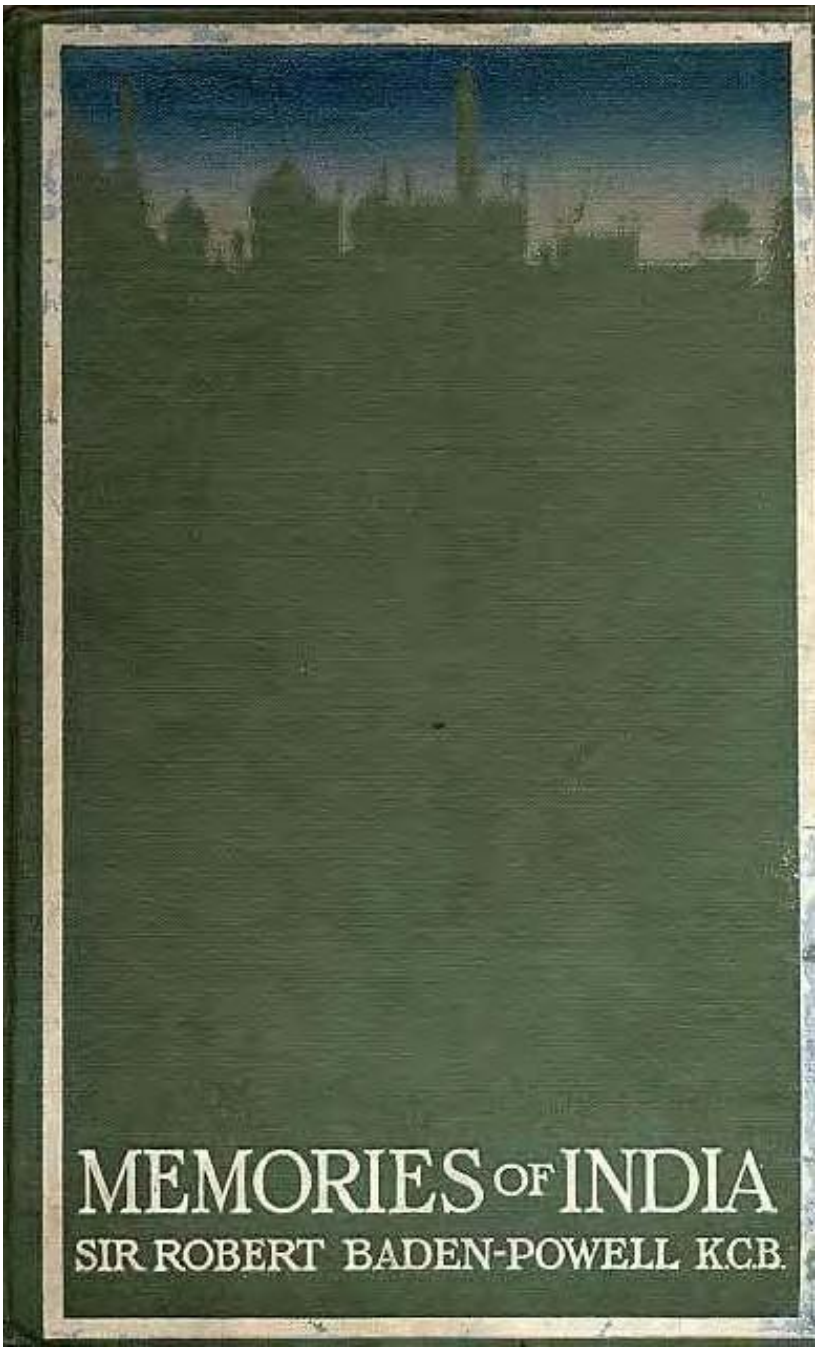
MEMORIES OF INDIA
SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL K.C.B.

Editor's Note:

The reader is reminded that these texts have been written a long time ago. Consequently, they may use some terms or use expressions which were current at the time, regardless of what we may think of them at the beginning of the 21st century. For reasons of historical accuracy they have been preserved in their original form.

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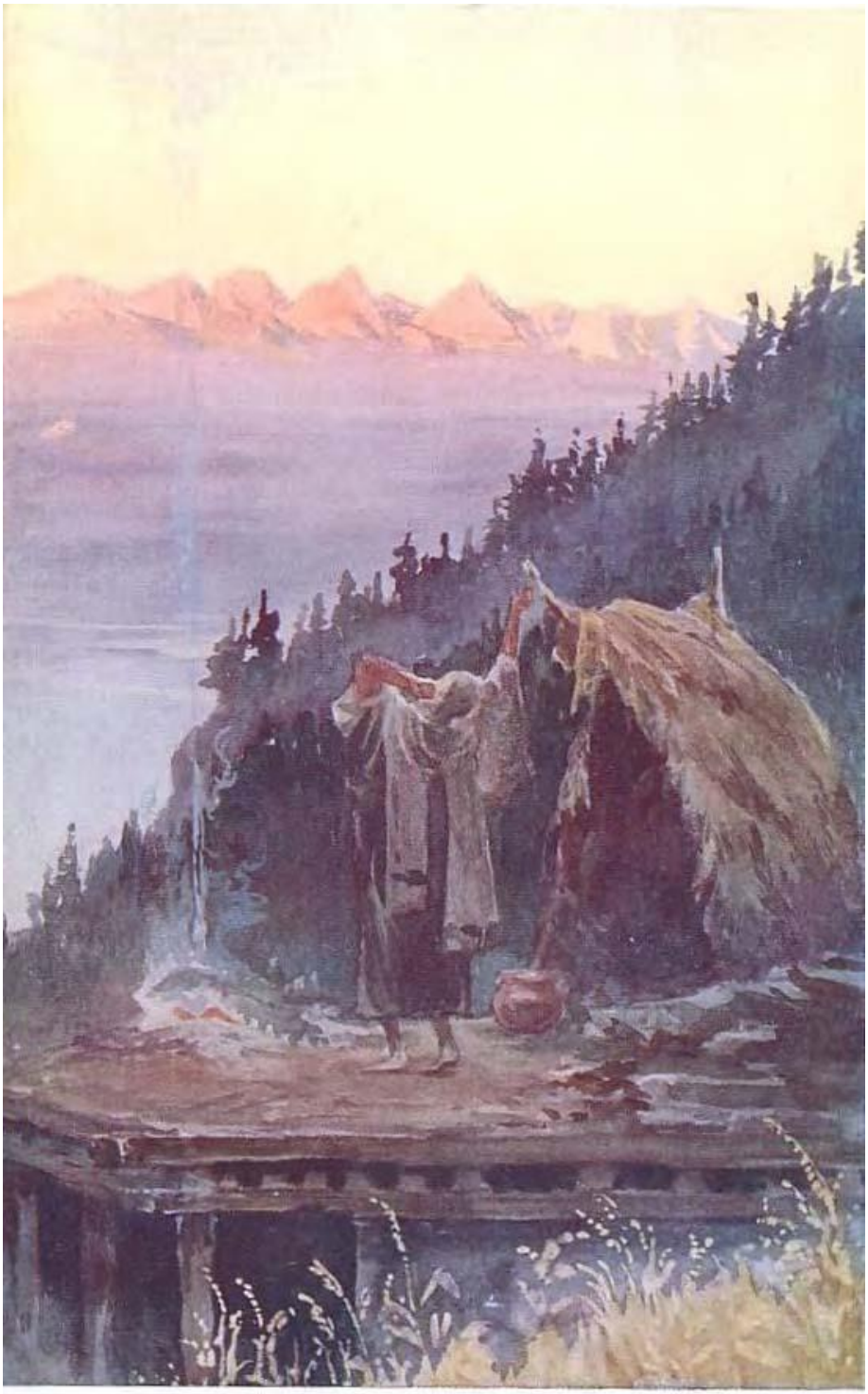
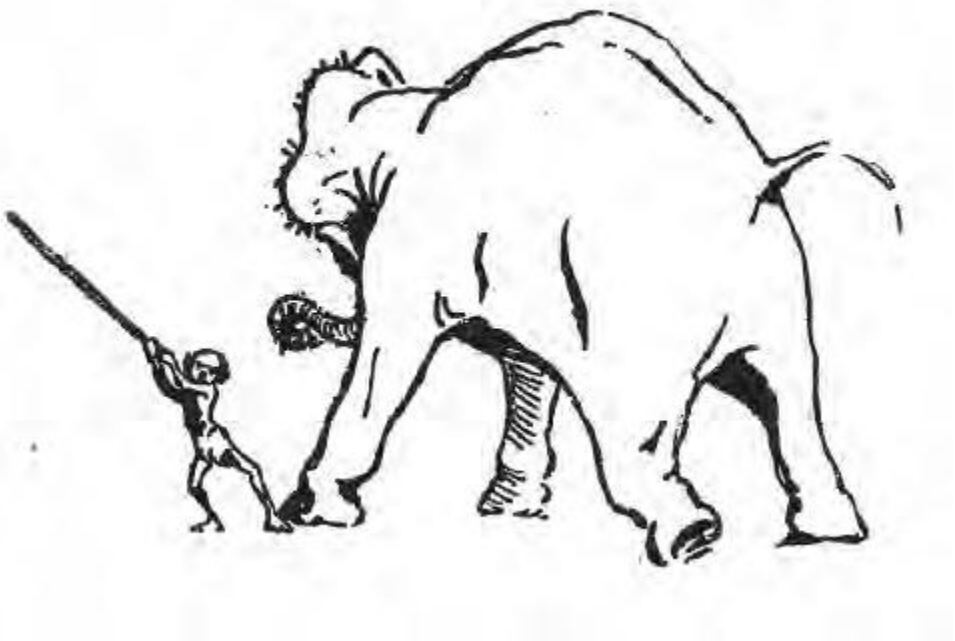


THE END OF THE NIGHT WATCH—FOR BEARS

MEMORIES OF INDIA

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOLDIERING, AND SPORT, BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL K.C.B.

WITH 24 ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR AND 100 IN BLACK & WHITE BY THE AUTHOR



PHILADELPHIA
DAVID McKAY, PUBLISHER
604-608, SOUTH WASHINGTON SQUARE
1915

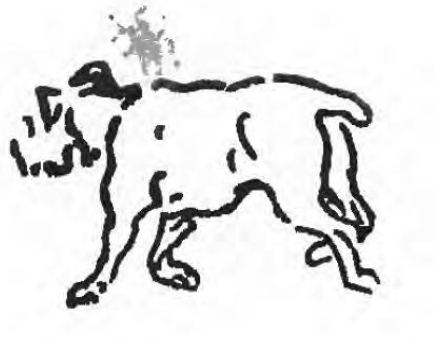
TO

THE MEMORY OF

MY MOTHER

WHO THOUGHT MY LETTERS

WORTH KEEPING



FOREWORD

PERHAPS the only redeeming point about these "Memories" is that they are largely extracted from diaries and letter which were not written with the idea of anyone ever seeing them except my mother. To some extent they tell directly against me, since they show me to have been just the ordinary sill young ass who enjoyed senseless ragging, was fond of dogs and horses, and through very little as he went through the ordinary every-day experiences of a subaltern in India. There is nothing romantic or very exciting about them, and there is much that is silly, but at the same time such things have, I think, seldom been set down in writing just as they occurred to one at the time. They may at any rate serve to remind other old officers besides myself that they themselves once felt and did as subalterns now think and do. As we get into our crabbed old age, we are apt to forget that we were once youngsters, as I had almost forgotten that I once enjoyed having "all my face except a small patch scraped bare in a glorious rough and tumble."

With very few exceptions the illustrations are reproductions of sketches which I sent home to show what India was like, and they have the virtue of being done on the spot.

These Reminiscences were in print in July 1914, but their publication was deferred owing to the outbreak of war. The results of the campaign to date in now way modify the opinions therein expressed on the character and training of the British officer and soldier of to-day.

ROBERT BADEN-POWELL.

Ewhurst,

East Sussex.

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MEMORIES OF INDIA

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOLDIERING AND SPORT

CHAPTER I

I ENTER THE ARMY

My First Lesson in Tactics — Dr. Haig-Brown and the Flank Attack — Oxford Declines Me — My Surprise Pass — I Embark for India — "Pandemonium" — A Bay of Biscay Storm — An Embarrassing Episode — The Missing Lieutenant — A Sea Tragedy — Port Said — A Wonderful Telescope — "Man Overboard" — A Confused Sentry

MY first lesson in tactics was learned under the direction of that famous old trainer of boys, Dr. Haig-Brown, at the old Charterhouse in London. The Fight between the butcher boys of the neighbouring Smithfield Market and the boys of Charterhouse had become a standing institution, and very often these battles raged for days together. On this particular occasion the Smithfield boys had taken possession of a waste piece of ground, "Over Hoardings," adjoining our football ground, from which they attached us with showers of stones and brickbats whenever we attempted to play. This was responded to from our side in like manner, with occasional sorties by strong bodies of us over the wall. With four or five other boys too small to take part in the actual fray, I was looking on at the battle when we suddenly found the headmaster alongside us, anxiously watching the progress of the fight. He remarked to us:

"I think if you boys went through that door in the side wall you might attack the cads in flank."

"Yes, sir," one of us replied, "but the door is locked."

The worthy Doctor fumbled in his gown and said: "That is so, but here is the key": and he sent us on our way rejoicing, and our attack was a complete success.

It was thirty years later that I referred to this incident at a dinner given me by my old schoolfellows after the South African War, at which the Doctor himself was present. He then corroborated my story and went further by reminding us of the names of the other boys who formed the flank attacking party.

Dr. Haig-Brown, strategist.

It was on the occasion of this battle that the Doctor gave one of his characteristic replies. An enraged citizen came to him and complained that when he was harmlessly riding past the scene of the encounter on the top of an omnibus, one of his eyes had been nearly knocked out by a stone. The Doctor expressed his regret for the untoward incident, but assured the man that he was very lucky not to have lost both his eyes if he was so regardless of his safety as to ride on an omnibus when a battle was going on between the boys of the Charterhouse and the butcher lads of Smithfield.

From Charterhouse I went up to Oxford, but my learning was apparently not considered of sufficient merit to admit me to Balliol of Christchurch, where I desired to go. The author of *Alice in Wonderland* was my examiner in mathematics, and he found out what I could already have told him, that it was a subject about which I knew little or nothing. I had a vague hope that my father's reputation as Savilian professor of geometry might carry me through that gate to University. But my hopes were vain and I had for the time to take up my position as an unattached member.

Within a few days of my joining I went up for the Army examination to test my possibilities in that line, but without any special hope of passing in my first attempt. A few weeks later I happened to be on Dr. Acland's yacht in the Solent, on which also was Dean Liddell of Christchurch. On reading his morning paper he remarked to me that in the list of those who had passed for the Army he noticed one of my name, and to my astonishment I found that I had passed, not only passed but that I was very near the top of the list. I had gone in for both examinations, for cavalry and for infantry, and I had come out unaccountably high up in each. I did not know then, and I have not been able since to imagine how this came about. I can only suppose that the examiners must have misread my examination index-number, and that some other clever young fellow is now eking out a precarious existence as an author or a play-actor, who ought really to have been in the position occupied by myself. But such is life, and I do not regret it.

Successful candidates were all drafted to Sandhurst for a two years' courts of instruction before actually joining the Army, but by some strange luck the first six were excused this preliminary and were at once gazetted to regiments. Thus, although I left Charterhouse only in June, I had my commission in September and was in India, a full-blown officer of the 13th Hussars, in November. That was where my luck in promotion began, and it never deserted me in any single step in rank during the rest of my service.

During the South African campaign a well-known General gave it as his opinion, in terms more forcible than polite, that the rising generation ought to be provided by Nature with velvet cushions to sit upon. He had gone through rougher times as a subaltern than falls to the lot of many young officers nowadays. The incidents of my first voyage to India, even though it seems but a year or two ago, remind me that times have indeed changed. The old *Serapis*, which we considered a magnificent ship in her day, was under 5,000 tons in size and fitted with masts and sails to help her little engines push her along, her speed averaging about nine knots.

We left Queenstown on November 3, 1876. My quarters were in a kind of den below the water-line along the keel of the ship and close to the rudder and screw; it was called "Pandemonium" because if was a deep, dark, underground place, and from want of ventilation almost as stuffy and hot as its namesake. Here we were jammed together in small compartments holding three or four apiece; but so unpleasant was it that the merciful authorities allowed us to sleep on the stairs or in the passages, wherever we like, in fact. Often during the night we would be roused by the ship's officers and master-at-arms, etc., going their rounds, to enquire why we were sleeping there. If the answer was "Pandemonium," the reason was considered sufficient and nothing further was said, otherwise such sleepers-out would be ordered back to their cabins.

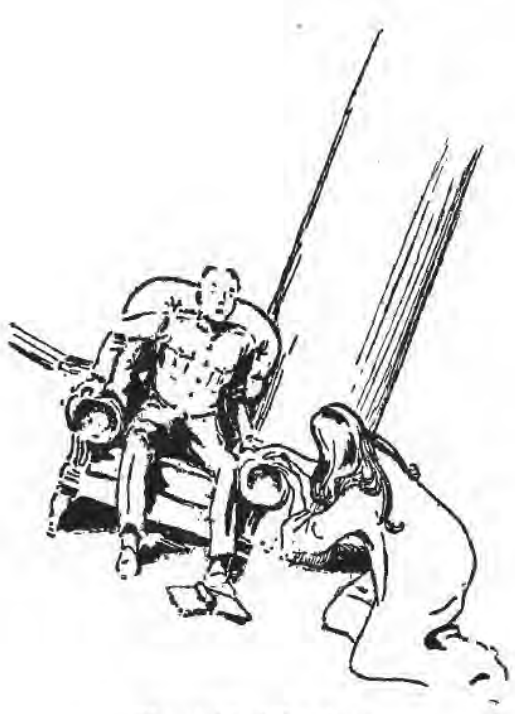
We did not, however, make ourselves miserable about our surroundings and, using "Pandemonium" merely as a store-room and place of refuge in the event of an attack by stronger forces, we would raid the happier mortals who lived on the decks above in comparative comfort in the "horse-boxes," as the cabins were called.

The *Serapis* had hardly entered the Bay of Biscay when we cam in for a tremendous westerly gale. Having always heard of the terrors of the Bay we expected it as a necessary evil in crossing that well-known part of ocean, and treated it as part of the day's work. Having crossed over it twenty times since then, I now realise that it was quite an exceptional storm. In those days it was a three or four day's steaming to cross the Bay, and on this occasion it was prolonged by heavy labouring of the vessel, which

finally resulted in our having to heave to for half a day owing to the heavy seas. These had stove in two boats on the davits and carried away the ladders leading from the upper deck to the waist.

The crew of the troopship was then a very small one, because each blue-jacket was backed by half a dozen soldiers to help him in his various duties; but, as might have been expected, on this occasion, when their help was most needed, all the soldiers were more or less helpless with sea-sickness, and consequently the sailors were considerably overworked. At one period of the gale our bowsprit was ducked under and snapped off, but hung there by its shrouds banging against the stem of the vessel. A number of men went out into the netting to get in the wreckage, when another sea came up and lifted them all from their perch and hurled them back on to the fo'c's'le, where they were more or less damaged but fortunately not carried away into the sea.

From early training and knocking about in small boats at sea I was a pretty good sailor, so I took matters easily and wedged myself in between the mast and a table in the saloon in a comfortable armchair, and did myself well with a good novel, undisturbed by the creaking of the ship and the groanings in the cabins around me. In the ladies' cabin, where a number of the officers' wives had their sleeping places, the chaplain of the ship was endeavouring to comfort some of the more nervous passengers. In the midst of his ministrations an extra lurch of the ship flung open the doors of the sideboard in the dining saloon and a regular avalanche of metal dish covers and side dishes came crashing and clattering into the saloon. Part of the same sea struck the skylight on deck and smashed in some of the glass, producing a downpour of water which somewhat flooded the place. The ladies took the whole contretemps as a sign that the end was come and, bursting out of their cabins in all states of *déshabille*, they came crying out for help and comfort. One of them rushed to me, asking if there was any danger, and I said, "Certainly not, if you sit in this chair and read this excellent book," handing her my novel. It certainly comforted her, but I regretted my self-sacrifice afterwards, as I was not able to find an equally comfortable place nor another book, and the lady rather cut me for the rest of the voyage out, through shame for her exhibition of weakness. So I failed to score all round!



The night of the storm.

We were glad to get out of that gale into the calmer Mediterranean, and when we arrived at Malta we had to leave some twenty blue-jackets behind, to recover from their various injuries, fractures, and contusions, and to ship others in their places. Like details of a dream the incidents of an ordinary voyage are of very little interest to outsiders, but that they were important to oneself is shown by the fact that I recorded them carefully in my diary or letters home, and though they hardly redound to my credit, they at any rate shed a light on the irresponsible nature of the human beast at the age of eighteen. For instance: "I spent last night in attending on officers who slept in hammocks, swinging them until they were sea-sick."

When we were ready to weigh anchor at Suez, where we called for letters, one of the naval lieutenants was missing and it was found that he had gone ashore with a lot of other officers but had not returned with them. Some people got anxious, because, not so very long before, an officer of the 12th Lancers was murdered here by the natives on the quay. However, by looking through telescopes we presently saw him in a sailing boat with two natives, and he was rowing; so we waited for about an hour until he got alongside. The boatmen had started from the shore in good time to catch the ship, but having come a quarter of the journey they refused to go any further without extra pay, and kept stopping and demanding more money. However, at last we got him on board, and while he was down in his cabin getting money to pay the men the ship started and left them without anything.

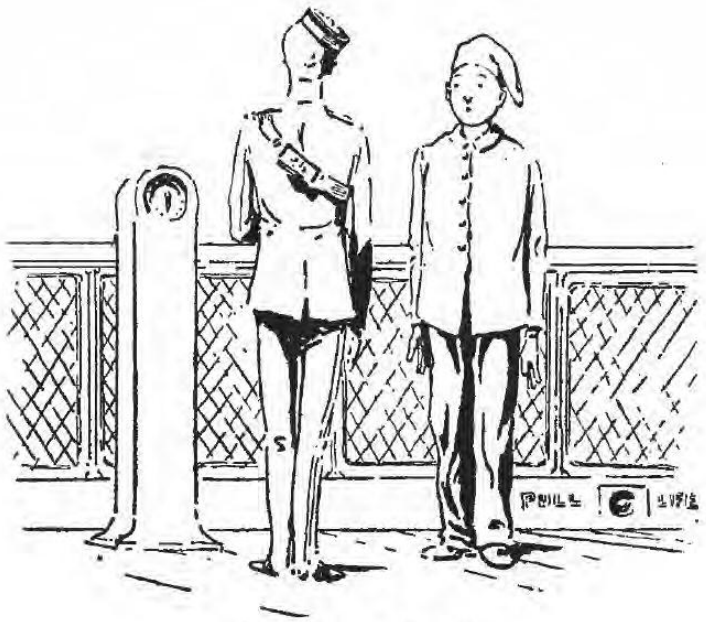
Port Said struck me as a most wretched, stinking, filthy, picturesque, sandy place. All the people looked just like those in pictures of Egypt — Europeans, Turks, Nubians, and Egyptian officials being all jumbled together. There was nothing to do on shore except to go and look at the roulette tables, of which there are two or three in the town. I found the way to win money was to back the colour which was going to lose the smallest sum for the bank. By some wonderful coincidence the wheel always stopped in favour of the bank and in that way one picked up a few francs, but it was not very exciting. I enjoyed watching the people outside more than the play inside the shanties.

In the Red Sea we had it awfully warm for three days, the thermometer registering 96^{o} at dinner; this in damp air is equal to ten degrees higher in a dry climate. Four or five children died and several ladies were ill, continually fainting. Worst of all, all the cooks got so ill that they had to go into the hospital; one of them went mad, jumped overboard and was never seen again. The soldiers then took charge of the cooking under the direction of a steward, and the feeling was not exactly luxurious in consequence. "Pandemonium" was unbearable at night, but a lot of us made our sleeping places in the stern-windows of the main deck. The iron ports of these windows were let down until they hung our horizontally from the ship's side with chains to support them. The windows were all close together, with only six or eight inches between, so that some fellows put their mattresses out across the ports and lay in the cool outside of the ship. There was some little risk, for, if you were a restless sleeper, you might roll off your bed and overboard, and this actually happened to an officer of the 109th Regiment, whose mattress was found in the morning doubled down in the centre and empty, and the regiment had lost the number of its mess.

