

V. Gordon
Queen's Bay.

Shooting Diary
etc.

India.

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India.

Stationed at Umballa.

1887.

Being only a recruit last year, I had very little opportunity of indulging in sport outside Cantonments, and there being none in the immediate vicinity of the place, it meant getting away on leave.

My first introduction to Indian Sport was a ride after that glorious beast, the wild Boar. It was on the 27th Jan. 1887, and the party consisted of Colonel French, Capt. Sadler, and Clerk, Messrs. Whitta, Bushe, & self.

PIG-
STICKING

SIRSOWA

leaving Umballa by the 5:29 am. train, we arrived at Sirsowa (near Saharanpur) about 7.30, where we had breakfast and then mounted. Riding out in the direction of NOKAR, we began to beat the coverts after going about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

27th Jan.

The drawing of these "Kalis" (sugar-cane plantations) was weary work and we were beginning to despair when a fine old Boar broke close to the Col. & W., who gave chase, but he made his point - about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile off - before

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we reached him. W. here began rushing about like aumatic, making us think the place was alive with pig. There was a hedge in front of us and while trying to get round to the far side of the Kali the boar broke back and away without being seen by us. However a man in a tree saw him and shouted to S. & C., who got away, they having got round first, and when I did do so, to my disgust found them quite $\frac{3}{4}$ mile away, I having come to grief trying to get through the hedge, which was too large to jump. My pony swerved at a gap where there was a tree resulting in my spear being caught against it and across my body, sending me flying backwards. Fortunately my mare did not go far and I got off with a few bruises although very nearly a broken back. We got a slight breather by the pig going into a patch of trees, but he soon broke on the far side when we "sat down" & went for him.

W. was first up, but his mount being out of hand he missed the pig when he jinked, and dropped his spear on it touching the ground. The poor old chap was mad with rage and disappointment, as this was the first pig any of us had ridden.

S. got first spear and B. also got in, but not well placed, and the pig was able to make cover.

Here we had an easy, which was welcomed by the horses, as we had to wait for the coolies.

After this it was a case of jinking from 'Kate' to 'Kate', as they were here very close together, and B. & S. got a dart at him, but without success.

It was now nearly 4 p.m., so we halted, watered & fed our horses, and had a mouthful ourselves.

After about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour's rest we started off again, drawing a large 'Kate' and it was not until it was finished that we were told the pig had gone forward & had crossed a nullah (water course) & gone into a 'Kate' beyond.

C. & I slipped on the farside of the nullah in case of a break-back, which he did with a grunt & a charge at C. who caught him somewhere on the back of the head. Off he went across the nullah with the spear sticking in him straight up on end. After nearly turning a somersault in the nullah, I got on but could not reach him before he got to cover.

The poor brute was now getting done & would not face the open. At last he slipped into another Kate getting a prod from the Colonel. I stayed between the 2 Kates while the others went round and was now to get my chance of drawing blood, for very soon after this came a shout from a native up in a tree, "Look out, Sahib," & before I could look out he was on me with a ferocious grunt, charging straight at me from in front as I was standing facing the Kate only a few yards off. I lowered my spear, but as he heard it down went his head for

a rip and I got him too far back. My pony—"ho hams"—stood like a rock and the thrust fortunately turned the pig to his right and in so doing broke the shaft in pieces against the pony's chest. The spear came away & he was out of sight in a twinkling, but to rise no more. The coolies we all sent in to try & find him, but swore they could not. However, he was found there next day, dead, but we could not get the tusks out of them. Coolies & horses were pretty well cooked & as it was getting dark we turned for home, having several miles to ride before reaching the station.

We were all very disappointed at not getting the pig, which we would probably have done had we known more about the game.

Still it was a most enjoyable day, and well worth the journey.

Party:— Col. French, Capt. Sadler & Clerk
Mess: Whitta, Bushe & Self.

Bag: Nil. Pig never recovered.

I had several more most enjoyable days after pig and a certain amount of Small game shooting before we left Umballa in the Spring of 1888, but I was rather too much taken up with Polo, and cricket on Thursdays, to do much in the shooting line.

Unfortunately I have lost the notes I took at the time of these outings.



Stationed at SIALKOT

Unfortunately damaged my knee very badly at Polo in Feb. 1888 and after being laid up all summer was sent home for a year, not returning to India till the beginning of Oct. 1889.

1889

While I had been laid up the Regiment had been collecting a small pack of some 12 or 14 Couple of hounds, as there was every prospect of having some good fun with Tackal & Foxe in the neighbourhood,

HUNTING

CHUPRA.

14th Nov.

Especially on the north side of the Chenab. We drove out to CHUPRA to have a day with the hounds on the following morning, this being my first appearance with them. A start was made soon after 6am, but nothing but "blanks" were drawn, and after a lot of work in cover we returned about 10. After breakfast and seeing the hounds fed, we returned home, as hunting during the day time except with Terris is useless, scent being absolutely nil.

This part of the country being very short of Tack a man lower down to Phookhan is proposed, and should we have luck these outings ought to be very jolly.

Quite a big field today, 13 including several outside the Reg!.

1890

MURIDKI

Here we are at a large Cavalry Camp of Exercise, but to-day being an off day, 8 or 9 of us set off in the afternoon to see if we could get a gallop after a hare, there being a good many about. We collected several Terris

4th Jan.

and Serg. King (Miss Serg.) brought his Greyhounds. He caused us great amusement, being mounted on a mule, that was delighted at the sight of water in the nullah we had to cross, and promptly lay down in it. Soon after this a hare broke away, but we lost him before the dogs got up. Then seeing a herd of Black Buck amongst which were several young ones we tried to circumvent them and cut off the youngsters, but they were not for it.

However we gave chase and had a terribly hot time of it for about 20 minutes on very bad ground, after which we gave it up. Poor old "hike" got back lame all over.

5th Jan.

Next day we went out in the afternoon (5 guns) and beat through some very thick grass jungle getting a few odds & ends thanks to the bad shooting & the height & thickness of the grass.

Bag:— 6 Black Partridges & 1 hare.

I find that in looking through my old diaries that I was lazy enough to leave out much, including many days sport of sorts. The results ~~through~~ do not matter much, but as regards localities the hints might have proved useful in after times.

Drove out along the Phooklian road for 3 or 4 miles with O'Hara to have a go at the Quail. The birds were very scarce and as we were not shooting too well did not stay out long. After about 1½ hours work we had accounted for 8 couple.

SIALKOTQUAIL2nd Oct.

The ground was very wet which probably accounted for the scarcity of birds.

Party:- O'Hara & Self.

Bag:- 8 couple Quail.

Last evening Fitz Gerald, Whittle & Self rode out to BUTTIANA about 12 miles along the Amritsar Road, where Charkis had pitched a fine camp, and a substantial dinner was awaiting us.

BUTTIANA9th Oct.DUCK,

etc.

There is a very fine jheel on the right of the road going from Sialkot, which is semi-enclosed by "bunds" and if the rains have been heavy, there is always a fine sheet of water here, as there is now. All the near side is woody and affords splendid cover for 3 or 4 guns, although you want a couple more to shoot the whole place properly. Then again, about 4 miles further on on the left of the road there is another fine jheel, but unfortunately with absolutely not a scrap of cover.

We started off about 6am for the near jheel, and shot this till about 9, when we returned to breakfast. After^{ward} we mounted our rickas (country carts) & drove to the far jheel & shot there till about 1.30 or 2.

It is a long stretch, so we lined out, and just as we got into the water, a duck passed me at which I fired. When from the far side arose a perfect cloud of duck & teal along the whole length of the water,

making a noise just like a distant train. I had never seen so many duck together before; it was a grand sight, and if we had only known they were there, I would not have fired at the single bird. It was an awful pity as it spoilt the chance of a really good bag.

W. is an atrocious shot, and I don't think dropped a single bird, but he makes up for it in his capacity as Commissariat & transport manager, and F. would never risk a longish shot. C. shot very well here and brought down some very long shots. Curiously enough F. got nearly all the snipe shooting, there being a beautiful bit of ground where he was at the far end.

It was a most enjoyable day, and might have been a most successful one. Back to camp, a change, & tea & then a ride home in time for dinner.

Fitz Gerald, Charteris, Whittle & Self.

25 Duck & teal, 14 snipe, 2 blue rocks.

Party.

Bag

1891

After Squadron training Heron & I thought we would go into the jungle for 10 days. So having got leave and made all arrangements, we started by the night train for Kamoki, that being our starting point. Arrived about 3.15 am, and went to the "Rest" House near the Station. There was some trouble in collecting Ekkas, but we finally arranged everything satisfactorily & started about 2.30 p.m. for Mujjoo Chak. Having driven out about 5 miles from the station we got out and walked through the thin jungle, but saw nothing until nearly dusk when we came across a small herd. There was one fair buck amongst them but he was a longish way off, and although we both got in both barrels at him, he laughed at us. There was a police bungalow at Mujjoo Chak, so we were saved the trouble of setting up camp.

KAMOKI.

BLACK-

BUCK.

etc.

26. Oct.

Leaving M. about 6.45 am. for Shamsha 30th. We intended breakfasting at Ammoka on the way, so sent the Ekkas on to have everything ready. The country here was anything but good shooting

ground, we scarcely saw anything except geese & sand grouse passing our head evidently on their way to the Nari. Our bag up to breakfast was only 6 blue rock and 1 grey partridge.

The ground after leaving Ammoke was just the same, and we were beginning to get rather disgusted, when we saw some jungle in the distance. Here a herd of Black Buck and a couple of Chikara went away in front of us. The jungle began to improve now and I got on to a herd of Chikara, which I stalked for one an hour and then lost them. Later on coming across a declivity in the ground, which was overgrown with longish coarse grass I thought I saw a pair of horns on the far side above the grass, but the shikari said they were only bits of old grass wood. (These wretches hate our spotting anything before them) After walking all these miles I was not going to be so easily put off without testing my own sight, so cocking my rifle I simply moved.

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At the same time an unmistakable
ear flapped which proved I was correct.
"Ah, Sahit, hiran hi" of course then came
in a whisper from the shikari, whom
I felt inclined to kick. The buck was
lying down on the far side of the grass
& I could only see his head, so care-
fully raising my rifle I fired and
to my disgust just went over his back
into the bank behind. A couple of inches
lower & I should have got him.

However I had not time for reflection
as another sprang up and galloped
straight towards me. A hasty shot
rolled him over shot straight in
the chest. It was unfortunately
only a small one, but the whole
thing was so quick I had not
time to judge the size of his horns.
We got home soon afterwards seeing
nothing further and found H. in
camp very disgusted at not having
had a shot.

I stalked for bustard for a long time 31st
but could not get within range
(gun) and had not a rock rifle

with me, and after about an hour gave it up. This is the first time I had seen them in their wild state; they are certainly fine birds and marvellous runners, besides being uncommon Wary. Saw any quantity of Sand-grouse, but far off. Cannot make out where the buck get to in the middle of the day here as there must be lots about judging by their tracks.

I can get nothing out of my Chikari who is supposed to know all this ground, and am coming to the conclusion that he is only one of these frauds who has managed to get a chit out of some one as a Chikari because he may have happened on some buck.

An intelligent Coolie with only a knowledge of the ground would be far more use.

I went out again in the afternoon, but got no shot, though I had 2 long stalks. H. got 2 or 3 shots but failed to bag anything.

This morning we decided on another change of Camp, so moved on to

14th Nov.

Gudanwattak breakfasting at Sahoo.
 ku. Up to this we saw scarcely any-
 thing and the ground was very
 poor. Only got 1 Sandgrouse & 2 blue
 rocks.

After walking miles over ploughed
 fields and getting 4 easy shots at
 Sandgrouse, I had an empty bag.
 I now took a rest at a small village,
 where I was provided with a "charpoy"
 (native bed) and a very welcome "chatti"
 (earthenware bowl) of really excellent
 milk. Here of course the whole village
 turned out as is their custom on
 these sort of occasions and desiring
 to see what the effect of a gun was,
 I dropped a few crows much to
 everyone's delight. The way the
 children scrambled for and fought
 over the empty cartridge cases was
 most amusing. This village is
 close to thin jungle, so saying
 farewell to my entertainers I
 started off again & about 4.30 met
 a small herd of 2 bucks & 3 does,
 which were on their way to the

Sugar Katis for their evening meal. I stalked them for about an hour but could never get within about 300 yards, and as the light was bad would not fire at that range. Altogether it was a disappointing day after such a long tramp and I was not sorry to get back to camp.

I only got 1 blue rock & H. a blue rock, hare, & grey partridge. out at 6%. Got on to a buck pretty soon, but did not get a shot, and then wandered about for a long time without seeing anything, finally meeting H. who had got separated from his shikari.

2nd

On our way home to breakfast we learnt a lesson, namely, when shooting in jungle always keep a gun or rifle in ones own hands. We had given our rifles over to the shikaris and were talking away when up jumped a buck & doe chikara, but by the time I had got my rifle & was loaded I only had a long shot at him going away and unfortunately just missed him. In the afternoon I got on to a herd of buck evidently my friends of the night ^{last}

and stalked them for about an hour, when about 4:30 pm I had to sit down behind the bush I had reached not being able to get nearer as there was absolutely no cover. Here I sat patiently till 6% when they moved and I eventually got a shot at the best buck, hitting him, but he got away and as it was rapidly getting dark, never recovered him. I was very annoyed about this as it was the first I had hit and our larder also wanted replenishing. H. did no good all day.

The old shikari turned up and of course swore he had been to the far side where he had seen an enormous herd of several hundreds. Infernal old liar!

But early again & very soon afterwards ^{3rd} got on to a chikara which I stalked successfully, but it only had a small head so I would not fire. Afterwards went out to the Maidan on the north side of the jungle on having got news of 3 buck, but they

turned out to be doves. On my way home I got a grey partridge - the only bird I saw.

About 11% we started back to Kamohi, as it was over 20 miles off. On the way we got 2 blue rock and a sand-grouse, in shooting which we unfort. mately disturbed a herd of Blackbuck, ~~which~~ we stalked them & H. got a shot but was unsuccessful.

I have quite come to the conclusion that it is a great mistake to use small shot for sandgrouse. They have a particularly thick & tough skin & their feathers are very close set, and I am certain that many birds go away wounded on this account.

They are very pretty birds and are generally seen in large packs, and are very wary requiring regular stalking. I might have shot a great many more, but wanted heads, so we only used guns occasionally for the pot.

We had returned in order to have a final go at the duck at a place 10 miles on the East side of the railway called

H.

NUNGAL where the shikari said there were any quantity. To our disgust on arrival we found it was nothing but a pack of lies, there being only a small mullah with very little water in it and not a duck to be seen. We went out next day, but never fired a shot, so returned had breakfast and then marched back again to Kamoki, thus losing 2 days here. Had the pleasure of sleeping(?) in the verandah of the railway carriage on top of all our kit as there was not a berth anywhere. Altogether the shoot was not as successful as we had hoped, but I fancy with a decent shikari or even a useful coolie we might have done much better.

Heron and Self.

Party.

1 Chikara (*Gazella bennetti*)

Bag.

2 Sandgrouse, 3 Grey partridges

12 Blue rock 1 hare.

(This account should have come later on)
after 1890 was finished.

Drove out to the river with Pat to try our luck with the mahara. It was the first time I had been out with the rod in this country and unfortunately proved a failure as we never got a touch all day.

FISHING

R. Chesab

Phooklian

13th Nov.

The fishing here is done from a barge like boat, you are towed up stream by the boatmen and have to spin, and unless you get several fish it is poor fun as the scenery is poor, the glare awfully, and you get properly roasted sitting in a boat in the open.

If a fish is hooked you have to land or he will "break" you for a certainty, their first rush being magnificent and often taking out 100 yards of line. It is far heavier than that of a Salmon.

