

**A TOUR IN NEPAL,  
1919.**

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*Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces  
of Agra and Oudh.*



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# A Tour in Nepal

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BY

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LEFT Lucknow at 10.45 p.m. One of my last acts was to have my hair clipped like a convict's. **Friday, 14th March.** It makes a vast difference in the heat to have short hair. It rather startled the officials who came to see me off. Sat up in the train with Clutterbuck till about 1 a.m. discussing problems of forest and other development. His keenness is a joy to see. I wish there were more like him.

2. *Bichia to Thakurdwara.*—I woke up about sunrise in *sal*\* forests. The *sal* trees are shedding their leaves, which have turned yellow, and look triste and autumnal. Arrived at Bichia at 7.30 a.m. Great preparations had been made for our reception at the railway station. Red cloth (with the inscription "Made in Germany"), mirrors, pictures, canopies of flowers, wash-hand stands and some other articles of bedroom furniture were distributed about the station by way of hearty welcome! The local officials, including the Nepalese *Amini* officer, corresponding to our district superintendent of police, were presented to me, and then we breakfasted on the train. After that, we started on pad elephants to our first camp at Thakurdwara, so called after a temple to *Vishnu*, the Preserver of the Hindu Trinity, the other members being *Brahma* (the Creator) and *Siva* (the Destroyer). Pad elephants are used except in actual beating. The swaying of a *howdah* is a severe strain on an elephant for any length of time.

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\* *Shorea robusta*.

3. We very soon reached the Nepal frontier, a big open forest ride, which is said to go right away as far as Darjeeling. We traversed *en route* several villages, green open patches in the midst of forest. There are various kinds of trees some covered and festooned with heavy creepers. Plenty of catechu\* trees and catechu workers cutting them and boiling them to pulp. The cultivation mainly small rice fields with little embankments round them to hold up the water. There were also some nice stretches of wheat and barley, which promised well. The people mainly *Tharus* seemed happy. Some lovely bits of forest intervened, rich in ferns and orchids. Red and yellow *dhak*† trees and also red and yellow cotton trees‡ both in full flower. *Murraya exotica* and *Clerodendron* showed them up, making as it were a white couch at their feet. We put up two black partridges but otherwise saw no game. In the forest there were numberless birds, horn-bills, bush chats, golden orioles, scarlet minevets, etc. We came upon the river *Girwa* with beautiful forests down to the water's edge, the low hills of the Himalaya rising in tiers behind.

4. Our camp is on the edge of the river, extremely beautiful. The party is now complete—Victor and Mrs. Gamble (my Private Secretary and his wife), Archie Batty (my A.-D.-C.), Ludovic Porter (Commissioner of Lucknow), Clutterbuck (commonly known as Clutter, Chief Conservator of Forests), Hearsey a very sporting land-owner, one of the well known Hearsey family, Kunwar Bam Bahadur Sah and Kunwar Dalipat Sah of Khairigarh, and Shaikh Habib-Ullah, a taluqdar, deputy collector and manager of the Mahmudabad estate. The

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\* *Acacia catechu*.

† *Butea frondosa*.

‡ *Fombax malabaricum*.

lunch came with us on elephants and we were all glad to have it after a three hours' tiring ride.

5. After lunch we beat a heavy bit of jungle, largely cane brake\* which provides the familiar school-cane but is much more formidable in its natural state than as an instrument of local pain! The place was full of bees. These settle on the cane and give warning to the tiger of anyone's approach. The animals warn each other, but also give information to us, especially monkeys, deer and crows. Clutter's servant unfortunately killed two bees and thus drew the whole swarm on him. One cannot conceal from other bees the scent of the blood of a bee. We all (selves, *mahouts* and *shikaris*) have bee-nets, bags of muslin, dyed green, to throw over us when the bees come. Sometimes the bees are too quick for one. Cases have been known of death from bee-stings. These jungle bees are formidable. We drove nothing out of the jungle, but there was one exciting incident. One of the male elephants from Balrampur shook off his *mahout* (driver) and ran away passing Mrs. Gamble's elephant. It looked as if it were going to charge, but fortunately did not. We went to find him afterwards. At first he was truculent and prepared to fight; but when he saw another big male and Sundari, the big Balrampur female elephant who has often punished him, as well as a ring of 50 other elephants, he threw up the sponge and submitted quietly. Got back about 5.30 p.m. The first day is always tiring, and this was an unusually tiring day. The nights are beautifully cool still; but there have been clouds all day and it looks as if we are going to have rain which will dissipate the tigers. Still we met people carrying fish and passed some curds—*machhli-dahi* (fish-curd) are the best of omens.

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\* *Calamus tenuis*.

6. After dinner Ludovic waxed eloquent on Mesopotamia.

**Mesopotamia.**

I omit his stories of waste and mismanagement, although they only confirm what we have heard over here. He emphasized the dearth of population; the hopelessness of the Arab redeemed by a taste for luxury, a turn for machinery and a keenness for sport; the need for efficient civil administration; the failure and unpopularity of the Turk; the revival provided by the British even under military occupation. If only all this were known in India, he asked, what Moslems would support the cry for the restoration of the country to Turkey? True, said Habib-Ullah, the Indian and the Arab hate the Turk but for political, i.e., Islamic reasons, the Indian Moslems do not wish to see Turkey shorn of its greatness. They will believe what they want to believe. Their religion is their politics.

7. For my own part, I have preached for 20 years in season and out of season that pan-Islamism is a feeling but not a force. The Islamic peoples cannot now combine. Education is sapping their strength, which is fanaticism courting martyrdom. Has Islam the seeds of revival? The fears of the pan-Turanian movement have proved to be unfounded. How long will faith in the unstable Arab last? But it is useless to discuss their religion or their religio-politics with Moslems; one runs at once right up against a wall. It is best to leave them alone, publishing facts. Active propaganda in such a case are apt to set up counter-propaganda. Sympathy with Turkey there will always be, as long as Turkey exists, but I doubt if many Indian Moslems will seek martyrdom for Turkey's sake: still less the Afghans.

8. Afghanistan has its own problems. I hear from a well-informed Musalman friend on the frontier that Shah Wali Khan, brother

**Afghanistan.**



of Nadir Khan, Sipah-salah of Jalalabad, is supposed to have been the murderer of the Amir. The Amir had some intrigue with his wife and he was on guard. A Qoran sharif has been found in which the names of Nasr-Ullah and about 30 others have been signed and the suspicion is that this was a vow to countenance and support the murder of the Amir. Ulya Hazrat, who used to be the Amir's favourite wife but who has of late years been out of favour, was in Jalalabad at the time of the murder. The Amir was about to divorce her when Nasr-Ullah put his turban at the Amir's feet and prevailed on him not to do so. Ulya Hazrat is the mother of Aman-in-Ullah the present Amir. Nasr-Ullah is practically under detention. No action yet has been taken against Shah Wali Khan, because another brother of his is Sipah-salah at Herat. It is rumoured that this brother has refused to come to Kabul.

9. Aman-in-Ullah has taken as his prime minister Abdul Quddus, Shahgassi of the Amir Abdur Rahman. He is putting in his own officials throughout Afghanistan. He is a man of great experience and influence. Aman-in-Ullah has drawn his sword and says he will not put it back into its sheath until he has avenged the death of his father. The position of the new Amir will be difficult until he has put away Nasr-Ullah, Inayat-Ullah and some others of the late Amir's 75 sons.