One morning we sighted a steamer on the horizon astern of us, and through my glass I saw she had a blue funnel. Now, just as we left Suez three days before I had noticed this steamer with the blue funnel just coming out of the Canal and taking up and anchorage in Suez Bay, and I noticed that her name was the *Diomed*. On seeing her funnel appear over the horizon I knew what her name must be, though she was yet too far off for it to be read. So I went up to a fellow who was very proud of his telescope and considered mine very much inferior to his, and challenged him to read her name at that distance. He confessed he could not. I spelt it out letter by letter and told him it was the *Diomed*, and when she came up with us he saw with his own eyes that it was so. This took him down a peg.

One roaring hot day, as I was sitting on deck trying to get cool, the bo'sun came rushing up singing out: "Man overboard!" There was an instantaneous waking-up of everybody on deck. I looked at the sentry guarding the lifebuoy, and saw him merely leaning on the rail looking down at the water in a very calm sort of way, so I went up to him and told him to let go the lifebuoy, but he said he had already done so, and there it was about one hundred yards away, but no one near. We looked in every direction for the drowning man, but could not see him. Then a lifeboat suddenly made its appearance, rowing as hard as

anything. The engines were sent full speed astern, but the ship had got such an impetus on that she did not stop for two minutes forty-five seconds. The lifeboat rowed to the buoy and then started rowing round looking for the man. However, a signal was run up telling them to come back to the ship, and then we knew that there was not actually a man overboard. The alarm was only given for practice. The boat picked up the buoy, brought it alongside and was hoisted up on the davits in exactly fifteen minutes from the first alarm. The fun was that directly the alarm was given several of the officers sitting about the deck had their coats off and were up on the rail only waiting to see where the man was to jump in.



The bewildered sentry.

In this age of hurry, where ships keep time as railway trains are supposed to do, they lower the boars only in harbour or in rivers, and thereby lose the efficiency acquired by practice at sea. The ways of the sea are a closed book to the average landsman and apt to confuse the mind. The sentry placed over the life-buoy was a case in point. One day the orderly officer asked him what he would do at the alarm being raised of "Man overboard." On one side of him was the life-buoy, on the other the dial recording the degree to which the ship rolled. The man, utterly fogged, and confusing it with the street fire-alarms at home, replied: "I breaks the glass and pulls the 'andle, sir!"

CHAPTER II

ARRIVAL IN INDIA

The Odour of India — The Heat Overcomes Our Vanity — Jubbulpore and the Bees — Lucknow — Signs of Tragedy — Engaging Servants — Kicking out the Overplus — A Subaltern on Natives — Inmates of My Garden — Crib Fights a Jackal — A Confidential Document — A Disaster — The General and My Caricatures — A Cure for Fever — Sir Baker Russell — Riding Down a Delinquent — A Mishap — An Unorthodox Colonel — Then and Now — Cultivating Intelligence

I CAN remember to this day the smell of India which assailed our nostrils before we had set foot ashore at the Apollo Bunder, and, though it is very many years ago, I can well remember the bother which my companion and I had in getting our baggage safely ashore, loaded on to a bullock-wagon and conveyed from the docks to Watson's Hotel. We had donned our best uniforms and were not a little proud of ourselves in the early part of the day; but as hour followed hour in that soggy heat we seemed to melt into the thick tight-bound cloth, and we wished we had something more seasonable to wear. By nightfall we were dog tired and our pride had all leaked out, and under the cover of darkness we willingly climbed up on to the pile of baggage on our bullock-cart and allowed ourselves to be ignominiously carried through the back streets of Bombay to the great hotel.

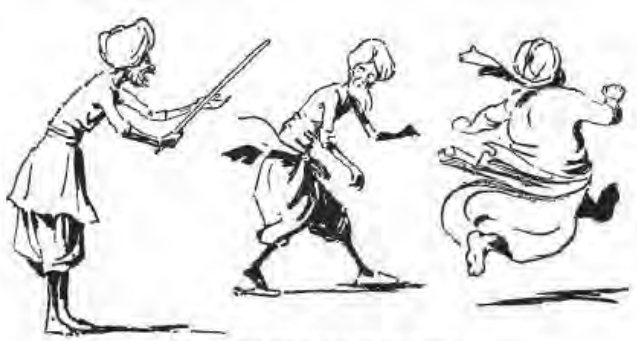
An undignified entry.

Then followed a long journey by train up country via Jubbulpore to Lucknow, where the regiment was stationed. In Jubbulpore we stopped the night at the Dak Bungalow, a small, bare, scantly furnished rest-house where you could get a meagre meal and bad accommodation. Twenty years had elapsed since the Mutiny, but our knowledge of India was chiefly derived from reading accounts of that episode, and therefore when left alone for the night in this empty-looking house, with doors and windows open to the night, we naturally imagined the possibility of having our throats cut at any moment, and therefore we slept with our pistols handy, when, as a matter of fact, we were as safe as if we had been in a hotel in London; but it added a touch of romance to our journey, and every minor experience was to us a great moment at that time.

The Marble Rocks at Jubbulpore were the great sight of the place. They were rocky cliffs standing up out of a lake where boating parties could go for picnics to observe their beauty; but we were warned against the danger of approaching too close to the cliffs, as a tragedy had occurred there shortly before, due to the bees that build their nests in the crevices of the rocks. A swarm of these had attacked some sight-seers in a body, and they had to dive overboard in order to escape them. The bees appeared to follow one man and kept so near to him that, whenever he put his head above the surface, they went for him, and he was eventually drowned in his efforts to escape them.

Lucknow still showed the marks of the Mutiny of twenty years before. The palace at Dilkoosha near the cantonments, and the Residency in Lucknow itself still stood in ruins as they were left after the fight, knocked to pieces by shell fire, and thickly pitted with bullet marks. Naturally they were of intense interest to us as visible reminders of the struggle which had taken place for the maintenance of British supremacy in India.

My first night at Lucknow was spent at the hotel, for we arrived about eleven p.m. and were told that the cantonments were five miles away. Next morning we started off and found the mess and the adjutant's house, but everybody was out. Later we met the adjutant riding along the road. It was odd to see a fellow and his horse all decked out in the things I knew so well by sight but whose fitting-on I did not understand. He soon showed us an unoccupied bungalow. We sent a bullock-cart to fetch our luggage from the station and returned to the hotel for our light luggage. When we returned to the bungalow we found it filled with natives; we thought at first they meant to stop us from entering, but we found they were servants in want of places. One little man came up to me and said that he was Wilson's late bearer, so I took his letters of recommendation and found a good one from Wilson, one from General Havelock's aide-de-camp saying he had been Havelock's bearer, and about fifty others. I engaged him and he immediately called to a lot of other niggers and said these were all my servants, handed me their characters and said I could turn away any I did not want. However, I kept the lot, and the moment I engaged them they all set to work to kick out the crowds of unsuccessful candidates. By that evening all my boxes were unpacked and a little furniture in the way of tables, chairs, bedstead, etc., were all in their places.



The retirement of the unsuccessful

My first impression of the natives does not seem to have been favourable. In a letter home, written soon after my arrival, I find the following passage: "I like my native servants, but as a rule the niggers seem to me cringing villains. As you ride or walk along the middle of the road, every cart or carriage has to stop and get out of your way, and every native, as he passes you, gives a salute. If he had an umbrella up he takes it down, if he is riding a horse he gets off and salutes. Moreover they do whatever you tell them. If you meet a man in the road and tell him to dust your boots, he does it."

It is very different nowadays, when the natives are put on a higher standing with the Europeans. In some quarters it is complained that they are allowed to become too familiar: in a native state under native rule they still carry out the practice of saluting their own rajahs and any white man who comes there, but in British India they now treat a white man merely as an equal. Theoretically this is as it should be, but practically, until they are fit to govern themselves, it is a danger — to themselves.

It is generally acknowledged that to be able to rule a man must first have learnt how to obey. In the training of the average Indian boy there is not as yet any discipline nor any attempt to inculcate in him a sense of honour, of fair play, of honesty, truth, and self discipline and other attributes which go to make a reliable man of character.

Without a healthy foundation in these a scholastic education is apt to develop the microbe of priggishness, and swelled head.

I liked to sit in the verandah of my bungalow, watching all that went on in my garden. There was a squirrel just out in front, three of them had made their nests in the verandah roof; a bulbul bird whose horn made him looks as if his mouth were wide open; then there was a hoopoe with his handsome crest who had a nest in the thatched roof of the house. There were also a crow and a hawk, always on the look-out to pick up something — you could not drop a piece of paper without one being there at once to take it. There was also a fly-catching bird, who looked something like a big swallow. In the garden were five mongoose, living in different holes and corners. A great friend of mine was a cheeky little black and white robin. In the corners of the verandah were two doves' nests. There were a cheeky sort of bullfinch and a mina, a big kind of starling or blackbird. He is as common as a sparrow in India and full of jabber. There was also a little blue bird, like a humming-bird, who sat with his head turned up, chattering to himself all day, and a green parrot who came to steal the plums from our tree — he had to be shot. Finally there was a beastly old white hawk with a yellow head, in character much the same as the brown hawk.

My captain had two dogs, and while he was away on leave I looked after them; and when he came back he gave me one which he called "Child of the Arid Desert," so for short I called it "Crib." Then Mansell, a brother officer, gave me a very small puppy which I named "Boswell's Life of Johnson," but it passed away in the innocency of childhood, for, eating too much at dinner one day, its stomach became too big, and so it died. Master Crib was a fine bull terrier. One day he killed a jackal which was about four times his size and which fought desperately, but poor old Crib had to lie on my bed for two or three days afterwards, as every leg, as well as his tail, nose, etc., was in a sling. Crib was wonderfully active and killed any sparrows or rats that came into my room. He had a tremendous grip with his jaws, and he got hold of things in his mouth so well that you could carry him by them and swing him about all over the place. It was a sight to see him in the morning when I came out to mount preparatory to riding down to the school. He would run at me first and seize my toe in his mouth and shake it, and then run at the pony and mouth him too and lick his nose, and then run at the syce and lick his bare legs. Finally as soon as I was mounted, he would run up to the steps and wait for me to call him, and then off we would all go as hard as we could to the riding school, where, directly I dismounted, he turned away and went straight off home again.

Fortunately for me I did not join the regiment all alone, but had a companion tenderfoot with me, "Tommy" Dimond. We went through all our early miseries of riding-school, garrison class, elementary drills and first experiences together. These made a strong tie of comradeship between us, which lasted for

A POPPY AMONG CORNFLOWERS

SOME TYPES

many years, until the dreaded scourge of cholera caught him.

Crib's victory.

At Lucknow I had to make up for being excused from military training at Sandhurst by going though an eight months' course of garrison instruction. It might have been a dreary round of work had it not been that many of my fellow students were lads of cheerful character, and they considerably lightened the hours of study with a freshness which perhaps did not appeal quite so much to those charged with our education. If I can evade the law of libel by not mentioning names I should say that the present Director of the Territorial forces was the leading spirit in the lighter line taken in our course of work. He composed a most dramatic and very musical oratorio, which was performed by the whole class when we had had enough of a lecture.

He also wrote a very fine book on the subject of the course generally, and of the different instructors in particular. It was a confidential document, only to be read by the students. He left spaces in which illustrations would come in to complete the essay, and sent the book to me to be completed in this way. After I had finished the illustrations, which were mostly somewhat exaggerated portraits of the different officials, not always quite complimentary to them or to their doings, I sent the volume back to him by the hands of a native messenger. As natives never grasp English names I merely told him to take it to the gentleman who lived in the red house — most of the houses in Lucknow were white. As it happened there were two red houses, a fact I had for the moment forgotten, one of them where Bethune lived, the other where our head-instructor lived. Naturally, according to the law of perversity, the native went to the wrong red house, and so the fat was in the fire, and next day a number of us were under arrest and haled before the General. Fortunately he was a man of some humour and we got off with a wigging.

I afterwards found that I did not deserve to escape so lightly, for I had often drawn pictures of the General himself and thrown them away. But when I was leaving Lucknow a year or two later I went to pay my farewell call on him as is duty bound. He invited me into his sanctum and there produced a portfolio of, as it seemed to me, all the scraps and sketches I had ever drawn. He explained that the orderly whose duty it was to sweep up the lecture-room had orders always to save any pictures and to bring them to him for his collection. Although people had laughed at my caricatures no one laughed more heartily than the General himself, but he warned me that caricaturing was not always a safe game to play, and, acting on his advice, I have seldom indulged in it since; for I know that most people, however large-minded and cheery they may be, are very liable to be hurt by even harmless little exaggerations of their failings.

During my first year in India it seemed to me that I was being plugged full of medicine almost every day, sometimes for liver, sometimes for fever, and sometimes for my inside. When I had fever I would proceed to treat it in a way that will make many smile. My way was at dinner to eat very little, drink some good champagne, and before going to bed to have for twenty minutes a boiling hot bath with a cold stream on one's head, then a dose of castor oil and then to bed in flannel clothes. Next day I would lie down and take quinine and then the fever went. But my old liver hurt sometimes, especially after jogging

about on duty or in the riding-school, and I became so wretchedly thin that I had to have my pantaloons taken in and I could put three fingers between my legs and my top boots, which were once quite tight.

Sir Baker Russell, who was a Major in the 13th Hussars soon after I joined, and later became our Colonel, had made a great name for himself as a fighting man, both in the Mutiny, where he began as a Cornet of the Carabineers, and afterwards in Canada, in Ashanti, and in the Egyptian Campaign. Of a very striking and commanding figure, with a strong, determined face and a tremendous voice, he was the beau-ideal of a fighting leader. Personally I know that if he had ordered me to walk over a cliff or into a fire I would have done so without hesitation, and I believe that officers and men would have followed him anywhere. He had a magnetic attraction which would have led men to do anything that he commanded. He had a fierce exterior, but a warm and kindly heart beneath it, and I never knew a better friend. He used to say of himself that up till twelve in the morning he was a devil, after which he was an angel. This was very true, except that the temper of the devil was short and quick and not malignant.

On one occasion we arrived wet and weary at a camp-ground where the commissariat officer of the district was supposed to have arranged to have a camp all ready pitched for us, with rations and forage prepared also. But when we got there we found no preparation of any kind for our arrival, and we had to make the best of it under the circumstances. Next day, when we were making some sort of arrangements for feeding the men and grazing the horses pending the arrival of supplies, one of our men fell dead in a fit. The Colonel was not slow to make capital of this, and he telegraphed to the General of the district expressing his opinion of the want of organisation in the place, and in alluding to the hardships which men and horses were suffering he pointed out that already one man was dead of exposure.

Within a few hours a young gentleman in plain clothes strolled into our camp and went jauntily up to the Colonel, asked him how he was, and then said that he was a commissariat officer and had come to see how we were getting on. The Colonel replied he was getting on very nicely, thank you, and so was the regiment and were grateful for his kind enquiries. "You, sir, are only a civilian, that is evident by your dress, but by G—! if the commissariat officer should ever dare to show his d—— nose within a mile of my camp, I should have him in arrest and shoved in the guard-room, not only as incompetent and unfit to be an officer, but as little better than a murderer. If, as you say, you are a commissariat officer, go back to your quarter; put on your uniform at once, consider yourself under arrest, and come back here and tell me why the h——, etc., etc."

On parade, if his feelings got the better of him, over some error or stupidity on the par of an officer, he would look at him for a moment with withering glance, then invariably he would jam his helmet down on his head and ride for that officer as hard as he could go. If he had collided the results would have been disastrous to the man charged. It was therefore usual either to meet him or to evade him. On one occasion I remember well his suddenly going for my comrade, "Ding" MacDougal, at full gallop. When he was within a yard of that unfortunate officer, MacDougal jammed one spur into his horse and made it leap to one side, which resulted in the Colonel missing him completely and charging into the ranks behind him. Here he knocked over a man, Corporal Bower, and his horse, heavily shaking up the poor unfortunate rider. In a moment the Colonel was off his horse, supporting the Corporal across his knee and saying: "My poor, dear man, I *am* sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you." Feeling rather pleased that his charge had not been altogether without success, he had lost his rage and, turning round (I can see him now), he shook his fist good-humouredly at MacDougal, saying: "Ding, you devil, why did you get out of the way?"

Ding explained to him later, during lunch, that he had become so accustomed to seeing a boar coming at him in just the same way (and Sir Baker, with his huge moustache and eager rush, was not altogether unlike the vision of a boar with his tushes charging towards one) that he had merely dodged him from sheer force of habit, to save himself and his horse.

Sir Baker Russell was not an orthodox colonel. He was in no way guided by the drill book, and knew little and cared less for the prescribed words of command; but he had a soldier's eye for the country and

for where his men ought to be in a fight, and he led them there by his own direction rather than by formal formations as laid down in the book.

Riding down a delinquent.

On one occasion we were inspected by a General whose life had been passed at infantry work. Sir Baker hoped, in making the regiment march past, to impress him by its steadiness. Therefore when it came to our galloping by in a succession of squadrons he meant us to go at a steady canter, each squadron in rigid formation. So he turned to his trumpeter and cried: "Sound the canter." Well, there is no trumpet called down for the canter, and the trumpeter therefore sounded the next best to it, which was the gallop. We in the regiment, anxious to make a good show, pressed forward at once at a sharp gallop. The Colonel, seeing this from his post alongside the General, shouted to his trumpeter, "Sound the *canter!*" The trumpeter again sounded the gallop. Hearing the gallop repeated we imagined that it mean we were not going fast enough, and therefore we just let ourselves go, and by the time we reached the saluting point opposite the General and Sir Baker, the whole regiment was a rushing tornado of men and horses in a whirl of dust, and we dashed past in a dense, confused mob. The Colonel, however, was not at a loss, and turned to the General with a well-assumed smile, and puffing out his chest, said: "There, sir! You never saw a regiment gallop past like that before. That is something like." The General, being completely ignorant on the subject, took his cue from the Colonel and said: "No, that is splendid; I never saw anything so good in my life," and reported upon it accordingly.

Sir Baker was beloved of the men. The regiment, being the 13th Hussars, was nicknamed "The Baker's Dozen." He practised many things which in those days were looked upon as heresy, but are recognised to-day as producing the highest efficiency, that is, regard for and development of the human side and the individuality of the men themselves. Thus when we paraded for a field-day we generally did so at a rendezvous some two or three miles from barracks, and each man made his own way to the spot individually, instead of being marched there, and one of the standing orders was this: "It is as great a crime for a hussar to be before his time as after it." This entailed strict punctuality on the part of the men in being at the appointed place at the appointed time. They had to judge for themselves how long it would take them to get there without hustling their horses, and they took their own line of country and used their own senses in arriving at the place properly and up to time.

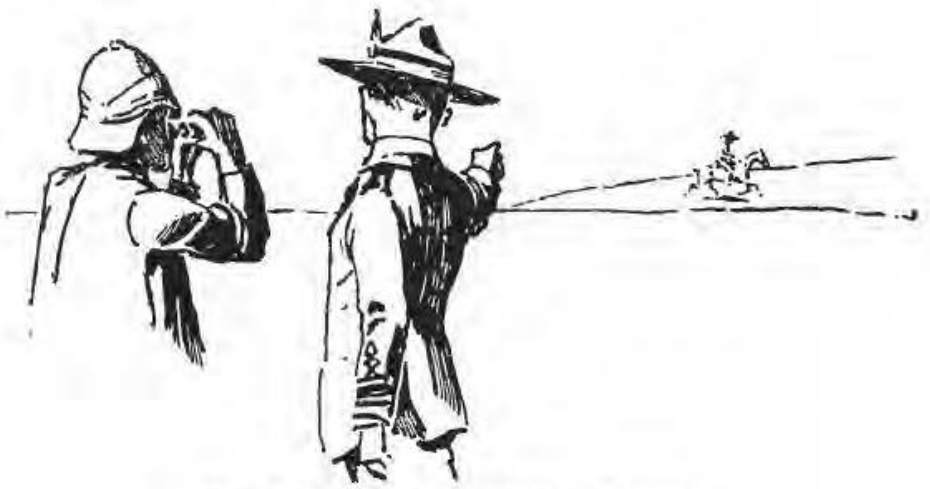
On one occasion the Colonel had to lecture one of his men for some minor misbehaviour. The man was a splendid type of old soldier, a wonderful boxer, swordsman, rider and marksman, but he was very fond of his mug of ale. When he was brought up for having a drop too much, the Colonel remarked to

him: "My good man, I only wish I could drink as much as you do and keep as good a nerve. Tell me how you manage it and I will let you off." Ben Hagan, for that was the fellow's name, explained his secret. It was to fill a hand-basin with beer every night before turning in and to place it underneath his bed. Then his first act on waking in the morning was to pour it down his throat. He believed that the only way to preserve health and nerve was to take big doses of really stale beer the first thing in the morning.

It is curious, looking back on those days, to see what an enormous change has come over the men with respect to temperance and sobriety. It was the natural thing for every man to go to bed "half cocked," as they called it, and it was not entirely unknown amongst the officers too! When a regiment went on service from England, it was usual for a certain number of men to be retained or to be borrowed from another regiment to collect all the drunken ones for transhipment to the train or ship on the morning of embarkation. Even then there was generally a large number of deserters who did not turn up at all to go aboard. Nowadays a regiment goes off for foreign service just as if it were going off to a review or to manœuvres: not an absentee, not a man the worse for liquor. The men are of a better class and tone, and facilities are given them for keeping up their sober habits. In barracks they have proper supper-rooms where they can get moderate refreshments of all kinds at moderate prices. Formerly they were not allowed to have beer with their dinners, and they naturally adjourned as soon as dinner was over to the canteen to get their beer, remaining there, being treated or standing treat, for the rest of the afternoon, until they were full.

Later, in my own regiment, the 5th Dragoon Guards, I have had to present a pair of white gloves to the Canteen Steward because not a single man visited the canteen in twenty-four hours: and they are not the worse men because they can be trusted out of sight of their officers and non-commissioned officers.

That idea of Sir Baker Russell's of letting men make their own way to parade, etc., was acted upon by me in after years by making it imperative for every man to go a ride by himself of about one hundred and twenty miles, and to take a week in doing it. This tended to make men self-reliant, reliable, intelligent, and smart. At first it was feared that many of them, finding themselves away from all regimental restraint, would break out and make an orgy of it; but I have never heard a single complaint of the men on this head. They knew they were trusted to carry out this duty of riding off to report on some distant object, whether a railway station, a bridge, or a piece of country, and they took a pride in themselves and their horses while away, because they knew that the good name of the regiment was in their hands. We found it in practice the very best reformer for a stupid man that could be devised. He had no one to lean upon for advice or direction, he merely had his plain, simple orders, which he had to exercise his intelligence in carrying out.



Joseph Chamberlain and the policemen.

This same practice I carried out also with the South African Constabulary after the Boer War. The men were generally sent out in pairs on long patrols of two or three hundred miles; but if a man were a really stupid fellow he was sent out alone. I remember well, when conducting Mr. Joseph Chamberlain on trek through the Transvaal, that we saw a solitary constable riding across the veldt. Mr. Chamberlain asked me what might be the duty of such a man, and I replied that he was probably a stupid man sent out to develop his own intelligence. We signalled the man to us and on enquiry we found that it was so. He had been ordered on a three hundred miles ride to pick up information at various spots, but with strict orders that he was not to have the help of any other constable.

CHAPTER III

THE SPORT OF KINGS AND THE KING OF SPORTS

The Shaping of the Subaltern — Polo Fever — The Keenness of the Ponies — A Savage Contestant — A Filial Subaltern — A Polo Banquet — Mr. Winston Churchill's Remarkable Speech — Winston a Prisoner for the First Time — "I am India-rubber" — The Pursuit of the Pig — The Attractions of India — A Born Sportsman — A Splendid Sport — A Brutal Father — A Boar Puts a Gun Out of Action — Tiger and Boar — Sir Samuel Baker's Experience — Tommy Atkins After Pig.