HUNTING

Eight of us went out last night to Phooklian for a day with the hounds. It is a longish way as the river is about 11 miles from Sialkot and the river here has 2 channels requiring ferrying, with an island to cross in the centre and as there is a small channel in this about 3 feet deep, it means

Phooklian

24th Nov

Taking the horses and ponies in the boat with you. Then there are about 3 miles on the far side before you reach the Police bungalow. It is very convenient, however, as we send out everything from the mess and are very comfortable, and there are kennels for the hounds. It is rather pretty with a grand view of the hills & snow and is glorious in the early morning. In some parts there is plenty of jumping and now and again very big "gidirons". As long as the "kates" are not too plentiful, there is every prospect of a run, and out here a "jack" beats a fox hollow.

We were out as soon as it was daylight, and unfortunately got on to a ringing jack in a "kate" and there they remained for 3 mortal hours, so that when he did eventually break, the hounds rolled him over in about 300 yards.

The hounds were pretty well done also, hunting in these "kates" being terribly stiff work.

Hounds were now taken home, as the sun was well up and scout bad.

Whittle and I had settled to go for a shoot during our Simas leave, and he having heard that very good shooting was to be got at Sheiktopora we determined to go there. It is a place with a certain amount of history attached to it or perhaps more properly speaking to its owners. The present man — Rajah Haban Singh — is I believe the last of the race, being a relative of Runjeet Singh. This land was given to the latter's mother by Government and they were practically exiles, not being allowed to leave the place without permission. He has also a Palace in Lahore. Out of courtesy we got leave from him, through Macauliffe, the judge here (Sialkot), to shoot, although I fancy the permission is unnecessary. However, as events turned out, it was quite worth our while doing so, as he was most hospitable & obliging. We had sent most of our baggage including traps on by Ekka previously and left by the night train getting to Lahore early in the morning. The first thing to do was to send our servants for Ekkas for ourselves.

SHOOTING

Sheikho-
pora21st Dec.

24
and light kit. They returned after a while saying that the ekka wallahs would not come, so we went up to the Bazaar ourselves and had great difficulty in making them come, as they said the roads were far too bad to travel on. There had been very heavy winter rains.

Having got everything off we went up to the Palace to pay our respects to the Rajah, but he was praying and visiting his ladies, so we could not see him. His Wazir interviewed us instead and invited us to stay to breakfast, but thinking we should never get away we refused on the plea of business in Lahore.

However he insisted upon sending us out in one of his carriages, an offer we very gladly accepted. We returned about 12.30 and to our astonishment found an English brougham with team of splashed mules waiting for us.

This is a turn-out I suspect few ~~can~~ ^{can} boast of having travelled in.

So off we went doing our journey in

comfort, and in remarkably good time as we arrived at 4.15 — 28 miles from Lahore. This was all the more so when the road is taken into consideration, as it was in an awful state after the heavy rain. Although the Ekkas left at 11 they did not arrive till 7.30 p.m. We had intended putting up at the District Bungalow, but the Police would not give us the keys without a written order, so we occupied one belonging to the Rajah.

Sheikhopora is a fair sized village, and the Palace is a big place, but kept in very bad order. It is very picturesque and I am sorry I never made a sketch of it, but as I may someday have another shoot there, I shall certainly take me.

As everything was so late last night 23rd we did not make a very early start, and it was 7.30 before arrangements were completed and a start made.

The nearest jungle, a very nice piece, is about 2 miles north of the town, and having arrived there I wandered about

for some little time without seeing any thing, but at last came across a buck Chikara (Ravine Deer), and after stalking him got up within 60 or 70 yards. It was terrible going crawling on hands and knees and the thorns were something awful. I could only just see the top of his back, as he lowered his head to graze, and not daring to move my position took a steady aim and to my delight heard groans follow my shot. On getting to the place I found the poor brute struggling on the ground, the bullet having smashed the spine. The knife was soon applied to put him out of pain and we then started off to the breakfast "vudzy-rows". I came across some others on the way, but did not get a shot. I was naturally very pleased at my good beginning this being the first animal I had shot with a rifle. I estimated his horns roughly at 11 to 12 inches but was still more pleased when careful measuring with the tape proved him an easy $13\frac{1}{4}$ ".

It was a perfect head, thick horns with clean & pronounced rings, and beautifully symmetrical. I found Whitt and breakfast waiting for me, he having seen nothing.

Our breakfasting place was close to an old tank of enormous size, being 200 yards square, but it had not been used for years and there were large trees growing in it, besides thick scrub. Here there is also a large tower, 101 steps, built as a look out for shooting purposes and also as a land-mark, which it certainly is as it can be seen for miles. There are a good many blue rocks here and we amused ourselves for a while with them after breakfast. To the N.E. of this place is a capital piece of ground for partridge, hare, etc, and we determined to spend an hour or two between the morning & evening shoots, getting something for the pot. 2 guns are, however, very much handicapped in a place like this as so many birds are walked over, and they have every facility for

running. Again, the hare shooting, though most sporting, is very difficult, most of the shots being snags.

We got 2 hares, 5 partridges (black) 1 quail, & blue rock, after indifferent shooting, especially at the hares.

This morning just as we got to the maidan on the near side of the jungle we saw a small flight of duck circle & then swoop down on to a small pool of water. We executed a successful stalk & each got his right & left.

24th

This was a satisfactory beginning and we hoped our shooting was going to be an improvement on yesterday's. Neither of us got a shot at anything during the rest of the morning, and trying a different part our pot was not much augmented as we only got 3 hares & a pigeon. There are a great quantity of quail, but we did not shoot any, not knowing what to do with them, if got. In the afternoon I had a few stalks, but never got a shot, but W. got - not a Black buck

unfortunately, but a doe! He swore he never saw the animal's head, under which circumstances he of course should not have fired. However, as the deed was done there was nothing more to be said, and "the lady" was much appreciated at mess, as we sent these 2 and some birds back to Sialkot.

It was day and such a one!

25th

It poured the whole day long, so of course we did not go out to the jungle. This was rather a sell, as every day is precious on a short shoot. However, we did not see the fun of stopping in doors all day, so donned our machintoshes and took our guns up to the palace where there were any number of blue rocks. It was blowing a gale as well, so that the shooting was extremely difficult as the birds darted round the corners of the building or flew out of the holes in the walls. We blazed away for a while getting 11 pigeon when W. informed me that his cartridges had

come to an end. like an ass he had not ordered them in time previous to leaving S. and could not get any in Lahore, and mine were 16 bore. After this we explored the palace, but there was nothing interesting about its interior and I should think it was a miserable place to live in.

I have forgotten to mention a piece of attention on the part of the Rajah on the first day. On getting back from the jungle in the evening we found a long row of baskets containing vegetables, fruit, etc, on the verandah. It turned out to be a most valuable present, as on arrival at S. we found there was not a vegetable to be got in the place and you could not even get a chicken (not that we wanted them) nor an Egg.

Last night rather an amusing surprise awaited us. We had sent back an ekka to Lahore to get

a fresh supply of bread & such like from Gillon & Co, and also ordered a plain cake. Imagine our faces when on W. opening the case a bird sitting on a nest of eggs first appeared then the cake rich & thick in sugar & ornaments!

This for the jungle!

It is just like the tradesmen out here, I suppose he wanted to get rid of his surplus Kinas stock. However, W. insisted upon keeping the wretched thing, 14 pound weight, which cost us Rs 28.

We have been tormented by jungle cats at night, and can't keep the brutes out. I can't make out how they get in.

We did not make an early start in order to give the place a chance of drying up a bit, besides which there was a thick mist hanging over the whole place. Soon after reaching the jungle the mist rose, but it was not very hot going after all. Not long after this I got on to a chikara,

26th

and had a very long stalk, finally having to crawl on hands & knees (oh! the thorns and prickles) as there was only a single bush between us and I was about 300 yards off. However, I got up unnoticed and lying down got a broad-side shot at him at about 80 yards. I however fired low and got him in the stomach. Expecting to see him fall as he spun round and dropped his head, I did not fire again, but got up and approached him when he went off. A second shot missed him, but as he did not look as if he could last much longer and not wanting to damage his skin more than possible we gave chase and finally ran him into some scrub where the shikari caught him. It was an awful wound and just shows what vitality they have. We then proceeded to breakfast, this time away to the east of the jungle. On my way I just missed getting a shot at another with a splendid head, but never saw him again. We went on after breakfast "pot" hunting,

but with only one gun which was rather a handicap. I managed, however, to get 5 Sandgrouse & 2 partridges.

To-day neither of us got anything, except 5 partridges. I had a shot at a black-buck, but it was a difficult one and having to fire through a bush, shot low. Curiously enough this is the only one I have seen, everything else being chikara. Did nothing in the morning, but had 3 very long stalks in the afternoon, losing the first 2 and on getting up on the last found, to my disgust, nothing but does and one small buck, at which I would not fire.

27th

It was stiff work and my hands were bleeding & tingling all over.

28th

I got 4 Sandgrouse and 1 partridge.

We made a very early start to-day and drove out about 10 miles to the west, where there is very fair jungle and any quantity of partridges, but again I was handicapped through not having another gun to help me.

29th

I got on to a herd & followed them for a long time, but could not get a shot.

Then as we were going along ^{with} a hedge with fair-sized trees a little on our right I thought I saw a chikara. He was in very deep shadow and we could scarcely make him out. Although I was certain it was one, the old shikari said "ho". The word was scarcely uttered than with a hiss and a bound away he went. This is the second time I have scored a point over the same thing with my shikaris. I got on to him and had another difficult stalk as of course he was on the "Jui riv". I think they are much more wary than black-buck when once disturbed or in fact at any time. As before I had a long way to go on "all fours" with only a bush between us. The bush was reached in safety, but my fears were raised when I found him standing facing me and hissing all the time, as is their wont when alarmed. A chikari in this position does not give a large target, but I dared not wait, so taking a steady aim I fired. Although the old man said it was all right I

did not like it as he spun round and went away as if nothing had happened. He was about 90 or 100 yards off and soon after passing the place I found blood and soon afterwards came on him lying behind a bush - dead. He was an old buck but his horns were only $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches and were very much splayed out, the left one being half twisted round.

I was very pleased with my shot and the old man was delighted. It was the first time I had had him with me, as he was W.'s man. He was I fancy getting rather sick of W.'s missing.

After this we had breakfast & then a go at the birds, but I shot vilely and only got 2 partridges 2 hares & 1 Sand-grouse.

This was our last day, but neither of us 30 got anything. I had several stalks and missed the only shot I fired.

As we had to get back to-day we packed 31 up everything last night and sent the things on early, going out to the jungle for a short time. However, we were both unlucky in seeing nothing.

Thus ended a most enjoyable 10 day shoot and I shall certainly try and go back there. It can be most comfortably done and the ground can be worked for both large & small game, the latter not disturbing the former. We went up to the Palace on reaching Lahore to pay our respects to and thank the Rajah for his hospitality, but he was not in.

Party: J. Whittle & self.

Bag :-

- | | | | |
|----|-------------------------------|----|--------|
| 3 | Chikara (Indian Gazelle) | | |
| 1 | Black-buck (doe) shot by J.W. | | |
| 10 | Sandgrouse | | |
| 15 | Partridges (chiefly Black) | | |
| 7 | Hares | 4 | Duck |
| 1 | Quail | 16 | Pigeon |

The small game was killed chiefly for the pot as there was only one gun, and we did not spend much time over it.

NOTES.

A few notes on what one ought to take, as it is an out-of-the-way place.

There is no necessity to take a tent if you remain at Sheikhopora itself, ~~if~~ and have permission either to use the Police Bungalow or the Rajah's, but as I fancy there is excellent ground to the west it is just as well to do so. You ought to take a certain amount of provisions, tea, sugar, etc and flour if you mean to go west & of course drinks & soda water. Vegetables you can make arrangements for in Lahore and must do so as you cannot get any out there, eggs are also unknown. Gillon & Co were most obliging in obtaining anything for us that we wanted. If stationed at all near Lahore send your ekkas on with the baggage, and keep them while out there as they come in most useful. If luxury is required have a pony. It is a charming shoot and can be done conveniently, cheaply, & with every comfort. One ought really to wear dog skin gloves while stalking as the thorns & prickly haws are awful, and leather patches on knees adds to comfort.

SALT RANGE.

1891

Oorial(Ovis Vignei
cycloceros.)

I had often thought of making a trip to the "Salt Range" after Oorial so that when John asked me to join him and go there on our June leave, I at once closed with him. This Range is one of rough sandstone nature which runs from the N.W. Railway for many miles south along the western banks of the R. Thelum. It is full of nullahs, its rocky crags & large "rucks" (grass paddocks). Climbing though not in the same strict ~~style~~ that of Kashmir is still very stiff in parts and in fact often dangerous owing to the treacherous ground. Stalking is by no means easy at times and it forms an excellent school for beginners as the appalling heights of Kashmir are apt to dishearten a young hand. Kinlock in his "Big Game of Himalayas & Kashmir" describes this place well.

John had fortunately got hold of Major Vivian's (38th Dogras) Shikari who

was in Lialkot at the time and as V. was not going away at Idnas, we booked the shikari got what information we could out of him and sent him off to have a look round for game and meet us with coolies at Baha-ud-din on the ^{Railway} on the morning of the 21st. All arrangements were made and as Cordaux was also going down that line we took the Petra ticket & reserved a first class ~~ticket~~ carriage through, which was a great comfort as otherwise we should have had to change at Wasirabad, Lalla Mousa & got out at B., all during the night.

We left by last night's train and arrived at Baha-ud-din about 5 next morning, where the carriage was taken off and we were able to sleep on in comfort till 6.30. As it was not light till then there was no necessity for earlier rising. We found the shikari waiting for us with any number of coolies and after much sorting of baggage and bad language

21st

We got there under weigh about 9 am, our destination being JELLALPORE, at the foot of the hills, some 10 miles off.

As we had to walk this we thought we might just as well take our guns and see if we could get anything for the pot, and also to allow the Kitmutgars with the Coolies to get in as soon as, if not before, us.

I had 2 long stalks after Koolin, getting a long shot the first time, but having the nest spoilt by W. who tried to get up to them behind a pony which came on the scene.

We then came on a large flock of geese which were fortunately out in the open. I managed to get round them, W. remaining under the bank of the river. When they rose they of course went round by him, not giving me a shot. W. missed.

We had just crossed a small branch of the Thelam and almost at once got a long shot at a duck which I bagged. We got to Jellalpoore about 1.30, having to cross the main stream

of the Thelum, which of course is very low at this time of the year. How I wished I had a rock rifle with me. Besides the duck we got to the rock. After breakfast W. went down to the river and got a goose, which we determined to keep for our Jemas dinner. I went out to prospect, & soon got on to fresh spoors, but did not get up to the Oorial. However just as the coming darkness was making us think of retiring, I spotted 5 oorial on a distant hillside and a survey with the glasses made out 2 tobe 2ams. This was encouraging so I determined on this as my route for the morning, besides which it lay fairly well in the direction in which we had to march to reach the next place. W. here got another shikari and having made all arrangements and preparations for the morrow, we felt as if we had earned our dinner. I had done a very fair days work for the first one I was out before & at which time dawn

was just breaking. I got on to my last night's friends and had a long stalk over some ground which made me squirm occasionally, but to my disgust found the rams had small heads, so did not fire.

The ground here is anything but easy in many places and although those who have shot in Kashmir may look down on it, I'll be bound they would think otherwise when forced to climb some parts; even in this short time I had crossed some very ticklish spots where it was a case of going only one step at a time, handing the rifle backwards & forwards between each slip. I soon afterwards got on to another herd, but they were very wild and I could not get near them. This was partly the fault of the shikari, who though very keen and knows the ground well, does not seem to understand that note must be taken of such things as wind, intermediate cover even at a distance, etc, before commencing a stalk.

I now spotted a ~~ewe~~ in the distance, with very cut up ground in between. The shikari gave in saying, "Sahib, do this yourself, I can't." So I did and was most successful and got up quite close to the ewe with who were to lamb, and going on a little further we came to a cliff.

