that although his majesty had shortly before given him permission to

leave the country, this man had the impudence to say that King Theodore had actually changed his royal mind. The ruler, with great promptitude, condemned his hapless subject to death, and Captain Speedy, pushing on by forced marches, got clear of the too-hospitable region.

Some of the scenery—such as that near Fōcada—was very fine, but the so-called towns were mere squalid villages, and the appearance and dress of the inhabitants suggested total savagedom. Of fighting, we on the lines of communication saw absolutely nothing, and in fact Magdala was occupied practically without resistance. We had a great opinion of the invincibility of the Sniders with which our British troops had been recently armed, our natives having in those days nothing better than smooth bore muzzle-loaders.

An amusing “shave” that we believed for a day or two was that our advance-guard had reached the place where Magdala was supposed to be, but could find no trace of it.

One lesson I learned was the great value of Arab horses as campaigners, and certainly nowhere was a horse tried with a greater variety of forage than in this expedition. Whilst at one camp one got rations of *gram* (peas), at the next the Commissariat provided English-compressed forage, and at the third, perhaps, barley and some locally procured rush-like grass. Whilst English and Australian horses, snorting suspiciously at the unwonted provender thus offered—got off their feed and rapidly lost condition, the little Arabs would instantly tuck into any species of food put before them and start fit and fresh in the morning.

Of game we saw but little. Some few elephants were shot south of Annesley Bay, but throughout the expedition not a single lion was killed, nor, I believe, seen. Near Senāfe we got a panther; and at the lower camps hyenas

—spotted, not striped like their Indian congeners—sometimes made night hideous with their yelling.

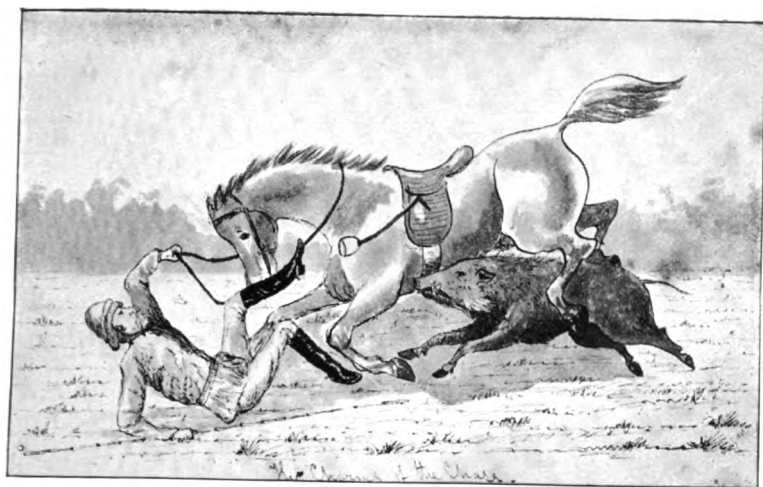
A rather celebrated big game shot, who had published a sporting work over the signature of the "Old Shikarri," considerably detracted from his own reputation by Munchausen-like narratives which were quite a joke in the Army.

Having at one period shot in Abyssinia, he hurried out to offer his services, but these not proving to be of sufficient value to justify his retention, he had to return to the coast. Whilst two or three of us were sitting in the Mess-tent one afternoon, a middle-aged, hard-bitten-looking little man in plain clothes rode up, saying that his baggage animals had broken down a few miles back, and could we send some assistance to them? Of course we invited him to sit down and have some refreshment whilst awaiting his kit, and as he at once launched into sporting talk, we soon concluded that he was no one else but the "Old Shikarri," an idea which was speedily placed beyond all doubt. He began by enquiring whether it was worth his while to halt here a few days, upon the chance of getting elephants, "as he wanted to keep his hand in," which induced the question as to whether he had shot many of these animals. "Yes; the last time I was out I shot nine hundred and seventy-one elephants in two years and three months on the Zambesi River." We naturally remarked that this was a very good bag. "Yes," he gravely replied, "the best bag ever made in this world by a single gun." "Were many of them bulls?" I queried. "All bulls," was the impressive rejoinder; "I never pulled trigger at a cow." We were then informed how much the ivory had fetched in the Grahamstown market—a sum running well into five figures; upon which an Irish doctor present remarked that if he had got all those dollars he thought he would like to sell him a "harse." This so

overcame our hitherto well-maintained gravity, that an uncontrollable roar of laughter brought these reminiscences to a conclusion.

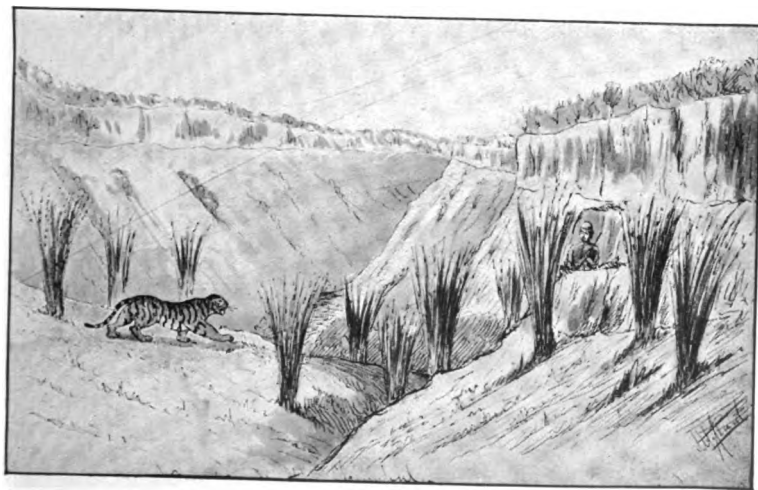
A tremendous lot of grain-pilfering went on all along the line of communications, chiefly in the badly-guarded camps, and the delinquent natives were, when caught, invariably flogged. Our political officers however disapproving of this, an Army Order appeared directing that offenders, when caught red-handed, were to be made over to their local headmen for punishment. As one could have bought over any one of these people in authority for a bag of flour, the idea of this procedure being of any avail partook rather of the nature of a burlesque than of a farce, and thieving received quite a novel impetus. In this dilemma we found it far more efficacious to hand over offenders to a British private with a useful pair of ammunition boots on, and direct him to see the individual out of camp, with the remark that we were forbidden to flog thieves, but that the Order said nothing at all against kicking them. This worked far better than the other system.