I WAS once invited by the German Emperor to express my opinion on the lance used by His Majesty's cavalry. I replied that with all deference I considered it rather too long for practical use. He asked where I had my experience and I said from pigsticking in India. We used in that country both the long and the short spear, but our long one was as nothing to compare with his lance for length, and even ours was considered unwieldy by some people.

The Emperor agreed that it might be so, but that one of his reasons for using a long lance, at any rate in peace time, was to give the right spirit of confidence to his men. He said: "I find that for every inch that you put on to a man's lance, you give him two feet of self-esteem"; and there is a good deal in that.

It is, however, an undoubted fact that in pigsticking and in polo, just as in hunting at home, the British officer has the benefit of an exceptionally practical school for the development of horsemanship and of handiness in the use of arms when mounted, and it is a form of training which appeals to every young officer so much that he learns for himself instead of having the knowledge drilled into him. Consequently it is a genuine, permanent education to him instead of a form of ephemeral instruction.

I believe in our cavalry officers as against those of any nation for all-round, good efficiency, and much of it I am convinced is due to this self-education in the practical side of their profession.*

If polo and pigsticking have not altered the history of British India, they have at any rate altered the lives and careers of many young officers.

In addition to the natural training involved they have completely driven out from the British subaltern the drinking and betting habits of the former generation, and have given him in place of these a healthy exercise which also has its moral attributes in playing the game unselfishly; and above all the practice of quiet, quick decision and dash that are essential to a successful leader of men.

*The above was written before war broke out with Germany. Sir Philip Chetwode's report that our cavalry can now go through the Uhlans "as if they were brown paper," points the efficiency of practical training over the theoretical idea of the Kaiser.

When I first joined the 13th Hussars, John Watson, afterwards the well-known polo player and Master of the Meath Hounds, was Senior Subaltern. And well he played his part, for with an iron will and an iron hand and a flow of language above the average he wheeled us into line pretty sharply. In the morning he would ride out and lay a course for a paper-chase which all of us attended in the afternoon. He did not lay the line for nothing, but generally went over a pretty tricky piece of country with "gridirons," i.e., several parallel water-courses, which were liable to catch your horse tripping, or "Absalom" jumps, where you took a fence under overhanging boughs. John Watson himself was always there behind the pack with a hunting crop to see that none missed their opportunities, and it did us all a world of good.

One of the main pleasures of life in India for the young officer is polo. The game is indigenous to the country and has for centuries been played in Persia. The first record of its introduction into British notice was in 1862, when a team from Manipuris played an exhibition game on the racecourse at Calcutta. It was afterwards taken up by the 11th Bengal Lancers and eventually by the 9th Lancers and 10th Hussars. It first made its appearance in England in 1974, when the 5th Lancers took it up as a game. It was particularly popular among the Manipuri tribes in Upper Bengal. There the polo ground is the village street, the ponies are little rats of twelve hands high, and the players play with short mallets which they use indiscriminately with either hand. When I first joined, a large number of players played on either side, and the rules were not very strict about the size of ponies, or as to crossing, off-side and the like. But as regiment began to play against regiment, and eventually tournaments developed, the rules crystallized and the game became more and more one of skill and discipline.

Polo is without doubt the finest game that has ever been invented. It even moved one enthusiastic sportsman of the 9th Lancers to turn his hand to poetry. This is what he wrote:

> "On a ground three hundred yards by two
> POLO is the game for me — is it the game for you?"

At this point his muse deserted him, but what he had written he had written. In those brief lines he records in one's memory the regulation size for a polo ground, and he propounds a big question for anyone to think out. It develops riding and straightness of eye and hand as well as the moral qualities of pluck and patience and unselfish playing for the side and not for yourself. In fact the morale in polo is of far greater value than outsiders might reasonably think. I have played in teams where one faint-hearted player was as good as two or three goals against us, because, if the game went at all badly for our side first, he would lose heart altogether and make no attempt to retrieve our fortunes.

One team against which we had often to play possessed a back with an infernally bad temper, and once his feelings were aroused he was quite useless as a player; and thus our aim was to bump him or catch his stick as early as possible in the game, since it put him our of conceit with himself and with everybody else.

Part of the pleasure attaching to polo was that involved in getting a raw pony and training it for the game. It was a real satisfaction to a poor man to pick up ponies in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, such as country villages, fairs, etc., and then to break them in, make them handy, balance them, and educate them into playing the game. This training was not only a pastime of itself but incidentally an education to the rider as well. We felt almost inclined to pity the millionaire who bought his ready-made polo ponies, since he could not know the satisfaction of using the instruments made by his own hands for the purpose.

The ponies themselves seem to enter truly into the game and really to enjoy it. My ponies were at all times pets and companions; indeed, my last two in India, handsome grey Arabs, were as tame as dogs, and used to go out for walks with me, running with me, stopping and turning as I did, and coming to hand when whistled for, as sensible and as jolly as could be. I had reason to judge of the keenness of ponies for the game when on one occasion I was racing with another player for the ball. As my pony was gradually

inch by inch passing his, it suddenly turned its head and, gripping hold of my fore-arm, dragged me off my mount and held me firmly, refusing to let go in spite of the efforts of its rider, and only a smashing blow on the nose caused it to relax its grip and release me. My arm was black and blue for a week afterwards.

Robert Watson, the gallant old father of our Senior Subaltern, whose fame still lives in Kildare, was playing polo when well over seventy years of age. I remember that we subalterns read with enthusiasm how, when the fine old veteran had a fall in the game and broke his leg, John Watson nearly killed himself in riding down the man who had done it. The amenities of polo in those days were not so polished as they are to-day.

The inter-regimental polo tournament is the great event of the year for all regiments in India, and on one occasion it was held at Meerut while my regiment was stationed there. All the teams visiting the place for the occasion naturally made use of our mess, and we formed a very large and happy family. On the night after the final tie had been decided, we had a grand dinner to signalise the event. The health of the winning team was drunk collectively and individually with all honours, and each member of it in turn tendered his thanks to the assembled company. Then the winning team proposed the health of the losers, and they naturally returned their thanks in a similar way, and proceeded to propose the toast of the runners-up, and so it went on during the greater part of the evening until every team in the place had had its health proposed, and speeches had been made without number, all harping on the one topic of polo.

When all was over and a sigh of relieve was going round, there suddenly sprang to his feet one of the members of the 4th Hussars' team, who said: "Now, gentlemen, you would probably like to hear me address you on the subject of polo!" It was Mr. Winston Churchill. Naturally there were cries of: "No, we don't! Sit down!" and so on, but disregarding all their objections, with a genial smile he proceeded to discourse on the subject, and before long all opposition dropped as his honied words flowed upon their ears, and in a short time he was hard at it expounding the beauties and the possibilities of this wonderful game. He proceeded to show how it was not merely the finest game in the world but the most noble and soul-inspiring contest in the whole universe, and having made his point he wound up with a peroration which brought us all cheering to our feet. When the cheering and applause had died down one in authority arose and gave voice to the feelings of all when he said: "Well, that is enough of Winston for this evening," and the orator was taken in hand by some lusty subalterns and placed underneath an overturned sofa upon which two of the heaviest were then seated, with order not to allow him out for the rest of the evening. But very soon afterwards he appeared emerging from beneath the angle of the arm of the sofa, explaining: "It is no use sitting upon me, for I'm india-rubber," and he popped up serenely and took his place once more in the world and the amusement that was going on around him. I have often remembered the incident on occasions since then when in politics or elsewhere he has given proof of his statement.

Other incidents followed on that cheerful evening, such as polo pony races over jumps made up of furniture round the billiard room, and a musical ride on camels in the ante-room, but none of them made such an impression on my memory as did the first great speech of the future First Lord.

India as a country has its attractions for almost every kind of visitor, whether from the point of history, romance, religion, soldiering, scenery, or ethnology, but I am sure that the point which appeals to every young Briton who goes there is the sport which can be obtained by the poor man in so very many different branches. There are big game and wild-fowl shooting, racing and polo, but

> The sport that beats them o'er and o'er
> Is that wherein we hunt the boar

To the uninitiated, the term "pigsticking" conveys a very poor idea of what it really is. If its nature were more generally known it would prove attractive to a wider circle of sportsmen. There is no doubt

that pigsticking as a sport far transcends any other. It is carried out by a party of three or four sportsmen mounted on horses and armed with spears, who ride down and fight with the wild boar of the country. The boar bears little resemblance to the "common or garden" pig of England, since he is a fine, upstanding, active and courageous wild beast. He can gallop as fast as a horse, and can jump anything that comes in his way. When he is tired of running, and sometimes before, he turns and comes for his pursuer, using his tushes with terrible force and accuracy on horse or man. The hunters in following him have all their work cut out to overtake him in the run. Therefore it becomes an exciting race with them to see who can reach him first and wound him with his spear. The honours of the run go to him who first succeeds in doing this. But it involves, in addition to galloping, much twisting and turning as the pig "jinks" to the right or left to evade his pursuer. There is a good deal of negotiating of obstacles, which, if not to compare with the fences of an English hunting country, are at any rate often formidable in their nature, giving one a chance of a heavy fall on ground which is harder than the average skull.

A race for first spear.

When the pig takes to fighting there is much for every one of the party to do in the way of spearing him, while saving his horse, and of backing up the other men and helping them out of dangerous predicaments. It is a rough, wild sport, with perhaps a taint of barbarism about it if examined critically and in the abstract. But in actual fact it is neither so cruel nor so one-sided as one might be apt to think. I have somewhere stated that it is a good sport because it pleases the majority of those involved in it. There is no doubt that it is the most exciting work that a man can go in for. At the same time the horse without a doubt enjoys it almost as much as the rider, and the pig, too, being endowed with a fighting and bloodthirsty nature as well as a particularly tough and unfeeling nervous system, seems to revel in the fight up to the bitter end.

I see in one of my letters to my mother in which I had dwelt on these points I wrote: "You may think it a cruel form of sport as you sit in your armchair at home, but I am perfectly certain that if you were riding with me here and saw one of these shaggy old devils coming at me you would be the first to cry: 'Stick him, Robert, stick him!"

Pigsticking and foxhunting are continually being compared, but there can really be no true comparison between them, an important difference being that in the one a man may hang away from the hunting and have his fun in the gallop and jumping, whereas in the other the whole of the fun lies in actually hunting the animal yourself. To shine as a pigsticker it is essential that a man should be able to kill his pig single-handed. There is a good deal of woodcraft required in the finding of the animal, and there is plenty of hard riding and keen sight and knowledge of the pig's ways to be exercised in following him unaided, and finally a certain amount of skill, quickness, and determination are required for spearing and attacking the fighting boar successfully. The fun and excitement to be got from this lone hunting is even better than that to be derived from hunting in company. Where you get a party of four men after a pig, all of whom

have gone through this apprenticeship, you are sure to have a ding-dong struggle for the honours of the run and a clean, merciful end for the boar.

The pace at which a boar can travel is to a stranger perhaps one of the most surprising points about him. The actual speed and its duration depend to a great extent on the breed and condition of the pig, the state of the ground, and how he is being hunted; but under general conditions a single rider will find it hard to beat him in pace for the first three-quarters of a mile, and if he should try saving his horse in the first burst, merely using sufficient speed to keep the boar in view, he will find that when he wants to overhaul him the pig has got his second wind and is quite prepared to go on for miles at a steady, lobbing canter.

The boar had a great reputation amongst the ancients for rugged, uncompromising courage. The story of Adonis being killed by a boar is said to be merely allegorical, as describing the beautiful summer being ended by rough winter, Adonis signifying the sun and the boar being typical of hard and stormy weather. Plutarch in writing of Sertorius describes how Attis, a Phrygian, and another man in Arcadia were killed by boars. Attis brought it on himself; he was a Phrygian shepherd who would keep singing songs in praise of the mother of the gods, and this wearied Jupiter to such an extent that he sent a boar along as being the most reliable agent to kill that Phrygian shepherd.

Topsell in his Natural History pays tribute to the boar thus: "*The swine*, being the discourse of this beast. Although the differing kings of it be not so many as in others, yet, because there are some things peculiar to the boar, therefore he deserveth a special story by himself."

The boar possesses the nastiest temper of any living animal. The moment he is put out by any little annoyance he is liable to use his tushes, usually in an indiscriminate manner. He will attack anything, from his youngest son to an elephant. When galloping after a "sounder" I have seen the boar running amongst his young family, pitching them right and left out of his way. As a rule, it is very hard to get elephants to face a pig in the jungle. They know the danger. On one occasion a particularly staunch elephant was employed in beating a jungle, and on finding a pig she stood her ground. The boar promptly attacked her, and she received such a severe cut in her leg that she could never be got to face a pig again. Camels, also, whose very appearance suffices to scare most animals, have on more than one occasion been the victims of savage onslaughts by boars.

Once in 1885, during a grand field-day in Delhi in the presence of all the foreign delegates, a boar suddenly appeared and charged the horses of a R.H.A. gun, throwing two of them down and effectually stopping the advance. The headquarter staff and the foreign officers, who were spectators of the deed, seized lances from their orderlies and, anxious to sustain the credit of their respective armies, dashed after the boar, who had cantered off in search of more guns to disable. His pursuers were too quick for him, however, and he was speedily put out of action amidst a chorus of *vivas*, *sacrés*, and *houplas*. The honours of the run were secured by Colonel Bushman, the Deputy Adjutant-General, who was a fanatical believer in "the queen of weapons," the lance.

Hans Breitmann tells how, when he was serving as a Uhlan during the Franco-Prussian War, pigs were constantly keeping the outposts on the qui vive. With his usual originality he accounted for the number of sows in the Ardennes in the following lines:

> And all dese schweinpig sauen,
> Vot you see a running round,
> Is a great metempsygosis
> Of the Fräntsche demi monde.

With his singular pluck and aggressiveness the wild boar is without doubt the King of the Jungle, not excepting such popular heroes as the lion or tiger or buffalo.

Mr. Inglis describes a pitched battle between a tiger and a boar, which he watched from a hiding hole near a pool, where the wild beasts came to water. "When the boar saw the tiger the latter roared. But," says Mr. Inglis, "the old boar did not seem to mind the roar so very much as might have been anticipated. He actually repeated his 'hoo! hoo!' only in a, if possible, more aggressive, insulting, and defiant manner. Nay, more, such was his temerity that he actually advanced with a short, sharp rush in the direction of the striped intruder. Intently peering through the indistinct light, we eagerly watched the development of this strange rencontre. The tiger was now crouching low, crawling stealthily round and round the boar, who changed front with every movement of his lithe and sinewy adversary, keeping his determined head and sharp, deadly tusks ever facing his stealthy and treacherous foe. The bristles of the boar's back were up at a right angle from the strong spine. The wedge-shaped head, poised on the strong neck and thick rampart of muscular shoulder, was bent low, and the whole attitude of the body betokened full alertness and angry resoluteness. In their circlings the two brutes were now nearer to each other and nearer to us, and thus we could mark every movement with greater precision. The tiger was now growling and showing his teeth; and all this, that takes such time to tell, was but the work of a few short minutes. Crouching now still lower, and gathering his sinewy limbs beneath his lithe, lean body, he suddenly startled the stillness with a loud roar, and quick as lightning sprang upon the boar. For a brief minute the struggle was thrilling in its intense excitement. With one swift, dexterous sweep of the strong, ready paw, the tiger fetched the boar a terrific slap right across the jaw, which made the strong beast reel; but with a hoarse grunt of resolute defiance, with two or three sharp digs of the strong head and neck, and swift cutting blows of the cruel, gashing tusks, he seemed to make a hole or two in the tiger's coat, marking it with more stripes than Nature had ever painted there; and presently both combatants were streaming with gore. The tremendous buffet of the sharp claws had torn flesh and skin away from off the boar's cheek and forehead, leaving a great ugly flap hanging over his face and half blinding him. The pig was now on his mettle. With another hoarse grunt, he made straight for the tiger, who very dexterously eluded the charge, and, lithe and quick as a cat after a mouse, doubled back, inserting his teeth above the shoulders, tearing with his claws, and biting out great mouthfuls of flesh from the quivering carcase of his maddened antagonist. He seemed now to be having all the best of it, so much so that the boar discreetly stumbled and fell forward, whether by accident or design I know not, but the effect was to bring the tiger clean over his head, sprawling clumsily on the ground. I almost shouted: 'Aha, now you have him!' for the tables were turned. Getting his forefeet on the tiger's prostrate carcase, the boar now gave two or three short, ripping gashes with the strong white tusks, almost disembowelling his foe, and then, exhausted seemingly by the effort, apparently giddy and sick, he staggered aside and lay down panting and champing his tushes, but still defiant, with his head to the foe. But the tiger, too, was sick — yea, sick unto death. The blood-letting had been too much for him. And now, thinking that it was time for the interference of a third party, I let the two mutually disabled combatants have the contents of both my barrels, and we had the satisfaction presently of seeing the struggling limbs grow still, and knew that both were ours."

Lying by a water-hole on a moonlight night one sees the deer come timidly down, with their ears pricking and turning to catch the slightest sound and their delicate nostrils sniffing the breeze in every direction. It is a time of much hesitation with them in approaching the water, and when they get there they only sip in a nervous, hasty manner, ready to dart away at the slightest alarm. Jackals, though far more cheeky, are none the less fearfully shy, and are constantly on the alert for danger, and the leopard carries out all his movements with a creeping stealth and a watchful looking round as though he had someone on his trail all the time. The only animal who cares for nothing is the old boar; he comes swaggering down the path and all others slink out of his way and leave the water when he comes to drink. This he does in an offensively hearty way. If an alarm is sounded, he merely looks up and bristles all over, angry and eager for the fray, where others would dart or sneak away. It is a well ascertained fact that, of all animals, the boar does not fear to drink at the same pool with a tiger; nay, a case is on record of his having taken his drink with a tiger on each side of him.

One night I was fortunate in seeing a whole party of pigs come down to drink. Loitering about near the water, they rooted up the ground and occasionally nudged each other with their tushes. They were of all kinds, young and old. Presently two young boars got quarrelling with each other and made a desperate rush together, cutting at each other with their budding tushes. Those around them immediately suspended their rooting operations, and stood in a sort of semi-circle watching while the two combatants set to, for all the world like a couple of boys boxing before their elders. It was quite a little fight, and they went at it with the greatest energy and rage, each trying to gouge out the other's eyes, or to gash him in the neck. They could not do each other very much real damage, but before long their heads and throats were glistening in the moonlight with trickles of blood, which their little razor-like tushes managed to draw from frequent cuts and scratches. That is the upbringing of a young boar.

Knocked out.

On one occasion in my experience, a sportsman, fresh from England, was sitting quietly on his mare outside the cover during a beat (of course taking no pains to conceal himself), looking with rather a contemptuous eye on all the preparations for killing a miserable pig, when an old boar looking out from the bushes spied him and without thinking twice about it went straight for him. The sportsman gaily advanced at a canter to meet him, in spite of all his companions' advice not to head him. The boar, however, had no intention himself of being headed, and putting on an extra spurt charged straight for the mare's forelegs and knocked them clean from under her; the fall that followed was "imperial," and the sportsman, who had pitched on his head, only came to his senses some twenty minutes later, with quite fresh opinions about the Indian boar.

Another time a boar, hearing the coolies beating through the jungle towards his haunt, looked out to see if the coast were clear for a bolt across the open. Nothing was to be seen except one native gentleman stepping along the high road nearly half a mile away. Still, this was not to the boar's taste, so he went straight for the wretched man and gave him one gash that floored him with his thigh laid open, and then went on his way rejoicing.

Major Gough (better know as "Goffy") avers that a boar once charged him for three miles (more or less)! He saw the brute come as a mere speck over the distant horizon; it came on and on, nearer and nearer, faster and faster, until it rushed right on his levelled spear.

Major Hogg writes: "I remember on one occasion the beaters paused on the brink of a large nullah covered with bushes and grass, and pointed out to me a dark object rather more than a hundred yards off, which they said was a boar and which they were afraid of. On riding up to about sixty yards the boar sat up on its haunches like a dog, and when we were within thirty yards he charged as straight as an arrow

and as hard as he could. He was, of course, checked by a spear, but owing to the thick cover we took half an hour to kill him, and not before he had ripped three horses.

"On another occasion I was riding alone after a boar which had taken the beaters three hours to dislodge from a steep hill covered with jungle. When he found I was gaining on him, and when I was still about fifty yards from him, he stopped short, wheeled round and charged. I speared him through the back and forced him on to his knees, but he broke my horse's off hind fetlock with his tusk. He then got one of the Shikaris down and nearly killed him, ripping him in five places, and cutting an artery in his arm before I could get up and spear him on foot."

It took half an hour to kill him.

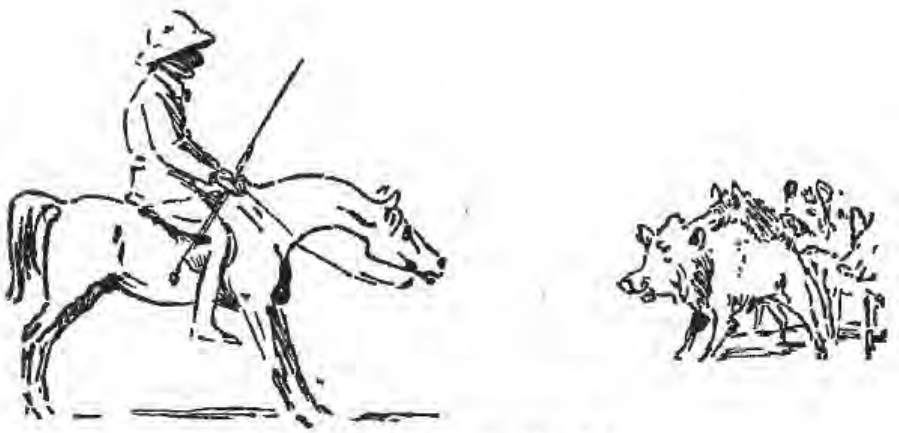
Sir Samuel Baker, who had as much experience as most people of wild boar hunting in Europe, Asia, and Africa, has also shown his high opinion of the animal in his writings. He maintains that most wild animals are not inclined to attack a man unless wounded or provoked. "The buffalo," he says, "is a stubborn and powerful antagonist, but, for a really firm and determined fighter who does battle for the love of the thing, the boar stands foremost among all animals. There is an immense amount of character in the pig. Not only is it a fierce antagonist, but it is a clever and thoughtful creature. It is all very well to quote the term 'pig-headedness,' but there is a meaning in the name which commands respect. A pig knows its own mind, which is more than many human beings do. When it has made up its mind it acts without any trace of hesitation, and in this respect it sets a bright example to many of our generals and so-called statesmen."

The above was written many years ago, before "Wait and See" was the British policy, and before I was a General, so the allusions are evidently not intended to be personal. When Sir Samuel Baker was at Khartoum he stayed with the Vice-Consul, Mr. Petherick, who had quite a menagerie of animals on his premises. In a walled enclosure he kept two very large wild boars. One night one of these managed to get out, and, finding one of Sir Samuel's men asleep on his mat, he attacked him and gashed him so badly that for many weeks afterwards he lay helpless. "A few days after this occurrence," writes Sir Samuel, "I was sitting with Lady Baker in a large covered rakouba, or raised square, ascended by a broad flight of steps, when I heard a great noise in the farther end of the courtyard, and I saw the bricks falling from the top of the wall, showing that the boars were once more breaking out. Before the men had time to interfere the larger boar had effected a breach and made it appearance in the courtyard. The people immediately retreated under shelter, but the brute, having surveyed the scene, perceived us sitting above the flight of steps. Without a moment's hesitation it charged at full speed across the yard from a distance of about sixty paces. The rakouba was about fifteen feet square, and, as we had lately arrived from Abyssinia,

there were numerous trophies of the chase arranged about the pavement. Among these were many horns of rhinoceros. Fortunately a long horn weighing about ten pounds was close at hand. This I immediately seized with both hands, and was just in time, when the boar was halfway up the steps, to hurl it with all my strength. It was a lucky shot, the heavy horn struck exactly between the eyes on the forehead and knocked our assailant down the steps, at the bottom of which he lay, kicking convulsively but thoroughly stunned and unconscious. My men now rushed forward and we secured the fore and hind legs with ropes, and dragged the beast to a neighbouring stall and locked it in. When the door was cautiously opened next morning, my men, who were prepared for an attack, found the boar dead. I was rather proud of my shot on this occasion, as I seldom throw a stone at an enemy without hitting a friend by mistake. Some persons are good at one sport, some at another, but throwing a stone to hit was never my pride, as I have generally failed in performance. But this boar was within five feet, which is just about my distance for accuracy."