10. *Thakurdwara to Bhoot-gaurhi*.—The signs of moving  
 Sunday, 16th March. camp began at about 6 o'clock. Two  
 camels at different ends of the camp carried  
 on a duet of remonstrance, something between a great gurgle  
 and a low growl. There was no *khabar*, i.e. news, of a tiger;  
 but the villagers said there was a bit of jungle where  
 tiger and leopard were always to be found. It is close

to their village and no doubt they wished to insure themselves against the possibility of loss of cattle! We started at 9.30 a.m. along the river bed. The forests came down to its edge; the brown and green tints were beautiful. Scarcely a sign of animal life. I heard a swamp partridge (*kaker*) calling in the morning (a noble bird half as big again as the ordinary partridge and more juicy to taste), and a pair of *Brahmani* (ruddy sheldrake) ducks, named by the Indians *Chakwa* and *Chakwi* because they are inseparable, an exemplar of undying love. If one is shot the other circles round until it meets the same fate. They are too fishy for our taste. A solitary white necked stork or beefsteak bird, so called because its breast tastes like a steak, flopped up from the river side into a tree and looked down contemptuously on us for disturbing the jungle peace. In a sandy stretch of the river bed were some broken *charpoys*, or native beds, with clothes and other indications of influenza victims hastily buried. Here, as elsewhere, the epidemic took its heavy toll. Close by there was a patch of dark grey water with some lovely green weed in it. We soon got to the shooting ground and a long beat of over two hours began. Nothing came out except some jungle fowl and other birds including the bronze-winged dove with brown body and blue bronze wings, which flash through the sunlight like copper and gold. At the end of the beat I got a snap-shot at a good *cheetal* stag, but missed him. We beat another bit of jungle close by, but nothing at all came out. Lunched under the trees and then we started on pad elephants to our next camp (Bhoot-gaurhi).

11. The forest was more shady than the day before with bigger clearances for cultivation. Patches of the deep blue *daedalacanthus*, ferns and creepers softened the scene, but there were fewer beautiful

**Tharus.**

flowering shrubs and trees than in the jungle of the previous day. The jungles in these parts are devoid of squirrels, which somehow give a friendly touch to forest trees.

12. We passed through several *Tharu* villages where the people looked very clean and comfortable. Their big earthen grain jars suggested the wisdom of the ant; in their fields was a good crop of barley. The *Tharus* are very fond of planting a few lemon trees round their villages. The villages are palisaded all round to keep off wild animals. The houses in the making look like a series of horizontal bars at different levels. These take light walls and slanting roof made of grass and mud. The *Tharus* have distinct ideas of sanitation and put wooden screens round their wells to prevent the water used by people for bathing round it from draining back into the well. Fowls and pig are plentiful and large numbers of cattle are out grazing on the edge of the forest, the calves being tied up in the village for protection from leopards. I saw one primitive instrument for husking rice, a pestle and mortar worked by the feet from the far end of a lever. The *Tharus* are great hunters and are very clean livers. They drink locally distilled liquor as a febrifuge. They are fond of rats as food and get large quantities of grain from the rat-holes which they dig up.

13. Government rests lightly on these jungle folk, more lightly, it must be admitted, than our own more ponderous administration. There is little crime except *crime passionel* and the guilty usually hand themselves up to justice. At intervals of years surveyors are sent to measure up the cultivation. The revenue is collected through zamindars or farmers who nominally get from 5 to 10 per cent. on the amounts that they collect. Really they get a good deal more. New cultivation is free for a time and then very lightly assessed, and in the absence of records the pickings over this must

be considerable for the farmers. The system suits the country. There are no courts except the courts of the local officers and complaints are few except for serious crimes. Death sentences or sentences of long imprisonment go to the Prime Minister for confirmation. All the jungle and its products belong to Government.

14. Bhoot-gaurhi (the grazing ground of the *Bhootias* or hillmen) is a nice shady encampment with big trees at convenient intervals on the banks of a river system where five streams flow down over rapids and form a big river down below. Forest stands up sheer from the edge of the bank; almost within a stone's throw are the low Himalayas clothed in vegetation with great scars from landslides. The hills rise with one or two intermediate ranges up to something like 6,000 feet. I fished in the evening but without success. I fancy the people here net the river. Early dinner and early to bed. The camp followers celebrated the *holi*, or spring festival, when men and women run riot with dancing and song if not with immorality! But sleep fell on us all. Nothing is more soothing than the sound of running water at the end of a long day in the open. Not even the sentries passing to and fro in front of the tents could wake us.

15. *Bhoot-gaurhi to Birbhowli*.—Breakfast at 8 a.m.

**Monday, 17th March.** The same noises of moving camp. The bath water muddier than the day before.

We sink our own tube wells and pump at every camp but we do not drink water now. We even wash our teeth in soda-water. We have a soda-water machine with us but the water is not good enough to use. All our soda-water has to be imported; we consume about ten dozen a day. We make our own charcoal locally, otherwise we carry all our supplies with us—no small commissariat; for we have about

90 elephants, 50 camels, 60 ox-carts, 30 pack-ponies and about 1,000 men.

16. Everyone was alert for there was news of a tiger near *Birbhowli*. But first we had a lovely ride through the forest over a spur of the hills. At its foot was a stream flowing through high grass from a back-ground of tangled hills. Our path had been laid out with little flags for handposts and the leading *mahouts* sang out to those behind. The forest echo seemed to carry their cries for miles but in reality all sound is soon lost in the silence. The jungle on the spur became less dense. Grass grew under the trees and in glades. No cane brakes here and no bees. Bees do not frequent grassy jungles. Wild asparagus and ferns abound, also *daedalacanthus*. The leaves took all colours, green, yellow, copper, brown ; but the beauty of beauties, was the *careya arborea*, its leaves in different shades of orange and vermilion lit by the glory of the noon-day sun. We put up a *sambhar* hind but otherwise there was little animal life.

17. After two hours we descended a steep winding path into the valley of the *Sarju*. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene. A hill-locked bay, the river winding, still as glass, taking the sun like a mirror, with a beach of boulders and sand under tufts of high grass splashed with bright red patches of *woodfordia floribunda*. The hills rising in spurs and knolls, with an occasional bluff or scarp relieved by niches, shelves and lodgements for birds and *gurul* (Indian chamois).

18. We crossed the river, about four feet deep to the great delight of the elephants who drank freely and splashed themselves all over. Some of them were delicate about getting their tails wet and held them at an angle that did not look comfortable. We crossed again a little higher up after a short and comparatively dull trek in grass out of sight of the water—in these landscapes water is all—and came upon our shooting ground.

19. The stops Ludovic Porter, Mrs. Gamble with Hearsey, and myself were posted over a *nullah* or empty watercourse. The tiger had killed nearly in front of Ludovic and in fact Ludovic heard him crunching on the kill for about twenty minutes. Meanwhile, the line of elephants encircled the grass and gradually narrowed in. Peafowl and crows got up but there are very few birds in any part of this valley. Their absence is, indeed, marked. Ludovic realized that the tiger had left its kill, for two crows flew down and came back with flesh and bones. As the line converged the tiger took to the *nullah* and I saw it creeping like a cat on its stomach. It looked up with both eyes. Animals unlike birds and humans can only see properly with two eyes. I fired a bit too soon. The tiger growled to the shot, fell sideways and slipped into the grass, got through the grass and was seen climbing with difficulty up the low hill. I thought it was hit but it cannot have been as Clutter saw it going very slow across the river and knocked it over at 200 yards and there was only one bullet wound. It took cover in the long grass and there we found it lying dead, its teeth clenched, but its tongue out—a lucky sign. It was a fine tiger 9' 10½" with good fur, about 9 years old.

20. Crossed the river again and to camp at Birbhowli, a charming group of small tents in a place cleared of long grass. Hearsey and I fished in a pool. I got a good fish on but it must have got me round a rock for it carried away my spoon and half my cast. Came back. The evening distinctly chilly. It had been hot in the day in the valleys though there is always a breeze over the river.

21. We sat round and discussed the habits of tiger and leopard on the kill. The tiger generally bites off the tail and eats it first, then the hind quarters. The tigress bites off but discards the

**Some habits of tiger and leopard.**

tail, and starts on the hind quarters. The leopard on the other hand goes as a rule straight for the stomach. One of the *shikaris* told me how two days before he had shot a peacock but before he could get up to collect it a panther pounced on it and took it away. Apparently tiger and panther are partial to peacock. This shows their good taste. The peacock if promptly stripped of its feathers and cleaned and hung for about a week and then properly basted is one of the best of table birds. It also makes the best mulligatawny soup in the world and one of the best game patés. After dinner when we drank to our first tiger we talked fishing and prepared some fishing tackle for the morning. To bed early, in bright crisp moonlight.