Guinea-fowl, spur-fowl, *chikore* (red-leg partridge), and green pigeon were the only game birds I myself shot, and one bright mauve-and-purple coloured bird, of the size of a thrush, was the only noticeable feathered curiosity I remember. In the Sooroo Pass were troops of sulky-looking, huge, red-breeched baboons, quite 3 feet high. In the evenings lots of what were called "rock rabbits" emerged from fissures in the cliffs and fed, apparently, on the tamarisk trees, which they climbed freely. Though of the size and colour of the English rabbit, they were more like guinea-pigs, being tailless, and having rat-like ears—and probably owing to this, no one that I know of ever ventured to eat one. There was one most fascinating little creature called the "Ben Israël Deer"—a



PERIL.

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IN AMBUSH.

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perfect gazelle, the size of a hare, which it seemed a shame to shoot.

At the end of May, as we were already returning, a tropical thunder-storm converted part of the Sooroo Pass into a raging torrent—a flood wave 3 or 4 feet high bursting upon us from some side ravine, and sweeping off tents, animals and men. Our own belongings were, luckily, on a knoll, but those of another convoy in the bed of the stream disappeared bodily, and amidst the dire confusion, trying to save people, quite a comical element was introduced by the camels (the only quadruped which cannot swim), who were sailing off unresisting, and apparently unmoved, their long necks, in some cases, emerging swanlike from the flood, placidly chewing the cud. The "spate" passed as quickly as it had appeared, and within an hour all was over. The road in parts was so cut up as to be impassable for a couple of days.

On the following morning, upon descending to view the steepest portion of the Pass, immediately below Sooroo, which was popularly termed the "Devil's Staircase," an awful scene of destruction met the eye. Whereas twenty-four hours previously there had been a road perfectly passable for wheeled vehicles, here there was now only a chaos of disjointed ledges, down which a man had to be lowered by a rope, to get along at all. High overhead were to be seen in places the corpses of men and animals, in some cases so jammed betwixt boulders that they could not be extricated, and one had simply to heap wood over them and burn them as they lay. All available men were detailed for fatigue parties, and by working night and day the road was somehow, *tant bien que mal*, made passable for animals within forty-eight hours. Hardly had this been effected, and the pent-up stream of returning troops and animals been allowed to filter through somehow, when late in the afternoon, whilst the entire gorge



was blocked by men and baggage, inky-black clouds gathered overhead, and there appeared to be every likelihood of as destructive a "spate" as had occurred two days previously. Had it come then, the loss of life would have been something appalling, and would have exceeded all the other casualties by sickness or otherwise throughout the entire campaign. It was simply due to Providence, or luck, as some people prefer to term it, that such an eventuality did not occur.

Sailing on the 28th May, in one of Green's ships, with a cargo of horses, we were towed to Perim, and thence, thanks to the south-west monsoon, had a rough but fairly speedy run to Bombay. The fittings on one side of the ship giving way during a particularly stormy night, we had about thirty horses tumbling and sliding about for hours, and before they were secured two of our men got limbs broken, and about a dozen animals were so badly injured that they had to be shot next morning.

Being quartered for the next two years at Ahmedabad, my leisure time was more than filled up by pig-sticking, black buck, and small game shooting, which, however engrossing to the performer, is of scant interest to anyone else.

We had annual meets at Dongerwao, or Kheyraloo, of the Guzerat and Deesa Hunts, for a week or so at a time, which remain bright spots "on Memory's tablets traced."

We had, however, better fields—up to five or six spears—in 1868 and 1869, than in the previous years, and averaged three or four boar a day. An amusing instance of native character was shown one evening at a meet, a dozen miles off, where a few of us had come out overnight, and others had sent on their horses preparatory to joining us in the morning.

After dinner, one of the servants, loafing about in the

dark, fell plump down an old well 20 feet deep. On the alarm being raised, and he being found swimming about below, two or three turbans knotted together were lowered down, and by them he was hauled up about mid-way, when, these breaking, he flopped down again, began gurgling, and was apparently *in extremis*, when one of the party rushed to the nearest horse and began to pull off his heel-ropes with which to extricate the man. Thereupon the *syce* in charge, whose master was not present, interfered, saying his "sahib had given no *hookum* (order) for the heel-ropes to be employed to pull men out of wells with."

I had an unpleasant experience in this same camping-ground one moonlight night in July. A patent camp-bed collapsed with me soon after lying down, but being too tired to bother about this, I continued my sleep *par terre*. Gradually my dream shaped itself that a *waggy* had brought in news of a boar marked down, and that, afraid of waking me abruptly, he was tickling me with a feather to do so, when, becoming wide awake, I felt a cold flick along my leg inside my pyjamas, and as I bounded to my feet, saw in the moonlight a snake wriggle out of the tent-door.

In 1868 the railway from Bombay stopped at Ahmedabad, and as Madras time had not then been introduced, local time was employed everywhere. As the cantonment time was regulated by our mid-day gun, in order to ensure exactitude we used to send a non-commissioned officer weekly to the station, 3 miles off, to check the guard-room by the railway clock. This system had worked very satisfactorily for a year or two when by chance the station-master, seeing our sergeant setting his watch, asked what he was doing that for. "Why, to get the time for our gun," responded the sergeant. "Oh, but we always set our clock by your gun," replied the station-master.

In November 1868, I was attached to a battery, the E/14, for the march from Deesa to Deolali, forty-five stages as, owing to sickness, it was almost destitute of officers. We used to take a day's rest after every three marches—a far more popular arrangement than the present one of halting only on the Sundays—and, owing to the climate, *réveille* sounded at one o'clock, and we rode off at 2 A.M. daily, feeling quite chilly even with cloth clothing and cloaked up. There was no road, in the proper acceptation of the term—mere sandy lanes, leading from village to village, and zigzagging about in such perplexing fashion, that guides with torches generally accompanied the advance-guard. The first three or four hours in the dark were most wearisome, but about dawn we reached the coffee-shop sent on overnight, when, after half an hour's halt and hot coffee, all the world brightened up, cloaks were taken off, and by the time we reached our camping-ground, at 7 or 8 A.M., we were glad to change our tunics for white kit before morning stables.