It would probably be something of a shock to the professional pigsticker to see Tommy Atkins joining in the fun, armed only with a sabre. I remember that there appeared in regimental orders one evening a notice that the regiment was to parade on the following morning at daybreak, mounted, with full water-bottles and ten rounds of blank ammunition per man. Rations were to go by cart, and "officers and troop sergeant –majors may carry hog-spears in place of swords." A unique and eventful day resulted.

The jungle, a large tract of heavy grass and jhow (tamarisk) bush, was attacked with all military precaution and completeness. The regiment proceeded through it in line at half-open files; patrols of four officers each were posted or moved well in advance of the line, so that when a boar was scared by the noise of the approaching line, the nearest patrol would ride after him and endeavour to bring him to account.



"Oh lor ! What's this ? "

The operation was so successful that in a short time each of the parties was away after its own particular boar. Pigs were still seen, however, running away ahead of the line with no one to hunt them. The Colonel, who had hitherto been directing operations, gave the order for the N.C.O.'s to take patrols of men with them and see what they could do with their sabres against the pigs, and parties went scouring across the country with the utmost enthusiasm and delight.

They galloped her, they galloped there,
They fought, they swore, they sweated.

To this day I can hear ringing in my ears the strident commands of Sergeant Fray to his squad: "Here he goes! Right wheel, you beggars — RIGHT WHEEL!"

When the "Rally" sounded, the bag, beyond those killed by the spear parties, was not a large one; still, that night the babel in the bivouac was almost ludicrous. Every man wanted to tell the tale of his own adventures with the Indian pig: one how his troop-mare, C. 16, had turned her tail upon the foe, and with her iron-shod heels had sent his front teeth rattling down his throat; another strove to tell how he had stood the attack of "not only one, but four bloomin' swine, all of a go," and how single-handed he had beaten them all off. There were some fine lies swopped that night, and for months afterwards that was the day of days in the regiment, for every man had been given an opportunity of going for a pig.

CHAPTER IV

THE KING OF THE JUNGLE

The Boar's Quickness — His Tushes — A Remarkable Courage — The Duke of Connaught's Adventure — An Enthusiastic Ally — My First Adventure with Pig — A Humiliating Discovery — A Typical Run — The Kadir Cup Won for Me — The Pinner Pinned — A Lucky Misadventure — Pigsticking on Foot

ONE of the traits of the boar that usually strikes the beginner is his apparent ability to be at one moment some yards away and the next right under your horse; and another is the power and accuracy with which, by a rapid twist of his head, he inflicts his murderous gash. This quickness and handiness with his tushes is learned and practised from his earliest youth, and is brought into use in his fights with rivals as he grows older.

Boars do no, as many people think, use their upper tushes in cutting an enemy. These are too blunt and thick for that purpose and merely exist to sharpen and protect the lower tushes. A very old boar with perfect upper tushes, but whose lower ones were broken off, once got beneath my horse and, although he marked him with streaks of foam from his jaws, he failed to inflict the slightest scratch. Another old boar, who had both his lower tushes in good condition, but one of the upper ones broken off and the other very blunt, was pursuing his angry way across a field, having twice been speared, when he saw two natives at work. He charged on and inflicted several severe wounds. The other, coming to the assistance of his comrade, was also laid out flat on his back, and the boar lay on him and proceeded to dig at his chest with his tushes. The man seized the boar's lower jaw with both hands and partially held it from him until he was rescued. In spite of his, however, he was more or less badly gashed in fifteen places.

The courage of the pig is at no time better shown than when he is disabled by wounds and unable to run further. He stops to fight his way to some cover, where he may stand at bay. With feet planted wide apart and head lowered, he stands clashing his tushes together, he restless little bloodshot eyes watching every movement of his foes. At the nearer approach of one he rushes out and charges with an unexpected vigour; then he will trot back to his old position and watch and wait. If a rider try to come up behind him, he will be round and on him in the twinkling of an eye. He never seems to lose heart and always keeps his head. He will throw himself time after time on to the spears with reckless courage, and even when being held off by a spear through the body he will endeavour to work himself up the shaft to get within cutting distance of horse or hunter. Wounds that would at least disable any other animal seem to have little effect upon him. Even with a splintered skull he has been known to charge with undiminished vigour.

The man seized the boar's lower jaw with both hands.

Once when hunting with the Delhi Tent Club the Duke of Connaught had an exciting adventure. A pig had been started in a very difficult bit of country. As Lord Downe came up with him he turned and, in spite of being smartly speared, inflicting a frightful gash upon the horse's hock. The next to come up was Dr. Kavanagh, who was charged in his turn but was successful in checking the boar with a point in the head; but the spear was driven in so deeply that it was wrenched from its owner's hand and remained sticking out of the boar's skull. In spite of this the valiant fellow again started for the jungle. At this moment the Duke came up and speared him with such effect that he seemed to relinquish all idea of flight and, having got rid of the spear in his head, set about charging his enemies. One of the party he unhorsed, another he pursued for some distance, and eventually, after a good tussle, was killed on foot, the Duke giving him is *coup de grâce.*

It is in the last stages of the hunt, when driven to bay, that the boar shows to the fullest extent that stubborn courage and reckless fierceness so characteristic of him, and which give him first place among animals of the chase. It is impossible not to feel pity as well as admiration for such a plucky beast.

M. Levesque says: "J'ai beaucoup frequenté les sangliers, et, parmi no animaux sauvages, je n'en connais aucun que je trouvé aussi estimable. C'est un brave, un chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, qui se bat courageusement jusqu'à la fin, et meurt comme un héros."

The attraction of sticking this "hero" exists not only in the sporting risks, but also in the spirit of camaraderie that is engendered between horse and rider. If you watch a seasoned pigsticker at the cover side you will immediately recognise the sporting spirit that inspires him. I picture to myself the brown Waler mare whose well-loved form I shall never forget; the way she would get to cover, larking and playing about, pretending to imagine a boar in every bush, snatching at her bit as if the hard-baked soil before her were nothing but an expanse of soft turf, jigging and squirming as she goes along, with mischievous enjoyment at the effect of these antics upon her rider, who, however great his popularity at last night's mess table, is little better than a worm at five a.m. on a hot morning.

Once posted outside the covert, he whole demeanour changes; she restrains her ebullitions of gaiety, and, as the distant cries of the beaters in the jungle strike her ear, she becomes motionless as a statue,

while a slight tremor of her limbs and a quick, eager glancing of the eye from point to point, betray her readiness for the fray. As a jackal hitches by with drooping brush, or a peacock scuttles in undignified haste across the open before the din of the beaters, her ears prick and her head goes up for a momentary scrutiny of the fugitive, and at once returns to its position of watchfulness. At length a sudden quick throbbing of the heart, a jerk up of the head, with ears flung forward, warn the rider that a pig is afoot, and in a few moments more she is bounding away in pursuit, almost regardless of her rider's wishes in the first mad rush of her joy.

Her keen and evident determination to beat the other contestants for the "first spear" would almost lead one to think she was throwing every ounce of her energy into the opening burst, did we not know from experience that she will retain a small reserve in hand for the final rush up to the pig at the critical moment.

On a "jink," although the reins may be loose upon her neck, she will fling around endeavouring to emulate the quickness of the pig in turning. When the quarry "shoots" himself, as none but a pig can, over a mud wall, she flies the fence cleanly with just sufficient impetus to clear a hidden ditch or danger on the other side. She is always on the alert for an ugly hole or yawning nullah, into which she will drop and spring out again on the other side.

Once when dashing across an open plain of grass the pig suddenly disappeared and a moment later a wide, steep-sided kunkur hole lay beneath the mare's nose. It was equally impossible for her to stop or to clear it, so she quietly dropped into it, knowing that the boar was unable to get out and had to be tackled there — and we fought our battle out in the pit and won it.

When the time arrives for fighting and receiving the charges of the boar, the mare sets to work temperately and coolly, obeying every touch of her rider's hand and leg, yet at the same time exercising her own wits when a sudden leap or turn will land her clear of an ugly rush from the foe.

With such an ally as this, success in the pigsticking field is assured to the hunter.

One's first impressions generally remain clear, and though I have hunted many a pig in my time the incidents of my first run remain strong in my memory. It took place within a few miles of Muttra. A number of my brother officers had gone out to the meet and I, being occupied with some work in barracks, followed a little later. Coming in sight of them across the plains, I was making my way towards them when a huge pig jumped up out of the grass and went away in front of me. I tally-ho'd him away and followed like blazes after him, and two more of my comrades, answering to the cry, came tearing after me. We ran the pig for a long way as hard as we could go, and at last Blagrove pressing to the front got his spear well into him, and soon after McLaren got another chance at him which brought him to bay, and he was soon polished off between us. But we found to our dismay that he was a "she," but very like a boar owing to her crest, grey colour, and tushes. It is a very common thing to find an old barren sow with tushes, and consequently she is easily mistaken for a boar. But it was rather disappointing to find one's first attempt thus made somewhat ridiculous. In India it is as bad to kill a sow as in England it is to shoot a fox. Before long we sighted another pig, and this time a genuine boar without a mistake. As it was my first time out I hung back a little in order to learn from the others how to do it. As we tore along after the pig, which was some way off, and were going as hard as our horses could lay legs to the ground, "Papa" (Braithwaite) who was leading went suddenly head over heels, horse and all! He had tumbled over a huge boar that was lying hidden in the grass. Horse and man picked themselves up quickly, and in a few moments we were all away after this new quarry. For two miles we ran him before he was brought to bay, but being beginners we did not play the game very well, and before long three of us had plunged our spears into him and had let go, and there he was with three spears sticking in him like pins in a pin-cushion, charging anyone who came near.

At last one of our fellows dismounted, and as the boar charged him he received him on the point of his lance and so killed him.

Here is a typical run taken from one of my letters of the time:

"I was pigsticking with Cruikshank the other day and we had about one hundred coolies beating through high crops for pig. We had gone a long time without seeing any, till at last a man working in an open field which was surrounded by fields of thick eight-feet high crops, shouted to us that two fine pigs had crossed a corner of his field about a quarter of an hour previously. So we went to the corner and found their tracks. They were those of a good boar and a very big sow, which had been going lame. We then started to track them and for over a mile we followed up the trail through thick crops over some hard open ground, through long grass and through some water, till they led into a thick crop standing out in the open. I circled round the field, and finding no signs of their having gone out on the far side I took up the tracking again and followed the pigs into their lair in the centre of the crop while Cruikshank kept watch at a corner of the field. The boar when disturbed left the cover within ten yards of my pal, and away he went after him and I followed with a very bad start.

"I was riding 'Budderoo,' who was the sort of horse who invariably puts his forefeet into the middle of any hole or ditch that he may come across, and consequently comes head over heels every time. However, I had got into his ways and whenever we approached a small obstacle I used to ram him at it and give him the spurs as if it were something very big, and then he cleared it like a bird. After running about three quarters of a mile the pig got into a large field of Indian corn, and kept twisting and turning about in this, trying to elude me. At last I saw a good chance at him as he was going straight for a short distance. I shoved 'Budderoo' along as hard as I could where I saw the pig was by the waving of the crop, when crash! bang! We came on a little mud bank, not two feet high in the middle of the crop, and over we went a clean somersault. I was on my feet before the horse was on his, and kicked him up on to his legs again.

"When I mounted I saw that Cruikshank was still hustling the pig at the far end of the field, and just as I came near him, I heard a sudden angry 'gruff, gruff,' close to me and there was a big pig right under me! I dropped the point of my spear into his back in the nick of time to save my horse, and sent it right through him, killing him dead. And then I found that after all it was the big lame sow, and not the boar, who at almost the same moment appeared breaking away over the open and making for some awfully broken raviney ground. What a yell we gave, and what a race we had to see who could get him first! At it we went, hammer and tongs, both horses doing their utmost; but finally 'Buderroo' dropped astern and old Grex ranged up alongside the boar and gave him one which astonished him. For a moment he stopped thunderstruck, and then, with his ears pricked and bristles on end, he came at me 'like a thousand of bricks,' but only got another stab for his pains. He then plunged into a crop of millet standing about twelve feet high, and very thick. Into this my horse followed him beautifully, crashing blindly through the vegetation, till we suddenly came upon him at bay in a small opening. The moment he saw me he charged at me with a sort of roar of rage. But I got him though the back and pinned him to the ground, and we very soon finished him off."

On another occasion my friend and I, hunting in a very thickly bushed country, got on to a splendid boar. Between us we pressed him and pushed him along at a great pace through the bushes, and more by luck than good management we succeeded in keeping in touch with him until finally, disgusted with our attentions, he turned and charged me. My spear went well into his back, but he passed right under my horse, breaking the spear in doing so and carrying it off, still sticking in his ribs. Then he turned on my friend and charged him, but the horse he was riding being strange to the game did not like the looks of the infuriated monster coming at him with what appeared to be a big club swaying in front of him, and he very naturally turned tail and bolted before the apparition. Sever times his rider tried to bring him to face the pig, but it was no use, so he gave me his spear and I went again at the brute and he promptly turned and charged me all right. I made a good thrust at his shoulder, but the spear glanced off without effect, so I quickly turned, and following him up gave him another on the top of his back between the shoulders, again without success. The spear was as blunt as a lump of lead and would make no impression on his tough hide. It was difficult to know what to do with one spear gone, the other useless, and only one horse capable of facing the animal.

However, he ran into a thick isolated patch of bush and there stopped to see what we should do. We took counsel and agreed to leave him there while we retired to camp and furnished ourselves afresh with spears and horses. We called up to the beaters, who by this time were not far away, and made them form a cordon round the cover to prevent his coming out. Then we galloped back to the camp a mile distant and re-armed ourselves. On our return, we found that things had been happening. The boar had come out and had charged my shikari, who, however, was an old hand, and, as the boar came at him, he not only jumped to one side but managed to grasp the broken shaft of the spear as the boar ran by and dragged it from him. The pig then went for an old coolie beater, and sent him flying head over heels backwards with a terrible gash on his thigh, and having contented himself with this display of temper he had turned and taken refuge again in the clump of bush. Our first care was for the wounded native who looked like bleeding to death. So we rigged up an impromptu tourniquet and stopped the bleeding, then readjusted the flap of thigh where the tight-bone was exposed and stitched it in place with half a dozen stitches, after carefully washing out the wound. We bound the whole thing up in as businesslike a way as possible under the circumstances and sent the old boy off on a bedstead to the neighbouring village, and I am glad to say the old chap recovered in spite of our ministrations. Then we mounted and got to work again on the pig.

There was no driving him out of his refuge, partly because he found it safe and undisturbed and partly because the beaters were not quite so bold as they had been, owing to this casualty among their number, and they very readily adopted our suggestion of setting fire to the bush on its windward side instead of beating into it. This very soon had the desired effect, and the old boar came bounding out apparently as fresh as ever, and if anything a little more savage. We were after him in a trice, but so soon as he found he was being hunted he turned upon us and came at us bristling with rage, but it brought about his end, for with fresh horses and sharp spears we quickly settled the business.

I once had the luck to get the Kadir Cup, very much to my surprise and delight. In fact, I could hardly believe it for a long time afterwards. It is the Pigsticking Challenge Cup for the long spear in North India. There were fifty-four horses running for it. The whole field were divided by lot into parties of four. Then each of these parties had an umpire to look after it. Each umpire took his party about in the jungle, and when he saw a pig he told the party to ride. The moment the word "Ride!" was given, away they all went and the man who first speared the pig won the heat. There were fourteen parties in the first round and I rode in three different parties because I had three horses entered. I was lucky enough to win the first round in each of my three. Then all the winners of the first round, fourteen of them, were divided into four parties again, so I had a horse running in three of them.

The four winners in this round were then to contest together for the Cup. "Squeers" was the first horse of mine that I rode in this round. I got up to the pig first, made a lunge at him and missed, and the spear catching in some grass was twisted out of my hand and the next chap came up and stuck the pig. So I lost that heat. But I won both my others with "Patience" and "Hagarene." So out of the four horses competing in the final for the Cup two were mine. As I could not ride two at once Ding MacDougal rode "patience" and I rode "Hagarene."

Such excitement! There were twenty elephants with onlookers, fellows up in trees and others riding their horses to see the fun. Away went a great boar! "Ride!" At the word away we went too. "Hagarene" soon got away from the rest, as she was tremendously fast and keen. The pig dashed across open ground into a very thick, coarse jungle, but I was pretty close to him and could just see him every now and then through the great tussocks of grass six feet high. "Hagarene" bounded through them; then across twenty yards of open ground, and another patch of jungle thicker than the other and steeply banked. Down we went — no, we didn't, though very nearly! One of the grass tussocks had a solid pillar of hard earth concealed in it which the mare struck with her chest, but she managed to recover herself. Now we were close on to him, and I got the spear ready to reach out and stick him.

At that moment a green sort of hedge appeared in front and almost as the pig disappeared through it "Hagarene" leapt over it, and there, ten feet below us, was the shining surface of the river! The pig went

plump in under water and "Hagarene" and I did the same, almost on top of him. Right down we went under water to any depth; a deal of struggling, striking out, swimming in heavy clothes, hanging on to weeds, etc. At last I emerged on the far bank and saw "Hagarene" clambering out too and away she went full split for camp. I could just see the pig skulking away back where he had entered the water among some reeds, and as the other men came up to the hedge and looked over I pointed out the pig, and away they went. MacDougal got first to him, speared him and so won the Cup for me.

I looked a funny object.

I looked a funny object when all the other fellows came up to congratulate me. There I was covered with mud and water and garlanded with green weeds, but still the happiest man among them!

Another year I entered once more for the Kadir Cup Competition and was lucky in getting into the semi-final tie for the cup. In my heat there were three competitors and curiously enough the other two were also in my regiment. We were started after a pig and early in the run one of them fell, and his horse being lame he was unable to go, so that it lay between the other one and myself. It was a hard, ding-dong race, neck and neck between us for a long way, but neither of us could get ahead and the pig managed to keep on just out of reach of both of us. At last he was showing signs of getting tired and we were creeping up to him, each eager to get first spear, when suddenly my companion's horse put his foot in a hole and rolled head over heels with him and I was left with the tired pig just in front of me with nothing to do but to go on and stick him and win the heat. But on giving a parting glance at my companion I saw that he was lying badly knocked out with his head close to his horse's hind beet, and it looked to me as if the first kick which the horse gave in its struggle to get on to its feet would probably knock his brains out: so I sprang off my horse and went to his assistance and so lost my chance of the boar. The umpire gave us half an hour for the fallen runner to recover, then we mounted again and another boar having been found we two were started after him. My rival got away with a good start and slipped steadily away from me, overtook and speared the pig in right good style and so beat me. But I was not altogether sorry, as having won the Cup before it was just as well that another should win it now, so long as it came to the regiment.

On my return to India after some years of absence I was a little anxious, when it came to pigsticking, as to whether my nerve still held good, for if once you are apprehensive about the ground that you are travelling over and begin to think how you will pick your way, your doom as a pig-sticker is sealed. The only way to hunt a boar is to keep your eye on *him* and not on the ground, and to trust to your horse to do the rest.

The night before the meet I could hardly sleep for anxiety, and was thinking much about it again while waiting for a pig to break. But the moment his dusky form appeared lolloping away through the long yellow grass, all these anxieties disappeared. I forgot everything except that the pig was before me, and had a howling good run. The pig after being wounded took to a belt of jungle, and fearing lest he should run through it without stopping I galloped round the far side to view him coming out. However, he did not come out and we knew that he must be lying "doggo" inside.

We reformed our party outside while the beaters were put through the jungle in line to drive him out. They came right through but no sign of the pig. Feeling sure that he was still in there we turned the beaters about and sent them through a second time. Still no pig! Certain that he was still there I dismounted and went in with the beaters myself, spear in hand. I was in the centre of the line and, when we reached the middle of the jungle, I noticed that the beaters on either side of me began to edge away outwards, and I guessed therefrom that they knew pretty well where the boar was to be found. He did not require much finding, for without any warning he suddenly charged me out of a bush. I had my spear lowered just in time to receive him, and the point went deep into his chest, but his enormous weight and impetus threw my over backward, and I lay on my back, still clutching the spear and just able to hold him off at a sufficient distance by a few inches to prevent him from slitting me open. The natives, stout fellows, immediately raised a howl: "The Colonel is killed!" and proceeded to leave the jungle as rapidly as possible, but I was quickly relieved from my position by my companions running in on foot with their spears and polishing off the boar as he stood over me.

I lay on my back, still clutching the spear.

Then they asked me: "Is this the way you always finish pig, taking him on foot?" and in order to give colour to my action I had to say: "Of course, it is the only way." The worst of it was that after this I had to live up to my reputation, and whenever we got a pig badly wounded or going to bay in a different

place, we had to jump off and tackle him on foot. But we soon got not only reconciled to it but desperately keen on this addition to the ordinary excitement of a pigsticking run.

As regards killing wild boar on foot one might well take a lesson from the natives of some of the islands in the South Pacific. One of their most prized ornaments for neck wear are the curved tushes of wild boars. These animals they hunt down through the thick bush with dogs and beaters, and it is the custom for the best hunters amongst them to stand in the pathways of the bush and meet the boar single-handed, armed only with a short sword, with which they stab them in the back as they charge. A well-delivered thrust aimed into the right spot, viz., the spine between the shoulders, will drop the boar dead on the spot, just as it does cattle in the cattle yards of Fray Bentos in South America. But if the sportsman miss his stroke he is absolutely certain to be overthrown by the rush of the heavy animal and probably gashed to death in the stomach or thigh by its keen tushes.

A recent account by Lewis Freeman gives a graphic description of this exciting form of sport. He tells how the native in waiting for the charge plants his feet firmly in the ground, scraping a shallow depression in the soil to give the toes a firm hold on the earth. "As the boar charges the right foot is advanced half a pace, and the left leg straightened into a brace, the right arm holding the cutlass is dropped into the back between the shoulder-blade and the first rib, and the blade and handle of the knife are buried up top the wrist of the arm that drives it, and the charging animal crumples up into an inert mass without uttering a sound." But it needs a cool and confident man to do the trick.