22. Rana Sir Jang Bahadur used to camp at Bhoot-gaurhi for months at a time and shoot tigers in Birbhowli valley. This valley is a series of bays on either side of the winding river *Sarju* as it makes its way to the plains, high grass, no villages, abounding with *sambhar*, *cheetal* (spotted deer) and *para* (hog deer), the undisturbed home of tigers. As soon as one tiger goes another comes in from the low hills. They call to one another. If one tiger in the hills calls and gets no answer he comes in. If he gets an angry reply he judiciously stays away. A special attraction to tigers are the herds of wild elephant which at times visit the valley. The tiger is particularly fond of young elephants. He can tackle them away from their mothers up to a month old. The valley has been preserved since Jang Bahadur's time. Sir John Hewett shot one tigress in it but was turned back by cholera.

23. *Halt Birbhowli.*—Got up early and disposed of files  
 Tuesday, 18th March. before breakfast. Scarcity is spreading to  
 Ravine reclamation. one part of the Agra district next to Etawah.  
 I hope it will be localized. Fortunately, we can do most

useful famine relief work there in reclaiming ravines. This consists of planting trees on the high land for some distance so as to retain moisture in the soil and bind it together, thus stopping erosion. Simultaneously small embankments are made at the foot of the ravines to collect the silt. The Agricultural department have been rather indifferent to this experiment because it does not bring land under cultivation and the popular theory that trees attract rainfall has not yet been established. But I am confident that the experiment should be proceeded with on a large scale and have handed over operations in the Agra and Etawah districts to the Forest department, giving them a largely extended programme and a free hand. Results should be marked after three years. One advantage is that grass soon grows under the trees. I have said that the tenants should have free grass and fire-wood so that they may be interested as well as the landlords. I have also eased the terms for the landlords. I believe that we are only at the beginning of afforestation work along the ravine-cut banks of the rivers. We can grow trees which will be useful for tannin and other industries. In any case, we shall get fodder reserves.

24. Harsey came back with a 23 lb. *mahseer* which he had caught with a fly in the pool below the camp, and after breakfast we started off for a beat. A tiger and tigress had been marked down, but the news was that the tigress was very restless. The arrangements were wonderful. We had to climb some very precipitous places, and down one steep descent my elephant lost its foothold and came down on his forehead; but he did not turn over on the side and so I kept my seat in the *howdah*.

25. When at last we had got into position along a dry watercourse, there had been so much noise with the crashing of



saplings and the slipping of elephants on stony ground that before the beat began the tiger was on the move. Fortunately he came out in front of Archie Batty who shot him dead, making our second tiger. He was a very fine beast of 9' 9½" with a heavy ruff. There had been a kill in another part of the expanse of grass, but we left it for the next day and returned to camp. In the afternoon we fished and got three small fish. After dinner we sat round a camp fire in the most perfect climate in the world, talking jungle and politics and everything under the moon.

26. Dr. Johnson in *Rasselas* wrote of the 'subtle monkey' and the 'sagacious elephant!' The monkey **Something about elephants.** is no doubt alert and subtle. He gives more information perhaps than any inmate of the jungle. When a tiger or leopard is on the move the monkeys begin to chatter violently. The elephant is undoubtedly very sagacious in some ways, but he is far from intelligent if surprised. I have seen a line of thirty elephants turn tail and bolt because a little puppy yelped at the corner of a village. The thing that an elephant most fears is a mouse—lest it should run up his trunk! Pig and bear frighten him more than tiger because they can get at him from underneath. Well trained elephants dispose of a tiger or leopard by kicking him. Some times they kneel on them or, if males, drive their tusks into them. My elephant *Lachma* is very staunch. She has been mauled five times by tigers. Generally elephants are remarkable for their sense of rotten ground. They will not put their feet down on it. I remember how surprised I was when first I heard that the height of an elephant is twice the circumference of its foot. Elephants with rarest exceptions will not eat cakes or anything with eggs in them. The Indian elephants are very carefully looked after. They are washed daily and rubbed with

pumice stone in order to get rid of loose skin ;—no doubt a form of massage. When washed they look as if they had been black-leaded. They are given from 12 to 20 great cakes of unleavened bread about an inch thick and a foot in diameter, also sugarcane or *gur* (molasses). They are extraordinarily clean feeders and after eating their cakes or sugarcane or molasses they clean their teeth by chewing the bark of branches which are cut for them. They are hardly ever at rest. Either they move their trunks, or their tails, or ears, or they shift from one foot to the other or they shake their skin. Only for part of the twenty-four hours, from two to four or five hours, do they lie down and go to sleep.

27. Burma abounds with wild elephants. In some localities they have become a perfect nuisance and tear up villages in the jungles besides devastating rice fields. I tried to get up a *keddah* but the firms would not guarantee purchase. They prefer Siamese elephants. The Burma elephant is not fed like the Indian. He is just left to find for himself as in the jungle. Hence they cannot do half so much work. Wild elephants once attacked my camp in force because it had been pitched over a salt lick. All the animals in Burma spend their lives in going from one salt lick to another for medicinal purposes. It is like spending a life in wandering from Karlsbad to Homburg and other Spas.

28. One incident in Burma lives in my memory. I had been tracking a bison from 4.30 a.m. till about 9.30. I had followed him into some cane brake. We could not get him out. We could smell him, for bisons sweat freely, but I could not get sight of him. He suddenly got wind of us and galloped away. I had been tramping for ten days about eight hours daily carrying a double '577 high velocity rifle, which is no light weight, and only got one shot. I began to wonder

whether at my time of life all this was worth while. Suddenly I came upon one of the prettiest sights that I have ever seen, a big open glade in the forest with a small lake covered with the pink almond scented lotus and about 15 wild elephants playing in it like children, squirting each other and squealing with delight. I sat and watched for about half an hour. They do not see far, but they have an acute sense of smell. When they are in herds the cows on the outside throw their trunks all round to try and catch anything in the wind. I sent two of my men to give them their wind and in about two seconds the whole lot rushed off into the forest. There was an awful crashing for about half a minute and then the dead unbroken silence of the jungle supervened. There was no tusker worth shooting among them. In any case I could not fire on animals so happy. I have owed so much to elephants that I should not like to shoot one unless it was a rogue or an aggressive cow.

29. *Halt Birbhowli.*—I was up before 6 and waded up to my waist in the rapids, but only caught a small fish. The fish of the evening before I had made over to Bam Bahadur Sah as a good omen. We started off after breakfast to beat the bit of grass which we had left yesterday. It was a perfectly arranged beat. The tiger had come down from the hills the night before and killed a buffalo which was grazing unconcernedly. The line came up and practically trod the tiger off his kill. Tigers do not mind noises to which they are used, and they are used to wild elephants here. The tiger leapt forward growling loudly and galloped with head and tail up across an open patch about 75 yards away. I aimed low and put the first shot in his leg. The second got him just behind the shoulder and rolled him over like a rabbit. He recovered. It looked as if he was going to charge Mrs. Gamble's

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**March.**

elephant ; but he thought better of it and went to die in some long grass on the edge of the river about 50 yards off. He was a very fine tiger and evidently a fighter. One of his lower big teeth was broken and he had a hare-lip obviously torn. He measured 10' 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ " with an unusually small tail. He was double marked, i.e., with double lines joining to a point—a sort of lozenge pattern. We have no scales with us. Sir John Hewett always used to weigh his tigers. His biggest tiger out of the 165 shot, so I have been told, weighed 561 lb. The average is well under 400 lb. His biggest tigress was about 300 lb. This accounts for the great agility and spring of the tigress. It gives some idea of the weight of a tiger to remark that it takes at least six men to lift it on to a pad elephant, sometimes as many as fourteen. There were 11 lobes to the liver of my tiger which makes him 11 years old.