A good instance of a bit of rough and ready enforcement of discipline occurred with one prisoner, who, as is customary, was ordered to march on foot instead of being seated on the limber or waggon. As he flatly refused to move a step, and became insolent, he was handcuffed and fastened to the muzzle of one of the guns. When the latter marched off, and he found he had the choice between walking forwards obediently or being dragged along, barking his knees and his shins, he was promptly converted, and offered to march the whole length of India, if only released.

Kaira, 30 miles south of Ahmedabad, is a most lovely, but now deserted, cantonment, in whose cemetery a large number of officers of the 16th Lancers, and another cavalry regiment whose number I forget, lie buried. Two or three civil officials alone now inhabit the station,

and owing to Government parsimony, the cemetery, when I saw it, was unwatched, and the marble tombstones were rapidly disappearing to make curry-stones of. I believe there are old records, authorising on behalf of the Bombay Government the most liberal expenditure on the cantonment at Kaira—"as it is definitely decided that our frontier shall never be further extended."

On the crest of the breach of the old fort of Broach, no less than, I think, eight officers of the former Bombay Fusiliers lie, most appropriately buried on the top of the rampart they so gallantly carried in a now long-forgotten assault.

We were halted for some weeks here to fire salutes for the Governor of Bombay's visit to the Broach Exhibition. During this tour, on one side of a triumphal arch erected in his honour, appeared the inscription, "The Governor is coming," and on the reverse, the words, "God help us!"

The Nerbudda, which is here three-quarters of a mile wide and tidal, though spanned by a splendid railway bridge, had no other means of crossing than common country boats, and no pier of any sort; so it took us from 8 P.M., full moon, till 3 P.M. the next day to get the whole battery across.

There were scores of starving pariah dogs infesting piles of timber stacked on the left bank, as, whenever a police edict was issued for the destruction of ownerless dogs in Broach, the pious Bunias would collect and ship these across the stream to save them from destruction, though absolutely indifferent as to their having to die a death of slow starvation there—not a rupee being devoted towards their sustenance.

After passing Surat, we hugged the sea beach more closely, and had some rather difficult tidal *nullas* to negotiate, and a most noticeable thing was how quickly marching on sea-sand wears out horse-shoes.

The numerous palm-trees along this part of the route, —most of which are at this season tapped for *toddy*, an intoxicating juice tasting something like soap and water— had an irresistible attraction for our men, who, under cover of the dark hours of the marches, stole off from their subdivisions and bagged the hanging *chatty*-pots right and left, and though they were severely punished when caught, this seemed to have little deterrent effect.

Rejoining at Ahmedabad, in January 1869, after the journey, we found pig-sticking most unusually flourishing. The best boar of the season was killed at Butwa on the 3rd of March, and was a 36-incher—age, twelve years; tushes, 8¼ inches; length, 70 inches; but it would be wearisome to narrate details of ordinary runs.

There was such an abundance and variety of game in those days that on one occasion, camping-out overnight, I got, the next morning, five black buck, had two good runs and kills of jackals with a couple of Polygar dogs, joined the Hunt Meet at breakfast, and got two first spears, all in the course of the day.

When out at the beginning of the hot weather, with a brother officer, we had a curious experience with what apparently was a mad boar. One afternoon, returning from shooting, I found the entire population roosting in the trees surrounding a castor-oil field adjacent to the village, and close to the disused *dak* bungalow in which we were staying, and heard that a boar had turned up and ripped six or seven people without any provocation. Mounting as soon as possible, I joined my comrade M—, who had preceded me to the spot, and hoicked in a couple of my dogs. Almost immediately a fair-sized boar charged out, ripping M—'s horse, and regained the field unspared. Soon after, there were shouts that he had broken at the farther corner, and no sooner had I arrived there than I was charged by the pig, just as my

horse was recovering from a nasty drop leap, and only spearing him slightly, while my nag got a smart gash in the flank, I had my left foot cut; then the boar getting behind me, after chasing us for 30 or 40 yards up a lane, wheeled round and regained the tall crops before I could turn. After some more or less risky skirmishing amidst the 8-foot-high castor-oil, he eventually, being much badgered by the dogs, broke, routed a crowd of villagers, and the moment he heard my horse overhauling him, turned, and charged back from 50 yards' distance, when he died savagely fighting. He was a boar of 33 inches high, with 7-inch tusches.

Once when out alone, and I had speared a big boar who came to bay, I tried the effect of tucking my spear under the arm, like a lancer, instead of carrying it with a loose arm, as the ordinary *shikar* spear is used in India. The pig came forward at me, and we met at full speed; but instead of driving the weapon through and through as I expected, the penetration was insignificant, whilst I lost both stirrups, and felt lifted on to the cantle of the saddle. The exact opposite occurred when twice successively an unwounded boar whisked round and charged when I was racing at his heels, passed under my spear and caught his head slap against the sole of my boot, as both times he rolled clean over, whilst I scarcely felt the blow at all.

We had a very pleasant fortnight, sallying forth at dawn with spear, rifle, shot-gun and greyhounds, not quite sure whether we should first have a gallop after a boar, a shot at a buck, or half an hour at some snipe *jheel*, and gradually worked our way westwards, crossing the Null country into Kattiawar.

This is a most dreary, desert tract, as flat as a sheet of water, and is indeed at certain seasons almost submerged. It seems strange how any animal life can subsist

there, and the few widely-scattered villages are entirely dependent on their artificial tanks for drinking water both for man and beast. Whilst crossing this almost desert tract, I had my solitary successful experience of spearing an unwounded black buck, which, on the dead open, I had been vainly trying to approach. Our led horses chanced to pass just then, and merely because a half-broken four-year-old was a bit above himself and giving his *syce* some trouble to lead, I got upon his back, with the idea of quieting him down by a gallop, and laid into the buck, who kept on easily well ahead of us. After a couple of miles, thinking I had given the colt a sufficient breather, I was on the point of pulling up, when the deer gave a bad stumble; so, pressing on, I ran into and speared him in another half-mile. There was the mark of an old wound on his off-shoulder, perfectly healed up, but undoubtedly the cause of his being run down.