I could go on for the rest of the book on the subject of pigsticking, but I will be merciful. Those who wish for more on the subject will find it all in the recent fascinating volume by Major A. E. Wardrop, R.H.A., *Modern Pigsticking.*

CHAPTER V

LIFE IN THE PLAINS

A Soldier's Holiday — The Tragedy of my Lunch — Summary Vengeance — The Forgotten Sentry — The Death of Jock — An Unlucky Day — The Land of Practical Jokes — Milk for Rosie — The Call of Christmas — Sir Baker Russell and the Mules — The Duke of Connaught in India — His First Pigsticking Adventure — Swimming Rivers — A Dodge to Obtain Prestige — The German Emperor Amused — No Rations in Eternity — Our Methods in India — The Joys of the Cavalry Brigadier — A Lost Station — I Disturb the Colonel — Snipe and Gin — Lemon Pudding and Mustard — A Stolen Bicycle — Wunhi's Tea-House — Regimental Friendships

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has assured us that "single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints," which is quite true. It is equally true that they do not degenerate into idlers, and never was this so true as to-day. The soldier's day begins early and it is a peculiarly arduous one. In a letter to my mother, written from the Plains, and which she has preserved, as only mothers can preserve every scrap and line their unworthy male progeny send them, I describe a day's work soldiering in India. I wrote:

"Food is somewhat of a difficulty here in Quetta, especially luxuries. To-day is a holiday in India, Thursday is always a holiday for the troops, and to-day is Thursday, therefore to-day is a holiday. I will just tell you how I spent my holiday. First, let me say that, as to-day is a holiday, I had ordered to be prepared at my house for lunch a cake, a tin of biscuits, and a bottle of raspberry vinegar, the only luxuries that can be obtained here. Well, although the day is a holiday, I had to be up at 5 for a musketry

parade which lasted until 6.45. After that breakfast at 7, then orderly room from 8 to 8.30, then ball-firing on the range, two miles away, from 8.30 to 12. Then home to the much desired cake, biscuits and raspberry vinegar: after which there would be rest until two, when I had to give a musketry lecture, followed by an hour's drill, after which I got to the races, then dinner, then the regimental theatre and possibly supper, and so to bed to be ready for next morning's parade at 5 a.m. and a day that is *not* a holiday. To revert, however, to those biscuits, cake, and raspberry vinegar. I had happened to remark to someone what a lunch I was going to treat myself to after my labours of the morning, so when I struggled into my hovel shortly after noon, worn-out and fasting, what was the sight that met my aching eyes? On my bed lay Jock and a young friend named Beetle fast asleep, both of them with very full tummies, and mixed up with them, also fast asleep with distended tummy, lay the Boy, who lives in the next hovel to me and is the owner of Beetle. My box of biscuits lay empty on the floor, also the raspberry vinegar bottle. Some crumbs in the plate showed where the cake had been.

"Of course I had a bucket of water over the trio in about a minute, but it didn't bring me back my mixed biscuits, cake, and raspberry vinegar; and only made my bed uninhabitable. However, the Boy is on duty to-morrow and I have seen grapes and melons going to his hovel. I don't order any lunch for myself to-morrow; you can imagine what I mean to do."

Such are the little attentions that one gets from his "comrades in arms," during the time he is absent upon the business of Empire! We were always on our guard against each other, as few opportunities of scoring off a pal were allowed to pass by. One night after turning in I was awfully thirsty and there was no water in my bottle, so I sent my man into the next-door hovel to ask the Boy for some. He promptly sent me back a glassful, thinking that I should drink it off in the dark; but as I held it up to the light I saw about two inches of castor-oil floating on the top. Of course at that I had to turn out of bed and go and give him a good walloping.

History sometimes repeats itself. An instance of this occurred at Jullundur.

We were the guests of the Devonshire Regiment, who were stationed there, and personally I was specially looked after by a subaltern — one Harris. That was in 1881. Eighteen years passed and in 1899 I marched through Jullundur again with my regiment, camping, there for a night. Again we found the Devonshire Regiment there and again Harris looked after me. They had been to many places in the interval, but at first glance it seemed a parallel case to that of the officer in Crete who was in command of the guard at the Customs House when the Allied Powers took over the island. A British guard came on duty in place of the Turkish one. The Turkish officer in command welcomed the relief with joy. He explained that fifteen years before he had gone on guard, expecting to be relieved in twenty-four hours; but apparently his existence had been forgotten at headquarters, and he had remained there ever since — and he was still a sub-lieutenant.

One evening Jock went out for a stroll with our doctor, but disappeared just before he got back to camp. He was absent all night and next morning we found him about half a mile from camp with a nasty wound in his shoulder, evidently a stab. The wound was dressed and did not seem to hurt him very much; indeed that evening he came to a nigger entertainment that we were giving and played with the different performers and attacked me with the greatest fury every time I touched my tambourine, to the great delight of the audience. But next morning he could not eat, and kept drinking water every minute. Then his lower jaw got paralysed and we had to pour soup down his throat. He rode on one of my carts on the march, but was so weak that he could hardly stand, then his hind-quarters got paralysed and he was in such pain, and the vet. said he could not recover, so I had him shot.

That day was a curiously unlucky one for my troop. One of the men, our best runner, dropped down dead while we were striking the tents, and we had to take him along in the squadron cart, and at the end of the march I had to bury him and read the service over him. Then a horse in my troops was seized with inflammation and died, also a baggage pony died suddenly, as well as a camel. The odd thing was that

the next day another man not belonging to the regiment but marching with the troop dropped down dead with a burst blood-vessel. All this coupled with Jock's death made the twenty-four hours rather tragic.

India is the land of practical jokes, and taking advantage of my simple nature people were always playing off their silly practices on me. As an instance, while at Meerut we instituted in the regimental lines a first-class dairy for supplying the men with good milk instead of the infected stuff they were liable to get from the native bazaar. We did this in order to lessen the chances of typhoid, which played so much havoc with our young soldiers. Our dairy soon obtained a great reputation, because for those who liked it we sterilised the milk and cream. We also had what was popularly supposed to be two grades of butter, one of which commanded a very high price by reason of its popularity with people outside the regiment. As a matter of fact it was exactly the same butter but with a little more saffron dye, which made it look nicer, and people maintained that it was quite a different quality and were therefore willing to pay for it several pence a pound more. However, that has little to do with my story. The point was that we were at Meerut, half-way up India, and could supply good milk to our friends. Meerut was a stopping place for the mail train from Bombay on its journey up country.

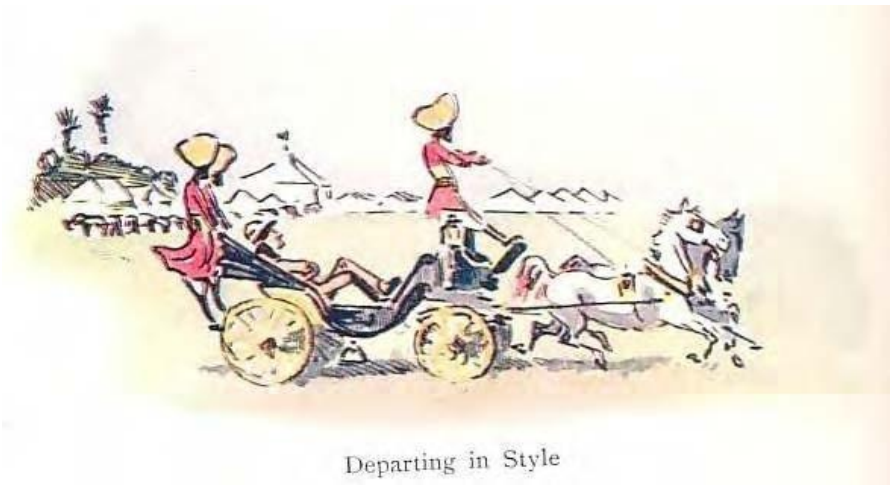
One day I received a telegram from a friend far up in the North telling me that his sister was arriving from England with her children and would be coming through Meerut on a certain day: would I kindly go to the train and meet her and give her a few bottles of our excellent milk for her children? I had some of the best sterilised milk prepared and put in bottles which I slung along the handle-bars of my bicycle, and I pedalled off to meet the mail train. As I passed by a neighbour's house some of them were playing tennis on the front lawn, and they waved to me as I went by, asking where I was going to with all the milk. As they knew my friend I pulled up and explained to them that I was going to the station to meet his sister, but I had no idea what her married name was. Could they tell me? Of course they could, the lady was Rosie; but what was her surname? They puzzled and thought and could not remember who it was she had married. So my only information was that her name was Rosie and that she had two or three children.

I met the train and walked all down it, looking at every likely looking woman, and finally, summoning all my courage, I went and asked each in turn if her name was Rosie. It was quite strange the different ways in which they received my question. The worst of it was that not one of them seemed pleased and not one of them responded. The consequence was that after wasting a lot of time and all my temerity I came away without discovering Rosie and without delivering my milk, as, by the time I had done with them, they were in that state when they would not accept even my milk as an apology.

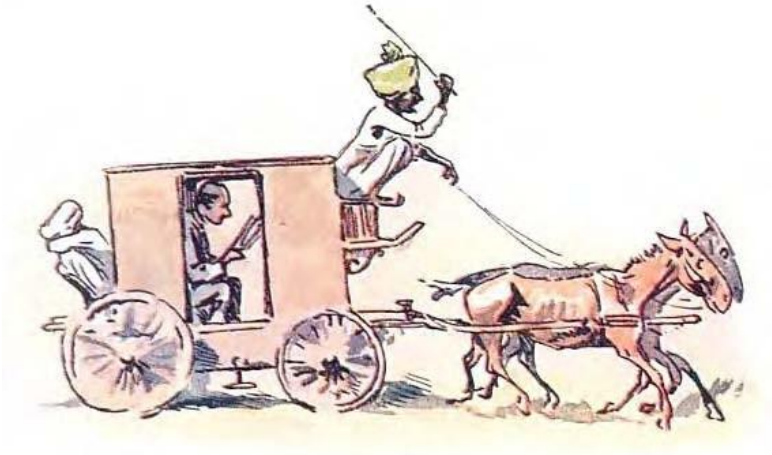
As I re-passed my friends' house they were all sitting on the wall waiting for me. They gave me three cheers and asked how Rosie was looking, and then I knew that I had been had. But it is a silly game, that of practical jokes, and I never indulged in it myself — except of course when necessary to pay out other people.

One might reasonably imagine that it would be difficult to maintain the jollity which is usually associated with the old English Christmas in that land of sun and summer, but we evidently had a very hearty attempt at it, since my letter to my mother says: "I awoke with a head that defies description and a face that has only a little bit of skin left on the left side of it, and hair that is all stuck together with blood. One knee is stiff and straight, there is a bruise and a lump the size of my fist on my leg, and every inch of my wretched body is aching; but I am not so badly off as some others and the fun we had was worth it."

It was at that Christmas, too, that we had our first chance of going to church, which had been impossible for us for the past two years owing to our being on service. We did not keep a parson and the Colonel read the service. "My wig! he did look fine with all his orders, decorations, and medals quite hiding his uniform" (this from my diary). He used to take the service also in camp in Afghanistan, and one day, when he began with his enormous voice, the mules in the baggage lines all started whinnying, thinking he must be giving the order to feed. So he broke off in the middle of "Dearly beloved brethren"



Departing in Style



Travelling Modestly

Arriving in Humility

Sleeping under Difficulties

Returning like a Zoological Specimen

HOW I ATE MY CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH MY REMIMENT,
AND THE CONVEYANCES THAT TOOK ME THERE AND BACK

and shouted out: "Fall out a corporal from each troop and go and stop those mules making that damned noise!"

When in command of a brigade of native cavalry temporarily organised for manœuvres, I found myself at Christmas time within a reasonable distance of my own regiment, so I made a plan to spend Christmas evening among my own comrades. This involved a cross-country journey by means of such vehicles as I could get hold of, travelling day and night to and from my destination. A native rajah in the neighbourhood of my brigade camp gladly sent me on the first stage of my journey in his own carriage with a beautiful pair of white horses, with they tails dyed pink, which a rajah considers highly ornamental. But at the end of the first stage I had to content myself with a humbler turn-out, and towards the end of my journey was glad to get anything that had wheels and an animal to drag it.

Starting out again in one of those gharries in which the natives of the country travel, I felt more like a caged beast than anything else, since they are closely barred in order to prevent thefts of the passenger's luggage while he may be dozing. As it was pouring rain while I was doing this particular stage, I was fortunate in being able to lay hands on a truss of straw, with which I plaited up a kind of shelter between the bars of my cage. Eventually I got hold of what may be called the sleeping car of the country, that is a kind of four-wheels cab with a board between the two seats which enables one to lie down and imagine one is sleeping as one bumps along. In the result I got three and a half hours with the regiment and the remaining forty-six and a half I spent travelling!

I had the good fortune to be attached to the staff of the Duke of Connaught during his first term of service in India, when he was Major-General commanding at Meerut. It was typical of him that he had at once thrown himself into the interests of life in India, and had rapidly picked up a knowledge of the natives and their language. His first introduction to the regiment was when he came out and met us on the line of march, and was very much interested in our camp and method of moving through the country. Late he visited us in our quarters at Muttra and took part with us in our sport in the pigsticking field.

We had one splendid run. There was a party of four of us, the Duke, McLaren, Dimond, and myself, after a young and very speedy boar, who led us a tremendous dance at a great pace through rather tricky country full of clumps of thorn bushes, which were continually delaying us at the critical moment, so that the boar kept getting a fresh start every time when we were gaining ground upon him. Eventually, feeling himself done, he turned in a ravine and stood at bay. The Duke was first to come up with him, although he had not once been first in the whole of the run, and that is what frequently happens in pigsticking. The man on the fastest horse may lead the way, but very frequently the sharp twists and turns of the pig, when, tired of being hunted, he is about to charge or stand at bay, put the leader off and give an opening to one who has been riding second or third.

The Duke was not slow to seize his opportunity, and delivered a thrust which secured him the honours of first spear; the others on the field then closed in and gave the boar his quietus. Thus the Duke won his first spear in his first run.

A part of my duties, in which I was intensely interested, was the very valuable practice of swimming rivers with horses, and it was on one which was formerly very much neglected in our Army. I remember hearing great stories of what a certain foreign power was doing in that way, and went over myself to see how they carried it out. A number of official guests were warned that on a certain morning at a certain hour a cavalry brigade would swim across a wide river. A special train carrying the foreign attachés and other guests would arrive at the river bank at the hour named to see the practice carried out. Not being one of the élite I took an earlier train and was there an hour before the time.

Swimming horses

Then I saw how they managed these things. A quarter of an hour before the special came on the scene, a brigade marched through the river by a ford, leaving only about one hundred or two hundred men and horses on the bank who were really good swimmers. Then the train came in, and the attachés had the pleasure of seeing a number of men and horses swimming splendidly across the deep part of the river. This looked to them like the rear guard of the brigade, which was already standing dripping wet on the bank. When they reached home they reported that they had seen the brigade swim across the river, or at least, owing to their train arriving a little late, they only saw the tail end actually in the water. But I had seen what I had seen and I knew the truth. Although I knew how to pass the inspection of swimming, it was the kind of test that would not wash on service, so in India we carried out many experiments and many practices in teaching our horses and men to swim.

Fortunately in India every barrack is equipped with a swimming bath in which it is possible to teach every man to swim, if he cannot already do so. Then at certain times of the year the great irrigation canals were cleared by running the water out of them. As they were out of use for some weeks for this process, it was possible to get the authorities to allow them to be filled gradually and to let in just as much or as little water as we wanted for teaching our men and horses to swim through a short space at first, gradually increasing it until they got the whole width of the canal. When they were perfect at this work we would take them to flowing rivers and repeat the experiment, until they were really able to tackle almost every river they were likely to come across. It is not a thing which can be done without practice; but when men and horses are at home at the work it is a most valuable addition to their training and efficiency.

Our methods, however, are not always approved of by other nations. The German Emperor once pointed out to me on a big parade of his troops how he placed the infantry in the front line and the cavalry, artillery, engineers, and other corps in the second line. He gave the place of honour to the infantry in order to emphasise the fact that they are the arm to win the battles, while all others are the servants of the infantry to help them in their aim. But, he said: "You in England are not practical. You give the place of honour on the right of the line to the artillery, next come the cavalry, then the engineers, and after them the infantry. Why is this?" I was a little nonplussed myself for an answer, because I fully agreed with His Majesty that the infantry are the important arm, so I made a shot at an answer, the first that came into my head, and said: "I expect, sir, that we do it alphabetically in England." This reply fortunately exactly met the case in his estimation, and he chuckled over it for a considerable time afterwards.*

Sometimes there are forces at work that even the most far-seeing administration cannot be expected to guard against. Mother Shipton and her prophecies are now probably forgotten; but they exercised a terrifying influence in the early 'eighties. I thing one of her jingles ran:

> The world to an end shall surely come
> In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

In England many people, in the most abject fear, spent the fateful nights in the churches, chapels, and fields awaiting the awful event. At Quetta, being rather out of the world, we had forgotten the fate that was hanging over us. We were, however, much puzzled at the strange delay that occurred about that time in the issue of rations and forage. Nor were we able to understand it until the report got about that a certain general officer was so convinced of the accuracy of Mother Shipton's prophecies that he had decided not to give the necessary orders for the issue of rations, etc., beyond the date the old lady had fixed for the end of all things, as food and forage were not likely to be required in eternity.

* He has no doubt since realised that even though put in the background on parade and considered "despicable" by him, the British infantry are equal to any in the world.

I have been asked what is the best sensation I have enjoyed. Well, there is one which comes to me when I suddenly meet some old friend whom I have seen for years, and it is one which I have also experienced when leading a well trained brigade of cavalry at a gallop. To put it as politely as I can, it is the sensation that your chest is going to burst and your inside to fall out with pleasure. There is a tremendous feeling of exultation in moving that great, rushing, thundering mass of men and horse just by a wave of your hand. I trained my brigade to that, and I never used a word of command nor a trumpet call, but did the whole thing by signalling with my hand. This I began years before at Colchester with my squadron there, and people used to laugh at the idea until the general, Sir Evelyn Wood, came along and saw there was something in it. He made me try it in manœuvres against the rest of the regiment, and, as luck would have it, it was a misty day and while we were silently moving about, working entirely by signals, we could hear the regiment wherever it went by the sound of the officers shouting the words of command. This gave us all we wanted to know as to their whereabouts, and we were able quietly to circle round them and charge down unexpectedly from their flank and rear. This system of directing a large body has since become usual in other branches of the service, and General Babington applied it with complete success to leading a cavalry division in manœuvres.

I enjoyed the same sensation on another occasion. It was when my regiment travelled down from Northern India to Bombay for embarkation to South Africa. We were moved by rail, in troop trains. These trains generally travel by night so as to interfere as little as possible with the ordinary day traffic, and the men are disembarked into rest camps by day. The train joggles along from station to station in a leisurely way, going into sidings even to let goods trains pass.

The story goes that one dark night the train pulled up on the open line and ran back for a bit, then stopped, ran on again, then ran back, and stopped again while guard and engine-driver got down and searched with lamps. "What's up? Have you dropped something?" asked one of the men. "No, but there's a station somewhere about here, and I think we must have run through it without stopping. But they haven't got any lights up, so we can't find it."

So it may be imagined the journey was not altogether an exciting one, and I was getting as bored as most people with it when the brilliant idea struck me that I was godson of the founder of locomotives I did not know how to drive one. No opportunity like the present. So I got on terms with the driver and took my place on the footplate, and was very soon, in my own estimation, quite a capable driver.

We all know the *Punch* story of the nervous passenger who remarked to the old lady, his fellow traveller, on the terrific pace that they were going, when she proudly replied: "Ah, that's my son driving, *and he's the boy to go when the liquor's in him.*"

I rather fancy from what I got afterwards that our Colonel work up realising that the train had suddenly exchanged her demure progress for a new life, and was rocking and tearing along at 70 miles an hour. He asked the reason and got the answer that probably I was at the lever. There was no communication cord in that train!

But the thrill came when we ran down the ghats. The ghats are the cliffs and gorges which lead from the great plateau of India down to the coast level. The railway zig-zags down these at pretty steep gradients, round hairpin corners, over lofty bridges and viaducts. Flying down these, with the brakes on, is something like an emotion, but the climax comes when before you in the moonlight you see the sudden black abyss of a chasm with nothing across it but the two rails shining like silver wires. The bridge being an open lattice one is practically invisible. For a brief moment you wonder whether it is there or has been carried away, and you feel inclined to yell with exultation as she jumps on to it with a spring and a roar and screams across the depths.

Snipe shooting was one of the delights of the Indian plains. But as a rule there were not more than three or four snipe jheels (bogs) within reach of cantonments, and it meant very early rising on Thursday morning (the weekly holiday) for a fellow to get out and to be first on the ground, when there were possibly a dozen others at least at the same game.

Mickie Doyne in my regiment volunteered to take me out for a week-end to a distant jheel, where nobody else was likely to go. He said that he would be responsible for the feeding arrangements. I had nothing to do but bring my gun and ammunition. After a long journey by dog-cart, with horses previously laid out in stages, we got there, and set up our camp. "How about supper?" "Yes, here's the bread, and I've brought some Hollands gin. The water here seems all right, if a little thick perhaps, but still it's wet. Meat? Oh, we will get that when we get the snipe to-morrow."

But that was the extent of his commissariat — some bread and some gin! No butter, or any such luxuries. All my questions were met in the same way. "Jam! what do you want with jam? Tea! why tea, when you've got gin?" "Lard! what for? For cooking the snipe! Try gin."

So we did and the result was excellent. The system was afterwards adopted in the mess, and has since, I believe, been taken up by the Ritz Hotel! From such small acorns do oaks grow.

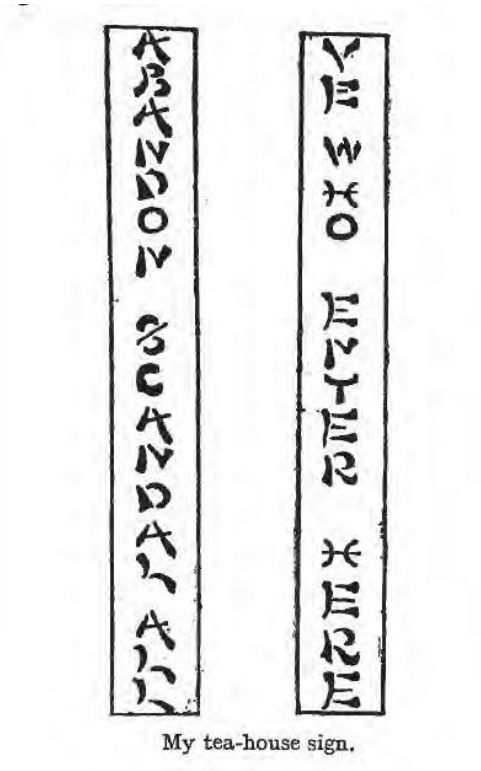
This is not the only dish in whose invention I have had a share. Once when dining with a friend lemon pudding was offered to me. I took it and asked for mustard to go with it. This caused a certain amount of curiosity, and I maintained in the most natural way that of course mustard was the right thing to take with lemon pudding. I was so serious about it that no one smiled or disbelieved. The consequence was that when I come to dine at the same house a year or two later I found mustard was handed round with lemon pudding as the regular thing!

It was not an unusual thing when dining out with friends to bicycle to the party instead of using a horse or trap. On one occasion when I had done this, and had left my machine outside in the verandah of the house where I was dining, I found on starting to return home that it had disappeared. I assumed that my servant had come and taken it away. On returning home, I found that this was not the case, so at early dawn I went back to my host's house to see if there were any signs of the lost machine. It was not anywhere about the premises, so I proceeded to track it.

This would not usually be an easy thing to do on the hard surface of an Indian cantonment road, but I round that the machine had moved off while the dew was still on the road, and so by looking along the surface some distance ahead I could just see a faint mark of where the wheels had gone. The front wheel of my bicycle was locked by a catch which prevented the wheel from turning to either side, and thus it could not be ridden or guided. From the track I soon discovered that the thief who had taken it had not discovered this catch and was therefore unable to ride the machine. He had walked beside it, but there were no striking points about his footmark to show whether he was a native or a Britisher. He had not at any rate the nailed boots of the soldier, nor had he the bare feet of a native, so I followed the tracks of the wheels for a considerable distance along the mall. The tracks took me past the turning which led to the native city and past those which led to the cavalry barracks, and eventually turned up a road which led to the barracks of a certain infantry battalion, and there they got lost on hard ground. I therefore wrote a note to the adjutant asking for search to be made, and in a short time received my bicycle safely back. It had been found under the bed of one of the soldiers, who said it had been put there by somebody while he was asleep! I was not very particular as to how it got there so I had it back again in my possession. A little tacking knowledge is sometimes a useful thing!