On looking over, the light revealed was indeed a treat, & just below us on a grassy slope a herd of about 20 Dorial with several fair heads and one very fine one. I had spotted this one which the shikari could not see from where he was, and he kept telling me to fire ~~Yam~~ ~~at~~ ~~one~~ higher up the slope. Then as I was about to raise my rifle at the big one, he suddenly saw him and seized me by the arm in a frantic state of excitement, which annoyed me considerably, besides which I was a bit blown and on firing I pulled to the right & just missed him judging by where the bullet struck the ground. My second barrel was just too late as he jumped over the far edge as I fired. I then took a couple of long shots as they galloped away — a stupid thing to do.

I felt inclined to turn round and hammer the shikari as nothing puts me off more than this sort of behaviour.

On my way to camp at Ajoal I saw nothing, and so ended my first day miserably. W. never got a shot.

We were to move camp still further in 23rd land today, but I was most loathe to leave as I wanted another go at this fellow if possible. This I gave in to as the shikari promised us good sport at the next place. In spite of the next camp being 10 miles off I was determined to have another look round first, so was up early. After a time I came across a herd of 5 and after looking at them through my glasses was certain that it was part of last night's lot as the big one (presumed) was there. However, do what I would I could not get near enough for a shot and they were gradually working away in the wrong direction, and by 11 o'clock found myself at least 2 miles the wrong side of the old camp, I was forced to give it up, as I had only

had Chota hazri and had nothing with me and was 12 miles from home I was getting rather disheartened by my bad luck and was in anything but a good humour on arrival at Pinsrika. W. got a shot at a small ram but missed him and then shot a couple of Peese () and a blue rock.

Pinsrika is a fair sized village, the home 24. of my shikari, hence his wish to get on! Had I only known this sooner I would have insisted upon staying at the last place for a day or two at all events. There is a very large grass "ruck" here, so we hope to do better. W. went over it, I taking the ridge to the left. We found a herd right below us, and after a brastly downhill climb our loose stones, got pretty close, but the alarm was given by 2 young Ewes, and I only got in a parting shot at a long range as they were going up the opposite side. (A fatal thing to do, it only disturbs the game and may spoil your chance of coming on them next day). I then did a lot of unsuccessful

walking & climbing and not until late in the evening did I come across a solitary ram. He was standing on a ledge on the precipice opposite, a longish shot and unfortunately my barrels were caught by the sinking sun, making the shot anything but an easy one. I fired and just went over his back.

It was day, and a most enjoyable one 25th from the stalking point of view, although anything but an easy one as events will show. It was my turn for the 'ruck'. The shikari had told me there was a very fine ram on the 'ruck', so I made an early start about 6.30 and not long afterwards got on to 2 rams which I lost and then a small herd flock which were a long way off, and during the approach lost them for a considerable time. I had got up to the place I thought was the right one, and was looking carefully about when I spotted them through some bushes & trees. They had also seen us and as I could not move

had to take my chances, which was unsuccessful. Away they went for the farthest hill, a very long & stiff climb. They had a long start but thinking they might stop and lie down after topping the crest line, I determined to follow quietly and on reaching the top I saw them walking leisurely over the crest about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile away. It was now after 12 o'clock so I thought I would have my breakfast (cold of course) and a drink which was wanted badly. This would also give us a rest as we had been going hard for nearly 6 hours, and it would also give the game time to quiet down, and probably lie up for their mid-day rest. About a quarter to one we set off and had gone but a short distance beyond this place I had seen them go over when I saw them below us but away they went. They, however, stopped about 250 yards off but right below us. Having had such a tramp I was not going to let them go without a chance shot, so had a good look

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at them through the glasses and having
made out the largest, took a very
deliberate aim. Down to zero went my
hopes as away they went in 2 lots to
right & left, the left being the one I
fired at and one ewe. I kept my glasses
on this pair and saw them stop after
only going 100 yards or so and as
the others were still going I thought
this rather "fishy" and my hopes rose
accordingly. They then started off again
in a downward direction but stopped
again and the lady took up a promi-
nent position for sentry go on a ledge.
My eyes now became rivetted on them
with keen excitement as I saw the
old chap lower his head several times
and then rub his back under the ledge.
This made me almost certain something
was up. We watched them for about a
quarter of an hour and then the ewe
descended & they moved about very slowly
as if looking for some place to lie down.
This was sufficient, off we went down a
water course, and hard work it was too,
leaving my 2 coolies above to direct us

when we got below. We had just got to the place indicated when off they bounded, but not without my being able to see the wound. I was so abominably blown & excited that I missed my shot & before I could get in my second barrel they were over the ridge. On reaching it nothing was to be seen and it was a sheer piece of smooth rock at an angle of about 45°. The shikari slithered down and I had to manage somehow, encumbered by my rifle. I wasn't sorry to get to the bottom! We hunted high & low for blood or the tracks and at last I came on the former on some rock. We followed it up very thin and faint but where sand appeared it became easier, and there we lost everything completely. We next saw a man in front and asking him if he had seen a wounded porial, a negative answer came back, but soon followed by a shout & pointing to the ground. Off we went & to our delight found a drop of blood. This we slowly tracked along a sandy nullah into which ran dozens of small ones on either

side and as there was very little blood we were afraid of overshooting it. At last just as we were once more losing the scent, I saw 2 rhesus standing about 50 yards up one of the small nullahs. This was sufficient, the ram could not be far off and I had only gone a few yards when up he jumped from behind a large stone and up the slope as if he had not been touched. I rifle however was soon covering him and as he was topping the edge I raked him. Although I had sufficient pity for the poor brute I was delighted with my success, especially as on going over the ledge we found him doubled up and the men were so excited it was all I could do to prevent their "hal-lalling" him under the chin and thus spoiling his head. By the time we had got him galled it was 4.30 pm, so you can imagine his vitality when I describe his wound seeing that he had kept us on the go for 3 hours after being wounded.

As I mentioned I shot him from above, just missing his spine and taking away the whole of the flesh over the off shoulder, a most ghastly wound. I would now have given a good deal for a drink as bad luck to it I had finished my soda and had only a drop of cold tea left, just enough to wet my lips and there was not a drop of water anywhere. Besides this we were nearly 10 miles from home and only about 2 hours left before dark. We dare not go back over the hills as we should certainly have been benighted, besides which it would have taken us at least an hour to climb to the top from where we were. There was nothing for it but to walk home along the deep sandy nullah, and stiff going it was. However, the success held us up, but it was about 8.15 before I got to camp absolutely done. I must have covered at least 25 miles most of which was stiff going and I only had about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour's rest at tiffin and a few minutes after "the death".

I was too tired to enjoy my Senas dinner as I ought to have done, still a hot bath had done wonders and I enjoyed at all events the goose, which was excellent. I could not sit down to dinner without measuring the head, which I fancy was the big one the shikari had mentioned and I found him to be a very good one - right horn 28 inches, left 26, the latter being broken at the tip, round the base inches.

W. was getting rather sick of the business and did not bother about the rifle to-day contenting himself with the Scatter gun. He got 4 brace of Ser. ser. I was not out very early this morn. 26th and as events turned out I wish I had not gone out at all. W. did not mind which way he went, so told me to go to the ruck again. This I was not going to refuse as there had been another very fair head amongst the herd I had seen yesterday. After walking for quite an hour I saw what I supposed to be the very one against the sky line, a very

long way off and with a stiff climb in
 prospect. Still I was not going to be
 put off by that, so we started and pursued
 him for hours without getting near and
 eventually lost him. I got on to another
 herd in the evening which gave me a
 long walk and, as bad luck would have
 it, they were all small heads, so I would
 not fire. I was gradually getting
 lame and lame, my foot hurting
 me like fun and I could account
 for it in no way. I decided to go home.
 I was quite 4 miles from camp with
 a very stiff down-hill climb over nothing
 but sharp rocks and loose stones.
 My foot was getting worse and worse
 with every step, and I eventually
 had to be carried the last $\frac{1}{2}$ mile
 as I could not stand it any longer.
 As soon as I got to camp I had a hot
 tub and bathed it well, but in about
 $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour after taking off my boot it
 was an enormous size and I could
 not hang it down, much less put
 it on the ground. W. to his great
 delight had got a head, but only 16 inches!

My foot was so bad that I determined ^{27th} to return home and tried to persuade W. to remain, but he would not, so we packed up and marched in to Tellalpoor, I being carried on a charpoy. W. got a pony and went on ahead to have a try with the birds. He only got a goose & a Kullen. &

Marched in to Baha-ud-din, W. 28th
getting 3 more geese on the way. We were unlucky enough not to get our through carriage as we had had no time to warn the station-master which made the changing at the stations anything but pleasant for me.

On arrival I sent for Bert and just before he came I noticed matter between my little toe & the other. The case was solved — a nasty abscess, which kept me on the sick list for a fortnight.

I can't make out what caused it, but says there was probably a chap between the toes which some-

how got poisoned. Anyhow it was very annoying to have one's shoot cut short in such a rotten way, and I see no reason why I should not have got a couple more good heads.

It was delightful shooting and an excellent training ground in the way of stalking and I shall certainly have another go at the wily sheep if opportunity occurs.

The country is a large area of low hills, very much intersected by water-courses and nullahs, and in many parts there is very stiff climbing. One has also to be very careful in places as the sandstone cliffs look quite firm, but in reality are not, and one also wants one's ankles well protected as many of the hills, especially where the 'rucks' are, are one mass of boulders and loose volcanic stones as hard & sharp as flint. The porial is a large sheep, but with deer-like legs & very wary. The way they get one

The ground is marvellous. Of course we confined ourselves to shooting them, not troubling about birds although there are a fair number of geese on the lower outside ranges. There are chikara also, but I only saw their spoor. I expect you could have a good day with the geese, duck and Kullin along the Thelun. It would be quite worth while spending the last day this way. If I went again I should certainly take a rock rifle with me.

T. Whittle & Self

Party

2 Oxial (one each)

Bag

1 Kullin

5 Geese 10 see-see

1 Duck 5 blue-rock.

NOTES.

As the climbing is often very stiff, it would be just as well to wear grass shoes which you could order from

Kashmir before hand if shoot arranged
 some time beforehand or wear
indiarubber shoes. Nails are fatal.
 Again, as one is out pretty early it
 is just as well to have something
 with you, as it is very annoying
 to have to give up a stalk owing
 to faintness from hunger.
 Either this or have a big breakfast
 before starting.

When one does find game in a hilly
 district stay there while there is
 a head worth shooting even if Shikari
 promises you sport elsewhere.
 By not doing this I certainly lost
 the chance of getting a very fine
 head.

Send one of your servants on ahead
 to collect coolies and have them
 waiting for you at the station,
 and also get a local man to come
 with you as a guide ~~soon~~ although
 he will call himself a shikari.
 Take soda-water with you, as there is

very little water to be got up there
and you might find yourself
stranded.

You can get fowls, eggs, turnips,
milk & butter there, but I always
prefer taking both the latter.
Everything else you must take.

1892

DHARM-
KOT.

near

Sialkot.

We were out on a few days' bivouac and
reconnaissance and so took our guns on
the chance of getting some birds.

One afternoon having nothing to do, 4
of us got into rickas and drove out for
7 miles to a place where we had
seen a good many blue rocks.

We had a jolly shoot for a short time
and in spite of some poor shooting got
17 birds.

Perse, Ward, White and self.

Party

27 Blue rock.

Bag.

Whittle and I rode out about 12 miles along the Gurdaspur Road, he having heard of some buck there.

We had dinner and bivouacked as we were only to be there for one night.

We were up at daybreak, and came on a herd of Black buck, after about a mile's walk, there being one good head.

Stalked them for a long time, but could not get up to them as they were being hunted from the different crops by natives. At last getting up fairly close, I threw a native cloth over me and got in a shot, hitting, but too far back and he got away.

We followed for a long way but could never get on to him again.

After breakfast I went off in hopes of finding him again, but failed.

Soon afterwards got on to another and had a long stalk, but missed my shot.

Followed him again for a long way and got in a long shot, breaking both his forelegs below the knee.

I was perfectly astounded at what a wounded animal could endure, the poor brute keeping me going for a good mile

GURDAS-
PUR
ROAD.

from

Sialkot

10th Feb.

11th

before I ran him down. I did not want to give him another bullet so as not to spoil the skin, but would certainly have done so had I thought he would go so far. He was a very fine buck in splendid condition, but with horns only 18 inches, although massive. We then got back to camp, had a drink, and started for home about 6 getting back in time for dinner.

T. Whittle & self

1 Black-buck (self)

Indian Antelope. (A. bezoartica)

Party
Bag

1892

JUMMOO

Territory

Bring pretty good friends with Colonel Prudaux the Kashmir Resident, I thought I would get leave to shoot in Jummoo Territory. This was obtained and all arrangements made, but to our disgust "the purwana" only allowed us to shoot on the plains, the whole of the rest being preserved. This I knew and was what I wanted the special leave for, but I fancy the Maharajah is rather a stickler about shooting and won't

give leave if he can help it. This meant that we could only get Black-buck and small game. However, as everything was ready we made a start on the afternoon of the 17th riding along the Gurdaspur for about 12 miles then branched off to Bajra thence on to JAGAWAL in Tummo Territory.

17th Feb.

We left about 4 pm getting in about 5:30. This was to form our camp for the night, and as there was quite another hour's daylight left we took our guns and tried to get some duck on the Aik Millah. I only had one shot as it was getting dark, but W. got a couple of birds.

It was a bit cloudy towards evening, but we did not expect rain. However, it came on about midnight and continued till about mid-day. It was very heavy and the whole place was in an awful state and many parts were under water, besides being very cold. After getting up we went out to see how the unfortunate horses had fared. They were quite dry, but their legs of course, having been well rugged up, and

18th

we were lucky enough to find an old shed
 in the village into which we put them
 and got their clothing dried. After break-
 fast we wandered out and soon after-
 wards a flight of teal alighted close to
 the tent. W. hustled up to them too
 quickly & neither of us got a shot.
 I then spotted a good buck and watching
 him saw that he was going lame,
 and made certain it was the one
 I had wounded only a few days
 before, for we were close to where I
 had found him before. I followed
 him, he making a long round
 in front of the camp, and turned him,
 when W. came out and got in a
 couple of shots but missed him.
 I soon found his track in the wet
 ground and followed him for
 several miles, passing on the way
 a large sounder of pig being chased
 by a dog; they passed within 50 yds.
 of me, headed by a splendid old
 boar, which made me long for a
 horse & spear. At last I came across
 the buck lying down in some young

wheat, near Akroi village, when I shot him dead. My surmise was right for there was the wound on his quarters and the poor brute had fallen away a lot. He had a fine head with thick horns, but not very long - $19\frac{3}{4}$ ". After coming in I took out a gun, but saw nothing. We had intended marching in further to-day but being so wet knew we should not find a dry spot to pitch the tent on and so came to the conclusion that we had better stay where we were. Moved camp this morning to KISHENATH, breakfasting at mid-day at Dooblain, up to which ^{polgee} I had only seen a herd of cows. Now went away to the right to fill up the time and got on to a fair buck which, after a long walk, I found lying down. He jumped up sooner than I had expected and getting my arm entangled in the native cloth I had thrown over myself, missed him. Had a long walk back and did not get in till 12.30. After breakfast I got on the track of a small herd which I followed for several miles and at

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last came up with them, a fair buck
 3 small ones and 3 does. My stalk was
 spoiled by a native. However, the old
 buck went on in front and I managed
 to get up behind some trees when the
 others turned & went back. I followed
 up the old buck, who eventually lay
 down in some wheat. I managed to
 get up within shot by dint of crawling
 a long way, but could only see his
 head. As it was getting late I took
 the shot and was pleased to see there
 was not a more. Going up I found
 that my shot had been a really
 good one, but had unfortunately
 smashed his head to pieces. The horns
 were again thick but not long, only
 measuring $19\frac{1}{4}$. Had a great
 reception by all the people at the
 village and had a very jolly camp
 in a mango grove.

Later on had a go at the blue-rocks
 and got 4.