The Runn of Kutch, to the westward of Kattiawar, presents the curious experience of a stretch of water, in no place more than knee-deep, which it takes several hours' march to cross, and so flat are its shores that for much of the time you are apparently out at sea, and must, if unaccompanied by guides, steer by compass. Joining our friend, who was in the political department, we pushed on to Joonaghur, which, though now a Mahomedan State, contains some of the oldest Hindoo monuments in India.

In fact, Kattiawar appears to have been a stronghold of Hindooism in olden time, and some of the edicts of Asoka still survive, inscribed on rocks near Joonaghur. A short distance to the westwards was the celebrated shrine of Somnāth, which was taken by Mahmud Ghaznawi in the tenth century, when 50,000 Hindoos are said to have fallen in its defence. According to tradition, the Brahmins offered eight *crores* of rupees (about eight millions sterling) to the conqueror to spare the idol, and, though recom-

mended by his officers to accept that sum, he refused to pander to idolatry, and when the image was by his orders sawn asunder, jewels far exceeding the ransom offered are said to have been found concealed therein.

Some very ancient temples crown the sheer precipices of the "Geernal" Mountain, and there is, or was, an old prophecy that whoever jumps over this cliff and escapes alive will become ruler of Joonaghur. As a precautionary measure, up to comparatively recent times the Nawab kept a guard of Mekranis at the summit, and whenever a fanatic prepared to take the leap, he was started with a volley of matchlock bullets, which was regarded as a useful precaution.

A certain residue of Mutiny times who had floated about as outlaws in Kattiawar and were denominated Wagheers, were eventually obliterated in January 1868. Though latterly numbering only a score or two, still, being frequently joined by hangers-on of petty *thakoors*, they for long had set the local authorities at defiance. Though they were often surrounded on one or other of the isolated rocky hills which form such a feature in that Peninsula, the inferiorly armed levies of the country scarcely ever ventured upon more than a blockade, which the dacoits easily broke through under cover of night, to be next heard of 50 miles distant. A detachment of Bombay troops from Rajkote, who had been sent out in pursuit, having heard of the Wagheers being thus surrounded, somewhat late in the afternoon, and several miles distant from their camp, pressed on to attack them before dark. To save time the sepoy put on their belts over their native clothes, and the outlaws, seeing them thus attired, and having no idea that they were opposed to regular troops, stood their ground, the result being that in the assault on the hill—which took place hurriedly and almost in the dark—either three or four British officers,



out of five who were present, and seventeen native soldiers were killed, whilst the entire gang of Wagheers was wiped out—no quarter being given on either side.

The "Gheer"—a hilly, and the only wooded, tract in Kattiawar, of about 40 by 25 miles, and practically uninhabited—is the last resort of the Indian lions, which would nowadays be quite extinct but for their being to some extent preserved by the Nawabs of Joonaghur. The virulence of fever is the cause of the lack of villagers, only a few settlements of former African mercenaries being found; these seem to be impervious to malaria, and to thrive like frogs in a marsh. The ordinary natives only penetrate into this tract from March to June for the purpose of woodcutting and cattle-grazing; all water is supposed to be particularly deleterious, and even in May, inside a tent, one could in the mornings brush the moisture off one's rifle-barrels with the hand. The fairly open, stunted tree jungle which chiefly fills this district is dotted with a good many banyan trees, and a lion lying in the shade of one of these was pretty sure to notice people moving about as they followed up his tracks—the sole chance of finding him at all.

Once, tracking a lioness and a pair of cubs down a sandy path, I found that her trail diverged into a valley parallel to the road along which the cubs had continued, being rejoined by their mother about half a mile further on; and the old *puggee* (tracker) to whom I remarked on this firmly believed that animals can communicate amongst themselves. Our time being limited, we had to leave the "Gheer," only bagging some panthers and deer, tigers being absolutely non-existent in this peninsula.

When working our way northwards, devoting our time to panther, pig, and antelope, my friend, having on one occasion dismounted to stalk a buck, flushed a sounder

of hog. We got our spears, and cantering forward on their line, came to a piece of fairly open jungle, which we proceeded to beat through with a few of the local Rajah's *sowars*. Suddenly one of these, with his lance uplifted, galloped ahead, wildly shouting, "Wuh jata, sahib" ("There he goes, sir"), and we accordingly bucketted on seeing nothing, but perpetually urged forward by the excited cries of the *sowar*. After we had covered the best part of a mile, my friend called out, "What is it you see?" "Kargosh (a hare), Sahib," was the satisfactory reply. Thanks to the kindness of some of the local chiefs, who posted horses for me, I was able to accomplish the 240 miles into cantonments in fifty-two consecutive hours, spending each of the two nights on the road in a bullock-cart, on a heap of straw, where I slept very comfortably, and thereby knocked a couple of long stages off my journey.

On one occasion a police *sowar* on a riding camel, carrying a most important message from Ahmedabad to Rajkote (160 miles), accomplished the journey in thirty-six consecutive hours and without seriously knocking up his mount.

Shortly after my return I had, when out alone in camp—thanks to bad water—a sharp touch of something like cholera, and, I believe, saved myself by taking about four times the usual dose of chlorodyne (80 drops) within a few hours, but had to crawl back to cantonments in a country cart. Another officer who had been out with me died in the course of the night, of undoubted cholera. I remember, during a sharpish outbreak, a brother subaltern who had been at breakfast at Mess, remarking that he had just had a touch of colic. About 4 P.M. that same day the order-book was brought to my bungalow, and I found to my surprise that this man's funeral party was to parade in an hour's time.

Throughout Gujerat the *puggees*, or trackers, are a recognised institution of the country, and in the native States, should a robbery occur within village bounds, that community is held responsible unless they can carry the tracks to beyond their limits, when those on whose ground they are last found have to answer for it. Watching them at work, I have observed that trackers take cross-measurements with a couple of broken twigs, which are apparently accepted unhesitatingly by the *puggees* of the next village on to whose ground the trail has been carried.