The close intercourse that necessarily arises between Europeans stations in a small cantonment in India brings about a form of friendliness and hospitality which cannot be equalled in other parts of the world, and, though as in all small communities there is bound to be a certain amount of tittle-tattle and of prying into one's neighbour's affairs, yet this is entirely counterbalanced by the amount of sympathy and real life-long friendship that is engendered by such close communication. Open-house is natural in India, where all the windows are doors, and all the doors are open to the air; but open-house is also prevalent in the other meaning of the word, for hospitality has no limit in that country. In Meerut I was know as "Wunhi," the name being derived from my part in the play of *The Geisha*. As my house lay on the direct road from cantonments to the polo ground it was always open to all comers who wanted refreshment. This was an understood thing, whether I was at home or not. It naturally received the name of "Wunhi's

tea-house." The only stipulation I made for people using it was that which I had painted up on either door-post of the entrance.



My tea-house sign.

Friendships exist between certain regiments which have begun under different circumstances long ago, but they continue through generations of soldiers until their origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. The 13th in the Peninsula were brigaded with the 14th Hussars, or Light Dragoons as they were in those days: owing to the wear and tear of service they were known as "The Ragged Brigade." The friendship between the 13th Hussars and the 9th Lancers showed itself in their meeting in Afghanistan and again two years later, and this was accentuated by the frequent competition between the officers of both regiments in the polo field and at pigsticking. But as regimental friendships exist, so also do regimental feuds. In the old days, when the War Office had no human feeling within its walls, these feuds and friendships, besides many minor things that are dear to the soldier, were entirely ignored, and it was thought that regulations were the only means of solving differences.

On one occasion the authorities found out their mistake when they tried to station two antagonistic regiments in the same place. The fights between the two became so bad that at length one regiment was removed to another station, and we were sent to replace them. The first evening after our arrival one of our men, when out for a walk, was set upon by three or four of the regiment already stationed there. They had not known of the departure of their rivals and took our man to be one of their hated enemies, but in setting on him they set on the wrong man for such an encounter. He was Gauld, formerly in a Highland regiment and now a farrier in my squadron. In peace time he was gentle, in fact he knitted many a pair of stockings for me, but when roused his farrier's sinews were used with an extraordinary amount of pugilistic cunning, and he very soon polished off his assailants in a manner that astonished them. When they found he did not belong to the regiment they hated so much they were all apologies and admiration, and this started quite a good feeling between ourselves and our neighbours.

CHAPTER VI

DISEASE AND THE DRAMA

The Scourge of India — A Sergeant Orders His Own Funeral — The Tragedy of the Ball — A Brave Doctor — An Erratic Visitant — The Tragic Drama — The Adjutant's First Question — Scene-Painting Extraordinary — The Simla Theatre — Strenuous Rehearsals — Pantomime at 100 Degrees — On Tour — Overlooking the Viceroy — "Do Your Blacks Run?" — The Criterion at Quetta — A Laughing Dialogue — Asleep on the Stage — An Embarrassing Greeting — The Question of Health — Some Bacteriological Observations — Sir Baker and the Doctor — An Explosion — A Solomon in Judgment — The Regimental Doctor

THERE is a dark side underlying the brightness of life in India, and that is the sudden disease and death and the quick burial which causes so many breaks of friendship in that land of sun and sorrow. Death seems to come so suddenly and so frequently into one's ken. Men half-mad with heat are apt to shoot themselves, pigsticking kills many of its devotees, enteric seems to catch the younger men, and cholera snatches all. I remember the case of a sergeant actually ordering his own funeral. A man had died suddenly in the night of heat apoplexy. In the morning the sergeant read the orders to his troop for the funeral to be held that evening, then dropped dead himself with heat apoplexy and was carried to his last resting-place in the same procession.

No man is ever safe, and if he escapes himself he never knows when a friend may be stricken. "Tommy" Dimond "joined" with me. We came out in the *Serapis* together, rode together on the bullock-cart through Bombay, shared our trials as last-joined subalterns, were house-mates and stable companions, class-mates at the garrison school, began our pigsticking and polo together, rose to regimental staff-billets, so that we were naturally fast friends and likely to be so for life. But death came and took him.

He was one who went in very little for social amusement; being strong and sturdy he was naturally more given to hardship and sport; but on this occasion he forewent his custom and attended a ball with another major in the regiment. Returning home to his bungalow in the early hours of the morning, he was suddenly taken ill, as was also his companion. A doctor who was present at the ball came to see them and after a short visit sent for another doctor and went back himself to his own house. The second doctor cam and remained with the two men, until a few hours later they both died. Wondering at the absence of the first doctor he went to see him, only to find him also dying! He had felt the disease upon him but had not mentioned it, so that the two officers should have the fullest attention.

Cholera is so erratic in its methods as to be as interesting as shells, for whose eccentric action there is no accounting, argue how you will. At Lucknow when we were there cholera almost invariably started in a certain bungalow in the barracks, so much so that this bungalow was at length condemned, pulled down and re-built, and within a week of its being re-occupied the first case of the season again took place in it. On one occasion only the men in alternate beds along one side of the bungalow were seized with the disease. In a certain camp cholera appeared one day in all the tents on one side of the main street and in none on the other. Cholera attacked our regiment one night, taking twelve men in the married quarters, and no further cases occurred. Very frequently when cholera was rife amongst the natives it made no attacks amongst the white troops, and vice versa. It was a most unaccountable disease. For some years it practically disappeared, and enteric seemed to have taken its place. Talking with a doctor on the subject he said that medical methods had now completely stamped out cholera and would probably do the same for enteric before long. Within a few months the worst outbreak of cholera we had for many years seized upon the 8th King's Liverpool Regiment, and enteric flourishes to-day.

Naturally the spirits of the men go down when disease is rife, and also, per contra, disease becomes prevalent when the men's spirits are down. This is apt to be the case towards the end of the long hot weather, when heat and fever have worked out their vitality. It was then that we did our utmost to keep up the men's cheerfulness by holding theatricals, concerts, sports, etc. Probably people at home in reading of our many amusements imagine that in India we must be a frivolous lot, but there was in reality a deep import underlying our merriment. We worked hard, almost desperately, at theatricals and the like, fighting against the ennui which is the breeding ground of sickness.

On joining the regiment one of the first questions asked me by the Adjutant was: "Can you act, or sing, or scene paint?" This struck me as curious and incongruous. I thought that he would only care for my ability to drill, to ride, or to shoot. But later on I realised the inner meaning of the idea. I began as a scene-painter in our regimental theatre, and in that capacity was afterwards invited up to Simla for the theatre there. It was not on account of my excellence as a painter, but on account of the rapidity with which I was able to work at scene-painting owing to my ambidexterity. It was easy for me to slam away with a paint brush in each hand because I unfortunately do not know which is my better hand, the right or left, so I use them both. In this way I did the work at double the pace of the ordinary painter; the quality may not have been good but the quantity was all there. I even went so far on occasion as to strap a brush on to each foot, and sitting on a crossbar between two ladders I managed to paint a woodland scene in record time with four brushes going at once! At least it was meant to be a woodland scene, but I think rather required a notice on the programme to that effect, before people quite understood what it represented. I was a futurist before my time.

Theatricals thus formed a very important item in Indian life, and the importance is increased by the fact that very few professional companies can afford the expense of journeying through India, only to find small stations and therefore small audiences to play to. But at Simla there is a very good theatre managed by a committee of residents who cater for the good of the whole community by getting up a series of performances throughout the summer season. They call upon the vast field of amateur talent all over the country for supplying the best performers for the different plays they initiate. In this way one received many invitations to visit the Hills, for a week or so at a time, to take part in such theatricals.

Performers were under an obligation to learn their parts, and to be thoroughly up in them before they came up to Simla; thus a week's rehearsal was generally sufficient to being them together in the play and to insure a really good representation. The whole thing was taken quite seriously both by the management and by the cast. Rehearsals were strenuous, the dresses elaborate and the scenery of a very high order, to meet the demands of a pretty critical audience. It therefore became a pleasure to the players, as well as to the public, to have a share in such well-ordered entertainments.

One of the first performances that I was let in for in the regiment was that of *Fra Diavolo*, a burlesque, followed by a pantomime harlequinade in which I was appointed the part of the "Clown," with A. M. Brookfield, afterwards M.P., as Pantaloon. This gave me plenty of healthy gymnastic exercises in the way of jumping through clocks and shop windows, and rolling through cellar flaps head over heels. As the pantomime took place in May, with the thermometer ranging close on 100°, I very soon lost what little flesh I had, and was little better than a bag of bones by the end of the run of four nights.

We stuck at nothing in the way of theatricals. *Trial by Jury* was only a step to *The Pirates of Penzance*, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and *Les Cloches de Corneville* with full chorus, all got up regardless of expense. After very successful runs in our regimental theatre we took our company round to other stations and in this way paid expenses, and were able to fit up a really fine theatre for ourselves.

I am perfectly convinced that the innumerable smaller concerts and dances which we got up almost every week had a real effect in maintaining amongst the men a healthy spirit of cheeriness, as well as *esprit de corps*, and consequently told favourably on their health and on the well-being of the regiment.

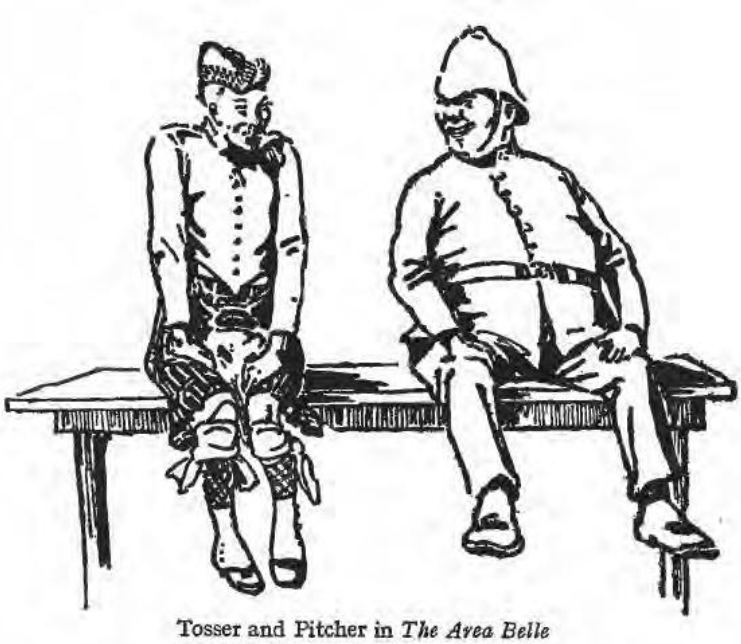
One of the first plays that I saw in India was *Walpole* by Lord Lytton, father of the then Viceroy of India. It was a most powerful play, but one which needed perfect acting and staging to make it effective,

otherwise it could easily be made ridiculous. On this occasion it left nothing to be desired, because the company were all selected performers and excellent in their several parts. Under the critical eye and close interest of Lord Lytton himself it was a splendid success.

I remember his visiting Lucknow when my regiment was there, and one of our number unwittingly insulted him. Pat Constable, a tall, splendidly-made, smart-looking officer, was possessed of immeasurable swagger, and he walked into the Audience Chamber preening himself, adjusting his belts, etc., and strode straight past the Viceroy without noticing him. On arrival at the far end of the room he was met by an agitated aide-de-camp who said: "You have gone past His Excellency without bowing to him. Why was this?" Constable, not in the least disconcerted, answered: "Oh, did I really? I'm awfully sorry, I never saw him."

On another occasion at mess, when we had as one of our guests the Colonel of a native infantry regiment, Constable, having nothing in common with him, had failed to find any subject for conversation during the first part of the meal; wishing, however, to be kindly and affable, he turned to the guest and said: "Colonel, I take great interest in your branch of the service, and I have always wondered what you do when the trumpet sounds 'the trot.' Do your blacks run?" The poor colonel's feelings are not to be described.

When we were at Quetta there was only one real house in the place and that was the Residency. There were a few mud huts, which served as hospital and barracks for our men, but most of us lived in tents. There was a good deal of sickness among the men, so we had to take up sports and theatricals, to keep them happy and healthy. To this end we started to build a theatre, but there were difficulties in the way, as timber was unprocurable. There was not, as a matter of fact, enough wood in the place to make regular coffins for those who died, and they were buried on planks covered in canvas. Therefore we made our theatre out of an old brick kiln for stage and dug our the front seats and built up the back with mud bricks, and made a kind of out-door amphitheatre of it, over which by means of ropes and pulleys we were able to drag a canvas roof, made from tents. Since so much of it had to be dug out we called it "The Criterion," after the underground theatre at Piccadilly Circus.



Tosser and Pitcher in *The Area Belle*

One of our most successful pieces at The Criterion in Quetta was *The Area Belle*, and it was the more successful for an unrehearsed effect which took place at one of the performances. Troop Sergeant-Major Slater was playing the part of the policeman, and, being well-furnished with human tissue, he filled the part to perfection. I was a simple Highlander in rather a scanty kilt for my inches. Earlier in the play, pretending to feel the draught, I had tied a comforter round each knee to promote warmth. The policeman and I were in conversation when he happened to catch sight of my knees, and then he began to shake like a jelly, and finally went off into howls of laughter. I don't know why, but I caught the infection of seeing him shake so, and that sent me off; and finally, in a few moments, the whole house was rocking and crying in unison with us. And all about nothing at all. Still it was quite a success.

The disregarded cue.

One of the greatest delights of theatricals is, I think, the unrehearsed effects obtained. Once when playing the part of a man dressed as a monkey I fell asleep on the stage, and the other actors had to give me a prod as well as my cue. This took place on the night before my examination in tactics, and is evidence that my nerves were not unsettled by the prospect of the morrow.

The sins of one's youth find one out! The playacting propensities of my younger days in India told against me badly on one occasion when I returned there after twelve years' absence. I now came out to that country to take command of a very distinguished cavalry regiment. I was holding court in the regimental orderly room, with officers and sergeant-majors assembled to hear me lay down the law to them, when a gentleman was announced as being at the door desirous of seeing me.

I was pompously telling the orderly to let him wait when he suddenly appeared within the room, and rushed at me with both hands extended — a clean-shaven, longish-haired, disreputable-looking person — crying out: "Hullo, Private Willis, how are you? I *am* glad to see you, my dear old boy!"

I draw a veil over my debasement before the eyes of my new corps. What, for the moment, they must have thought about me and my past I have never dared to think, but I hastened to explain to them, when my exuberant friend had departed, that during my last visit to India a professional theatrical company had come to play *Iolanthe* at Meerut. On the day of the performance one of their actors fell ill and I was asked, at short notice, to play his part — that of Private Willis, a sentry outside the Houses of Parliament.

And I shan't forget that performance in a hurry! I learnt it up somehow in the course of the afternoon, never having seen the play in my life, and went on without having had even one rehearsal. I got through my bit fairly creditably under the circumstances, up to the point where I gave the cue for the lady to come on: but she failed to come on. In place of her the stage-manager's head only appeared, telling me in a stage whisper to "gag a bit, she ain't ready." So I gagged a bit, and fortunately it was a soldier audience to whom I was playing, including, indeed, the Duke of Connaught, and it was easy to interpolate a little dissertation on the joys of sentry-go.

"Hullo, Private Willis!"

But somehow the same stage-manager, who also played the parts of leading comedian, second villain, and call-boy, felt grateful to me for filling the gap, and even after a lapse of so many years he had felt impelled to come and greet me on my arrival. He meant well, but very nearly ruined my reputation.

"It is just as much part of the soldier's duty to be healthy as to be a good horseman or a good shot: and it is just as much the duty of the officer to teach him how to be so and to see that he is so as to teach him to ride or to shoot or to be efficient in other ways." This was a warning which I once published on the subject of sickness. In the South African campaign we had eighteen thousand admitted to hospital for wounds, but nearly four hundred thousand for sickness, though South Africa is not such a very unhealthy country.

In India enteric fever is far more deadly in its results than cholera used to be, and, although it is not so startling in its action, it kills a far greater number of men in the course of the year. It has therefore been the aim of all officers to endeavour to save their men from this scourge. The men themselves, trained in the ordinary Board School education in England, had absolutely no idea of looking after their own health, and had to be treated almost like children in the matter of warning against things that were bad for them. Had they possessed some knowledge of hygiene and sanitation some 50 per cent. Of the sickness and a large number of lives might have been saved.*

In our regiment, as in most others, we took very strong precautions against disease among the men. For the two years during which we were in one station I kept a constant record of the number of cases of enteric, each day, week, and moth, noting with them the direction of the wind, state of the barometer, and the particular barrack in which cases occurred; and of the respective barracks I took note of the height of the flooring above the ground, the nature of the roofing, whether thatched or tiled, the dryness or dampness of weather and ground, and upon these observations we got some quite useful and suggestive information.

* A wonderful development in this direction has taken place in the present campaign, thanks to the practical work of the Army Medical Staff, and to the better understanding of officers and men.

We came to the conclusion in the regiment that probably a good deal of disease was caused by the men being careless what they ate and drank when out walking in the native town away from barracks. Therefore we started for their benefit a bakery, under white supervision, where they could get all the cakes and tarts which were dear to them; also we had our own soda water factory, where lemonade, gingerbeer, and other fancy drinks were manufactured from the cleanest materials; and, as already stated, we started our own dairy to insure that the milk, cream, and butter should be prepared in the cleanest possible way and free from all chance of contamination. In spite of all these precautions there was still a certain amount of disease in the regiment, so in addressing the men on the subject I suggested that the experiment should be made of seeing whether the disease actually came from their going about in the native city. I pointed out that they were grown-up men and not children, and I should not therefore *order* the city to be out of bounds for them, but I thought it would be wise if they tried the experiment of not going there for a fortnight, and if no further cases of sickness occurred it would show that the disease originated there. A few days after this one of the men was admitted to hospital badly bruised and knocked about, but he refused to give the cause of the injury. It afterwards transpired that he had gone down into the native quarter, and the other men on hearing of it had given him a bit of their mind!

I shall not readily forget the occasion when Sir Baker Russell, the General Commander-in-Chief in Bengal, came round to the barracks to look into the statistics, and how he made himself master of them. He then tackled the principal medical officer, without saying that he had any special information.

The medical officer was one of the good old school, whose whole attention was directed to the cure of disease without any regard for its prevention.

"Does the direction of the wind have any effect upon the number of cases of enteric?" inquired Sir Baker.

"No, no, General," he replied airily, "not at all."

"Has the elevation of the barracks any effect?"

Again the reply was in the negative.

"Does it make any difference whether barracks are tiled or thatched?"

"No, no," replied the medico, now becoming flustered at the questions put to him by the General; "it has no effect whatever."

After a few more questions Sir Baker turned on him in that inimitable manner of his, which made a man feel that he was reading his very soul, and inquired: "Do you know anything about the subject; have you ever made a special study of it?"

"Well, no——" began the medico.

Then Sir Baker turned and rent him with a volume of abuse which seemed to make even the birds in the trees tremble; for the wrath of Sir Baker Russell was a thing that all men strove to avoid.

I remember his quaint way of dealing with a delicate case which came before him, when one of the soldiers' wives complained against another. The two ladies were brought before Sir Baker.

"Well, Mrs. Bell, and what is your complaint against Mrs. Clapper?"

"Oh, sir, Mrs. Clapper she says I was a draggle-tailed lady-dog!"

"Well, but you are not, are you, Mrs. Bell?"

"No, sir, I'm no lady-dog."

"No, of course you are not. I'm perfectly certain you're not a draggle-tailed lady-dog; quite positive. So good morning, Mrs. Bell; go away, and don't think anything more about it."

One institution which was really a good one in the old days has unfortunately been done away with under the modern developments of organisation, namely the regimental surgeon, since nowadays the doctors form one general corps. The regimental doctor used to be a great institution in every regiment.

He knew every man, woman, and child and, if he was a good fellow, as he usually was, he was a kind of recognised friend and adviser to all. In those days the colonel was more out of touch with his young officers than he is to-day. It would then have been unthinkable that a colonel could be in the regimental polo team, or could take part in sport with his subalterns as is usual now. Therefore it was that in any of his financial, love, or other troubles the young officer generally consulted the regimental doctor and looked to him for advice, moral just as much as medical.

Our doctor in the 13th was typical of his kind. Generous-hearted and sympathetic to a degree, he had only one fault. Through having Hungarian blood in him he was very quick in his temper, and if anyone did not exactly agree with him he was at once eager to fight a duel. I have often read in novels how people turned pale with anger and let their eyes blaze, but I have seldom seen it in actual life except in the case of this doctor. With him it was a frequent occurrence, and I am not likely to forget the night when, after he had made a glowing speech in proposing the health of one of us at the mess, and had made to sit down complacently at the end of it, full of "beans and benevolence," he found that owing to someone having removed his chair he sat on nothing before reaching the hard ground. Then his "beans and benevolence" went to the winds; he sprang up, really pale and shaking with rage. He looked round for a second to find who had played this trick, but seeing no clue to it in the delighted faced all round, he rushed to the mess butler and urged him with a promise of fifty pounds to give him the name of the culprit. He looked as if he would have killed him then and there had he known who it was. As it was, he merely challenged the coward, whoever he might be, to fight him next morning with pistols. But next morning would have found him the same genial, kindly fellow that he was at heart.

CHAPTER VII

HOW INDIA DEVELOPS CHARACTER

Killing Ennui — Tommy Atkins as a Sportsman — Spies in Disguise — A Sham Fight — The Perfect Soldier — Learning to Observe — Night Operations — The Man Who Made Grimaces — The Modern Training — Interesting the Men — Sir Bindon Blood's Views on Cavalry — An Irate General — The Woman Abroad — The Scout Mistress — The Rani's Answer — A Fearless Rani — Colonel Alexander Gardiner — His Romance — A Tragedy

THERE is not doubt that the best preventative of disease in India is plenty of work, occupation and exercise. It is the ennui that kills. The difficulty is to make the work interesting so that it does not become a treadmill of drudgery. For the officers shooting, pigsticking, and polo all offer their attractions and make them far more healthy as a rule than are the men. Our Colonel was so fully impressed with the value of keeping up the health of his officers that, instead of keeping the weekly holiday as determined by regulations on Thursday, he moved it to Friday, and thus made the week-end into an outing by removing the mess into the jungle and leaving only the orderly officer to take charge of the regiment during Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Those of the men who were good shots and capable of looking after themselves were also encouraged, during the hot weather, to go and live out in camp for several days at a time. The Government allowed a certain number of sporting guns for this purpose, and a large number of the men availed themselves of the privilege and made themselves into self-reliant, capable bushmen.

There was too much of a tendency to coddle the men during the hot weather. Native syces, or grooms, were supplied by the Government to look after their horses; but we made the men groom and feed their horses regularly, as it gave them exercise and occupation. At least once a week we had all-night field-days. Then also a great deal of our drill and instruction was competitive between squads, sections or troops. Latterly the system of teaching the men to be scouts came in as an additional form of training, which appealed to the men and gave them plenty of outdoor exercise by day and by night.

It was reported to me *sub rosa* that one of the men when in hospital confided to his nurse: "This new Colonel is the devil to work us; but the worst of it is, the more we work the more healthy we are."

The need of practical training in scouting had often been in my mind even as a young officer, and I had carried out a good deal of it in my early days in India. But its importance was brought home to me more especially in the campaign against the Matabele in 1896, where I found that, although we had plenty of men who were willing and eager to undertake adventurous rides against the enemy, they were seldom able to bring back the sort of information that we wanted and not be led away by chances of little fights and scraps on their own. So when I got to India after Matabeleland I set to work systematically to train the men in the points in which I found them deficient in practical soldiering. People seemed to think, and indeed many outsiders still do, that if a man could march past and look well on parade, he was therefore a perfect soldier; but in reality he was only a part of a machine. This was all very well for show purposes but not the slightest use against a really active fighting enemy in the field. Our men came to us as lads from their Board Schools, well grounded in the three R's of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but without any manliness, self-reliance, or resourcefulness. These were points which we had to put into them and which could not be merely taught in theory; but they came through the practice of the different duties which go to make up effective scouting.