The head-man's son was most obliging
 and hospitable, providing us with
 wood, eggs, milk, etc, and would

and evidently an old servant who had been discharged. We tramped through an infernal jungle in which it would have been impossible to shoot, even had we seen anything. Came back about mid. day and in the afternoon went into Tummo.

Very picturesque town, but we had not time to see much and of course did not see the palace.

I was very disgusted as it lost us a day's shooting out of our very short leave. Returned to Sialkot by the evening train.

I enjoyed the outing and was quite satisfied with my success.

T. Whittle & self.

Party

2 Blackbuck (self)

Bag

2 Duck, 5 Blue rock.

We paid no attention to small game beyond going out if there was a short time left after finishing with the buck.

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PIG-STICKING.

SUS CRISTATUS.

1892

KATALLA

near

Wajirat

20th Mar.

A large party of us went out to KATALLA at the invitation of old Baron Brentwick, Deputy Commissioner at Gujrat, where we found a lot more guests. There were 16 spears out altogether besides Mr. Sadler and Mrs. "Goaty" Gordon. It was a poor day as regards sport, there being too many, and also spoilt by bad management, this having been put into the hands of Fitz Gerald. There were only two runs, resulting in the kill of a smallish pig, first spear being got by Temple, 19" B.L. I did not get a run, but took a too instead, through "hike" going on his nose crossing a grip on the edge of the plantation. These are most abominable places, being quite blind owing to being filled with dead leaves and screened by grass. We were all photographed by Col. de Mesurier in the afternoon, and then went on to see the beginning of the Gujrat fair. We all dined at the Baroni, who did us royally. It was a very jolly outing, but skillful as regards sport.

Bag

1 Boar.

a party of us left by last night's train for KATALLA
KATALLA for a day's pig-sticking, being joined there by Close (P.P.) and Agnew (C.S.)

12 June

we were up at 3.30 am and made a start about 4.30. On arrival at the first bend several pigs broke in every direction, close getting on to one, but lost him in thick jungle. Beating up the next "kyla" a pig boar broke. I being the only one riding a horse tried to turn him as he was fast making good his point. This led to the "Boy" who sprared and then every one got mixed up and could not get at him with the result that he got into very thick jungle and was never found. A great pity as he was badly sprared by the "Boy". The pigs were moving about everywhere, but breaking a long way off and not giving us a chance. On returning, a boar broke back from the river's edge and ran through the jheel which here divides the Cor. As all the others kept to the right I went to the left and just as I got up the bank I saw him some way

ahead. However, I managed to get up &
 spear, but was then crossed by a native,
 who was as he thought trying to help
 me, and so lost all chance with him
 in the open & he got away. We then
 went on to the next "beyla", C. & S being
 on the river side; when about 600 or
 700 yards down stream the beater
 stopped shouting and on looking
 round found the pig had broken
 back, so back we went and I got on
 to him first but "Mike" being very fresh
 and pulling like a fiend, I overshot
 him when he jinked and let in the
 others, L. getting first spear. He was
 then set on by dogs so we lost all chance
 of a fight. Another now broke across
 the other "beyla" and back again where
 the space was narrowest. I was the
 only one on him and as he was getting
 dangerously near cover, I made a final
 effort. I leaned over to get him but his
 jink was too quick & the point of my
 spear unfortunately touched the ground,
 with the result that the butt caught
 my chin & sent me flying backwards.

luckily it did not catch my chin full, or at the pace I was going my neck would probably have been broken. As it was I got off with a shaking.

Having caught "Mike" we crossed on to the island, a stretch about a mile long with a small wood at one end.

Here we had 2 grand runs very nearly the whole length of the island, the last pig taking to the water twice and requiring an awful lot of killing. I had the pleasure of getting ~~our~~ first spear.

We had been so keen that the time had been quite forgotten and so had to gallop back, get a hurried mouthful of breakfast and bolt like rabbits for the train. Thus ended the first day's real pigsticking I had had.

Close (P.P.)	Douglas ("Boys")	<u>Party</u>
Agnew (C.B.)	Self do.	
Levita (R.H.A.)		

2 Boar . (Self 1st Spear) . Bay.

KATALLA

19th June

Yo. day's pigsticking was far from Satisfactory as far as I was concerned. We started about the usual time - 4:30 am - and I never got a run the whole morning, nor did I even see one. However, it so happened that all the others, except W. who was with me, had good fun and accounted for 3 good boar - one a grand fighting one that measured 33½ inches. I forget the exact length of the tusks, but they were very fair ones about 7½". They all gave good runs, two of them fighting gamely.

- | | |
|---------|---------------------|
| Levita, | Bush |
| Close, | Sykes |
| Agnew, | Wilberforce & self. |

Party

3 Boar.

Bag.

Commencing in the usual way we went straight for the left of the 'bund'. A sounder was soon on foot, but would not break until some of us went in when there was a general stampede.

2nd July

B. & I got on a boar, but being a small one we pulled up. On to the next corral, B., W., & I self being on ahead. A very fine boar broke back on the far side and after a good run C. speared and eventually the boar was bagged after a very severe struggle.

He proved a magnificent brute 35 1/2" with tusks 9 3/4", by far the finest pig killed here.

We then got another run, B., W., & I self. He proved a wonderful jinker, but old 'Mike' - who is improving every time - went very well and I got the spear after a capital & fast run.

On going over to the far corral we started a sounder, and the whole crowd went after them, driving them through the forest byla, where they split up.

B. & I got on the large boar first some going away by mistake to the left after a very large sow. It was a fast run and then he began jinking in lordly style, and very nearly saved his skin as Mike stumbled very badly as I was about to spear, very nearly

getting rid of me. This let the rest in and by the time I had got into corr with the rest, W. was on him, but "Daddy" would not face the pig and I got the spear after all.

After this we went back and had a drink and sandwich and let the horses moisten their throats, then crossed over to the island, which we actually drew blank for the first time.

We formed line going home across the "jhow" and put up a lot of pig.

On coming back a very large one broke away on the left, which C. could not reach before he got into a wood.

Our animals were now getting a bit done, so we decided to stop, but all wished we had a third animal out.

I never saw so many pig here before.

Old 'Mike' is getting a ripper at the game, is quite handy, and knows exactly what he has to do, goes uncommonly well, and does not care a rap for either pig or spear.

Baldwin (Mauch. Rig'), Clore, Agnew,
Levita, Lykes, Wiltsforce & self.

3 Boas (self 2 first spears)

Party

Bag

Off again to Katalla!

10th July

Left by last night's train as usual. When half way to Wazirabad we came into the breaking of the monsoon, and naturally concluded that our trip would be knocked on the head. On arrival it was still raining hard. W. & J. remained in the carriage till about 5% when we went over to the bungalows in clear weather. An early start was of course out of the question, but as matters began to look more hopeful, after 'chota hazri' we held a consultation ending in a decision to make a start about 8 or 8.30. The small branch of the river usually forded was a veritable torrent, necessitating ferrying across, so in order to prevent delay the horses & ponies were sent over early.

We rode straight to the left hand corner of the first 'bund', formed line, and beat across the 'jhow'. Here we had several false alarms, the game being either too small or else sows. To our delight we found the going

first rate after all, the water having run off and the ground partially dried, only those places that generally held a little water were full.

On drawing the first "byla" a boar broke back and eventually broke from cover a long way back. Iroita crossing like an ass to our side the boar at once re-entered and out at the other side. We were out of it, but S. who was nearer went after him, followed by L. at a bit-up, (He is a 'rotter' to go!) but could not get near him and so we lost a chance at a good boar.

On going on the jheel, which was pretty full of water, another broke back; we galloped back getting an awful ducking and found the boar had squatted. S. went into the long grass, mounted like a duffer, and suddenly came on him with the result that he very nearly got his horse ripped. The brute eventually broke and the others killed him, W. & J. being out of it. The rest was blank until we got to the ~~near~~^{far} cover. We remained on the N. side of it & when

the beater got near galloped to the river to prevent them taking to the water, but to our disgust the old chap was before us and was about 30 yards out swimming across. This one was tackled on landing by some natives with sticks, but I am glad today made good his escape. Immediately afterwards he broke far back on our side skirting the jheel; pretty well knowing the line he would take we made a short cut, which was successful, as he came straight down the 'bryla' where we (C., W., & self) got onto him and forcing him out at the far side had the prettiest run of the season. Very fast at first and then he started sinking in a marvellous manner.

We had had several tries at him and at last I got first spear. He then turned for a fight and very nearly caught W's horse which is rather sticky.

During the fight Close left his spear in him, making it rather difficult for him to approach, so he got down and, taking one of our spears, finished him off.

It was not a very big one, but a real good goer and as game as mustard. On our arrival back we found that the others had made an awful mess of it by not putting stops at the river, 2 had gone across and both were drowned by the knots of Coolies jumping in and holding them under by the hind legs. A fair sized boar & a sow.

Another sow plunged in as we arrived and it was only by spouting ourselves hoarse that we prevented her from being drowned. They brought her to shore when we made them let her go.

Knowing that there was still a big fellow in cover we beat back. W. & S rode on but gave it up as he was a smallish one and another went back.

Darkness was coming on when we (C. W. & J) saw the big one break at the top of the cover followed by another fair one.

They were ambling quietly on and had got about 150 yards from cover when up jumped 3 infernal dogs and chased them back, after which we could not get them to move.

Thus a capital day was marred at the finish by bad luck. After a drink and a short rest, home was the order. A tub and a very late breakfast followed by a sleep, then dinner & a round game until it was time to be off to catch the train.

Devita, Close, Agnew, Party.
Sykes, Herron, Wilberforce & self.

2 Boar. (Self 1 first spear) Bag

It turned out that this was our last day's pig sticking at Katalla, for the Regiment went to Pindi the following morn'g and I had to go home with a bad go of dysentery.

Three happy days were some of the most enjoyable I have ever spent anywhere. The bag may not have been what you would expect at Meerut or Muttra, but there was quite enough killing for the size of the place, & I never want to come across a more sporting or better manager & good fellow than Close of the Punjab Police.

KASHMIR.

1894

Having managed to get leave for the first 2 months of the hot weather, I determined to do a shoot in Kashmir as I wanted to have a little sport as well as to see the country as it might possibly be my last opportunity, the Regt. being practically under orders for Egypt the next cold weather.

All arrangements being complete I left Rawal Pindi about 7.30 am. in ekkas, (see note at end) as I could not get a tonga for love or money for a considerable number of days, and my leave was too short to allow me to lose a week. We passed through Baracoa about 11 and left 2.30. Had breakfast about mid-day in the fruit garden at Chakka, which is about half way to Murree, and gave me an opportunity of seeing the garden as well as feeding and resting the ponies. I got so sick of the ekkas as they seldom went out of a walk after leaving B. That I walked the last 5 or 6 miles and took the

15.0p.

short cut up the 'Khud' (hill side) to
Wilderforce's house, which was full up,
so he had taken a room for me at
Launcester's. He is I.S.O. up here at
present, and had a party staying
with him. They all tried to induce
me to give up my shooting and got
me to stay a day with them.

MURREE

3 7/8 miles

However, I stuck to my original plan
and started off again on the 14th.

My servant was very late in calling 14th ap.
me with the result that it was nearly
9 before I started. The ekkas not being
quite ready I walked on expecting them
to overhauit me pretty soon, but got as
far as the Bunniah's shop without
their overtaking me, and had to wait
there for over 1/2 an hour. This was most
annoying as it was the second delay,
and I wanted to get on as far as possible
to-day. As luck would have it some
fellows going in as I was got in front
of me here and their ekkas proved to
be very slow. I had lunch about 1/2 way
down the hill & soon afterwards managed
to pass them and got to Kohalla, 2 1/2 miles,

KOHALLA

2 1/2 miles

about 4 p.m. As Dulai was only 12 miles on I determined to make it before halting. This sounds cruelly to animals, but as the journey was all down hill there was little in the journey draught to hurt the ponies, and 40 miles a day for these hardy little brutes is not considered too much. The view of the Luos on rounding down Lopa was very fine, but from this point it gradually disappears on account of the long descent to the Thelum. On nearly the river the scenery becomes very pretty & Kohala with its surroundings is a charming spot except for the heat & mosquitoes. The view up the river from K. is very fine and here is the boundary between Kashmir Territory and British India. There is a temporary suspension bridge here just now as the old one was washed away and the new permanent one is not yet completed. Having gone on about a mile we were stopped and on enquiring the cause was told the road was broken down. It was a very bad

break and necessitated everything being taken on for about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile by coolies up & down the khud, also the ekkas.

This delayed us considerably as it took them nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. We again went on more brought to a standstill by a stream that had to be crossed owing to the bridge having been broken down.

This crossing was no easy matter, especially as it was getting dark.

However, all 3 ekkas got over without mishap and Dulai was reached about 8 p.m. DULAI
12 miles

Left Dulai about 7 a.m.; the road from here for the first 6 or 7 miles had been very much knocked about. The scenery all the way to Jmel is very fine. 18^o - Cap.

There was a fine bridge here leading to Abbotabad, but it has also been wrecked. The floods were so bad last autumn that nearly every bridge was carried away and the road terribly broken up by landslips. DOMEL
9 miles

The next place reached was Ghari at about 11.30. Here I stopped for breakfast and to rest the ponies. GHARI
15 miles

It is a very pretty Dāk Bungalow and pretty clean, but the food was distinctly poor. Left again about 1^{1/2} and reached Hatti about 3-30.

HATTI

11 miles

To my disgust I found the D.B. practically in ruins and nothing to be got. I could not get a pony to ride on to the next place and was certainly not going to walk 13 or 14 miles there. However, my Kitmutgar said he had a tongue with him, so I decided to dine off that and the remains of my chicken, which, alas!, when taken out of the tiffin basket, was found to be going bad, likewise the eggs. I took the liberty of using one of Dr. Davis' (the Residency doctor) tents which I found pitched for him.

Left Hatti at 6 am., hoping to get through to Uri, but, alas, it was not to be. 19th Ap.

I was glad to get out of this beastly place, especially as I had no food left.

After going about 4 miles our trouble began once more for here the bridge was broken down that crosses a stream running into the Shelum. We had

to wait about 10 minutes for the coolies to come up and then unloaded, took the ekkas to pieces & so got across.

From the time of arrival till starting again was only about 1 1/2 hours, so I was pretty well satisfied. Pushing on we reached Chakoti about 9.30, where I had breakfast - a fair one considering the place, but an awful bungalow, damp, dirty, and not in the best of repairs.

CHAKOTI

11 miles

Just as I was starting again, a man drove up, also in an ekka. Before leaving I made particular enquiries about the 'breaks' being told that the first was only a little way on & the next near Sri and that there were lots of coolies so that I should have no bother. Having gone about 1 1/2 to 2 miles we came to the first break, a bridge over the mountain stream crossing the road having been clean washed away. I got together some coolies & doing the same as before got the business done within the hour - a good performance. Having been

told that the next break was near Uri I sent back my coolies to help a man & his wife across & went on. To my disgust I was brought up short by the big break which was only about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile on ~~road~~ and a huge Caravan waiting to go on. In about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour my friend passed with all the coolies I had sent back and went straight through without saying a word. I waited till nearly 3 o'clock hoping some would return but only a few turned up and these were most insolent and independent. They had the cheek to ask Rs 8 ahead and back-shish before starting, so I told them they had better clear out before I kicked them. The man, (Carter, 2^d Sikhs) whom I had left behind at Chakote then came up, having wisely dismissed his *ekkas* and taken on coolies at C. I then decided to walk on with him to Uri and leave my servants to come on with the baggage when they could. It was a beastly hot walk and made all the more unpleasant

Knowing that I had no other things
to sleep in except what I had on.

However, C. lent me a rasi and I
slept like a top. There were 3 other
fellows here, so we all dined together.

From the break up to Uri the scenery
is magnificent, the river and road
running through a grand gorge, URI
but the thought of being yet another 13 miles
day & perhaps two annoyed me greatly.

Up at 5 am as the others were going 20" Ap.

on then and I quite thought that
I should be left alone to curse my
luck all day, so went for a stroll,
keeping a good look out for my ekkas.