30. In these parts they class tigers as *Unttia*, big with double marking, *Pattia*, medium, *Kattia*, small but sturdy. Maneaters are usually *Kattia*. This was an *Unttia* tiger. A tiger is at his full strength at about 10 or 11 years. At 15 he retires in favour of a younger tiger who claims the local tigress. Harsey's father told me that one of the finest sights he had ever seen was two tigers fighting in the jungle with a tigress watching them wagging her tail and licking her chops and finally walking off happily with the victor. Kunwar Bam Bahadur Sah told me that he had seen the claw marks of a tigress on a tree as high as 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ '. In 1884 he had seen a tiger knock down an elephant with the force of its attack. The *mahout* was thrown. He had a brass pot with him. The tiger mistook the pot for the *mahout's* head and scrunched it into about twenty pieces. A curious fact about tigers is the use of the whiskers. They can crawl through any jungle that

they can get their whiskers through. They are more afraid of wild dogs than any other animal. In Appendix II will be found a graphic account of the wild dogs methods. Our *shikaris* have seen them in this valley, but other game is so plentiful that they need not attack tigers.

31. We went on to another stretch of grass supposed to hold a tiger, a tigress and a cub. I went in the line with Bam Bahadur Sah and watched the skilful management of the elephants, to my mind the most interesting part of a shoot. Clutter took the left and was soon separated from us by a small patch of trees. We had not moved 50 yards before one of the Khairigarh elephants (*Shugun-Kali, the bud of good omen*, so-called because she was the first elephant to be captured in a Khairigarh *keddah*) signalled tiger by knocking her trunk on the ground. Bam Bahadur looked at her with loving pride. But the river was on the right and we had to guard against the tigers breaking through the river. A long line of elephants was run in single file along the bank and as our line moved the elephants which were left behind slipped over the bank and came up in front so as to keep up the line of stopping elephants. A lot of spotted deer and hog deer broke through the line. At one time it looked as if the cub had also got through, but it turned out to be a hog deer. As the beat advanced we heard a regular shower of shots. "Chandmari", i.e. range firing, was the remark of old Kifa Khan.

32. We brought the line up successfully and found that a tiger had been killed. Victor Gamble had got two shots and wounded it. The tiger then came up in front of Mrs. Gamble whose rifle missed fire; but Harsey who was at the back of the *howdah* got in a shot. The tiger then stood up on his hind legs in front of Clutter roaring and preparing to spring.

Clutter jumped down from his *howdah* on to a pad elephant in order to get a better shot. Most of the other elephants turned tail. Clutter shot the tiger in the face but not through the brain. Then the tiger sprang at the empty *howdah* on Clutter's elephant thinking there was some one in it. He got hold of it and the elephant swayed to and fro. There was great noise. It was a splendid fight. The *Gonds* (aborigines) in the Central Provinces have a proverb "The tiger is a dog until he is wounded and then he becomes a tiger." Finally Clutter polished the tiger off. It measured 9' 7½" a heavily built beast--Victor's first tiger.

33. Archie had wounded the tigress. In vain we followed her up for about a mile in very wild grass and jungle with steep *nullahs*. One of these was full of nettles and some of the *mahouts* were stung by them. The Indian word for nettle is the same as for scorpion (*bichchu*), and we were told that scorpions and snakes and other poisonous things had bitten the *mahouts*. The wounded tigress may return if her cub is still there, unless indeed, she takes the opportunity to discard it. A tigress looks after her cub or cubs for about 2½ years as a rule and then leaves it or them alone. Tigers can only communicate by calling to each other as they range about independently. When the cub calls and finds his mother does not reply he has to take to an independent life. One can imagine his loneliness when left to himself, but somehow one has not much sympathy for tigers.

34. We had lunch somewhere about 4 o'clock and got back to our camp dead tired. After dinner we sat round the camp fire and discussed many things, but principally shooting and the prospects of another year. I had a charming telegram from the Prime Minister of Nepal in the morning welcoming me to the Nepal *tarai* and hoping that I would enjoy my

rest and get good shooting. I sent a grateful reply. He has always been a very good friend since I was Foreign Secretary. I have always liked the Nepalese and had a very high opinion of them.

35. *Halt Birbhowli*.—It rained in the morning and there was no news of tiger. The rain sends them up the hills temporarily. We had a quiet day in camp, fishing in the evening. I got through a lot of work. No doubt one does one's best work in the jungle. Its very quiet composes things. After lunch we had some hill music: a sort of banjo and a sort of violin: each with four strings. The music was plaintive. The songs might be described as Lays of Ancient Nepal. They showed that the bard still thought that Queen Victoria ruled India. When I gave them ten rupees they burst into a poetic panegyric of myself and British rule. Do we not miss something by failing to utilize the bards and poets of the country-side? As I said in my speech at Allahabad, our rule is too monotonous, too regular. We ought to do more to brighten the lives of the people and get in touch with them.

33. The four tigers were buried side by side. The vultures would not eat their carcasses even. Usually they flock to the carcasses when skinned. Neither they nor crows will touch a tiger or a leopard while its skin is still on. In such awe are they held in the jungle. The fat of the tigers was duly boiled down before they were buried. Tiger fat is a sovereign cure in Indian eyes for rheumatism, and other diseases, and general debility. The place might well in future be called "chau-bagha" after the four tumuli. The skins were laid out in our camp before dinner. They were four tigers of which any shoot might be proud.

37. Clutter walked two miles up the river to find a new pool. He found one, also the tracks of a huge bull elephant. It had

come down to swim. It is a deep pool and might be called "Hathi-kund," or elephant pool. There were two crocodiles in it, one snub-nosed (*mugger*) the other the long fish eating kind (*gharial*). I used to think the former was an alligator the latter a crocodile. Apparently alligators are only found in the New World. The chief difference between alligator and crocodile is that the eye-teeth of the former fit into holes in the opposite jaw and those of the latter into grooves outside the jaws.

38. Clutter heard a peacock give its alarm cry in the next valley, so a new tiger has probably come. There are great hopes of *mahseer* at the next camp "Siri-got." *Mahseer* means big tiger, i.e., king of fish. Bam Bahadur Sah said to me "you gave me a big-tiger I only gave you a tiger."

39. Read my brother Ralph's book "The New Eastern Europe." I am not an expert on the subject, far from it. But the book is a marvellous store house of facts put together in a most attractive way. One of the most interesting books that I have read for some time. It does not leave one very happy over the future of Poland or other small new Eastern states. Everything seems to point to the probability that the world, or a good many people in it, are in for a time of considerable disillusionment.

40. *Birbhowli to Siri-got.*—We moved camp this morning to Siri-got which stands on the edge of the river about 1,100 feet above sea-level. It was a hot march. On arrival we got news that a tigress had killed about 6 miles, so they said up stream. We started off at once and found a tigress within a triangular patch of grass running down to the river. All round the patch was a *nullah* except on the river side. We surrounded the place with elephants and drove the tigress out in front of Mrs. Gamble

Friday, 21st March.



who bowled it over with a well-directed shot. It was a beautifully marked tigress measuring 8' 8" and the best skin of all we have hitherto got. We had lunch at about 4.30 in some long grass which was very stuffy. But we were all very pleased. It was Mrs. Gamble's first tigress and she is a general favourite. She has wonderful eyes in the jungle, seeing things and movements of grass sooner than even Clutter or Hearsay: perhaps it is her long study of difficult music which has developed this remarkable power.

41. The drive home seemed interminable and the 6 miles were certainly over 8. We crossed the river about ten times. This gave our elephants much needed relief. They never get really tired out as long as they get plenty of water, and this valley is ideal in that respect. It was 7.30 p.m. before we got home. On the way we came across some fire flies which followed the elephants. It was a long and tiring day and we were all glad to get to bed early. News came that of the two elephants that had strayed into the jungle one had been caught. But the other is still at large. Sometimes they go straight away to their homes. At other times if there are wild elephants about they join up with them. There seems to be no anxiety on their behalf.

42. *Halt Siri-got.*—Some of our party fished before breakfast but got nothing. News came about Saturday, 22nd March. breakfast time that there was a tigress in the patch about half a mile from camp where I shot my tiger. We went down and surrounded it. Then a contretemps occurred. We had moved the tigress which was sitting in exactly the same tuft of grass as my tiger; but the right of the line was broken. While this was being put right the tigress found an opening and sneaked away. As one of the *mahouts* expressed it 'The bird was in the cage, but some one opened

the door and it flew away.' It is easy to be wise after the event. As a general rule it is a mistake to stop the line once you have moved the tiger. It disheartens the elephants, gives the tiger time to look round and to pick its own position for escape. In dealing with animals as with humans one of the sources of success is surprise. It is probable that if we had moved on at once, we would have driven out the tigress exactly where my tiger came out.