I remember in Ireland, during the early days of my attempts, taking my squadron out of barracks at Dundalk in the late evening. We swam our horses across the tidal river before getting on to our ground among the hills. Here we had plenty of moorland where men could easily lose their way unless they watched their courses by the stars. They were given duties to perform generally in pairs or singly, in order to develop their self-reliance and intelligence. As they were out all night they brought rations with

them and learnt how to make their fires in hidden places and to cook their food for themselves. Their ingenuity was exercised in finding fuel, and I complimented one patrol in particular for the excellent fire which they had made, whose embers could have cooked a splendid meal. My admiration was lessened when later a farmer came to the Colonel demanding compensation for a gate which they had pulled down and burnt.

In India night operations of this kind were of course the delight of the men, especially as we generally acted in opposing forces of a few scouts against each other on two sides. On one of these occasions I bivouacked with one party of scouts, and, knowing that the other side were as yet a good many miles distant, I suggested to them to have a little camp fire to themselves with songs and chat. We talked on many subjects of interest, but I could not help noticing that one of the men was continually leaving the circle and going out into the darkness for a few minutes and returning again. At last, noticing his continued restlessness, I feared he might be ill, and I told my sergeant to question him. I overheard his reply. "Oh no, there is nothing the matter with me, but that beggar Fox is on the other side, and I can't help feeling he is creeping around and watching us." There is no doubt the men got to take an intense interest in scouting, which outweighed all other considerations with them.

I did not allow a man to take up scouting unless he was capable both as a horseman, marksman, and swimmer. In this latter particular a man was merely questioned as to his capabilities, but the time arrived when we actually put him to the test. On one occasion in the course of our work we had to swim a big canal, and one of the scouts in swimming over was apparently playing the fool, diving down and bobbing up again, making most fearful grimaces, which drew roars of laughter from his assembled comrades, until it suddenly struck them that he was actually in distress, when some of them promptly went to his rescue and brought him ashore. On inquiry it turned out that he had never learnt to swim, but like the man who volunteered to play the violin, "he had never tried but he supposed that he could!"

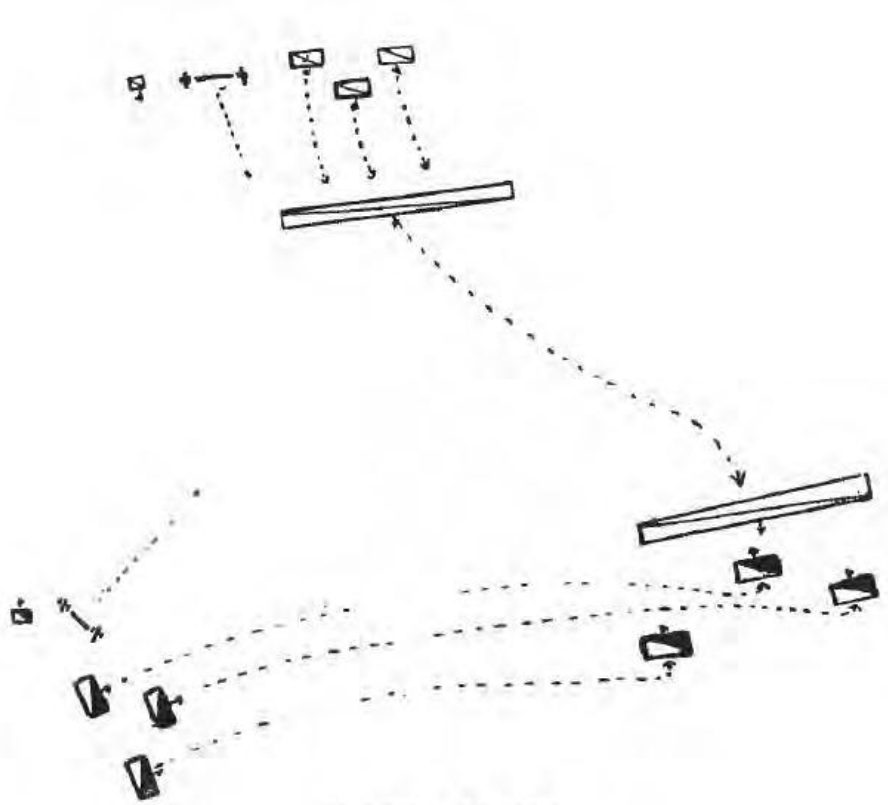
One of the points of modern training of soldiers which astonishes an outsider is the amount of tactical instruction which is given to the men themselves. In the course of manœuvres the tactical situation and object of the day's work is carefully explained to the men in the beginning of the day. And then from time to time a halt is called and further explanations are given of the progress and developments that have taken place. In this way every individual man understands what is going on, and therefore plays his part in the general scheme with far greater interest and intelligence.

In cavalry manœuvres we introduced an extra bit of realism which was of additional interest and practical value. We allowed each side to use three spies in disguise, whose duty it was to find out all they could about the enemies' moves. This was good practice for the spies and sharpened their intelligence and, at the same time, was valuable in teaching the men to be cautious when speaking to strangers. It is a common fault with soldiers that, when they understand a field-day and take interest in it, they are ready to answer questions and to explain the scheme to any onlooker who shows a desire for information. For this reason in South Africa our plans were often given away to specious gentlemen who were in reality Boer spies. But in manœuvres, with the knowledge that spies were about, men became very cautious about giving away information, and in many cases, thinking that they were speaking with such people, they made up wonderful yarns in order to mislead them. Soldiers are rapidly learning that cunning which completes the four C's of soldiering, viz., Courage, Commonsense, Cheerfulness, and Cunning.*

In India when we had had a field day it was usual to issue in the evening, for the information of all ranks, a short narrative illustrated by a sketch plan of what had gone on during the day, pointing out the reasons, mistakes, and good points of the actions. I take one from many examples; a non-military reader can easily grasp it. "The Southern division in column of route on the main road learnt that the enemy's division was about two miles distant to its left. Leaving the road our division formed into preparatory

* If ever a campaign showed the value of these attributes the present war has done so, and has proved that our men possessed of all, especially the very important one, under the circumstances, viz., Cheerfulness.

formation with one brigade in front and two in the second line. Our scouts soon signalled that the enemy was in sight approaching our left front. Our guns came into action at once against the enemy's main body, and were replied to by his artillery almost immediately due north of them. Our division took ground to the right and thus drew the enemy on to attack it. Then the enemy formed line preparatory to charging, but our division still kept on its course across the front of the enemy in preparatory formation, thus causing him to alter his direction (which is almost impossible to do in good order when committed to line), and at the same time drew him across the fire of our guns. At the last moment our division, wheeling each brigade into line to its left, charged the enemy in double echelon in good order, and was awarded the victory."



Our plan of attack.

It will be seen that in carrying out this plan the enemy were not only drawn across the front or our guns, but also across that of their own artillery, and were thus prevented from firing into our division. The General Commanding expressed himself highly pleased with the whole manœuvre, and especially with the good scouting of Lieutenant Garrard's patrol, which gave exact information as to the whereabouts and movements of the enemy."

Another method of interesting the men in their regiment and in military history was this. At the commencement of each month a calendar was printed and issued to every man for that month, giving all events of interest which had happened to the regiment during its career in that month. Taking haphazard the calendar for October, the following incidents occur.

These I enumerate here without going into detail as given in the copy issued to the regiment:

Oct. 1710. The regiment was employed in covering the siege of Mons till its surrender on the 20th October.

Oct. 1796. The regiment proceeded to Ireland to suppress the Rebellion, the French being prepared to assist the Irish.

Oct. 1812. The regiment covered the retreat of General Hill's column from Burgos, etc.

Oct. 1816. The King of the Belgians appointed Colonel.

Oct. 1854. The regiment landed in the Crimea and took part in the charge of the heavy brigade at Balaclava on the 25th.

Oct. 1893. Regiment landed in India.

Before undertaking a long march in India to attend manœuvres, or on change of station, each man was supplied with a leaflet giving an account of the country through which the march would take him, giving its history, especially from the military point of view, with descriptions of any battles and events leading up to them which would be of interest to the reader. The dates and distances of the different marches day by day were also given for their information.

Sir Baker Russell used to say that the duty of cavalry was to look smart in time of peace and to get killed in war. We hear from time to time that modern conditions of war render cavalry obsolete; yet each new campaign proves the contrary. Sir Bindon Blood, although he had not served in the cavalry himself, was broad-minded enough to recognise value in that force, and in forming his columns for fighting over the Malakand Pass he insisted on having a certain proportion of cavalry with him, and, although there was much opposition and criticism of the idea, he showed the wisdom of his prevision. At a critical period of the fighting he was able to deliver an unexpected charge of cavalry upon these mountain warriors, who had never seen any number of horsemen before, and the effects were very far-reaching. It was both refreshing and encouraging to see the General, after having thus used cavalry on active service, coming out in peace time to watch that arm at its drills and training, in order that he might himself improve his knowledge of the details of its work. It is not every infantry general who would take the trouble to do this.

His inspection of a regiment was of a far more practical type than was customary in the old days. Formerly it would have been thought unfair to a regiment to inspect it without first sending a definite programme of all that the General intended to see during his annual inspection of the corps and its barracks. This programme, which I actually remember as a printed one, was handed to the regiment weeks beforehand, so that everybody had ample opportunity for working up and rehearsing his own particular share in the demonstration of the great day. Everything had to be spick and span, horses had a good drink of water the last thing before the General came round, in order to fill up the hollows in their flanks, every subaltern had his card on which the Sergeant-major had noted the different items of information about which the General was likely to ask questions. It was certain always that the General would ask the price of one or other article of the soldier's kit. It was said of one subaltern that in reply to the General's question: "How much does a towel cost?" the poor boy, utterly at sea, suggested four shillings. The General stormed out: "Do you pay four shillings yourself?" and the subaltern, quick to see some error, hurriedly ejaculated: "Yes, sir, four shillings — a dozen."

As a subaltern of experience and observation I very soon realised in the course of a few inspections that a General felt bound to find fault with something or other in each troop, and he would hover about until he could find something unsatisfactory. He would be glad to let off a little steam over that, and then to go off elsewhere. So I made it my business to oblige him, and though I had things as good as could be where it was essential, I took care to have a dirty stable lantern where the General could not miss seeing it. He would jump to this at once. "What's this? Just look at that. I have never seen such a filthy, disgraceful sight in all my life. Aren't you ashamed of it yourself, sir? Your horses are in good condition, your men are smart and clean, your stables are in good order. I'm surprised that you should allow such a thing as this dirty lantern to be here. I am surprised; it just spoils what would otherwise be a very good troop." And with that he would strut off to try and find fault with the next troop, outwardly

fuming, but inwardly pleased that he had discovered something wrong, and which when he came to put it on paper appeared too silly for serious notice.

You hear varied opinions about India as a place for women. Most men will tell you it is no place for ladies; many of the ladies themselves will tell you it is a delightful country. One thing is certain — they cannot remain on the Plains in the hot weather. They have, therefore, to leave their husbands at their duty with their regiments, or in their offices, while they flock to the hill-stations and start additional homes in the cooler climate. There they can be extremely useful to their mankind, because, whenever a married man wants a little leave, it needs but a telegram from his wife in the hills to say that she is desperately ill, and his senior officer cannot well refuse to let him go. When some of the unhappy single officers have seen themselves done out of their leave in this way, and have had to do duty for their married comrades, they eventually get driven in self-defence to take a wife themselves, and that is another reason why India is a good country for ladies — from their point of view.

Of course we in England know that the ladies in India, unlike those at home, are entirely given up to frivolity and scandal; we are perfectly sure of that, just as sure of it as was that prelate who, on the voyage out to take over his see in India, wrote an encyclical, or whatever it is called, to his future subjects, telling them that they must at once put a stop to all their former immorality! He was rather surprised to find himself coldly received, and his sermons not well attended. It is possible that he did not stay long enough in the country to realise that society was no worse in India than anywhere else, possibly rather the other way, because troubles come more frequently there, home is further away, and dangers are closer at hand. These facts promote stronger sympathies, more lasting friendships and greater personal pluck and self-sacrifice than elsewhere, among women as among men. I do not say that there are no frivolities, no back-bitings, no tea-table talk, because no doubt these do exist, but to nothing like the extent that some people would make out.

The greatest complaint in the country amongst the women is that there is little for them to do, their occupations and amusements are necessarily limited by climate and locality, and it seems to an outsider that their main object in life is to get all the pleasure they can out of theatricals, dances, and picnics, without any serious aim in their occupation. Still, if one could look below the surface, there is much good work going on as well. Soldiers' wives and children and the men in hospital are the care of the better class of officers' wives; while devoted women doctors and teachers are doing an enormous amount behind the zenana screens to educate and bring out the native ladies to be more of a power in the land, and there is no doubt that their work is beginning to tell and will tell more widely in the next generation or two.

A new occupation also had lately started, fortunately for me, in a direction in which I have a say personally, and that is in the development of the Boy Scout Movement. This at first glance would appear to be entirely men's work; but, as we find in England, there are many centres in which there are plenty of boys but no men to take them in hand. The ladies have come forward and proved themselves most able organisers and instructors of scouting work, and their field in this direction is now enlarged by the institution of the Wolf Cubs, or branch of Junior Scouts for small boys of from nine to eleven, who are more particularly amenable to instruction by ladies. Also the Girl Guides have now made a great start in India, and promise to exercise a most valuable influence in the education of girls in that country. The principles on which they are trained are very much the same as those which guide the education of the Boy Scouts, but the details are those which apply to womanhood, in the shape of nursing and housekeeping, and the many details connected therewith.

In these directions there is great scope for active and enterprising women, where their time will be well spent in doing a national work instead of in loafing and frivolity. What is to be the future of the native women, when once they come to the fore after being educated by their Western sisters, is a very big problem. The possibilities before them are very great, for they are naturally adaptable and quick to learn. They have, moreover, pluck and devotion equal to that of any other race, if we can judge by the

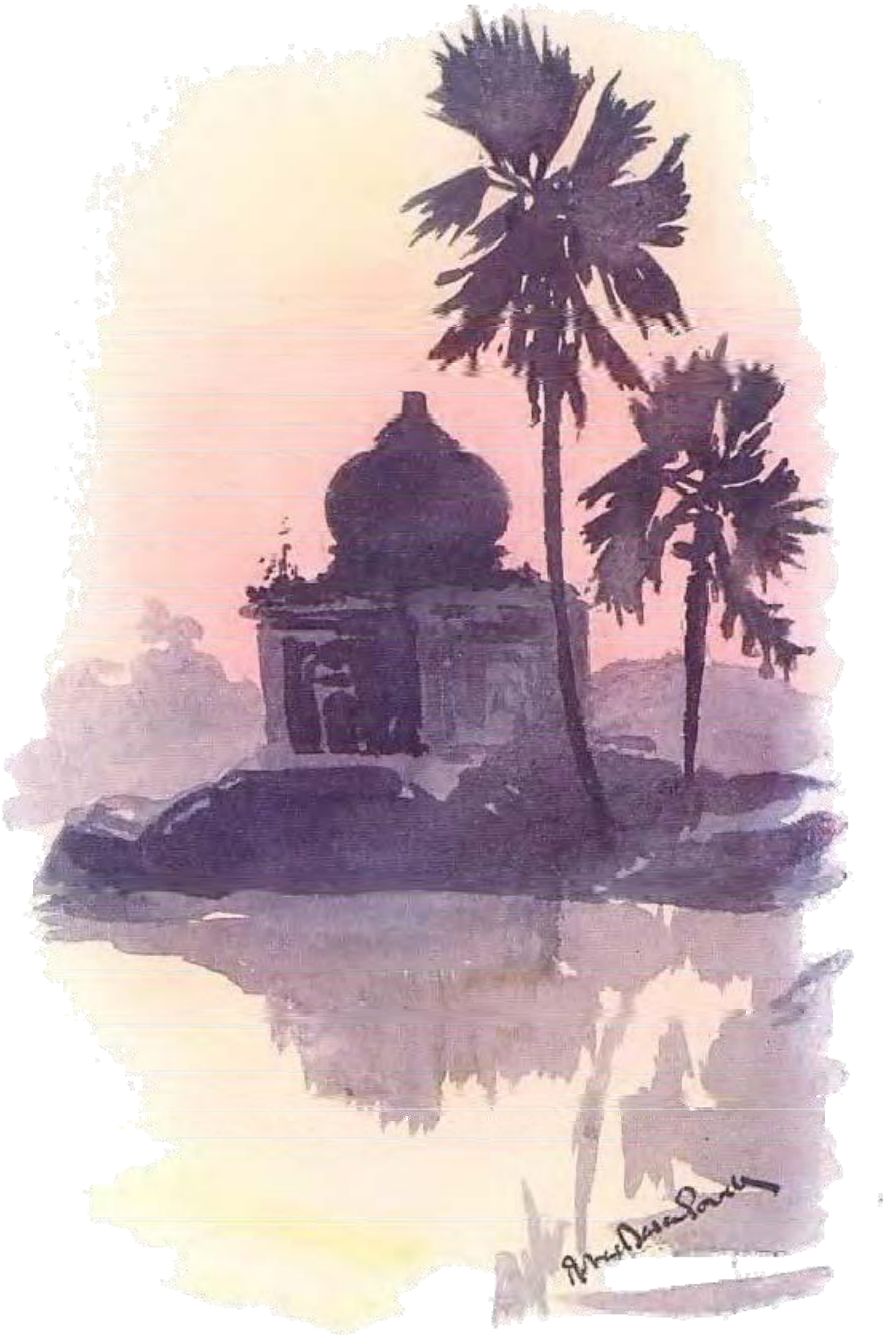
instances which have made their reputation in history, in spite of the bonds which have been so tightly drawn round them in the past. I will merely quote two out of many which could be cited.

When the Sikhs were fighting against us in 1846 they were under the rule of a queen, the Rani Jindan. She was a very strong lady politically, and she had a notion that her great rival in power was her own army, which was growing a bit too strong for her. She therefore rather welcomed the chance of its suffering at the hands of the British, so she took care not to equip it too well. Just before the battle of Sobraon the Sikhs, realising that they were becoming inefficient from want of food and ammunition, send a deputation to Lahore, where the Rani then was, to address her on the subject. She received the deputation in the great hall; she herself remained behind a screen, as was the custom for ladies, while their spokesman represented their difficulties. When he was but half-way through his speech she slipped off her petticoat and, rolling it up in a ball, hurled it amongst the astonished deputation, accompanied by a torrent of abuse, telling them to "get out and take to wearing petticoats themselves, as they were nothing better than a pack of old women, and that if they were afraid to fight she would go and lead the army herself." This so roused them that they gave the equivalent to three cheers and told her they would hammer the English somehow, even without any food or ammunition. And they went back — and got hammered.

The other case was that of the wife of Dhyan Singh, as recorded by Colonel Alexander Gardner. This old warrior, who was at the time an officer in the Sikh Army, describes how Rajah Dhyan Singh was treacherously murdered by Lehna Singh and Ajit Singh. Dhyan's wife was the daughter of the Rajput Chief of Pathankot. When she heard of the death of her husband, she vowed that she would be burnt on a funeral pyre, and, though a very young girl, she showed no hesitation about doing so; but said that before she became sati, that is, a self-immolated widow, she would like to have the heads of Lehna Singh and Ajit Singh, the murderers.

Colonel Gardner says in the simplest way: "I myself laid their heads at the feet of Dhyan Singh's corpse that evening. The sati of his widow then took place, and seldom if ever have I been so powerfully affected as at the self-immolation of the gentle and lovely girl, whose love for her husband passed all bounds. During the day, while inciting the army to avenge her husband's murder, she had appeared in public before the soldiers, discarding the seclusion of a lifetime. When his murderers had been slain she gave directions as to the disposition of his property with a stoicism and self-possession to which no one beside her could claim. She thanked her brave avengers and declared that she would tell of their good deed to her husband when in heaven. There was nothing left for her, she said, but to join him." There was a little girl of nine or ten present at the scene who was passionately fond of the murdered rajah. She tried to get upon the pyre with the young widow, but was prevented by the onlookers, whereupon she ran away to the battlements of the city and threw herself from them. Colonel Gardner writes: "We picked her up more dead than alive, and the beautiful devotee seated on the pyre consented to take the child in her lap and to share her doom. She place her husband's diamond egret in her turban and she then fastened it with her own hands in the turban of her step-son, Hera Singh; then smiling on those around she lit the pyre, the flames of which glistened on the arms and accoutrements, and even, it seemed to me, on the swimming eyes of the soldiers. So perished the widow of Dhyan Singh, together with thirteen of her female slaves."

I always regret that when I first went to India I did not get the opportunity of seeing Colonel Alexander Gardner, who died shortly afterwards in Srinagar, and was buried in the British cemetery at Sialkote. He was a wonderful character. In his old age, at ninety-three, he was as upright as a ramrod and stood six feet four in his stockings. He spoke English with some difficulty, having spent practically all his life in Afghanistan and Northern India, and when he spoke it was with a strong Scottish accent. He had gone as a boy sailor to the coast of Asia Minor, had sought adventures ashore and had thence drifted to Persia, where he took service as a soldier and gradually established himself as a man of standing and authority. Then he became an Afghan and married under romantic circumstances.



A HINDU TEMPLE

He had been told off with some of his horsemen to capture a great lady of a political rival's family, and was successful only after a desperate fight extending over many miles. He was specially told off to take charge of the lady during the escape from her would-be rescuers, and as he rode alongside her camel he noticed a very beautiful girl who was her companion, and at the end of the enterprise he asked for this girl as his wife in return for his services on the occasion. It turned out a very happy marriage for the time that it lasted.

He was continually employed in forays and border wars and saw an immense amount of fighting. One time when away from his fortified home, engaged in one of these raids, he received a message recalling him to his chief, who was being hard pressed by enemies. He reached his chief just in time to find him surrounded by the enemy, with only twelve survivors left of his bodyguard, with whom he was trying to cut his way through. Gardner succeeded in reaching him and rescuing him. But his chief told him with a stony countenance that his own fort had been taken by the enemy and his wife and baby murdered. Gardner stated that he felt a stern pleasure when, on reaching his home, he saw that the number of dead enemies far exceeded that of the defenders; but these had all been slain to a man, with one exception. An old priest had endeavoured to save the child, but had all his fingers cut off and his arm nearly severed by a scimitar in doing so.

Gardner then migrated to the Punjab and joined the service of the great Sikh leader Ranjit Singh, and was a General in the Sikh army when they were fighting against us at Sobraon, but was not in the field himself, being employed at Lahore in command of the reserves. At that time there were no less than forty-two European officers in the service of Ranjit Singh. Gardner's knowledge of the inner life of the Indians was probably unrivalled by that of any other white man, and equally his experience in actual fighting in the field. He bore the scars of some twenty wounds on his body, and owing to a severe wound in his throat he carried a pair of iron pincers with which he had to hold his neck whenever he wanted to swallow or to drink.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN THE TRIBES ARE OUT

The Afghan War — The Great March — Ordered up to Kandahar — A Warlike Atmosphere — The Expedition of 1842 — The Camel and His Ways — Kandahar — A Dangerous City — Theatricals under Difficulties — A Serious Mistake — Afghan Nerve — Attacked by Ghazis — The Crack of Doom — The Field of Maiwand — A Broken Square — A Heroic Chaplin — A Narrow Escape

IN India every star pales before the sun of war. It is scarcely realised, yet it is none the less a fact, that there was hardly a single year throughout the long reign of Queen Victoria in which there was not war in some form in one part or another of Her Majesty's empire.

If no other quarter was able to supply it the North-West Frontier of India generally managed to have one on hand. Pigsticking, big-game shooting, polo, theatricals; all are forgotten when the Tribes are out and the excitement of war is upon the land. The hours are then occupied in speculating as to who will get staff-appointments, what regiments will be ordered to the front and, tragedy of tragedies, who will be left behind.