It seemed hopeless to expect them
before mid. day so I thought I would

go down and examine a rope bridge
over the river. When half way down

I thought I saw my ekkas, so waited
a bit till they got to a point opposite

the bungalow, when I spotted the
white pony & was then certain they
were mine, which they turned out
to be. They got in about 7.30 am.

Excellent work. I at once ordered

breakfast, which would enable the ponies to get a rest and have time for a feed, and went on about 9.30, got to Rampur at noon and Barramoola at 3 pm., a really excellent day's work. These ekka ponies are real marvels the way they jog along mile after mile.

RAMPUR

13 mile

BARRAMULA

16 miles

The scenery all the way along is very fine and if one had only been in a comfortable trap, it would have been most delightful travelling.

This ended a march not easily to be forgotten, as it was full of varied experiences one way and another. One was regularly assaulted at Barramoola by every description of man requesting you to read their telegrams and letters to them.

I found my shikari, Kadera, waiting for me with a boat and having made all arrangements for food on the boat, etc, I started off about 5 pm. Barramoola is at the head of the valley through which the Shelum runs, the mountains on either side

here converging, so that below this the river is unnavigable and soon becomes a raging torrent. It is a fair sized village rather prettily situated on the opposite (right) bank.

We are towed & poled up the river & across the woolar lake the whole way, as the boats are too heavy to be paddled, and the natives do not go in for rowing.

After starting I had a consultation with Kadera as to our route, as my original intention of going to the Hajnag was knocked on the head, several fellows having got in before me. I had great difficulty in making him understand that I had only 2 months leave and had got through a week already. However, after much consultation and examination of the map we settled on our destination - namely, Dras and perhaps a few marches further. It only now remains for me to see if I can stand the cold, which I hope I shall be able to do. Soon after starting a heavy storm came on and

We tied up between 8 & 9, not having made much way. It blew pretty hard and I found that the boat was a pretty airy sleeping place. We did not get to Sopor, which is the place the river leaves the lake till 9 am.

21st ap.

Although I fared so badly on the road I was now leading the column of fellows who were at Uri before me. However, I have travelled up with Carter and a gunner from Sopor. It is a delightfully lazy way of travelling provided the weather is fine and you are in no great hurry.

The view is beautiful, the enormous lake and marsh land intersected by innumerable channels and surrounded by magnificent mountains the high ones still clad in snow.

The boat or "doonga" in which one travels is a very picturesque and curious arrangement. They are wonderfully comfortable and convenient and this one was kept very clean by its owner, Ukalo & his son Mahandoo; they are excellent

men & work like slaves & seem to be willing to do anything. We pushed on and tied up outside Srinagar about 10 pm.

Up early so as to make a "landobust" with Bahar Shah, merchant, banker, etc. Got there about 7.30 am and got every thing I required and then hurried back, expecting to find all my men waiting for me having got all their requirements. But no, I was the one who had to wait as a native takes 3 times as long to do anything that anyone else would. By dint of much hustling I managed to get away by 12.30. I think Bahar Shah is by far the best banker and agent to go to and on no account go to Samat Shah, whom I believe is the "chief of robbers". I have probably been robbed all round in the things I have had to get the men. However, one must buy one's experience in most things. While waiting for Kadera to come back, Rahman Khan, paper maché merchant, came

22nd Op.

alongside and ultimately induced me to buy a few things from him. They are certainly wonderfully well made and his charges don't seem to be at all exorbitant.

We went leisurely down the Thelam to manus Bal, at the entrance to the Sude Vally, as we could not get beyond that place to-day. Besides, it is the place from which our march begins and arrangements have to be made for coolies.

Kadera, as soon as we arrived, went off to see about the coolies, while I had dinner. We then turned in early as tomorrow's march is a long one and as it is our first it will be necessary to sort the baggage into proper loads. I had not time to see anything of Srinagar as I wanted to get off as soon as possible. However I intend spending a few days there on my way down.

After much sorting of loads, etc, we managed to get the coolies started about 7.30 am., we waiting till they were all under weigh. Inanas Bal is a very pretty spot and is on the edge of a lake connected with the Thelum by a small stream. It looked very pretty this morning, although it was very dull & threatened to rain. However, it fortunately held up but one slight shower about mid-day and we reached Kangan about 12.45 I sat down to have lunch and about 2.15 the coolies turned up. Now began the trouble, H. telling me that the coolies would not go a yard unless they got Rs 1 per head per march for the ascent & marches. This was chery news and was simply boycotting. I told him I had no intention of giving it to them, so we went on a few miles to the ascent village where most of the men would be found. The next thing was to pitch the camp. Bad luck to it I had taken Cockburn's infernal invention and it takes age

to put up. I wish to goodness I had never seen it. I only hope it will stand the weather, which I am afraid is not going to be good.

I am anxious to know how the coolie affair will turn out. It is really too disgusting and I believe it is simply because Lawrence, the Settlement officer, is sticking up for the Kashmiri. This is rather rough considering that the British officer brings a very considerable amount of money into the country.

I was so disgusted with everything 24th that I swore I would go back and have a go at the black bear near Bandipoor, with the chance of an Ibex & a leopard. However, on talking it over with K. I decided to stay here a day or two and go up the mountains north of the River. Unfortunately it was raining at 4 am. So we did ~~not~~ not make a start until it cleared up about 6. I found my first climb pretty stiff and it certainly was a steep one.

we climbed and looked about till 10, after which it would be useless as the animals would be lying down.

A halt, sleep, & tiffin were the next things to be done and it was 4 pm. before we started off again, going East.

At about 4.30 we came to a nullah and after looking around for a while, discovered 7 Bara Singh hinds. Soon afterwards I saw 4 Ibex, 2 of which were males. As luck would have it the hinds were between us and just where we would have to go and as it would have taken us at least 2 hours

to get home we had to give up any idea of starting a stalk as we would have had to have made a long detour.

We watched them for a little longer & then decided to have a go at them tomorrow morning.

Saw 3 traces of chikore, paired for the breeding season and several birds new to me, one a beautiful little red chap. I am afraid

I must give up my Deas trip as I can't afford to chuck about Rs 200 on the brassy coolies for such a short

and by no means certain shoot. However I hope to have some luck at Baudipora & K. seems pretty sanguine.

Off by 5 am in pursuit of the Ibra and had the most awful climb I ever had, K. going up at a terriffic pace. I tried to do the same and being as stiff as a poker from yesterday, was nearly cooked. We got up in a little under 2 hours, which was not bad considering the steepness & bad going. 25th

I sat down at the top for a breather and went fast asleep for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour.

We scoured the place in vain, but never a sign of anything did we see. To-day I took the precaution to take a book with me to get through the spare time, as it is not much good trying to do anything before 3% at the earliest. However, we were doomed to disappointment as we never saw the sign of a thing.

As it was beginning to rain we started for home, doing the journey at a semi-canter and got home in about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours. I saw my little

red friend again, a large colony of Jackdaws, several ravens, large white-headed scavengers, blue-tits, yellow wagtail, hoopoe, cuckoo and several others I did not know.

Fortunately the rain did not last long as it was brastly hot going in a mackintosh. Had another long talk with K. about going on to Bras. As he wanted me to go 2 marches beyond and could not promise me good sport I decidedly finally not to go, so tomorrow I reluctantly turn back to Bandipore. I found a few sweet scented violets at the top of the mountains, also a sort of crocus & innumerable flowers I do not know the names of.

Started at 5.30 am on our long tramp 26th back of 25 miles. Felt as fit as a fiddle this morning so determined to get to Manus Bal before halting, which I did by 11.30, not bad going for 20 miles. I saw some wonderful birds on the way and would much like to

make a collection, but it requires too much time. The only excitement on the way was the slaying of a large grass snake about 6 feet long. It was a harmless brute really but the man got frantically excited whenever I went near it. When I got to M. I found no less than 5 tents pitched three belonging to some man who had just arrived in 3 boats with his wife. This was his permanent camp and we met a Reg. of Coolies with tents and coolies on the way.

I could not find out who he was, but believe he was one of the 16th Lancers.

I went on and had my modest lunch under a tree, and then occupied my time in trying to make a sketch of the place until the coolies should turn up, which they did about 2.30.

I then went on easily, having sent the tiffin coolies forward to get boats. Got to Sadighool - 5 miles - about 4 and had to wait till 5 as some of the coolies had lithered on the way. Got 2 boats, beastly dirty things, and set off. However, about 7/8

when about to round a point we found it blowing a bit, so had to stop as these rotten boats won't stand the slightest puff of wind and so we waited and I had my dinner on board, being gazed at by about 20 black faces evidently much edified. The wind would not drop so we had to put back a short distance to a village called Saderakoot, It was now pitch dark and as it looked as if a storm was coming on, I thought it best to pitch my tent, a thing I repented of later on.

A more awful night I never spent absolutely eaten up, ugh!

Moral, never pitch your camp near a Kashmiri village after dark unless you know the ground thoroughly by day light.

I think the Kashmiris are the dirtiest brutes I have ever come across.

I was indeed glad when they called me at 3.30 a.m.; we were off by 4, and horribly cold it was on the water. However, I put in an hour's suozge

until we ran on shore at our destination, NADIKAT. Had breakfast and collected coolies, coming on to this place, SAMLA, which is about 6 miles on up the Valley and getting in about 8. Coolies were up, Camp pitched and all square by 10.30.

We are now at the entrance to the ERIN VALLEY, and a very pretty one it is, the higher parts on either side being still covered with snow and the lofty Haramok Mountain standing out at the top of the valley.

K. went over to Baudipor to see if he could get any "Khuter" (news) and returned here about 11. He is now very keen for me to go on towards Tilail. However, a good deal will depend upon what news the Chota Shikari brings back, as I sent him further up the Valley to see if it was any good. Staying on here.

I was prevented from finishing this account and have unfortunately now not got the original notes.

My bag in the end was a Bara Singh Stag, 2 Black Bear and 1 Red Bear. Bag

I never got a chance with the Itra, and had 2 stalks spoilt by leopards. I saw them both times but too far to shoot.

NOTES.

Should it ever be anyone's fate to have to make a very long journey in an Ekka, let me advise the following plan, which I unfortunately did not think of at the time amidst the hurry & scurry of making preparations, necessitated by my getting my leave a short notice. Cut away the rope work in rear & hang a footboard out behind. Fix a board across the middle of the Ekka from side to side and then fill up with bags, cushions, etc. and you have really a much

more comfortable conveyance than a
tonga.

If going in to shoot for the first
time, get hold of someone who
will & can tell you something
about it and lay the basis of
your trip, making up your mind
what animals you will try for
according to the time & length of
your leave.

Having done this some time
starting, write to the authorities
who run the game laws and
tell him what you want to do &
ask him to engage you a shikari
who knows these parts.

This new system has many
advantages as you then pay your
shikari his proper wage and he
knows that if he does not play
up properly he will be reported.
You can also find out from these
people what you ought to take
in the way of food & clothing
for your men, otherwise they
will swindle you in every way.

and always pay the country people
yourself for anything you require
and do not do it either through
your shikari or servants.

There are many other things to be
thought of, but they will all be
found enumerated in the many
book on shooting and greatly
depend on what you intend
shooting, where you are going,
and the time at your disposal,
and the length of your purse.

NOTES RE GAME and PLACES.

On LEH road - Cross Indus at bridge
between SASPUL & SNEMO.

SHARPOO

Engage Ali mahomed (local shikari)
at Alchi.

Cross SPANTING PASS (or round by UMLUNG)
down to DROGALCHA.

On the CHOKELA PASS I saw very good
Shapos, and there are Burrhel every-
where in SUMDAH FOO.

BURRHEL

For latter try DODOCHINILA PASS
and down to ZASKAR RIVER.

There are Shapoo, but I saw no good
one at HINISKOOT (Leh road) between
Lamayra & Kharbu.

SHARPOO

I also saw some very good Ibex at
NINDUM PEAK, close to.

IBEX.

Very good. Follow up Hauli River
past Zong & Alchung hulla. Up the
west hulla to a place called TARADE.

BURRHEL

The natives will do all they can to pre-
vent you going, but go. Lots of good
birds. For shooting about Hauli
engage Ruddoo of Nimu on the Indus,
a most excellent old man.

There are good Oves Ammon, although I did not see any, at a place called PUTATAK at the head of TIRI Nulla near the Salt lakes, also between the latter place & ISO MORARI lake.

OVES

AMMON

For Tibetan Gazelle, the best and nearly only place is just beyond HANLE. Here there are lots

TIBETAN

GAZELLE

For good Ibex in Ladak try WAKKAN Nulla between SHARGOL & KHARBU.

IBEX

It has not been much known until last 2 years and I know the tracks are good. A small rajah lives there and will help you in every way and is not above taking a small present (Rs 5). He will stop all native shikaris from shooting. If this Nullah is occupied by KALCHI opposite ALCHI.

HINTS ON PRESERVING HEAD SKINS.

By Murray Bro. Bombay.

After having skinned the head in the usual way, taking care to leave as long a neck as possible, remove all superfluous flesh & fat especially from the eyes, ears, & lips. (It is unnecessary to skin the ears down to the tips). Having taken off all flesh & fat, give the skin on the flesh side a coating of Carbolic acid (in the proportion of one of carbolic acid to five parts of water). If any signs of the hair falling off, the hair side may be coated with the wash. This antiseptic wash if applied in time, will most effectively prevent taint, keep off flies from settling to deposit their larvae, & will completely set or prevent the hair from falling off, which is the greatest desideratum of all; a little powdered alum may then be applied on both flesh & hair sides & when partly dry a little turpentine may be applied to the lips, ears, & eyes & the skin hung

up to dry in the shade or folded till
time can be found for drying.

This completes the operation, and skins
so preserved can be kept for over 6
months before being set up.

The entire skin of any animal can
be treated in the same manner.

On no account use arsenical soap
for preserving skins of large animals,
as it is worse than useless for this
purpose.

1898.KASHMIR.MARKHOR — MUSK DEER — BLACK BEAR 15th May

Here I am once more in India, but now with the 9th Lancers, and I trust I may get more opportunities of shooting than I did in "the Bays", especially as we are stationed at Mutha. 16
14th July.

Having got 2 months leave I determined to go to Kashmir, but as it was not sufficient to go far afield I made up my mind not to try to do too much but content myself by trying to get a Markhor (only one allowed to be shot just now). If successful would try for a musk deer, for which I am getting the necessary permission from the Maharajah, and then try for a few bear if time allowed.

I started for Kashmir, going through Agra, which I left on 18th May by the 9.43 pm. train and ought to have arrived at Rawal Pindi at 2.6 am on the 20th, but did not get there till past 3 and it was 4 before we started for 20th Murree.

I went up in the mail tonga, having sent on my things & servants by Ekka, and as we carried the English mails, made an excellent journey of it as regards pace. Murre was reached at 8.30, and after a snatch of breakfast we went on, making Kohalla - 64³/₄ miles at 12.30. After a short halt went straight on to Chakoti, but did not get in till 10 p.m. owing to breaking a wheel near Garhi and having to tranship everything into another tonga. Although 7¹/₂ before we left Garhi, they would go on as the mail had been delayed. This was the reason for our getting in so late and to my disgust only to find the bungalow crammed with people - ladies & men, doubled up so much that I could not be admitted and had to pass the night in the verandah. I had to go to bed dinnerless but I was not sorry as I could scarcely keep my eyes open & was so cold I thought the blankets the only place to be. This was a good drive for one day - 121 miles - and over the

stiffest part of the road.

Up again at 4 am., and started soon after 21st the half-hour, getting into Baramulla at 10.30. I never experienced such misery from cold, a biting wind having been blowing the whole way from Pindi and rain from Murree to Dowl.

Here I ~~must~~ ^{must} wait until my baggage arrives, which I hope will be by mid-day tomorrow. I had intended driving the whole way to ~~Baramulla~~ Srinagar, but as there is such a crowd on the road I dared not risk not being able to get a room, with my servants & trunks 2 days behind me. I have got a very good boatman I believe - from his chit. Not that that matters much just for a trip across to Srinagar, but it is always worth noting good natives for future occasions.