43. When we got back to camp, news came that another tigress was in the patch where Mrs. Gamble shot her tigress yesterday. We started off after early lunch, leaving Victor and Mrs. Gamble and Hearsey behind. The two men fished and got some nice little *mahseer*. On the way out to the beat I discussed many questions with Bam Bahadur. He strongly advised not touching the Rent Act or other controversial legislation just now. "You found the province ablaze" he said "You have cooled it down. Be content for the time to keep it cool." There certainly are enough difficulties ahead without going out to make them. When we got to the jungle we beat it the same way as we did yesterday and found the tigress on the kill. The head and forelegs of the buffalo calf had been torn off, otherwise the carcass was untouched. Tigers like high meat. By the waving grass we saw the tigress move to the left of the line. She could not get through there and bounded across the open. Ludovic hit her in the leg with his first shot, then Habib-Ullah got in a deadly shot in the stomach with his '450 express with black powder which blew a chunk out of its inside. Ludovic bowled it over with his second shot. Dalipat Sah also had a couple of shots. There were six bullet marks found on the body. Pretty good shooting! but not good for the skin! It measured 9' 3½", the record tigress being 9' 6". When it came out we all thought it

was a tiger. It was a huge tigress about 15 years old - clearly the mother of Mrs. Gamble's tigress. Got back about 6.30 p.m. thoroughly tired. Clouds are banking up and it looks as if it is going to rain.

44. *Halt Siri-got*.—Had a quiet day. The tigress whom we let escape yesterday had returned to her kill this morning; but moved off into the hills where she is now no doubt watching proceedings. It is just possible that our post elephants may have disturbed her, because we saw to our great indignation! two elephants carrying the post go clean across the patch in the afternoon. We had also news of a tigress further down but she too had gone into the hills. Kunwar Dalipat Sah sat up for her in a *machan* until dark in case she should return but he did not see her. It is only in the hot sun-shiny days that tigers are driven down to the grass by the rivers where they get coolness and moisture. I fancy we shall not have much in the way of news for the next two days. At any rate in the lower reaches of the valley where there is so much *va-et-vient* between us and our base.

45. In the afternoon we went fishing. I got one  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lb. *mahseer*, Victor got about the same and Harsey one of  $4\frac{3}{4}$  lb. and a smaller fish. I had quite good fun on my light rod. It is clear that the fish have not yet got up here from the plains. We may meet them going up if it is hot down below, but the river will have to rise a bit more for the bigger fish to get over the shallows. In this part of the valley the current is stronger than down below and floods throw up the round stones as to make regular revetment walls on the side of the strong current. On the whole I think the upper valleys are even more beautiful than the lower. In many of them one sees stretches of grass and jungle on either side of the

stream. The hill tops on either side are crested with trees which look feathery on the sky-line. The glades are full of a blue-flowered wild potato.\* The *bojhis*, or patches of light jungle, are very beautiful with the pale bright green wax like leaves of the *shisham*.† Answering to these are great splashes of vermilion—the young leaves of the *kusam* ‡ gorgeous in the sunlight. The hills converge at the end of the valley with a foreground of dark forest. The day had been sultry and we were all glad to get to bed before 10 o'clock. Discussed the 'Mont-ford' reforms. All agreed on one thing, that division of the executive by dyarchy could not work in practice. All agreed also that substantial progress on liberal lines is necessary.

46. *Halt Siri-got*.—Heard that the second elephant that had strayed had been recaptured and that the tigress which had escaped us and whose tiger I had shot had been up in the hills and collected another husband. Quick work this! But they were not in the old patch of grass although their tracks had been seen close by. There was news of a tigress about five miles off in a patch just below the one where Mrs. Gamble and Ludovic shot their tigresses. On our way to the kill, we heard the plaintive cry of the fish eagle, one of the most mournful of jungle sounds. This was the Pallas fish eagle. It lives on fish, lizards, etc. It seems of good omen. When we came to the jungle we found it was a difficult beat, as it was right on the edge of the hills and forest. We got into position and threw up a line of elephants the whole way to watch all the *nullahs*. Several times *cheetal* and *para* broke through the line; but we got the tigress well in and eventually drove her across the open in

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\* *Solanum Indicum*.

† *Dalbergia sissoo*.

‡ *Schluchara trijuga*.

front of Habib-Ullah. He knocked her over with a shot in the neck. His '450 express makes the most ghastly wound and I have never seen more blood. The tigress measures 8' 7" and it looks very much as if it were the sister of Mrs. Gamble's tigress. Curiously, all the animals shot north of this camp have been tigresses and all south have been tigers.

47. We had lunch under a very shady tree and I made a picnic discovery, namely, that it is much more convenient to have a narrow strip of table cloth than one spread out four square. It is much easier to hand things. I do not know why I never thought of it previously. As we left this ground to return to our camp we decided to have general shooting home and went through one bit of grass intersected by *nullahs*. We very soon came upon a tiger or tigress, we could not say which, but the elephants gave warning and in the course of the beat we heard three growls. There seems little doubt that it slipped through to the right and got up to the hills. Several *para* and *cheetal* broke away. One peafowl kept flying ahead of us and at the end tried to fly across the river but dropped exhausted in the water where it swam happily but could not rise again and was pulled out alive. Partridges lie trembling to the hand after three flights. I did not know that peafowl resemble them in this. I have never seen a case before. We then got on pad elephants and came home.

48 We felt quite sad in leaving the upper reaches of this beautiful valley. Certainly it has been a great experience. I shall never forget the elephant scene on which we burst this morning. Some were grouped on a high promontory over the water. Others were in the water cooling themselves and drinking. A magnificent sight. A background of forest and hills. The good *mahout* gets down and splashes water on the head and the upper posterior of his elephant, the only two

places where he cannot squirt water with his trunk ;-- or more often makes an underling do so !

49. We got back at 5 o'clock and went off to fish in the pool. Clutter got a 4 lb. *mahseer* and Victor one of 3 lb. Neither Harsey nor I got anything. Mrs. Gamble found some tree orchids in the camp and had the branches cut. They looked quite small up at 60 feet, but when cut and brought down were about 3 feet high. After dinner the *tahsildar* or local official of the Nanpara estate in Oudh produced a poet who recited in modern Hindi lavish praise of our visit, our shoot and everything that is ours. Modern Hindi is highly Sanskritized. The Hindus are trying to get rid of all traces of Moslem dominion, and the Moslems are discarding derivatives from the Sanskrit expressions in favour of Persian and Arabic. Then we discussed round a camp fire why we had not more tigers in this sanctuary. Different views were advanced. One, that we were too early. Another, that we were too late. The third is that there is an abundance of game in the low hills. When Rana Sir Jang Bahadur used to shoot here he is said to have brought at least 700 elephants with him so as to ring in a large area. We lost two days on account of bad weather and one day over an unfortunate beat. Also one must remember that the coming and going of a big camp, our supplies, post, our *shikaris* and messengers, also the necessity of feeding some 90 elephants and 50 camels must disturb a narrow valley unused to such invasions of its peace. I think that on the whole we have done extremely well in getting seven tigers in the time. All are fine specimens. We break up camp to-morrow returning towards the *tarai*.

50. *Siri-got to Bhoot-gaurhi*.—We did not start till 10 a.m.  
 Tuesday, 25th March. I was at work at 4.30 a.m. One of our greatest difficulties is to raise money for

development and I am making all heads of departments and my secretaries consider possibilities of increasing income or, if possible anywhere, reducing expenditure. There will be some opposition no doubt, but we cannot carry out any policy of development without more money and undoubtedly we shall have still heavier demands on us for imperial expenditure. I am also arranging now a tour in the rains to examine and encourage movements and methods for improving industries, agriculture and education as bearing on both.