As an instance of how reliable they are, I may cite the case of some travellers who were robbed a few miles outside Ahmedabad about 9 P.M. by three horsemen. It was not till ten hours after that the police and *puggees* reached the spot and carried the tracks some thirty miles along the sandy lanes which do duty for roads in these parts, till darkness stopped them. When they resumed the pursuit, the second day, the footprints were so effaced by village cattle in the preceding thirty-six hours, that, after proceeding a few miles, they had to abandon the chase; but as there was a criminal village two or three miles off, they thought they might as well visit it and inspect what is practically the "muster-roll," in which the absence for a night of any of the inhabitants must be accounted for. Whilst crossing the fields towards it, the *puggees* recognised the same horse-tracks again which they had lost for some hours, and ran two of them into this identical village, where the robbers, with most of the stolen property, were found.

In cantonments one has, as a species of blackmail, to employ a *puggee* as night-watchman, who sleeps peacefully on a *charpoy* in your garden, but whose presence guarantees complete immunity from thieves.

In consequence of some old treaty by which we are supposed to maintain a brigade at Baroda—as a

matter of fact we kept up only a battalion and a couple of guns, detached from Ahmedabad—we Royal Artillery subalterns had a month at a time, about twice annually, here on duty. The toy army of the *Guicowar* (literally "Cowkeeper") of Baroda was then a real stage one, comprising amongst other things a battery of solid silver 6-pr. guns, and a regiment of natives in Highland uniform—with pink tights to hide the black knees. There was also an amphitheatre for wild-beast fights, and precious stupid these were—such as a pair of elephants pushing one another to and fro, and being separated by big squibs whenever they began to get angry.

One official in a high political appointment here had, whilst I was at Baroda, a curious experience. Twenty years previously a brother officer of his, one K—, who in addition to being a wonderful linguist had considerable interest with the Court of Directors, had left regimental work for a lucrative political berth. Having by his own fault forfeited this, he was relegated to regimental duty, and at the time of the Mutiny was away on leave in the Persian Gulf, chiefly to keep out of the way of his creditors. Instead of rejoining his regiment, he not only remained absent, but was heard by Palgrave, the celebrated traveller, haranguing an Arab crowd in favour of the mutineers. On Palgrave's report of this to the authorities, and K—'s failure to explain his conduct, he was removed from the army. Next he was heard of as an officer in the *Guicowar's* troops, but had to leave that; next as commandant of cavalry in a small Rajput State, but drank himself out of this also.

Shortly before I heard this story, my friend, visiting a petty State near the Malwa frontier, was received by an escort from the Chief, the commander of which was his old acquaintance K—, now a *duffedar* (non-commissioned officer) on £2 a month. A present of

Parsi liquors and stores having been offered by the Rajah to our official, and declined by him, were bestowed on the "English Duffedar," who drank himself to death within a few days—a miserable ending to a once promising career.

In August 1868 we had the record rainfall of all my experience—36 inches in forty-eight hours. Many houses collapsed, posts where sentries usually mounted were waist-deep in water, and it seemed touch and go whether the greater portion of the cantonment, whose buildings are chiefly constructed of unbaked bricks, would not be swept down into the Gulf of Cambay.

In November of the following year we had the sole serious visitation of locusts I ever witnessed. We had heard for some time of their presence northwards towards Deesa, in a wingless state. On the day in question they appeared an hour or two before sunset, and our attention was first attracted by seeing apparently all the available crows, kites, and *minahs* in cantonments flying noisily to meet what resembled a great snow-cloud advancing upon us. Shortly, hundreds of big, pink, flying grasshoppers, 3 inches in length, pervaded everything, whilst tens of thousands began settling on the big mango trees, till their tops seemed weighed down with large pink snow-drifts. We vainly tried to move them on by repeated charges of snipe-shot, but though they fell by hundreds to each discharge, we did not produce the smallest perceptible impression on their masses.

The birds had long since retired, over-gorged, and the natives collected baskets full to make curry of, but the invaders continued to pour in until dark, by which time large branches as thick as a man's thigh were broken in every direction by their weight. With day-break they again moved on southwards, only the tree-tops apparently having suffered to any great extent, and within twenty-four hours scarcely a straggler was to be met with.

Judging by reports from ships, they headed straight out into the Indian Ocean where they disappeared, The *jowarri* (maize) fields, which were almost ripe, seemed at first glance to have escaped unharmed, as scarce a green leaf had disappeared; but on examination almost every single grain was nipped out of the ear, in some cases cut as clean in two as by a pair of nippers.

The small game shooting in the Baruj *bheer*, nine miles out, was at that time wonderfully good, and from October to Christmas, by which time we could commence pig-sticking, four of us usually shot this every Thursday. Starting about 4 A.M., we would reach our ground and begin shooting for quail at daybreak (6 A.M.), with a line of twelve or fifteen beaters, through knee-deep grass, knock off for breakfast under a magnificent old banian tree about 10 A.M., and after this separate for snipe and teal, reuniting and recommencing at quail from about 3 P.M. until shortly before sunset, when we cantered into cantonments in time for Mess. On more than one occasion we bagged 150 brace to four guns, and usually at least half that number. Undeterred by the firing, kites often hovered near, and occasionally carried off birds shot by us; and once when a kite with a quail in his talons had been dropped, the latter extricated itself, flew past, and was missed by a couple of guns, and went off apparently none the worse for its eventful experiences.

In April 1870, I spent a month in the Mandavi jungles, sharing with another gun in six tigers, some bears, panthers, and so forth, and had a further three weeks beyond Morassa, when three tigers and some panthers, with some very fair fly-fishing, rewarded our exertions.

There are some splendid ruins in the former jungle, one of which especially, "Songhur" (the golden or the jungle fort), particularly impressed us. A steep, almost precipi-

tous isolated hill, 400 to 500 feet high, is crowned by an old Mahratta fort, still in fair preservation, and garrisoned by a few sepoy of the *Guicowar* of Baroda. Two long flanking walls run down from the heights above, enclosing a fair-sized town, with the ruins of well-built houses and palaces, but now absolutely a city of the dead. This also had been strongly fortified, and from the *débris* of some of the double-tiered, casemated, flanking batteries some iron cannon were still peeping out, whilst the whole was rapidly becoming lost in banian and *peepul* trees springing up on all sides, and was seemingly infested with big rock-snakes, several of which we saw, and whose trail was everywhere visible.