His name is Samadho.

Another is Lasso.

I have also picked up a shikari who I hope will turn out all right.

From questions I have asked and from his hints I think he will just do for what I want. As my leave is so short I want to try and get what will ~~not~~ save my spending time, when on a long trip, over animals of which one can only shoot a few. My intention is to go to the Pir Pungel and try to get a Markhor from that district, as the Kajrag is still closed, only one of which is allowed to be shot in a season. If successful I then mean to try and get a leopard and a few bear, of which the shikari says there are a good few, and he seems to know the localities well. My servants did not turn up till 4:30 p.m. and it was 6% before I got away. Went on till about 9 and then tied up for the night.

22nd

Did not get up to Srinagar till 10 this morning, and then set to work getting my things together. The Government of Kashmir have, I am glad to say, at last begun to take steps to preserve the game and stop the indiscriminate

24th

Slaughter that used to go on. Licenses of various classes have to be taken out, shikaris registered, etc; besides these many other excellent reforms are taking place. Regulation Registration of boats, crews & wages, coolie hire on various roads. Certain nullahs are closed and close seasons instituted and in fact the whole subject of sport is being revised.

The place is now so crowded with visitors that I would not be surprised if they had to put a restriction on the number of visitors allowed in.

A few houses have now been built, and I hear a good many huts at Gulmarg, besides an hotel.

House boats now swarm in the Baghs. Having arranged everything, I started off again after dinner.

Arrived at Sopor about 4:30 hrs after 25 noon & set Lassoo to work to arrange about coolies and their food.

Did nothing myself, feeling in a restless mood, I had already packed up everything at Srinagar, so as to know how

many Kiltas I should require.

The first day's start is always one of delay, 26th May
 so that it was 7.30 before the last of the
 coolies got away. It was a good long
 tramp and fully 3% before we reached
 Rampore, supposed to be about 15 miles.
 Had a very good camping place under
 some walnut trees. Passed some jungle
 which should hold bear & leopard.

As I had understood from the Shikari 27th
 that today's march was a short one
 I did not order an early start, and
 there was some doubt about coolies,
 as the Gulmurg Isildar had just sent
 down for most of them. However, including
 a pony I managed to raise enough. Now,
 of course, it turned out that it was a
 long march, but I was not able to get
 away before 8.30. For a mile or two it
 was pleasant enough, but then began
 a climb which lasted fully till 1%;
 and to make matters worse when
 nearly at the top it began to rain, &
 then a bad thunderstorm came on.
 Fortunately the trees were very thick, so
 we did not get very wet. As soon as

The heavy rain stopped we started again, having fairly level ground up a valley abounding in splendid pasture, and then another stiff climb, eventually reaching camp about 4.30. It was a goodish days work and I must say the coolies did awfully well. It is a great pity it was so wet as it was a very pretty march, though stiff, and through magnificent forest for the greater part of the way.

Here again the cussedness of the Kashmiris showed up, for on being asked about coolies, Dassoo now told me that he would have to make a "bandolast" ^{with} for the same one for tomorrow. They will never tell you anything straightforwardly.

Fortunately it has turned out all right and the dambadar of Rampore has come with us, so things ought to go smoothly.

Off this morning at 6.30; it was ^{28 May} hushy at first, the result of another thunder-storm during the night. However, it soon cleared up and we had a delightful march through glorious

forest, full of small birds & flowers.
 I noticed in particular a kind of jay,
 robin, golden-crested wren, several
 kinds of tits, wood-peckers, blackbirds,
 bul-bul, golden orioles, minaul, chukra
 & other small birds whose names I
 do not know. I also saw the "rabbit-like"
 rat for the first time - not much
 larger than a guinea-pig. Having
 had a very stiff climb to wind up
 with we sat down & had something
 to eat. Then began a descent through
 splendid forges, which took 2 hours
 to do & the coolies $2\frac{1}{2}$. Very stupendous
 in some parts. This is now all in the
 SALLAR district. We had to send the
 pony back from half-way, as the
 going was quite impossible for
 him. It was 1.30 before I got in
 & the coolies did not do so till past
 2. They started to go back and
 started off as soon as paid. They
 seem to be able to walk for ever.

29th

Started at 6 am and had a climb
 straight away which took an hour.
 Then down a bit, and up again for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour,

Having arrived at the top another long descent brought us to a village, but the coolies did not get there till past 9. I let them have their breakfast, and then had another walk of about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour up the stream, which brought us to another village. Here I have decided to stay a day or two as I am told there is a herd of 9 Markhor on the hill above. I shall prospect and see if there is one worth shooting.

It was piping hot down in the shut-in valley in the middle of the day. It was a beautiful piece of scenery, the path being over the stony bed of the river at present only a stream. Settled camp comfortably and then wrote letters. Later on took a stroll further up the river and lovely it was. I much regret having left my camera behind.

The number of wild flowers is extraordinary.

The Shikari asked to be allowed to go & 30th May explore the place, so I let him go, having my suspicions that his knowledge

of this locality is rudimentary. In the afternoon I took a climb up the hills across the river, chiefly to try & locate this place, as it is not marked on the map. I had a great field day with the ^{theodolite} "shikari", map, & compass & managed to trace out my route. My afternoon observations proved my position correct. These Kashmir maps are very old and want a good deal of correction in minor details.

Started off at 5 am. up-stream towards 31st the mountains at its source. An awful long climb taking nearly 3 hours. We saw nothing, but a goat-herd told us he had seen "a large markhor" yesterday! Had our mid-day rest and feed, then climbed part of the way up another hill, taking up posts of observation.

Again went on still further and sat here till fairly late, considering the distance from home, but saw nothing. I had no intention of being belated on such a path, especially as a thunder-storm was coming up, so started back

at 5:30 and did not get in till 8:20,
The last $\frac{3}{4}$ mile being along the stony
bed of the river — in the dark.

I was not sorry when I reached
my tent and am afraid I threw
back some choice language to my
shikari, who remained behind
for further observations.

The shikari did not turn up till 10th June
10 am. This morning, having slept
out, so he says! He only saw a
few small markhor on his way
home. Made arrangements to go
up the valley some distance for
a couple of days & there bivouac,
as doing it from here is simply
wasting time. Got to our new camp
about 6.30 pm., at the foot of the
last climb to the snow. I am afraid
this solitary markhor will take
some getting after all. However,
we must expect a good lot of
trouble in this sort of shooting.

I started yesterday with only my
valise, but the faithful bhisti
came after me saying he thought

I had better take the ^{Small} ~~big~~ trout, and just as well I did, for soon after turning in a very severe storm came on with heavy rain.

Up early and after a frugal meal, started up the spur between the two streams. After going a considerable distance the shikari drew my attention to a musk-deer lying asleep about 60 yards ahead of us and on the Khud. side.

I got out the glasses and had a good look at ~~them~~ ^{this} little animal, which was lying with his back towards us, but he evidently ~~looked~~ ^{noticed} us, for soon his little head turned with its huge ears erect and he lay watching us over his back for some time, when he jumped up and disappeared into the jungle below.

I think the natives were all rather disgusted with us for not having a shot at the "forbidden".

But if the Sahib shoots prohibited game, how can you expect the natives to respect the game laws.

I may here mention that the musk deer or "Kustura" is a protected animal and not allowed to be shot at all on account of the way they have been indiscriminately slaughtered for the sake of the musk pod, which is of very considerable market value. If I am fortunate to get the Maharaja's permission to shoot one, I don't suppose I shall ever get such an opportunity for securing one as this was. I ought to have been a moral certainty. We climbed almost to the top of this spur, scanning the hill sides carefully, but not a sign of anything did we see. Breezy weather came up again at mid-day, but fortunately cleared up about 2 and at 3.30 we began our descent again, having reached a favorable position sat down to watch the hill-side opposite. I was so sleepy that I fell into a doze, being aroused about 4.30 with the welcome news that markhor had been sighted. There were 5 of them down below us,

2 lying on the snow in the river bed, & the rest grazing close by. We watched them for some time to see which way they would work. They started along the hill-side towards home, so we decided to go after them. On getting about half-way down found the rest impossible without exposing ourselves. We again watched them and at last one lay down. This happened to be the only one worth thinking about, being possibly 37 or 38 inches. They were quite 300 yards off & I sat there deliberating whether to have a shot or watch their proceedings and look them up in the morning. The latter I am sure now is what I ought to have done, but my men persuaded me to have a shot with my '303, which I did. The shikari looking through the glasses said the bullet just went over his back. They all started up, but remained staring about them & I got in a second shot. To my delight he came rolling down the hill, but

Soon picked himself up, and before I could get in another shot they had reached the jungle. I could see them moving about, and they evidently did not mean travelling, so we climbed down, crossed the torrent and climb up to where they were. The wrong thing to do of course, we should have kept above them. Here we found them but they began going up. On we went again, and this time got above them. I was then crossed us and then the wounded one, but I was in such an uncomfortable position on a very steep slope that before I could get my sights on him he was into the jungle again. We once more scrambled after them, but never saw them again.

Unfortunately, it was getting dark & late - being nearly 7-30, we were a long way from home with an awful tramp before us. In many parts it was awfully steep & slippery & you could not see what you were

putting your foot on. At last it got so bad that I absolutely could not go a yard without sliding onto my back. I did not know what to do as I was bruised and sore all over, so my tiffin coolie asked me to let him carry me. This I would not have, thinking it an impossibility, but he tied my puggaree into a loop, made me sit in it & then put the other end round his forehead.

Thus, sitting almost on his shoulder, he carried me down for the next half hour. I don't think I should ever do it again, I never spent a more horrible half hour in my life. The moon was now rising & you could just see the steepness of the descent & from my position it was absolutely impossible to look up, and there was a sort of fascination that prevented one closing one's eyes. Imagine the sensation, knowing that one false step would mean going into the torrent hundreds of feet below.

However, this stout fellow soon was made a ship and went along as if he had nothing on his back.

At the end carried me across the torrent close to camp. It was a wonderful performance! We did not get home till nearly 10 pm.

Off again early to try & find the wounded bear, which I am afraid must have been hit through the stomach. We searched for hours but could never pick up his tracks. I then returned leaving the shikari & local men who searched all day, but never a trace did they find. I was forced to go back to our main camp as the food supply was exhausted. Had a general clean up all round and then my dak arrived, which gave me something to do for the rest of the afternoon.

Making arrangements for another march to a nullah called KRAS in a westerly direction from here. Amongst my letters last night was

3rd June4th

one from The Assistant Resident
 enclosing a pass to shoot a musk-
 deer, so I hope one of these little
 animals will be included in my
 bag. A great nuisance, I have had
 to waste another day as there are
 no villagers at Kras and so every-
 thing must be taken and the
 coolies kept & fed. This has caused
 some bother as they have run short
 at Chota Ali and have had to
 send down to Rampore for food.
 Had intended going out after a
 musk-deer if the food coolie did
 not turn up. The shikari called
 saying he had not and then began
 a lot of hawking rot about arrangi-
 ments, which so annoyed me, that
 I kicked him out and blessed every-
 body. It was just as well I had not
 started for shortly after this the
 humbadar turned up with a chup-
 rassi who wanted all available
 coolies. He was sent by an imperial
 Babu. However, I wrote today that
 I had already ordered mine from the

humbaras & that he must go else-
 where if he had not sufficient.
 I should have been stranded as sure
 as fate if I had been out. Soon after
 breakfast the coolies turned up and
 I managed to get them away by
 10.30. It was a long tramp, taking
 us 5 hours and the coolies 8½,
 it being 7% before they got in,
 I fancy, however, they must have
 loitered on the road a good deal,
 as their loads were not full weight.
 There were some very pretty bits
 passed through and the various
 flowers were more numerous than
 ever. I saw several little yellow pansies,
 violets, forget-me-nots, blue-bells, iris,
 buttercups, dog rose, wild mint,
 strawberries. Several little flowers of
 various colours similar to forget-me-nots
 and numerous others I do not know.
 I mention the fact about the Babu
 & coolies to show that one has to be on the
 look out when intending making a
 bandobust. My man is such an im-
 decided wretch & a true Kashmiri in

Every respect. They always make out that they know every corner of the country and will never acknowledge their ignorance. This all makes it much harder to be successful, especially if one has not been in the district before or after a particular animal.

Started at 6 and it seemed rather a stiff march, taking the coolies about 7 hours. When about half way we sat down to wait for the coolies, and shortly afterwards saw a musk-deer down below us and across the stream. Having got my pass to shoot one, I determined to try & get this one. We had to make a pretty long detour on account of the ground and his being able to see us. This took longer than it should have as I had on "chuplies" and found them most difficult to get over bad ground in.

6th June

Before we could get round he had gone up into thick bush & disappeared. Having arranged everything in camp I started out with the Shikari to reconnoitre, and had not gone more

than 300 yards before I spotted a
 markhor across the valley. He was
 on the nose and some way off, so
 we watched him for a while to see
 which way he would take and while
 waiting for him to come out of the
 wood, spotted another going away
 in the opposite direction. This must
 be a pretty old one, his coat being
 nearly white and his horns looked
 a really good pair. The first one
 fed down a little towards us & my
 man persuaded me to have a shot,
 intimating "that a bird in the hand
 was worth 2 in the bush." As I had
 not the bird I could not quite see
 the force of the argument, but was
 fool enough to be tempted. However,
 I was really glad when I missed,
 the light being bad I had evidently
 taken too much foresight, for I
 went over his back. To-morrow I trust
 we may get on to them again, when
 I shall be tempted by nothing
 but the old ram, which appears to
 me as quite shootable.

7th June

went out to reconnoitre again, Self & Shikari taking up yesterday's position, Chota Shikari & Tiffu Coolie going further on. We waited till nearly 9, but saw nothing; the others then returned and said they had seen 3 come down from up-stream & go up the hill opposite, 2 being good ones. Made a start just before 2 p.m. to climb the hill opposite, and it was a hill too! When we got as far as we meant to I was bringing wet, I might just as well have been in the river. Having recovered our breath we crept carefully forward and to our surprise spotted a markhor on the hill opposite. Unfortunately he was fully 300 yards off and a little above us, and the nature of the ground absolutely prevented our getting any nearer. Besides this, while climbing the hill it began raining and looked very threatening; the wind also changed with the result that I fancy this old fox had winded us, for we found him

looking straight at us. It did not
 require glasses to show that he was
 a good one, but I took a good
 look at him and satisfied myself
 that he was quite worth shooting.
 I took a most careful aim but took
 too fine a sight and struck the cliff
 just below him. Either this or he was
 further off than we thought, and I
 dare say his life decided me.
 He looked to me to be about a 45
 inches, ~~but~~ and of course all my
 men would have it that he was
 so! I need scarcely say I took this
 with a very large grain of salt!
 It seems to me that after a long
 look at an animal through glasses
 he it makes one think he is much
 nearer than he is. We waited along
 time scanning the various mullahs,
 and then started for home, seeing
 a small one on the way and a black
 bear, but of course they were allowed
 to go unmolested. We are all determined
 to get this markhor and I shall stay
 here until I do or until my brewer

expires. It is the most awful ground to go over I ever saw, frightfully steep & in many places nothing but loose stones making coming down no fun. Then the greater part of the woods have rhododendrons as undergrowth, which are terrible to work our way through. Thus ended a very disappointing day, but I hope fortune will favour us in the end.

Spent the whole day on the mountain side, 8th June, but saw nothing of the big marker.

Out again all day, but did not see the 9th sign of a thing, although we heard stones rattling on more than one occasion.

Saw a number of three-creeper and small wood-peckers.

Another fruitless day. The prospects do 10th not appear very cheering, and it is rather rough on the men, whom I really think are sorry I did not get this good one the first day.

Went up one of the spurs to the left of 11th the position and after climbing for 1/2 hour, chiefly through rhododendrons, we suddenly came on a little flat opening

and face to face with "The patriarch", who was on an overhanging ledge on the far side. Poor devil that I am!