51. Bam Bahadur's tusker has begun to go *mast*. There is a gland over the eye which discharges matter during these attacks. The excitement of a large gathering of elephants stimulates them—we now have six male elephants *mast*. When fully *mast* the elephant is quite mad and will kill even his *mahout*. Opinions differ as to whether or how far these attacks are sexual in origin. The *mast* elephant will frequently try to kill the female.

52. We beat again the patch where I got my tiger and we lost the tigress. She had taken her new husband there but they must have gone honey-mooning in the hills. *Shugun-Kali* signalled at the beginning of the beat that they had passed that way. Nothing came out. There was nothing there. As we looked back on *Siri-got* we saw that a large forest fire had been lit opposite our camp. Some *Tharus* had been there the day before. We passed more later on with sheep and cattle. The firing brings up the young grass for grazing. We tried another big patch without success. A pig, some *cheetal*, *para*, and a lot of *langurs* (or big grey long-tailed monkeys) were there but no tiger or leopard. It was here that Archie had shot his tiger. The grass is now too dry to attract tigers in this weather. We had lunch at the foot of the hills and on the edge of the river under a deliciously cool natural rock-garden full of

bamboo-grass, different palms and great blazes of blue *Caedala-canthus*—the coolest and pleasantest of all our luncheon places. Overhead was another tree orchid, which we had cut down (the *shikaris* climb the trees like monkeys) for my Naini Tal conservatory. If these do well I shall make a collection. They may not stand the winter. After lunch we left the valley. The last signs of life were a solitary black-bellied tern and a pair of pee-wits who cried “did he do it” until we were round the corner—an irritating cry but not so irritating as the “brain fever” of the brain-fever bird which we preserve because of its agricultural value as a pest destroyer. Still it was not inappropriate. We had done it. We had taken out seven tigers.

53. On arriving in camp we found a post and telegrams. We were all rather amazed at Lord Sinha’s statement that only the ignorant take part in religious riots. These in Upper India are more often than not organized by the educated Indians. It is one of the unexpected results of English education to increase the animosity between Hindus and Moslems. Whatever surface agreement there may be among a few, to whom religion means little in comparison with politics, or for a time when all are excited it is admitted in this province that the animosity has been increasing for the last 25 years and was never worse than it is now.

54. After dinner we discussed the relative methods of catching elephants. Bam Bahadur was very strong on the greater sport of chasing the wild elephants and noosing them as compared with driving them into a stockade. I have only seen the stockade (*keddah*) when I was on tour with Lord Minto as Foreign Secretary. The Mysore Government had one and they caught 120 elephants. It was quite interesting but I do not want to see another. I feel much sympathy with wild



elephants having to submit to civilization. However, they are very soon tamed. The first three days and nights they are not allowed to sleep. Then they are taken into water and taught by tame elephants to lie down and do various other things. In a fortnight or month they take a *mahout* on their neck and in six months they are fully trained.

55. Harsey is very keen on hawking and has a good many hawks. So is Habib-Ullah. It is fine sport in open country where one can ride long distances after one's hawk. It is a beautiful sight to see a good hawk in flight. But it is a sport for open country and not for places where there is intense cultivation.

56. *From Bhoot-gaurhi to Baida Bedi.*—Got up early as usual. Breakfast at 8 o'clock. Ludovic had complained about the length of his hair, so I cut it with a pair of office scissors. My first effort in this line! It relieved the local situation leaving his head rather spotted, like a *cheetal*! There was some difficulty about payment! There was no precedent for the incident. Lieutenant-Governors have been known to clip the wings of their Commissioners, to comb their hair, to *laver la tête*, rub them down, to baste them, to dust their jackets or in other ways paid marked attention to them! but never before perhaps has a Lieutenant-Governor cut the hair of one of his Commissioners! Finally it was decided that as the occasion was unique, that as in the ultimate and absolute view of things there is no difference between subject and object, or clipper and clipped and as we were having a very good time we should each contribute Rs. 50 more to the disabled officers' fund! The camp was much interested in the proceeding.

57. Soon after 9 o'clock we started off for the first beat about five miles down the road. We passed through

*Tharu* villages and the country seemed very spacious after the valley, much freer and broader, while the going was much easier. No more of the boulders and rounded stones. The effect of the pale green fields and golden ripening corn against the forest which has every shade of green and the pigeon-blood red young leaves of the *kusam*\* was very striking. The greater abundance and tunefulness of bird life generally was most marked.

58. On reaching the jungle four stops, myself, Mrs. Gamble with Hearsey in her *howdah*, Ludovic and Victor were placed in position along a *nullah*. The beat started off in the wrong direction but was saved by masterly movement by Clutter. As it drew near, a *sambhar* stag dashed out and there was a large movement of jungle fowl. Finally, I saw in the distance the tiger walking slowly and majestically down towards the *nullah* in the direction of Mrs. Gamble's *howdah*. She and Hearsey fired almost simultaneously. One could hear the tiger hit and fall over. Then he collected himself and dashed away roaring towards the line. He was stopped by the men up the trees knocking their axes loudly against the tree, and returned roaring incessantly in obvious rage and pain to a place near the *nullah*. Here Ludovic came down and had some shots though he could not see him till the end. At each shot the roaring redoubled. The line meanwhile was thoroughly scared. The elephants were calling out. The *mahouts* were shouting. Some of the *shikaris* who had come down shinned up saplings and, as Clutter said, were picked off, as the line came up, swaying like ripe plums. The tiger's wrath was magnificent. Mrs. Gamble says she will never forget his ferocity when hit. She had a long shot at him through an opening in the forest. He

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\* *Schluchara trijuga*.

bounded forward seeking some thing to charge. Her elephant never moved and he saw nothing. His right leg had been broken just above the paw. There were only two bullets in it, Mrs. Gamble's and Ludovic's. Ludovic in the end saw him standing up tearing down saplings in his pain and rage and polished him off with a shot in the shoulder. It was a splendid tiger measuring 10 feet in length with a fine head. Curiously enough Mrs. Gamble, who is very psychic, announced last evening that she felt like getting a tiger to-day. We found out afterwards that it had killed a man last year. Clutter thinks it may be the cub that escaped Sir John Hewett's party in 1912. It took about fourteen men to pad the tiger on the elephant. Even then he fell off once on the other side. They had to put on enormous masses of leaves and branches of trees to keep him in position and prevent the ropes from injuring the skin. This, like all our other tigers, had his tongue out which is a good omen for future sport.

59. After this we had some general shooting. I got a pig and a wild cat and between us we got some partridge and miscellaneous birds. It is not easy to shoot off a pad elephant unless you are accustomed to it, and we were not shooting as well as we should have done on foot. But we had great fun.

60. We also saw a Nepalese canal under construction. There is a regular system of small canals in this part for irrigating the rice close by. Some *Tharus* were fishing in line with large hand nets on frames touching each other propelled by hand poles. Not much can escape them in shallow water.

61. After lunch, we went across ricefields to our camp about four miles away shooting a few birds on the way and hearing that two more tigers had killed in the neighbourhood.

We drank to the health of the tiger. There was great rejoicing in the camp.

62. The tents are pitched on a green sward looking across an open plain with spurs of the Himalayas running out on the right side. The village of *Baida-Bedi* (which means deaf man and deaf woman), is close by and great interest is taken in us, the news having spread that we had given the pig to the *Tharus* of the other village. The only objection to the vicinity of the village is the barking of the *pariah* dogs. The post came in at 5 o'clock. It brought me a grateful letter from Lord Jellicoe whom I had entertained at Government House, Lucknow, in my absence not being able to get back in time to meet him.

63. The elephants as they came in the twilight looked like ships. Truly they are the ships of the forest as the camel is the ship of the desert. We dined in the open. Clutter told us an awful tale of 1890 how a tigress and two cubs came on two coolies in the Chakrata jungles. The tigress caught one coolie, the other shinned up a tree. The tigress then made the captive wretch stand up and urged her cubs to kill him. They were shy at first. Every time he tried to escape she just put him back. Finally, the cubs killed him by order. What fate could be more cruel? After dinner we had the gramophone. Some of Tetrzini's and Caruso's best songs in the Nepal *tarai*! I must give an entertainment to the *Tharus*, but it must be in the afternoon as they are very loathe to go out at night. To bed early. It is hotter by day but colder by night than in *Birbhowli* valley.