This fort is traditionally said to have been captured by the Mahrattas at the end of the seventeenth century, as was the better-known fort of Poorundhur, near Poona, by a means not uncommon with dacoits of the present day in India. This was by utilising a huge lizard, called the *gao*—a couple of feet in length, and with enormous prehensile power in its limbs—to carry a silk rope over the wall, up which it was urged by spear-points and the pelting of pebbles. The lightest man of the party then ascends hand over hand by the cord attached to the lizard, and draws a rope-ladder up after him by which his comrades follow. On rainy nights in the monsoon the celebrated Tannajee Maloosray, a daring partisan leader, thus surprised three of these forts at extremely precipitous, and consequently carelessly guarded, points.

Whilst in camp, my friend, who was an official of the district, received a petition from a baboo of the Public Works Department which is worth transcribing:—

*No. 5 of 1870, to W—, C.E.*

SIR,—With deep regret I have the honour to request you, that at the village of Chilwas where a well is to be

constructed a man named Rajhow Bawa by caste a coolie was prayed on by a tiger at 9 P.M. on the 2nd current.

He was slept under the shades of a hut in the village with approximately ten men, when a big tiger rushed in, not in any apprehension, and took him by the neck.

No sooner the pray was caught he uttered "Hai Hai" which effected every mind and soul and all who were round about. All the workmen cried loudly and some of the friends of the pray taking burning pieces of wood from the bhutee which was lighted on the spot, ran after the tiger. The tiger on learning this joint and accidental clamour left the pray on the ground and absented himself.

The man is nearly dead, but as he is young, say twenty-one years, he is sent to his village viz.: Tuskèsur to solace his aged parents. He endures horrible agonies and will die in a day or so.

Every one of the workmen ran away on this horrible and trembling accident and none dares to stop there.

No labourer is pleased to come at the place, and when with difficulty done so, they do not work hard, whilst on account of the greatest fear of these wild animals they goes out to work at 9 and return at 3. Workmen are souly unable to work much, so I plainly bring to your notice that there will certainly be an excess on the work, as the amount sanctioned is very short. I have &c.—

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*Overseer local funds.*

This touching epistle induced us to make a 20-mile march to the spot, only to find that what had really happened was that a woodcutter had been scratched on the leg by a panther.

After one long morning's climb over some cliffs, in search of bears, when about to pay a half-naked Bheel who had been carrying my *chagul* (water-skin), he begged in lieu of money for a handful of flour—as he had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours—and explained that he lived 20 miles away, and had only come there to have a drink at the village liquor shop. On asking what had kept him from returning, he said in the most matter-of-fact way: "Oh, I drank; then I fell down ("bus; pilya



tō girpurra”), and was awakened by your sepoy this morning, who told me to carry the Sahib’s chāgul.”

The liquor distilled from the *mowa* berry is a most atrocious-smelling compound, reminding one of a tannery-yard, and though taxed by both British and native Governments at some hundred per cent. Excise duty over its original cost, it is so cheap in the districts of its production that average natives can get comfortably drunk at an anna (penny) a head.

As an instance of the oppression often practised in the name of the law, a friend employed in the Revenue Settlement of this, the Surāt district, whose mission was to enquire into the title-deeds of the land-holders, related to me the following instructive case, which had recently officially come before him. Put into English values and measurements, it amounted to this: that two brothers had individually owned eight or ten acres of land apiece, but whilst the elder was free from debt, the younger owed a couple of hundred rupees to the local Bunia, secured by a mortgage on his fields. He dying childless, this estate reverted to the elder brother, who was easily persuaded by the creditor to sign a fresh bond assigning the entire land he was now possessed of, as guarantee for his deceased brother’s debt. Presently he was served with a notice to pay up—which the Bunia kindly explained was a mere formality required by English law, and of which he need take no heed—and then with a second and third, to which he likewise paid no attention. Shortly afterwards the unhappy *ryot* found his property attached, put up for sale by a Court Decree, and purchased by the village Bunia—the only man in a position to bid—for 180 rupees. He thus, through the accident of inheriting his relative’s estate, and ignorance of English law, found himself kicked out of house and home, and sued *par dessus*

*le marché* for 20 rupees; and when, smarting under the glaring injustice of the whole proceeding, he attacked the author of his ruin, he was run in by the English police and sentenced by an English Judge. Needless to say, the effect of such like applications of Western law to Oriental ignorance is deplorable, and only leads the uneducated classes to suppose that English justice is bought and sold like any other commodity.

Boundary settlement officers have similarly told me that the amount of hard swearing they habitually encounter is simply bewildering. For instance, one cited how in the case of an isolated patch of cultivation in the jungle he had found two claimants, supported by the entire evidence of their respective villages, each of whom asserted that he had cultivated this particular field without question, for years, and had removed the recently harvested crop to his own yard, a stack being in each case pointed out in corroboration of the assertion. As it happened in this particular case, the cart-tracks were still so fresh that the officer was able to convince himself as to whither the crop had been really removed.

The Bheels—who, like most aborigines, will endure any privations rather than submit to regular work, or leave the district in which they were born—live a most hand-to-mouth existence, and if now and then able to indemnify themselves by a gorge of animal food or an occasional “drunk” of country liquor, they, on the whole, pass a most abstemious life. Far from having any reputation for the pastoral virtues, they are notorious thieves, and in Native States never stir abroad unless armed, those who cannot afford firearms invariably carrying, even in these days, bows and arrows. The former of these weapons is made of bamboo, and its chief peculiarity is that the string is composed of a slip of the same wood, fastened at either end by a couple of inches of twisted

sinew. The use of these mediæval weapons is so associated with this tribe, that, at one of the Calcutta University examinations, in reply to a question, "Describe the Bheels," the answer of one intelligent candidate is recorded to have run: "The Bheel is a black man, but more hairy; he carries archers in his hand; with these he shoots you and then throws your body into a ditch. By this may you know the Bheel."

One morning, in the Morassa country, our trackers reported that a tigress and a boar had been marked down on a small island in the river-bed. During the beat the pig trotted off unharmed, but the tigress, when shot, showed a semicircular cut on the skin of her belly—a quarter of an inch deeper would have been fatal—whilst the old tusker had not even troubled himself sufficiently to shift his quarters.