I don't suppose I shall ever get such another chance — not more than 100 yards & yet I missed him! Had I used a little more patience, I might have got him, for I did not allow myself sufficient time to get my breath. But I was afraid of his going off every second, as he stood breast on watching us from above. Certainly my position was all against me, for never have I been in such an awkward pose for shooting. We had to drop the moment we saw him, & dared not move, and had to load my rifle, as one cannot let the shikari carry it loaded. Still, I ought to have waited until he turned by which time I might have got my wind.

When on a long shoot I always take a day off on Sunday & it gives the men a chance of a rest, so we had one to-day, especially as it would give the old Markhor more time to forget

12th June

being fired at yesterday.

Nothing happened today. Made that awful climb again to where we first saw the large markhor; when about $\frac{1}{2}$ way down the Spur, in the afternoon, I spotted one near the place where I missed the second time. It was however too late to do anything, as the stream was between us and he being on the nose I don't think we could have got near him before dark, and I did not think he was our old friend.

13th

Woke up this morning and found a splendid storm coming up the valley. It was a curious scene, heavy clouds hanging about down below on the hills and daylight showing through them as the lightning flashed. ~~However,~~ However, there was no time to study nature from the artistic side, for a few large drops of rain told their tale, and it was a case of making oneself as water-tight as possible & as quickly as possible. I yelled to my men, but no use. Fortunately the old

14th

but I got for them was put over my little one & so kept out the rain; the men were living in a hut.

Made a start up the hill early in the afternoon, and the shikari saw an old markhor high up just before we started back. As there seem to be only one good one here, this was probably he, but it was too late to do anything. Heard what I thought was a leopard on the hill opposite, and was confirmed by the shikari who also heard the noise. They are hopeless animals to get at in these sort of places.

Did not go out this morning on account of the wet. Started at 2 pm. and had a terribly long afternoon, going nearly all the time and did not get home till nearly 8.15.

I think I put in some of the nastiest and hardest climbing I ever did. Certainly markhor have a knack of picking out the very worst ground they can find. I saw 2 galloping away in the distance. I am afraid

June
15th

They got our wind, as this element got up to our disadvantages.

We also saw a musk-deer. As we were coming down we got on the tracks of a large Inakhoi, but never saw anything of him. It seems as if bad luck were now going to set in after my disgusting failures. However, it won't be for want of patience and hard work if we are unsuccessful.

Saw nothing all morning, but got on 16th to one in the afternoon. He was too small, so we contented ourselves with watching him go through all sorts of antics in the attempt to get salt out of all the rocks. We were in hopes of seeing others and later on saw a large one come down from the top of the hill, but he got behind some trees and we saw him no more.

He was a long way off & it was too late to start a climb after him. It is my firm impression that this is our old friend that we have seen several times.

Started off in rather a forlorn mood, Time
 for if nothing was got today I was 17th
 seriously thinking of chucking the
 markhor, Only 2 small ones seen
 in the morning, and I sat down to
 my breakfast about 10% in hours
 too good a humour. Although called
 in lots of times, I had to wait for my
 'chota hazri' and it was 5:30 before
 we got off. Then the shikari informed
 me that there was only enough
 grass left for about 3 days supply of
 shors. This annoyed me immensely
 for we had started with a very
 ample supply. Then on opening
 my tiffin basket, I found they had
 not put in "the Home brew", which
 I had told them to do. I think I
 rather frightened my friend the shikari,
 for soon after 2 he came & sat near
 me, on the look out. As a rule at
 this time he is snoring! As luck
 would have it about 3% he spotted
 our old friend coming down to the
 very spot where I first fired at him,
 and we were a little lower down

the spur than before.

He now disappeared behind some bushes, and as he did not re-appear for some time we concluded that he was lying down. A Council of War was now held. The Shikari wanted me to go up to the old place and wait for another 300 yards shot. I flatly refused. I am beginning to think he is a lazy scoundrel and only one of the numerous hordes that loafs about 'the Valley' after bear, and I don't think he understands the art of stalking at all. It was early & I saw no reason why we should not get a bit nearer, at all events on the to the same hill instead of firing across a valley, which I am sure is a great mistake if you can avoid it. It would be difficult I knew, but I was determined to try. I determined to climb down to the stream and then up the other side from the lower end, the only other way being up the river. This latter was shorter, but they all said impossible.

The former way was decided on. It was a terrific climb and at several places we had to use our hands for steps for the first to stand on & then hauled up the last, but eventually the vicinity of the beast was reached. Having got so far successfully it was now necessary to put everything down and reconnoitre very carefully. I made the others do this while I lay down to get my breath. They could see nothing, so now I made the shikari go up higher, while my tiffin coolie was just below me awaiting any signal from above as I could not see.

After about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour the signal came, so peeping over I saw our friend climbing away from me. I had to get my coolie to prop me up as I had a horrible stance & could not lie down. As I knew this was my last chance I was very careful, but the old brute would not give me a decent chance; first going away, then broadside only

to be followed by another charge immediately & soon. I was now beginning to get rather shaky, especially when I was getting on him. However, I at last let drive and hit as I thought at the time. He then kept dodging about until he came to rather a steep bit when he turned to the left and then immediately at right angles to me to the ~~to~~ right. I had kept a line on him waiting for this opportunity and now pulled. He disappeared immediately behind a clump of bushes & pines. I felt pretty certain of my shot but he showed no signs of being hit. As he did not appear again within the next 5 minutes, I sent 2 of my men to look for him. When they got near the place I saw the tiffin coolie get into a stalking attitude and increase his pace & then a wild yell told me it was all right. He was stone dead, my second shot having clean through the center of his shoulder & into everything. As it turned out it was lucky

I did miss my first shot for he would have fallen down an awful place and smashed his horns to a certainty. He did go down when decapitated! The men being thus saved carrying the carcass down. I never saw men so genuinely pleased, especially my tiffin coolie, who is the best Kashmiri I have met so far. A ripper all round! I must confess I am a bit disappointed with the head & very much deceived as regards the length of horn. On every occasion I saw him he seemed to have a very fine head and I certainly thought much larger than he is.

He was a very large animal and I should think an old one as his coat was fairly white and his horns though not long are massive and rugged and from one cause & another I should think he has lost at least 2 inches off the ends.

MARK HOR

I think he was quite shootable.

Dimensions as follows.

Right Horn.	Front	29 $\frac{3}{4}$ "	Behind	36 $\frac{1}{4}$ "	Girth	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Left	"	28 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	"	35 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	"	11 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

anyhow it is a head I am not
ashamed of possessing and he was
certainly a most infernally wary
animal and has kept me hard
at it since the 7th — 11 days!
Saw a musk-deer on the way home,
but could not get a shot at it.

The others who came on a few minutes
after us, when quite near home
ran right into a black bear on the
path-way.

Had a lie in bed this morning and
felt as if I had droovied it! I think
this last fortnight has been the hard-
est work I have ever put in.

18th June

After breakfast we skinned the head
& in the afternoon sent it in to Srivagar.

In the afternoon went out to have
a look for a musk-deer, but without
success. Heavy thunderstorm came
on soon after getting home.

went for a stroll in the afternoon to
try & localize a musk deer, but saw
nothing. Had a visit from the shikan
chuprassie of this district.

19th

Another unsuccessful day in Rudraon. 20th June
 trying to find a musk-deer. Heard news
 of a black bear about 3 miles down
 the valley, so have sent Chota Shikari
 to prospect, as I want all the time I
 have for this musk-deer.

Out this morning to look for a musk deer 21st
 but without success. Chota Shikari
 came back to say that they had
 seen the reported bear, and had
 waited till they saw him lie down.
 Made a start just before 2 and
 after $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours brisk walking down
 the valley, we arrived at the place.
 I did not put much faith in the
 affair, I must confess, especially
 when I first saw the place.

However, although very hot, the
 walk alone was quite worth doing,
 if only for the sake of the smell of
 the wild flowers. They were perfectly
 delicious, & the scenery was pretty.
 As there was a chance of not seeing
 the bear this evening and I had
 decided to leave this place tomorrow
 morning, I gave the necessary orders

to the Sitkutgas and prepared to bivouac, taking only some bedding & the necessaries of life. Having arrived at the place, which was very steep, rocky, & stony on the bear's side, I found numerous natives dotted about in couples on the other side of the stream — on the look out. This of course was done with a view to detecting "backshesh".

I had not been there 5 minutes before there were 12 or 14 men sitting round me. I write at length because there & was a taint of the ridiculous about the whole thing and I never dreamed that a bear hunt could raise so much excitement amongst the natives. You would have thought something extra-ordinary was going to happen the way they all talked and explained how the old bear manoeuvred on the hill side.

At last we spotted the bear lying close to a rock, and the excitement became great. We waited till nearly 5 but no sign of movement and I did not quite see how I was going

to get at him. However, the shikari came to the rescue by proposing a "hank" (drive). This I agreed to, especially as the "locals" said that "his house" was to my left, so that he would probably cross my front. Off went the man, and by about 5:30 they had got above him and began showering down stones. Away he started & came down the hill due in my direction, but diagonally across me. I got a line on him and when he got to about 150 yards off I fired. Over he went, head over heels, or rather I should say 'she', for it turned out to be a female with a couple of cubs. Unfortunately I did not know this at the time, and of course the natives never told me, but they assured me that the cubs were quite old enough to look after themselves & I hope they can. You never heard such a row as there was, shouts & yells from the whole community, and before you could say knife the place was alive with

men & boys rushing down both sides
 to try & catch the cub. But they
 were not to be caught & finally
 escaped. I got down & found that I
 had made a real good shot, hitting
 her right in the center of the top of her
 head, which of course was smashed
 to pieces. I stretch her out and
 found she measured between up-rights
 59 inches. She is a fairly old animal
 & in pretty good fur. As it was fairly
 early I decided to go back instead of
 bivouacking, so got her skinned as
 quickly as possible and started off,
 getting home at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$. Of course I
 found the tent down, & everything
 packed up. However, natives very
 soon remedy these things. Soon
 after getting back, a coolie brought
 me a delightful little leopard kitten.
 I only hope she will live, as she is a
 tiny little beast and can't be more
 than about 10 days old.

Dimensions of Bear.

Length between up-rights - 59 inches
 " when skinned & pegged out - 49 "
 Girth " " " " - 50 "

BLACK
BEAR.

June
22^d

I stupidly did not take the length when the skin was taken off and the shikari, who stayed in to clean and peg it out, has evidently stretched it too much.

My star is certainly in the ascendant just now for it was great luck that I got the bear yesterday in time to get back to camp & so out early this morning, for I do not believe my shoot would have been as successful as it has proved for I have been despairing of coming on another musk deer. My reason for coming back was that I had intended having another look for a musk-deer while my camp was moving on and I had a feeling that if not successful this morning I should not get out at all.

The shikari stayed, in camp to clean the bear's skin, and took the Chota & Pipri cookies. The latter, however, is worth both the shikaris put together, for we had been out some time & had just turned our heads towards home

but had not gone 50 yards, when the tiffin coolie who was leading dropped like a stone. We naturally did likewise. He had spotted a musk deer about 50 yards to our left in the scrub. It was a matter of great care to get the rifle out of its case without making a sound, as he was so close. I was in a horribly uncomfortable cramped position, not daring to move, and to show how cute these little creatures are, the almost silent locking of my rifle made him start & go lower down. I got in a shot but must have missed as I was nearly knocked over. He fortunately only moved a few yards evidently ~~to~~ paralyzed by fright at the row. I then got in my second barrel, which was unfortunately low, and as subsequent inspection showed, had smashed the musk pods all to bits. He then went off, but was evidently very sick, for on the shikari whistling he crouched up against a rocky piece of ground &

and listened intently. Although so close it was very difficult to distinguish him. I had slipped in another cartridge & being rather afraid of his escaping I fired too hurriedly. However, I broke both hind legs at the hocks & so got him.

MUSK

DEER.

I was delighted & so were the men & we tramped home a happy party. Lasso was very pleased when we arrived in camp, but it was rather rough his not being there, for he has with all his faults worked hard, and I have managed to get 2 out of the 3 specimens new to my collection. I set out with the idea of getting.

It is just 4 weeks since I started from Sapor & I had got nothing up to Friday last, so that in the last 6 days I have got a markhor, bear, & musk deer — not bad.

This just shows that in shooting in this country one must not get disheartened if one does not see much game or get a shot every day.

You may get them at intervals or

in a cluster, as I have done.

He seems to me an old animal with good tusks.

Dimensions.

Right Tusk. Outside $2\frac{3}{4}$ ". Whole length $4\frac{1}{4}$ "
 Left " " " 3" " " $4\frac{1}{2}$ "

These latter measurements are as near as one can make them until the tusks come out.

I hope my little kitten will get on all right. I am afraid she is not more than 10 days old & of course has no idea of drinking out of a saucer. I have had to pour some milk down its throat.

Having done so well I gave the men a rest for the remainder of the day, especially as we have a goodish walk in prospect on the morrow.

Started soon after 6 to do the whole 23^d journey to camp in the day. We took a short cut up the hill, which took just 2 hours and a pretty good climb it was. The half-way halt was reached about 9. We stopped here for break-

fast & a short rest, starting again at 10.15 and reached at 1.30. This was not bad going as it was awfully hot in the valley & the climb from the river below the half way half to the top, which took $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours, was awful. I could not take off my coat, as I had the little leopard, whom we will call 'Beauty'; & carried her by fastening the belt of my coat fairly tightly & then put her inside.

She gave very little trouble, fortunately sleeping most of the time and taking an occasional crawl all over my back. She was, up to arrival in camp, a regular little Turk to feed, the method being to pour a little milk into her mouth with a little spoon. Having slept for some considerable time, when we got home she was rather thirsty & to my delight when I produced the spoon she lapped the milk up without any bother. This looks hopeful, and as she has been toddling and tumbling about a good deal since we arrived, I think with care I ought to be able

to hear her. She is now sleeping soundly in a warm coat on my bed. She runs after one whenever she sees you walking about outside the tent, when one has to keep an eagle eye on her in case a beastly Hite should swoop down. The coolies did not get in till 5:30 but this was rather different to the 13½ hours they took going & during 2 days. I don't expect the Kitnutgar enjoyed himself much. Stranded here all day, as all the inhabitants are up on the hill tops looking after their flocks. Hope to get away tomorrow however. My dak coolie turned up with my camera, so I photographed "Beauty" and a nice game it was. I am again in no good humour with the Shikari, as I spoke to him about sending on the chota, to see about coolies the day before. There was no necessity he said, as we were sure to get them. However, my view of the case turned out the right one & there we are! Started at 6.15 am and went straight 25th

down the valley, which runs into the
 Buniar, a tramp of just 4 hours,
 and a very pretty track it is.
 Another hour brought us to Nowshera
 on the Nurree Road, and here we
 waited for the coolies. I wanted to
 push on in the afternoon, but could
 not get other coolies, as they have
 all been sent down the road on account
 of the Maharajah coming up tomorrow
 morning. Just my luck, I have lost
 an awful lot of time this trip by
 these wretched delays. The coolies
 came dragging in at all times,
 first the Hittmutyar alone having
 missed the others, so he said.
 Then the three or four coolies and
 the rest at intervals. What on earth
 they have been doing I can't make
 out, evidently trying to make it
 out a very trying march, whereas
 it is the easiest we have done.
 Of course I have now to wait
 till this wretched Maharajah
 passes up. Beauty is going strong.
 The coolies turned up so I got away all

right. Starting at 5:30 am, I got here—
 HUIN — about 8 miles, at 8:30 & the
 coolies at 10. It is a capital place
 for a camp, there being a delightful
 grove of large Walnut trees. Curiously
 enough the heat during the day does
 not seem anything like as fiery as
 it did up above, but the last 2 nights
 have been frightfully smuggy and
 that curse of our existence, the
 mosquito, is terrible. Went out this
 afternoon to look for a bear, but saw
 nothing. Heard one on the way home,
 evidently breaking a branch off a
 tree up the hill. Brandy was in a
 shocking temper when we got home.
 While feeding her, the little brute was
 biting & scratching the whole time.
 The way we have come back is certainly
 that by which we should have gone
 out, as regards saving time.
 It would have been just as easy to
 have made a 'bandobast' from Bara.
 Inoola as from Sopor and would have
 saved 2 days. However, in some ways
 I am not sorry as the marching

got our fit and we went through beautiful scenery.