64. *Halt Baida-Bedi*.—A long beat this morning in very ravine-broken forest which brought out a leopard and a leopardess. The leopard fell to Dalipat—a very fine one, 7' 8" long. It was Dalipat's 36th

Thursday, 27th March

leopard and the biggest that he has got so far. The leopardess got away. We saw her three times and once she tried to get down a sand-cliff but was frightened back by the elephants below. In the afternoon we put up another leopard but it stuck close to the line and Victor could not fire because the elephants were so close behind it. Saw no tigers or traces of tigers. Let the *Tharus* have the gramophone in the evening. At first they ran away thinking it was some engine of destruction. Then they got very interested, some climbing trees to see inside it if possible. They liked best Harry Lauder in his laughing songs and an orchestral piece.

65. *Baida-Bedi to Titariya*.—A long and uneventful day.

Friday, 28th March. The country unchanged. Two beats without result. It is a true saying "Shikar bhikar" "Hunting is begging." We had a good view of vultures over a kill. They are certainly the most unclean looking of living things. The red-headed ones in particular looked quite raw. Nothing is more disgusting than the way they flop their big wings when they are gorged. The dark ones are extraordinarily like the German Eagle—a vulture would be a suitable national emblem for a Hun. The only time when vultures are at all presentable is when they are poised at a great height searching for carrion. They drop their legs when they want to descend.

66. *Halt Titariya*.—This was the biggest day of the shoot

Saturday, 29th March. so far. We had news of a tiger and hopes of a tigress. The stops were put across an open sandy *nullah* about 70 yards wide with sand banks on either side about 15 feet high. The tiger was to be driven across the open. Everything went perfectly. The tiger was very reluctant to leave the jungle. At last, he was driven out almost trodden out by the elephants. Then he came rushing

across the *nullah* full tilt towards me. It was a magnificent sight. He ran close to the ground not looking up (he had seen my elephant and was making for it) evidently ready to spring. I put two bullets into him while crossing the *nullah* which reduced the shock of the impact and instead of springing up the bank he had to climb up the side to get on the top. There he was hanging on to the top with his fore-paws. He was within eight feet of my elephant. Dalipat and I put more bullets into him. He fell back fighting every inch of the ground until I hit him in the spine. Then he fell over backwards down into the *nullah* below. Victor got a wonderful snap-shot of him as he fell. The stream turned crimson with his blood for about 30 yards or so. He measured easily 10' 5". The record is 10' 8". He was a magnificent beast, though the skin was not so artistically marked as that of my previous tiger. Still he is the biggest tiger that Clutter has seen killed, and he has been in at the death of more tigers than most people.

67. Just before lunch it was doubtful whether we should beat again that afternoon when suddenly the jungle fowl began to call in a way that showed that a tiger was on the move. We then knew that the tigress was there after all. This tiger and tigress between them had killed nine buffaloes in nine successive days. The tigress was also said to have killed another tigress which was found dead about eight days before. Our hopes rose at once. The beat very soon put up the tigress. Some one fired from the line which was not according to order; but missed. Then Ludovic got a snap shot at the tigress through some thick jungle and missed. Finally, she came round to Victor who drew first blood. It took some time to ring her in and fire the finishing shot. Altogether a very exciting afternoon. It was a magnificent tigress measuring 9' 5"—the record being 9' 6". I wonder if there is any record for a bag of two

tigers in one day -- the tiger 10' 5" and the tigress 9' 5". Clutter does not know of any.

68. We got home to find the *Tharus* all round the camp, one group watching the skinning of the tigers, another listening to the gramophone. The skinning drew the larger audience! It is quite a pleasant process until the stomach of the animal is opened. Then if one has any olfactory sense it is wise to flee! The lucky bones are really a sort of floating collar bone—degenerate from disuse. They are cut out of the shoulders. The claws and the whiskers are much coveted. The skinners were extraordinarily skilful. They have been for four generations skinners to the house of Singahi.

69. *Titariya to Chattar*.—There was news of a tiger in some jungle and we started out to beat it about Sunday, 30th March. 9 o'clock. I said I would go in the line and let the others have a chance at the tiger. We soon put up the tiger who was evidently angry. We found afterwards that he had a bad abscess in his foot. My big tiger of the day before had wounds. So this pair had evidently been fighting. We drove him out before the stops, but the left of the line had come forward too far and were behind the tiger so they were afraid to fire. After running up and down roaring angrily the tiger made a great spring at the line of elephants and brushing two small elephants aside got away back. We halted then for lunch. After lunch we started to beat back. We expected a fight and one or two of the *shikaris* on foot were given guns. We had beaten for about 20 minutes; but, as ill-luck would have it, the tiger came out bang in front of one of the *shikaris* who had to fire in self-defence and knocked it over. It was a fine 10' tiger. We all went home depressed at the ending. There was news of a tigress and two cubs in an adjacent jungle but the cubs were dependent on the mother and we let them all alone.

70. Found the English mail on arrival with some interesting letters from Lord Hardinge and others. My brother Ralph's book "The New Eastern Question" seems to have been very well reviewed. The world seems very unrestful and I wonder how it will all end.

Two books.

71. In the course of a sleepless night I read a book by Ramsay Muir entitled "National self-government"—an able and interesting volume but a little out of date now. It was written in 1918. He then described the great political ideals of Western civilization as :—(1) the principle of nationality ; (2) the international principle ; (3) the principle of self-government ; and (4) the principle of the tutelage of the European peoples over the non-European world. These principles and these alone, in his view, can make this world safe for democracy. He is humble about democracy, its inefficiency, mistakes, stupidities and crudities but would rather trust to the guidance of the spirit that broods over the shifting and conflicting thoughts of free men, than leave our fortunes to the guidance of any single dominating tradition or of any knot of irresponsible rulers.

72. In the sub-Himalayan forests I cannot presume to speculate on the course and consequences of events that are taking place some thousands of miles away. But it is permissible to ask whether Asia is prepared to accept the position of tutelage with a view to the adoption of democracy. According to Ramsay Muir there are two conditions essential to self-government. Without them government by discussion and argument must, he says, be either impossible or disastrous in its results. These conditions are first, that the mass of citizens should be educated and trained to co-operate in affairs, secondly that there should be real unity of sentiment



running through the whole community. Neither condition is realized or realizable in India now. Again, it may be questioned whether democracy will ever take root in Asiatic soil. How will it fit in with a social system which rests on caste, the predominance of the priest and the seclusion of woman? Who knows? Ever and never are not wise words. Our political theorists seem rather silly reading nowadays when great unseen forces are sweeping men off their feet and the final decisions must rest with experts. Perhaps after all both Europe and Asia will repeat the questionings and experiments of another Candide and in the end decide, like that philosopher of experience, to cultivate their garden!

73. *Chattar to Kumdhik.*—As we left camp we saw a jackal feeding on the tiger's carcass with a crowd of vultures encircling him, afraid to disturb him. We are moving away from the *sal ban* (*sal* forest) and it is daily hotter. The *sal* is now in flower and its white clusters are indescribably beautiful. Passed over low undulating hills and came on a pool of perfectly pellucid water. The stream is called *Gingerya*. Our elephants knelt down and wallowed in it. We beat in vain. Afterward Clutter wondered if the tiger had gone into a cave. At lunch the name of the stream *Gingerya* gave rise to stories. Last autumn apparently there was a notification in the Government of India gazette after "Government of India" insert "ginger"! This led to the late Metropolitan's announcement in the pulpit "Wherever in the course of the sermons that I have been preaching I have used the word "bridge" please *substitute* the word "poker." The last Darbar invitation of "Mr. so and so and wife or equivalent lady" and the notice "Trousers will not be worn when ladies are present" (the real intention being to prescribe knee-breeches) rose again from the dead. In the afternoon we struck a tigress

and two cubs but the tigress got away. Bam Bahadur could have got an easy shot at her but left her till to-morrow, our last day.