The late General H—— had this year the unique experience of being bodily carried off, and escaping from the jaws of a wild animal alive. He, with S—— of his regiment (the old 49th), and T——, a doctor of the artillery, out shooting, some 30 miles from Deesa, wounded a tiger severely. They followed the blood-trail into a dense clump of thorns at the bottom of a precipitous ravine, and approaching this cautiously, were just able, when lying down flat, to perceive the animal crouched within. One of the party accordingly fired both barrels of his rifle into it, and no sound ensuing, they naturally supposed it was dead. S——, who was on duty the next day, now started back for the tents, to ride straight into cantonments, whilst the two others, sending for hatchets to cut a path into the bush, remained behind to see that the skin was not damaged. As they were leaning on their rifles and lighting their pipes, there was a sudden roar, and the tiger was on them. H—— had just time to cock and

fire one barrel from the hip into its face, when he felt himself knocked down, the rifle sent spinning from his hand, and himself seized by the body and carried off. This shot, however, saved his life, as it broke off one of the long canine teeth which would otherwise have met the corresponding one of the lower jaw in his lungs. He tried to draw his *shikar* knife, but his left arm was pinned to his side above, so that he was unable to reach it. He told me that the stench of the tiger's breath, which resembled putrid carrion, was quite as trying as the pain in his side, but to relieve the latter he put his arm round the beast's neck, one of his fingers entering a bullet-hole there. Probably owing to the pain caused by this, the brute dropped him shortly after, but lay down about twenty paces off, watching him as a cat does a mouse. T—, who had been following, afraid to fire, now reached him, and seeing that an important artery was cut, had to kneel down, holding his rifle ready with the one hand, whilst with the other he suppressed the bleeding. One of the *shikarris* now joining him was directed how to hold the vein, whilst T— stood up to shoot the tiger; but the man letting go in his excitement, and H— imploring him not to leave him, he had to assist his wounded comrade's removal on an extemporised litter to the tents. Then having doctored the wounds and arranged for getting him carried in to cantonments that evening, he returned to finish the tiger, who had, however, meanwhile disappeared, and of whose death or whereabouts no further news ever reached them.

Shortly after rejoining I had an amusing experience of the ways of red tape. Whilst my pay for May had been duly passed, as I had been on muster parade on the 31st, that for April was withheld pending a certificate that I had been alive and appeared before

a magistrate on the 30th of that month. I eventually only rescued my overdue stipend by getting an official certificate that I had really been alive on that particular date.

With a garrison composed as that of Ahmedabad, elaborate field-days were out of the question, but our General had a mania for night-alarms. Our battery held the record of turning out in an incredibly short space of time by the simple accident of one of the General's *syces* living in our battery-lines, and our wily sergeant-major paying him for early intelligence whenever the great man's charger was ordered to be ready at night, when, naturally, the harness was hung up ready in stables, and the men lay down booted and spurred.

At one District Court-martial on some gunners, who in their search for drink had got into trouble in an adjacent *gabn*, one of the villagers who was produced as a witness, seeming rather overcome by the sight of the members assembled in uniform, had it very carefully explained to him that he had nothing to fear, and that he had only to relate what he had seen happen. On his declaring that he perfectly understood all this, he was asked to give his evidence. Instantly he prostrated himself on the floor with, "Muāf kurro, Sahib, muāf kurro" ("Pardon me, Sahib, pardon me"). On being got up, and having it all made clear again, when asked to say what he knew in the matter, he flopped down on his knees, with "Jo hookum, Sahib, jo hookum" ("Whatever you order"). At this juncture the interpreter suggested that he thought he could better explain matters to the witness outside in the verandah, and permission being accorded, out they went. Through the open windows we could hear a torrent of abusive epithets, and the whack, whack, whack of a cane, when the interpreter marching the

witness in again, he gave his evidence pat off without a pause.

I had seen some flogging parades at Gib. which were not particularly impressive, but one I witnessed here had a most salutary effect. An extremely athletic but insubordinate gunner of ours had been sentenced by a District Court-martial to six months' imprisonment. When this sentence was promulgated on parade, he dashed his helmet into the officer's face, and wrenching a carbine from one of the escort, tried to brain the sergeant-major. For this he was awarded dismissal from the Service, and ten years' penal servitude by a General Court-martial, previous to undergoing which he had to work out his six months in our cells. Here he gave every imaginable trouble to the guards, and as the provosts were a bit afraid of him, he got daily more and more insubordinate. Finally, when he was doing the certainly very ridiculous "shot drill," he took the opportunity of the officer of the day's visit, to chuck the ball about and show what a bagatelle it was to him. Being promptly ordered one of double weight; and becoming audibly abusive, he was locked up, the matter reported to our colonel, a drum-head court-martial summoned, and the sentence of fifty lashes sanctioned, all in about an hour. A waggon-limber was run up in front of the cells, upon which he was spreadeagled, and without any parade for him to swagger before—merely with a picket ready to gag him if he became noisy—he got a particularly well-laid-on two score and ten. Never was reformation more complete, nor did we ever have a more respectful and obedient prisoner for the remainder of the period he had to pass with us.

A considerable number of our men, after the customary delays, received about £50 apiece of prize-money for the Central Indian campaign of 1858. As scarcely

one of them could be induced to deposit this in the savings bank, a Parsee was permitted to open a shop for a week in barracks, to let them have their fling, and allow the battery to settle down again to its normal state. Their idea of enjoyment was to purchase the most expensive articles, and one gunner was seen being treated to the Frog's March to the guard-room, with a bottle of champagne in one hand and a *pâté de foie gras* in the other, having become over-noisy in a bath-room whither he had retired to gulp down the former from the neck of the bottle, and eat the latter with a clasp-knife.

Enlistment for twelve years' service was then universal, and with the bounty and other compensation, amounting to about £12, offered for re-engagement to complete twenty-one years' service, quite nine out of ten men desired to re-enlist—not so much for the prospective pension of a shilling a day on completion of the second period of service, as because they felt thoroughly contented and at home with their present surroundings. In fact, commanding officers made quite a favour of re-engagement, and could take the pick of the lot.