Thinking this was Sunday I was looking forward to a much wanted rest, especially on the top of the last 4 days marching which were a bit trying on account of the heat and the last night I got practically no sleep on account of the fleas, dogs & Beauty, who was restless. I slept soundly till 9.15, having given orders that I was not to be called. In the middle of the day I found it was Monday, so started for an evening hunt after bear, and did not return to camp till nearly 10. A half moon was shining; otherwise of course I would not have gone out.

Started this morning to traverse the jungle. We took an old man from the village, who said he knew all the Bear haunts. He certainly led us about in a wonderful manner through the bush, and we got on quite fresh tracks of Bear 2 or 3 times, but never came up with the animal itself.

June

27th

BLACK

BEAR

SHOOTING

28th

but again this evening but saw not a sign of a thing. I am afraid Master Balu does not come out very early here now that the mulberries are ripe and there are so many villages about.

Did not go out till the evening, but saw nothing although we took a most likely round. I feel more like a poacher than a shikari on these evening rambles, but it is rather interesting for a short time and one is certainly kept on the "qui vive" the whole time

29th

Heavy storm last night with strong wind. Went out this evening & when well in the jungle heard what we thought to be a young bear, so made a stalk & got up to the place whence the noise came, only to find it an enormous owl. (long eared owl I fancy, but I have lost my notes). It was an extra-ordinary noise for an owl to make. She flew up on to a tree some 60 or 70 yards off and sat facing me. I had a long look at her through my

30th

glasses & then thought I would have a
 pot at her with the .303 & if successful
 have her set up. I dropped her with
 a single shot, but am sorry to say
 damaged her beyond recovery.

If I had only remembered what soft
 & thin skinned birds they are I would
 not have fired at her. However,
 I shall have her head & legs mounted.
 When I go away in the evenings the
 thistic always takes charge of Beauty
 and tonight when he brought her
 in I thought she was making an
 unusual amount of noise, but put
 her into the fur coat thinking she
 was only sleepy, and began to read.
 However, she kept on making a row,
 so I had a look at her and found
 her quite limp and evidently in
 pain poor little beast. What is the
 matter with her I cant imagine
 for she has been unusually lively
 today & when I left was sleeping
 peacefully. I asked the thistic what
 he had been doing & he said she had
 her milk as usual & then he put her

in a blanket. Within 10 minutes there was a glorious row amongst them all. The coolie having told the shikari that the bhistie had knocked her about. This I could scarcely believe as he seems very fond of the little beast. However, the shikari promptly began beating him. The coolie in giving his evidence did so in a very unsatisfactory manner, so I knew he was lying and put an end to the matter by cursing them all roundly. Still it does not make the poor little beast any better, and I should much like to get at the bottom of it all.

To impress my dissatisfaction of July 1st yesterday's affair I sacked the coolie & shall deal with the shikari later on.

Being certain there are Bears about and not being able to get at them either by looking them up in their haunts or by night stalking, I determined to have a "hank" (drive) for them to-day.

Started soon after 8 and had two drives, but without seeing anything. In the middle of the wet rain came on pretty heavily, so we took shelter under trees as well as we could, but having stopped thus for nearly a couple of hours and there being no improvement we went home.

Spent the time between lunch and tea skinning the owb head & legs. I was glad to find on waking this morning that little Beauty was all right again and has been as enery as possible all afternoon. It having cleared up we went for a real mid. night ramble starting at 9 and not getting back till 12. We started a couple of Bear close to us, but unfortunately on the shadow side of the jungle I so could not see them.

About to-day which might have been a red letter day, I feel perfectly ashamed to write, but as our brains from mistakes everything ought to go down in a diary. The woud thing is too sickening to think of and the

July
2nd

cause of it I am at a loss to know, unless the cartridges have anything to do with it. I have always had the greatest confidence in my .500 and have never shot so badly as I have all through this trip. Imagine my disgust, added to the mortification at this happening in front of all my retainers and a host of coolies. We continued our hunt starting about 9. In the very first drive out came a very fine black Bear. To make a long story short - I missed him. Had only time for one shot, but should have got him without a doubt. The next drive proved barren but again in the 3rd, a Bear appeared. This time there was perhaps a little excuse for missing him as there was only a space of about 5 yards to cross and he did this at a gallop. It was just like taking a snap shot at a rabbit. The next 2 drives were blank. Then on the way home we took the "home court." It now began to rain and I certainly did not expect to see another, when towards the end of

The bear out came the third.

He kept dodging behind shrubs & I could not get on him & when I did I missed. My disgust knew no bounds and I consequently gave the order for home.

To put up 3 Bear in 6 drives is more than one can always expect for one gun, especially in pretty thick jungle and to get a shot at them all.

Let me close this vile record!

Had rather a bad time of it last night July 3rd as Beauty hauled me out of bed 3 or 4 times, the last being about 11 a.m. When called the thistle brought me the little thing which he found in my tub (empty) in a terrible state of collapse. I did not think she could live an hour. It was horrible to see her contortions and deathlike gripping of everything. This went on nearly all morning. Late in the afternoon she was a bit better, and I managed to get some milk down her throat with the aid of a small syringe. I can't make out

what is the matter. Every now & then she
 wheezes up thick saliva and while
 going through her contortions this morn-
 ing, her eyes were turned inwards &
 quite fixed. She seemed almost mad.

I don't know whether it is a sort of
 distemper or not; & if so, did not
 know that the feline class got it.

Went out again last night and turned
 out one of our old friends, but never
 saw him. Did not go out today as I
 am going to have a final hank
 tomorrow and I trust I may only
 have the same opportunities as
 before and make better use of them.

Beauty is still alive and seems a
 little better. Curiously enough she
 has been almost mute the last 3 days
 and starts with fright if you suddenly
 get up and even when you put out
 your hand towards her.

Started again this morning for a hank,
 and in the 3^d drive out came a
 large bear. I thought I was on him
 for a certainty, but again to my
 disgust I missed. I cannot make it

14¹⁵

5¹⁶

out. The coolies now beat up the hills
 the other side, but the old brute was
 too cunning and broke back through
 them. I swore that if I did not get
 my rest, I would stop altogether.
 We then adjourned to another place,
 where I had not much hope at
 first. However this proved fruitful
 and as the coolies were drawing
 near, I heard a grunt which put
 us on the look-out. Shortly after
 this there was wild excitement
 amongst the coolies and this turned
 out to be a large one breaking back
 through them. Almost at the same
 moment out came another, which
 I managed to get on to at once
 and shot him straight through
 the shoulder as he emerged from
 cover. Unfortunately he was only
 a small one, I suppose about a
 couple of years old but I had
 fired before this could be noticed.
 Great was the rejoicing at having
 drawn blood. To please them I
 photographed them all with the

bear in the middle. However, I don't
 expect much of a picture as it was
 very dark on account of rain clouds
 hanging about. We had 2 more
 beats, but no good. We found a
 large skin wound on the off hip.
 The wound was fresh and I am
 positive it is the second bear I fired
 at the other day. We found the
 rickel mark on the ground at the
 time & both the chota shikari & myself
 thought he was hit. I am still by
 no means satisfied with myself,
 but intend having another try my
 last day.

I was glad to find Beauty quite
 skittish again when I got home and
 she galloped about after me in quite
 the old way. My remedy seems to
 have proved successful after all, & she
 is using her voice again which is
 encouraging.

Went out again last night, but
 no good.

Had intended having another hunt
 tomorrow, but on questioning the

July
 6th

Shikari closely again, I came to the conclusion that it was scarcely worth while. Under these circumstances I shall pack up and go into Baramula tomorrow and get to Srinagar as soon as possible and devote my spare time to the innocent sport of taking Snap-shots with the camera and repacking all my things.

Poor little Beauty was again taken July 7 bad during last evening and soon after I had turned in - 10.30 - began her horrible contortions. I could do nothing for her, but she kept me awake till nearly 2 1/2 and then quieted down. This proved her final effort and she must have died soon afterwards for I was awake again before 5 when I found she was dead. I started about 6.30 for Baramula and got there at 8. Had breakfast while waiting for the coolies and then started about 10.

I discovered just before leaving Hain that Gen. Brooke, late C.O. Comaught Rangers had been there & only left

10 days before I arrived. I wish I had seen the old Chap. I learnt at Bara-mula from a fellow breakfaster that they (2) had shot at no less than 12 Bears there and had only bagged 3.

It is some consolation to find that others can miss them as well, although it is rather a selfish way of looking at it. But again I know that the Genl. is a good shot with a rifle.

Got to Sapor about 3.30 p.m., where I met Stadden, the Doctor who came with us from Natal. Had intended going on but he induced me to stop & have a buck & whisky & soda — which I have not tasted for 6 weeks, and as the wind was getting up the boatmen did not want to go on.

This they did however between 12 & 1 & we got to the 4th Bridge at 5.30 p.m. went & saw my heads, etc, & then went on to the Chinar Bagh for the night. Did all my business & packed up, then went to the Dak bungalow, as the Bagh

8th9th

is now far too stately. This I found nearly full of British Cavalry Officers. It is very hot here now.

Took a few photos, but weather and light unpropitious. 10¹⁵

I hope to get some hints out of Stewart, 18th Hussars, who has just returned from Ladakh. As his Reg^t leaves the country very shortly I daresay he wont mind disclosing his knowledge. Heavy storm last night. 11⁵

Started down the hill again, reluctantly leaving this delightful country and got back to Muttra without any adventure on the road.

- | | | | |
|---|-------------|---|---------------|
| 1 | MARKHOR. | (<i>Capra falconeri</i> ^{CASHMIRIENSIS}) | } <u>Bag.</u> |
| 1 | MUSK DEER. | (<i>Moschus moschiferus</i>) | |
| 2 | BLACK BEAR. | (<i>Ursus torquatus</i>) | |
-

NOTES on shooting in (from Stewart, 18th Hussars)
LADAK.

Shikari - ABDULLA - his Islamabad.
 I should advise writing to and engaging him early; let him know amount of leave, and what animals you want to get. Tell him to get servants, yakdaws, chupkis, etc, and send stores up to Srinagar to await arrival.

He provided me with cook - Suthana.

Abdullah's pay <u>in Ladak</u>	Rs 30	a month
Suthana's	" 20	"
Dak Coolie	" 9	"
Tiffin "	" 7	"

Duly gave servants small amounts of money as required, balance of pay at end of shoot.

Abdullah gets all food for servants.
You only provide flour for servants from Leh while in Ladak.

Paid Abdullah Rs 12 & others Rs 6 for their food for 6 weeks I was beyond Leh.
 Gave shikari & cook suit of puttoo each from Bahar Shah.

Dak Coolie, Tiffin Coolie & boy Munnah

Each to keep on, nothing else.

Good supply chuplin for servants.
I got 9 pair besides my own. All were worn out.

Storrs sent up from Murray & Co, Lucknow, who will send free to R. Pindi if Rs 100 worth taken.

Should be sent on at least 3 weeks before starting.

There is a Bunniah at Leh, but not to be trusted for storrs.

Country flour, eggs & fowls (which you take with you) can be got in Leh.

What about food for fowls?

Advice taking all your flour from Srinagar, can't get 'white' at Leh.

Take some condensed milk, as require tea very often before get turn up. A small tea basket very useful. Tiffin coolie can carry it. Also tinned butter.

These all useful when double marches have to be done.

Take all your money with you in rупers, but in case of running short can have more sent to Leh.

I took Rs 800 for 3 months.

Gave all muns to Abdullak, who gave me rightly account.

Letters to be sent to P.O. Srinagar to be forwarded to Leh to which place you can send in for them.

Dak coolie required on leaving Leh.

Yakdaws The only ones to take.

Hittas are too liable to break.

I wore puttoo suits in Ladak "Tommy's" drawers, thick vest, 2 shirts - top one a "Tommy's" & a cardigan jacket & sometimes a waistcoat.

Puttees in day time & Yakhand fur boots in evening. Woollen stockings.

Fur lined fingerless gloves also good pair woollen ones.

Overcoat, fur coat, or something of this description.

wore puggaree when cold, Squash hat other times.

A puttoo cap with flaps buttoned under chin. Goggles.

lanoline for face. Lotion for eyes & something in case you get toothache.

~~You can get ponies in Leh.~~

Shikari will arrange loads for coolies

Ponies.

~~After Leh~~ must have coolies until you get over Lojila Pass, after which you can get ponies to Leh.

After Leh, yaks or ponies for baggage. Must seldom seen in Ladak. So dry.

Take vaselin however.

Of course for "lordito" must have 'rifle' oil. Avoid shooting in June, bad month.

2^d. have supposed to be as good as first. Get away as early as possible, end of march if you can.

Abdullah will probably take you to Hauli' District or to place he knows of to right of Nubra Valley on way to Yarkand, but this latter wants 4 months I believe.

Maps required, country beyond Leh to Hauli' or Changchenmo.

4 quarter sheets 45.

Full sheet 46

Quarter sheet 64 N.W. & 64 S.W.

Table of Expenses - next page.

My monthly expenses were:—

Srinagar to deh	Rs
14 th Ap - 30 th Ap ^o	200
Shooting beyond deh	
Whole of May	153-8
Shooting & back to Sooro	
1 st to 30 th June	214
From Sooro to Srinagar	
and wages.	
to 10 th July	333-8

930

NOTES for SHOOTING near JANSI.

SAMBUR — CHITAL — CHIKARA

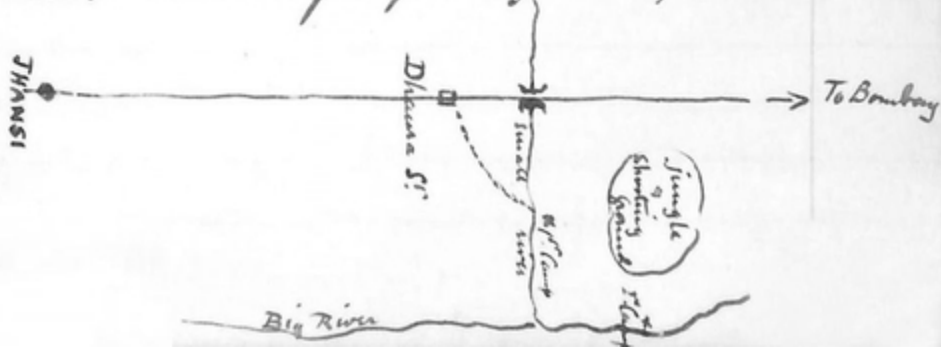
Go to railway station DAURA, south of Jansi. Here get bullock carts & shikaris.

About 2 miles down line cross river, turn to right & go on about 3 miles & camp near ford you will come to, or go direct to ford. Sambur, chital, chikara, & nilgai in all the thick jungle on higher ground.

2nd Camp on big river about 3 miles off near where 2 rivers meet.

Ground to left of railway sometimes rented, so not always available.

Beating seems only way to get animals out of the thick jungle. About 40 hunted & see that they beat the thickest parts. They will probably avoid this if possible. Try stalking for a few days. Shikaris are bad, never let them be with you while stalking. Lots of partridge & quail. Possible prospects of a leopard.



BURMA.

Brow Antlers Deer, Elephant, Gaur,
Sambur, & Rhino in Arakan Yomahs
of Thayetmyo District.

W. J. Thom (D.S.P.?) author of "A Guide
to the Wild Sports, etc. of Burma".

Salt Range, Punjab.

A shikari's name who knows the
district.

Nadir Khan

Daulatpur

Post town - Fattehjung.

Lilla - Rawal Pindi.

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