74. Kumdhik is our last camping ground; one of the most beautiful of all. Our tents are pitched on high ground over a tributary of the Rapti visible in the distance. Fine trees "green-robed senators of mighty woods" give us shade by day and make a picture in the moonlight. After dinner we discussed history and politics. To the observer in distance space it looks as if we were trying to force on India our worn-out representative institutions, passing on, in a figure, the old school trousers from the elder to the younger brother! and importing into England from India the theory of expert Government which it is now the object to do away with in India! How skew-eyed are our political philosophers and reformers!

75. *Kumdhik to Nepalganj Road.*—The last day was the best of all. It was also the hardest. We started about 9 a.m. and beat the jungle from which the tigress had escaped the evening before. The *shikaris* had given information that there was a tigress and two full grown cubs (a tiger and tigress). The beat was perfectly arranged. The old and the young tigress came out right in front of myself and Dalipat. I had a steady shot at the big tigress and got her just behind the shoulder; but as she was standing at an angle the bullet did not drop her dead as it would have had she been standing broadside. It went into the back part of the body. She fell over and tried to tear the wound with her paw. Then she gave a great roar and dashed down a *nullah*. I had another shot but failed to stop her. We lined up to beat and found her lying dead about 100 yards away. It was a beautifully marked old tigress 9' 1". Dalipat

bowled over the cub with a fine shot. It was a full grown cub of 8 feet.

76. At lunch we decided to leave the other tiger cub to grow up. This was only possible if we could kill the big tiger which was reported to be in the jungle opposite. Here we had a grand beat, extremely difficult for the line owing to the roughness of the country and the number of *nullahs*. But after about an hour a fine tiger made an enormous leap over a stream opposite Ludovic who bowled it over. It measured 10' 3" and had a magnificent skin.

77. It was past 5 o'clock and we had to do nearly 20 miles on pad elephants to reach the railway station, Nepalganj Road. The journey seemed interminable. On the way we passed party after party of Nepalese returning to the hills and crossed many prosperous villages with mango groves and large stretches of permanent cultivation. We had returned to civilization. A drunken man, trying to carry some sticks and cutting curious antics, amused us but incensed the Nepalese official. We looked back regretfully on the fine river *Rapti* which we had no time to fish. Our last scent of the Nepalese forests was a paradise of some thing like *Syringa*, almost overpoweringly sweet. We passed through Nepalganj, about four miles from the railway station, in the dark. I was sorry. I wanted to see this busy mart. Much trouble had been taken to water the roads for us and give us a good reception. Large numbers turned out to see us. The railway station was brilliantly illuminated and several hundred people had collected to enjoy the unwonted scene. We dined on the platform somewhere about 10 p.m. and turned in about midnight.

I telegraphed my great gratitude to His Excellency the Prime Minister and received a delightful reply, viz. "I take a friend's delight in your splendid bags"!

Thus ended a very perfect tour in Nepal. Kunwar Bam Bahadur Sah, who organized the shoot magnificently from first to last, was disappointed that we did not get more tigers. We, however, were well satisfied. There have no doubt been larger bags but I believe that for size of the tigers our bag is really a record.

## APPENDIX I.

Date.	Tiger.	Tigress.	Leopard.	Size.	Shot by—
March, 1919.					
17th ...	One	...	...	9' 10½"	Mr. Clutterbuck.
18th ...	One	...	...	9' 9½"	Captain Batty.
19th ...	One	...	...	10' 2½"	Sir Harcourt Butler.
„ ...	One	...	...	9' 7½"	Captain Gamble.
21st ...	...	One	...	8' 8"	Mrs. Gamble.
22nd ...	...	One	...	9' 3½"	Mr. Ludovic Porter.
24th ...	...	One	...	8' 7"	Mr. Habib-Ullah.
26th ...	One	...	...	10'	Mrs. Gamble.
27th ...	...	...	One	7' 8"	Kunwar Dalipat Sah.
29th ...	One	...	...	10' 5"	Sir Harcourt Butler.
„ ...	...	One	...	9' 5"	Captain Gamble.
30th ...	One	...	...	10'	<i>Shikari</i> in self-defence.
1st April ...	...	One	...	9' 1"	Sir Harcourt Butler.
„ ...	...	One	...	8'	Kunwar Dalipat Sah.
„ ...	One	...	...	10' 3"	Mr. Ludovic Porter.
	Eight	Six	One		

## APPENDIX II.

## WILD DOGS AND TIGERS.

(Extracts from "Glimpses of animal life," by Douglas Bennett, F.Z.S.)

Not much is known of the wild dogs inhabiting different countries of the world. Travellers and others interested in zoology have, from time to time, recorded their experiences of the varieties they have come across, but more often than not the information they give in regard to these dogs is very fragmentary and sometimes not quite reliable, since they have to depend upon the natives of those parts where varieties of the wild dog occur for whatever information they can give and, as is well known, information through such sources is, as a general rule, rather inaccurate.

The wild dog of Nepal, the indigenous name being *buansa*, was discovered by Mr. Hodgson, who thought that he had discovered the primitive race of dog. This cannot, however, be accepted as a fact. They hunt both at night as well as by day in troops of six to a dozen, and, like the fox-hound, hunt more by scent than by vision. Whilst hunting they give tongue like the fox-hound.

The tiger appears to be more afraid of the wild dogs than of any other animal; and if he can possibly get out of their way he will do so. Many are the stories told by the semi-wild tribes inhabiting the Indian forests of the *modus operandi* adopted by these creatures in attacking the tiger.

There is a tiger, a noble specimen of his race, stretched out for a siesta under the shade of a *karanda* tree in the heart of the jungle. He hears a peculiar low cry and lifts his head, to see one of these geatry some fifty yards before him. This is quite enough for him, and up he gets with his best foot forward to beat a retreat in the opposite direction, when another low peculiar cry in that opposite direction falls on his ears, and there he sees another of his enemies. By this time the tiger is beginning to feel uncomfortable; the two cries from east and west have caused this. Now he makes tracts in the northern direction to hear the same cry and at the same distance from another of the pack, and then he tries a southerly direction to find the same call ringing in his ears and at the same distance. Now the tiger is more than uneasy and seems hardly able to move. He indulges in a few sickly snarls at which his enemies simply laugh.

Now comes the real business. The pack, consisting of some sixty to seventy in number lying close by in ambush, join the four generals, forming a circle round the tiger. The latter, seeing the situation becomes a little desperate and begins to roar, but this does not disconcert the pack, which remain sitting on their haunches without a move, with all their hungry eyes well fixed on the tiger. Imperceptibly the circle narrows, and in narrowing a second circle is formed, and as the original circle still narrows, a thire circle is formed. Now it is more difficult for the tiger to break through the three circles than it would have been for him to have broken through the first, but he is not a general, or he would have seen that there was his only chance of escape, if any, but it is now too late. The four generals give the signal for attack, and by way of preliminary the pack simultaneously set up a diabolical and deafening howl. The tiger cannot at the same moment be looking north and south, east and west. Now he is crouching, looking intently at the general at the north with the intention of making a desperate charge and breaking through. This action of his is perceived at once by the generals of the east, west and south just as he is about to lift himself from the earth for this desperate charge. In a moment and as quick as lightning he is pounced upon by two-thirds of the pack who stick to him like so many leeches, and try as he may he cannot shake them off. By this time there is not an inch of him that is not in the jaws of these devils. True he has knocked half a dozen of them to pieces, but this they were prepared for. Now there is the general of the north with his lot on to him as well. Already, as is peculiar with the wild dogs, they begin their work at the posterior. There are some four to six set apart for this work, and it is not long before one or two of them have torn and cut and eaten their way into the stomach of the tiger, whilst the rest have been holding on to him like grim death until within a very short time life is extinct, when they let go their hold on their prey and begin to eat the raw flesh. They then go to their caves and rest for some three or four days, when they again come out to *shikar* but not necessarily after a tiger; it may be a *sambhar* or large boar that falls to their lot on this occasion.