In 1870 our armament was still the old 12-pr. S.B. gun and 24-pr. howitzer, and 1500 yards the longest range at which we ever attempted to hit a target. In those days, also, the system of examinations for Oriental Languages was peculiar, and scarcely calculated to inspire confidence as to passing on one's own merits. After working very hard for nearly a year, I twice presented myself at "up country Boards"; and though I easily passed the conversational and other tests, which were adjudged on the spot, I was spun on the one paper sent to the Central Board in Bombay. I had thrown my books aside for three or four months, and nearly re-

nounced the idea of trying to pass the Higher Standard, when, having a fortnight's leave left, at the commencement of the monsoon, I proceeded to the Presidency town, ten days prior to an examination held there, offered (which I was assured was a *sine qua non*) the whole of the Government reward (about £36) to the Board *munshi* who corrected the exercises, and passed easily. I think I was fairly proficient and deserved to pass, but I am quite positive that I did not do nearly as well as I had at the two preceding examinations, when, however, I was not subsidising the Native Examining Member. There were many amusing stories connected with these exams.—such as an officer, hopeless of struggling with the crabbed writing and false spelling of the vernacular petitions given to test one's perspicacity, simply learning off a specimen one by heart, and boldly reciting this in lieu of the one put into his hand; or of the subaltern, asked how he would explain to his *syce* that he should have taken his horse back to the stables, replying, "I should say 'jeldi jao' ('go quickly'), and punch his head."

Two middle-aged experts, who may be called for the nonce Smith and Jones, came out under a contract made by the Secretary of State, to advise on canals, but at the outset found their pay cut by the controllers, on the ground that they had not passed the language test. Being, however, perfectly independent of the Indian Government, they simply struck work, and refused to put pencil to paper until they got their dues. In this dilemma a special Board was convened to bridge over the difficulty, when, upon the one asking, "Smith sahib tamhara nam kya?" ("Smith, what is your name?") and the other replying, "Humara nam Smith hai" ("My name's Smith") they were declared to have passed satisfactorily.

Shortly before their first Christmas in India they



were engaged in projecting the line of a canal, and expected their respective traverses to meet about the 24th of December, so it was arranged that on completion of that day's work Jones should return to Smith's camp for the holidays. He accordingly had the necessaries for a few days' visit carried by coolies, when he started for the day's work. Having completed what he considered his share of the survey, he sent back his instruments and the clerks, who also acted as interpreters, as though he had not yet met Smith, he fully expected to do so very shortly. Time, however, sped as they tramped on, with no sign of his friend, whilst his coolies, who had no idea whither they were being led, as the day waned, became unwilling to proceed. Jones, who was steering by compass, and knew they must keep on at any price, attempted to urge on his following by displaying a rupee, with the lucid explanation: "Jones sahib, Smith sahib ek (one) Rupaie; Smith sahib, Jones sahib ek Rupaie." The natives sadly shook their heads, but obediently followed their leader, till eventually, just at dusk, on topping a rise, camp-fires appeared close below them. Upon finding they had after all arrived somewhere, the coolies burst into joyous chattering, when Smith, who was afflicted with a dread of robbers, turned out of his tent and let fly both barrels of his gun at them. Jones, who was leading, threw himself down, loudly shouting out his name, upon which Smith, who thought he had killed his friend, rushed forwards and flung himself upon the supposed corpse, whilst the coolies, realising the situation, danced round the two sahibs, singing, "Jones sahib, Smith sahib, ek Rupaie." Such at least was the incident as related by Jones himself.

## CHAPTER V

### CENTRAL INDIA—1871-1875

AT this period the prospects of promotion in the Artillery seemed so hopeless that I was induced to go in for the Staff Corps, much tempted thereto by the promise of an appointment in the Central India Horse, and the knowledge of the splendid sport which fell to the lot of that favoured corps.

As the authorities raised no objections, I shot my way through the Bheel country, from Ahmedabad *via* Godra, Dohud, Sirdarpore and Dhar to Mherwa, a little over 200 miles, by most execrable cart-tracks. There I had a few days' welcome halt.

This cantonment, which is situated 1800 feet above sea-level, is supposed to be one of the healthiest in India, but from the want of trees has a rather dreary appearance.

About 25 miles south-west are the ruins of Mandoo, a vast but little-known city, though of no great antiquity. The position is unique, being on a semi-detached plateau at the southern edge of the great Malwa tableland, at an elevation of nearly 2000 feet above sea-level, and towering over the Nerbudda valley, 1000 feet below. Thirty-five miles of rampart enclose the plateau, which in its day must have been practically impregnable; and which, originally founded early in the fourth century, subsequently became the capital of the Afghan rulers of the Khori and Khilji dynasties, who occupied the kingdom of Malwa. All the

finest ruins—such as the pavilion of Rūp Matta, Queen of Sultan Baz Bahadur, which from a sheer precipice overlooks the wooded spurs of the Vindhya range, the Jehaz Mahāl or Water Palace (1500 A.D.), and the marble mausoleum of Sultan Hoosein Shah Ghori (1405 A.D.)—are of a purely Mahomedan type. Now, a few miserable thatched huts alone are inhabited in this scene of departed grandeur, which is buried in jungle and fast crumbling to decay.

From Mhow, striking the main Bombay-to-Agra high road, I marched the remaining 200 miles in twelve days to Goona—then the cantonment of the 2nd Central India Horse. This well-known force, composed originally as a brigade, formed from Meade's, Mayne's and Beatson's Horse, was, in the financial panic of 1860, reduced to two regiments.

Being under the direct orders of the agent to the Governor-General for Central India, it was available for the maintenance of order—without the delay of references between the civil and military authority—from Gwalior to Ali Rajpore, and from Neemuch to Bhopal, a stretch of some 500 by 200 miles.

As not only the *raison d'être* for the existence of local corps, but even our present system of native cavalry is the direct outcome of the Mahratta wars in these parts, a short digression may be excused.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century the weakening of the paramount power of the Delhi emperors on the death of Aurungzebe, and the ascendancy of the Mahrattas—who, embodying the Hindoo revival, became a formidable military confederacy—brought these territories into the line of their direct advance upon Delhi. For some years they were contented with annual incursions to levy the *Chaoth*—practically the fourth part of the harvest—in the Emperor's name, but gradually they camped there