In 1880 we were at war with the Afghans under Ayub Khan. It happened this way. Owing to supposed machinations of the Russians with the Ameer of Afghanistan, an expedition was sent to Kabul in November 1878. This force passed through the Khyber Pass and took up its position at Jelalabad and other places on the road to Kabul. At the same time Sir Donald Stewart marched a force through the Bolan Pass into Baluchistan and seized Kandahar. Sir Frederick (now Earl) Roberts, with a third force, marched up into the Kuram valley and on into Afghanistan, defeating the Afghan troops at Paiwar Kotal.

Under these defeats the Ameer Shere Ali fled the country and died soon afterwards. He was succeeded by his son, Yakub Khan, who then made terms with the British, whose troops left the country, while Major Cavagnari was installed as British Resident at Kabul. A few months later this officer and his staff were massacred, whereupon a fresh expedition was sent into Afghanistan under Sir Frederick Roberts who, after defeating the Afghans at Charasia, took the city of Kabul and captured Yakub Khan. His force was then cut off by a rising of the Afghans; but was relieved by Sir Donald Stewart from Kandahar.

Abdurrahman was now made Ameer (1880) on condition that he remained an ally of the British; but Ayub Khan, a son of the late Ameer, had meantime raised a force from Persia and advanced from Heart against Kandahar. A British force, consisting of about 2,500 British and native troops under General Burrows, went out to oppose him. The met near Maiwand in a heavy mist and our force was surrounded and defeated with heavy loss. In this fight 961 of our officers and men were killed and 168 were wounded or missing.

Kandahar was then besieged by the Afghans, and two columns were sent to its relief, one under Sir Frederick Roberts from Kabul, the other from India under General Phayre. The 13th Hussars were ordered from Lucknow to join the latter force and, together with the 78th Highlanders, formed its rear guard as it entered Afghanistan through Baluchistan. Sir Frederick Roberts' force of 10,000 men, by a rapid march of 313 miles from Kabul through the mountains, which has become famous, won the race and attacked and defeated the Afghans with heavy loss. This practically ended the war. Our force, marching up through the difficult Bolan Pass and over the Kojak range, reached Kandahar after it was all over.

I had just then returned to India from sick-leave only to discover on my arrival at Lucknow that the regiment had already a few days previously gone on to the front. I find in my diary the following entry (which leads me to think that I was in those days a fairly callous beggar):

"Here's a jolly lark! A telegram came at twelve last night ordering me to get two chargers and to go up to Kandahar immediately, so I am off to-morrow. To-day I am busy fitting out with warm clothes, horses, camp equipment, etc."

Sketch map of the Afghanistan campaign.

That day a new doctor had arrived at Lucknow for the regiment, and as I was the only officer there he reported himself to me. He was accompanied by a lad of apparently about fourteen. After some conversation, in the course of which he agreed to join me in my journey to overtake the regiment, I asked: "What will you do with your son?" "My son? This is not my son. This is an officer who has come to join the 13th." And so the youth turned out to be McLaren, who on account of his appearance was fated afterwards to be called "the Boy."

We arranged to start without delay and next day saw us en route by train for the North-West Frontier.

McLaren had no horses but trusted to getting some at Lahore, where we stopped a day; and he picked up two. Next day we went on by train to Multan and thence up the new Kandahar line as far as Sibi, the base for supplies for Afghanistan. The train simply stopped in the middle of the desert among a heap of baggage, bales of clothes, thousands of ponies, camels, mules, and millions of flies, etc. There were no houses, simply sand and rocks — and flies. In fact, the natives say of it: "When God had made Hell He found it was not bad enough, so He made Sibi — and added flies."

Here we pitched our tent and had rations served out to us, just the same as to the men. Next day we went on to the end of the temporary line to the foot of the mountains, Pirchowkee. Here the railway ended, no station or anything; we simply got out of the train, saddled our horses, and rode to camp a little way off, where transport ponies were supplied, seven between two of us. We slept the night there in a shed and then packed our things on to the ponies, ourselves on to our horses, and started the march early in the morning. We went through mountains, along the course of a river which we crossed twelve times that day in twelve miles, and stopped for the night at a "station," i.e., three tents and a food store.

For six days we marched, mainly along the gorge through which the river ran, over boulders, sand, and stones all the way. It was a jolly life, although the scenery generally was beastly — arid rocks and boulders. For the last march the road was perfectly straight for eighteen miles, over white boulders in the glaring sun, with a low ridge of mountains five miles away on either side, and not a sight of vegetation all the time.

Here we began to get into touch with active service. For the first time we saw everybody walking about with revolvers on. We always carried them. At the first camp we stopped at, some friendly natives came in all covered with wounds which they had just got from some Afghans, and we passed another wounded man on the road. We were told that in going up the road the 13th found the bodies of three men with their hands tied and their throats cut.

I met two fellows who said that they thought I might catch the regiment up at Quetta if I hurried, so I left my pals (Fraser our doctor, Moore our "vet." and McLaren, all going to join the 13th), and went on with two horses and one pony. I shoved a pair of panniers on "Clown," my second charger, in which were my clothes and the horses' blankets, and I put my tent and bedding on the pony, and myself, Jock, and regimental saddle on "Hagarene," and with my bearer and one syce I started off. I left these to come over as best they could, and I plugged on in double marches, doing forty-four miles in tow days over very bad ground, which brought me to Quetta. The pony caved in on the way and did not get in.

To my great disappointment I found that the regiment had gone three days and that it also had been doing double marches. As it would be impossible to catch it up, I remained at Quetta for a few days and the other fellows joined me on the following day. It was great fun, that ride by myself — twenty miles of it was across sandy desert and I met several small parties of Afghans, some of them armed. They do not go for Europeans at all, but still I watched their shadows after we had passed each other to make sure that they did not come at me from behind and stick me, as they would have done had they been Ghazis. After Quetta, we were not allowed to travel alone, as that was the enemy's country, and every party had sent with it an escort of native cavalry.

The 9th Lancers arrived from Kandahar whilst we were at Quetta, twelve days' march distant. They had been up there two years on service and were a very ragged-looking crew in consequence, but fine and healthy. They had met the 13th and camped together for one night, and I believe it was a very wonderful night for both! We had in our mess champagne and glasses, neither of which they had seen for years, and I believe they made the most of the occasion, as they said they did. Also our band played to them, and they had not heard a band for a long time, and our men groomed their horses for them because the two regiments were old friends.

It was interesting at Quetta to see reminders of the former expedition of 1842 in the shape of mud platforms on which the tents of the forts used to stand. Evidently they did themselves well in the way of number and size of tents, and in placing them high above the surrounding ground and fitting them with good fire-places and chimneys.

By the time we were ready to leave Quetta, our party had grown to seven, together with half a dozen men of the 13th who had been left behind with fever. We had awful work to get over the Kojak, a high range of mountains which divides British territory from Afghanistan. We had eleven bullock-carts, five ponies and mules, and twelve camels. The steep rough road was a tremendous strain on all the animals, especially the camels, when the road was at all wet. Their feet seem to slip in all directions and they were very apt to split themselves by their legs sliding apart.

An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits 'isself in two.

The consequence was dead camels on either side of the road all the way along and a splendid aroma. I estimated that there was a dead camel to every yard of road over that pass, and climbing up it in a hurry one was afraid to pant for fear of sucking in the awful smell. We should never have got over the pass had

we not met with a company of native infantry and a lot of tame Afghans, whom we set to work to haul up the carts. When we were over, the going down the other side was just as bad, the road being terribly steep and zig-zagging down the precipice. The carts had ropes behind with men hanging on to prevent them from running away down hill and going over the cliff instead of turning at the corners. We got into camp long after dark, in a storm of sleet, and had to keep a pretty good look-out for Afghan thieves, who were all round trying to steal rifles if they got a chance.

Kandahar was to me a wonderfully interesting place, but not quite so large as I had expected. It was a city of flat-roofed houses and narrow alleys closely bottled-up by huge grey walls with towers. We quartered at a place called Kokoran, a village about seven miles to the front of Kandahar. It was much better being there, as we were in wild open country where it was comparatively healthy. In Kandahar there was a good deal of sickness; the 11th Devonshire Regiment lost eighty-five men in less than three months and the 78th Highlanders also lost a great number. At one place on the march where they had camped we saw written up on the rocks, "Kilts for sale here," meaning that a lot of men had died. The ground round about us was the scene of Lord Roberts' fight when he relieved Kandahar a few months previously. The Afghans after their defeat fled up into the neighbouring mountains and hid in the caves. One of the Ghoorka regiments on their own initiative followed them and got right away from their officers, and nothing was known of them until a good many hours later, when a few came into Kandahar to ask for food and ammunition for the rest, as they had marked all the Afghans down into different caves and were quietly waiting for them to come out again to be killed.

One day our doctor picked up a visiting-card of McLean's, the man who was a prisoner in Ayub Khan's camp and was there murdered. He found the card near a well-hole out in the fields, probably where he had taken refuge and been captured.

Kandahar itself, which I visited many times, was a strange place and more than a trifle dangerous. All the officers and men went about armed, most officers carrying a hog-spear, some of them revolvers. I had a long stout stick with a lanyard to it, and a beautiful smile which I expected would disarm anybody! But amongst the crowd there were very often fanatics or Ghazis who were only too anxious to stick their knives into a European, as they believed that if they were then killed in consequence of their act they would go straight to Heaven.

A stable in the city containing all the ordnance and commissariat stores was covered thickly with shot-marks received during the siege. The sand-bags were still up on the ramparts, and everywhere were to be seen signs of the fighting that has so recently taken place. Outside the main gate was a rough gallows where Ghazis were strung up ever few days. All the soldiers had to carry revolvers or bayonets when they went for a stroll. Even when a man was going only ten yards from the barrack-room to get water from the stream he would carry a drawn bayonet in his hand. It was a very necessary precaution, as the fanatics generally pounced on them without warning.

One day the sentry of the main gate was stabbed in the back by a Ghazi and killed on the spot. The Ghazi then walked into the guard-room, threw his blood-stained knife on the table and gave himself up to be hanged. The sentries were all doubled in consequence and worked back to back. The sentries at Kokoran, instead of carrying their carbines, carried drawn swords as being more handy for a hand-to-hand contest. We got up a small theatrical performance, and it was amusing to see the men going to rehearsal just outside the fortified buildings in which we lived, each man carrying his sword in his hand. The swords were stuck into the ground to mark out the limits of our stage, and at the same time be handy in case of attack.

When they propose to go to Heaven the Ghazis dress themselves in clean white clothes and refuse to take food or to cut their hair until they have succeeded in killing an unbeliever. It is then best for them to get killed themselves before they have time to meet with temptation, and to commit further sins. A Ghazi came hovering round our camp one day, but, failing to find a white man unprepared for his rush, he stabbed one of our native followers, believing him to be a native Christian. He then gave himself up, and

was tried and condemned to death. He was asked why he had killed on of his own religion. The news that he had done so horrified him, and he asked if he might be released, as it was all a mistake, and he would have every chance now of going to the wrong place. On the occasion of his execution another man was to be hanged, a Hindu native follower who had murdered an Afghan woman. When they were on the scaffold some of the supports gave way and the whole thing collapsed before the execution had been completed. So the two prisoners were put on one side while the scaffolding was again erected. Then the difference in character between the two men showed itself. The Afghan, though bleeding from a wound in the head incurred in the fall, started to work in helping to re-build the gallows, while the Hindu cowered in misery awaiting his end.

At Quetta again we were bothered by Ghazis. On one occasion a gunner had a lucky escape. When walking down a native street in the bazaar there was a sudden flash of light on the wall alongside him. This gave him such a start that he involuntarily jumped away from it, and the next moment a big knife descended harmlessly over his shoulder, just grazing him when otherwise it would have plunged into his back. The Ghazi was seized before he could do any further harm and was afterwards hanged.

On the occasion of his execution there were two others also to be hanged. Three gallows posts were therefore erected in the market-place, each with a separate drop worked by a separate man. When the three criminals were placed ready with the nooses round their necks the Commissioner directed that the drops should be pulled simultaneously when he gave the signal by cracking his hunting crop. Two of the executioners watched him, the other only listened for the crack. The Commissioner slung the lash round his head but failed to make the required noise, consequently two malefactors were at once dangling in the air, while the third, with the listening executioner, still remained awaiting the fatal signal.

The attempts by the Ghazis on the lives of white men were finally put a stop to by the proclamation being made that any man hanged in future would have a dead dog buried with him; as this would entirely prevent his soul getting to Heaven the murder of white men lost its charm for them.

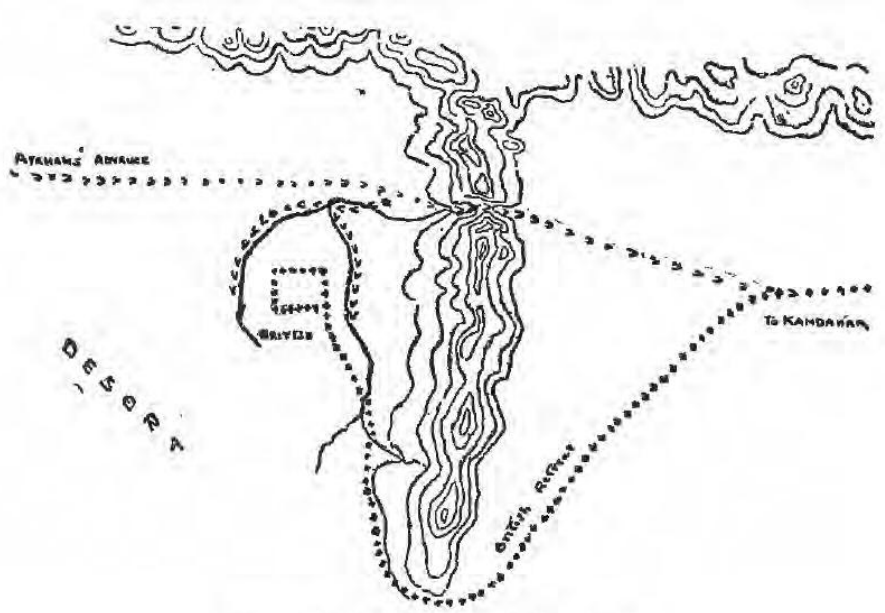
My diary tells me that I was entirely opposed to the authorities upon the question of making a fuss about Afghanistan. With all the assurance of a subaltern I wrote:

"I do not know what is the good of keeping this country; it is nearly all howling desert, with a little cultivation along the few river banks. However, personally, I do not mind how long they keep it, it is a jolly climate. These Afghans are awful-looking sportsmen, fine big fellows with great hooked noses and long hair, in loose white clothing, and very murderous. Since we have been here six of our native servants have disappeared and have never been seen again. One of them was the head cook of our mess; we suspected a village near by of murdering him, for he went to buy eggs, so we sent a squadron out there with the political officer and they searched the place, but of course found no signs of the old boy; if they had they would have probably hanged some of the villagers and burned the place."

I had a very interesting three days' outing at Maiwand with a reconnoitring squadron. With us went General Wilkinson, Colonel St. John, and several other swells. A few miles from Kokoran we came across the marks of gun wheels where our guns had made their escape from the massacre. They had come round the end of a spur of mountains, which made a rather long detour, and it was said that the Afghans had come a shorter cut through the mountains and so harassed their retreat. Therefore we made a bee line for the mountains to see if we could discover the short cut, and before long we came on wheel marks, which we afterwards discovered were those of Ayub Khan's guns. Following these up we came to a pass in the mountains which the Afghans had used, but of which our people had no knowledge. It was a wonderfully picturesque, steep, rocky gorge, and as we passed through it we could see a number of ibex outlined on the cliffs above us watching our progress. The battlefield was a big, open, sandy and stony plain, and we camped about a mile from it.

Everything was very much as it had been left after the fight. Any amount of dead horses were lying about, mummified by the sun and dry air. There had been no rain and apparently very little wind since the battle was fought, and the footmarks and wheel tracks were perfectly clear in every direction. Lines

of empty cartridge cases showed where the heaviest fighting had taken place: wheel-tracks and hoof-marks showed where the guns had moved, dead camels and mules showed the line of the baggage train. Dead men lay in all directions; most of them had been hurriedly buried, but in many cases the graves had been dug open again by jackals. Clothes, accoutrements, preserved food, etc., were strewn all over the place. In one spot the whole of an Afghan gun team, six white horses with pink-dyed tails, had been hilled in a heap by one of our shells.



Plan of the battle of Maiwand

The British brigade in marching early in the morning had sent out a reconnoitring party to visit the only watering place on the desert to the westward, and this patrol had returned saying there were no enemy there. It was therefore at once assumed that no enemy were in the neighbourhood, but, as subsequently transpired, the patrol had not been to the right place and the enemy were there all the time. That morning a heavy mist hung over the plain and the Afghan army had crossed just in front of the advance of the brigade, neither party being aware of the other's presence. Our advance guard, seeing a few men retiring into the mist, had fired after them. This had brought the Afghans back to attack us.

Unknown to the British a deep ravine ran in a horse-shoe form almost entirely round the spot on which the brigade was standing. The brigade formed a square to receive the attack, expecting to see the enemy coming across the open, instead of which the Afghans poured down the nullah by thousands unseen, and then suddenly made their attack from three sides at once. Some Bombay cavalry, ordered out to charge them, swerved under their attack and charged into the rear of our own men, and the native infantry broke and ran with them through the ranks of the Berkshire Regiment, the 66th. These stuck to their post as well they could but were driven back, and then held one position after another to cover the retreat of the remainder, but in the end were practically wiped out in doing so. They made their last stand at a long, low mud wall and ditch. It was at this spot one of the men waved his hand cheerily to the Horse Artillery getting their guns away, and cried that historic farewell: "Good luck to you. It's all up with the bally old Berkshires!" They were all killed here, and the shortest way of burying them was to throw down the wall on the top of them.

Sir Oliver St. John was present at the fight and succeeded in getting away, splendidly helped by a great Afghan orderly. This man, finding that his master's collie dog was missing when they were in full flight,

turned back to the scene of the fight and recovered the dog and brought him with them. The Roman Catholic chaplain to the troops also behaved with conspicuous gallantry, carrying on his back a big skin of water and helping the wounded with it. He would probably never have escaped himself had not some gunners seized him and put him on to one of their limbers, which was making its way to the rear.

I had to make two maps of the battlefield for General Wilkinson and the Commander-in-Chief. The Colonel also asked me to do one for him to send to Sir Garnet Wolseley. I brought back some mementos of the battlefield, a shell, also the hoof of a horse of E. Battery Royal Horse Artillery — he belonged to the one gun which went to the front and fired on the Afghan rear guard and so began the battle. I have also a belt stained with blood and a leaf out of Sir Garnet Wolseley's pocketbook, which was found close by one of the officers.

After kicking horse: "You've broke my toe, you b—— iron-gutted beggar."

CHAPTER IX

THE AFTERMATH OF WAR

The Image of War — Patrols and Picnics — A Curious Superstition — Jock Fights a Wild Cat — Afghan Depredations — Relics of Alexander the Great — Camp Rumours — Abdurrahman Waits — The Horses Stampede — A Subaltern's Opinion of the Government — A Study in Contrasts — Rifle Stealing — An Ingenious Plan — Further Losses — I Shoot Myself — I Hear my Death Announced — Digging for the Bullet — Convalescence — Stalked by a Leopard — A Rough and Tumble

THE process of settling the country after war was like Jorrocks' fox-hunting, "the image of war with only twenty per cent. of its danger!" It was the best possible form of military training for us youngsters; it taught us by actual practice in the field rather than through the tedium of barrack-square instruction all the dodges and all the responsibilities of soldier-craft; it put us into closest touch and comradeship with our men, a big step to successful work in campaigning; and it showed us that the Drill Book is not a fetish that will carry you through every difficulty if you only adhere blindly to its letter, but is rather a statement of general principles which will guide you aright if you appreciate their spirit; that Tactics are after all not so much a science as the application of common-sense to the situation.

I found myself thoroughly happy in the life I was leading. "I enjoy this business awfully, there is always something to do," I wrote in my diary. There was indeed no lack of occupation. One day we would be hunting up one of the bands of robbers in an adjacent pass, only to find that "the brutes had gone," as I phrased it, so I made a map of the pass for Sir Baker instead. Another day I would be sent out reconnoitring with a troop; or enjoying a picnic as if war were a thing unheard of; a third would find me in charge of an in-lying picket, which meant sitting all ready in my tent, with my horse saddled the whole day and my troop the same, ready to turn out and to march within two minutes of the alarm. Then at dusk we would go out of camp about a mile, post vedettes and send out patrols every hour throughout the night to examine a post some five miles off and then back to camp. Sometimes it was so cold at night that instead of putting up the tent our men would prefer to roll themselves up in it on the ground. They had to wear Balaclava caps, that is, knitted night-caps which came down all over the head and neck, with eye-holes to look out from. We succeeded in getting a great deal of experience, as we were constantly expecting attacks, and the long and bitterly cold nights on outpost duty hardened us thoroughly.

At Kokoran we had some pretty bad weather, first in the shape of heavy snow; but living in tents was not so bad as we had expected because, by building round our tent a low wall of mud bricks about two feet high, and making a fire-place at the end, one kept very warm in spite of the cold weather outside. Then came gales, and downpours of rain and sleet which meant much discomfort for us living in the open. On one occasion our native grass-cutters were caught in a kind of blizzard and one of them was stunned by hail-stones and frozen to death. I have not forgotten his return to the regiment. He was brought in by his fellows across the back of a pony, and one of the men who had charge of the grass-cutters took him in his arms and carried him through the horse lines trying to find which troop he belonged to, calling out as is usual with soldiers when they have found something: "Does anybody own this?" Finally, being unable to find an owner, he put the poor thing in a sack and buried him outside the camp.

This soldier was one of the old type that are seldom met with nowadays, a splendid rider and swordsman, very smart and clean in his ways and devotedly loyal to his officers. With his brick-dust face and red hair he was just the type of British solider that one likes to have with one on service. He had a peculiar superstition that you should never pass by a dead body on the right-hand side of the road, so on the line of march whenever he saw the corpse of a native — and one passed a good many of them — on the wrong side of the road, he would carefully dismount and carry or drag it across to the other side and deposit it there. Fortunately for him, by the time we returned from Afghanistan most of the remains has been buried, otherwise he would have had the trouble of doing the whole of the work over again.

" If anybody ever talks to me again about the honour and glory of soldiering, I'll be b——y rude to him."

Men become curiously callous about death when on service. I remember one of our officers shouting violently for his servant, and unable to get his attendance. He was very angry with the absentee, until someone told him the man had died of cold, on which the officer said: "Why couldn't somebody have told me before instead of letting me shout myself hoarse? Where is he now?" He found the poor body being used by his fellow servants as a saddle rack on which to clean their saddles until it was time to take him out to be buried.

My little dog Jock was a great comfort and companion to me at this time, and he distinguished himself at Maiwand by having a fight with a wild cat which nearly put an end to his career. He formed a great attachment for my charger, and when she was still in the riding school he used to trot off at her heels from the stables to the school lessons, faithfully following her in all her evolutions as she was walked and trotted to and fro, circling and turning for an hour or two in every direction.

I took a lot of trouble about the horses of our troop, feeding up the thin ones and giving extra work to the fat ones, visiting them at night to see that they had blankets and were able to lie down, etc. All this took up much time but it brought its reward in the shape of special praise for our troop from the General at the inspection.

Sometimes we would form a picnic party and I remember one that was nearly fatal to Jock. We had lunch in an orchard, but before that we climbed half-way up a mountain to look at a great cave there. This continued for some few hundred yards and then branched off into four passages, one of which was said to have no end to it. In one place they pointed out there was a sort of bottomless pit. Of course Jock ran up to see too, and, with one short squeak, immediately fell down into it. We gave him up as lost and peered over the edge to look at his mangled remains, when we saw him running about ten feet below us hunting imaginary cats. The hole in that part was not very deep although in one corner it became a well,

so Jock scrambled up again out of the place all right, though all night he kept me awake with his groaning, as he had sprained both his forelegs, but he soon recovered.

We were hard up for news just then; the telegraph had broken down, the rivers were so swollen that no travellers had come up lately, and about three out of every four mail runners seemed to get caught and killed by Afghans.

One night a sentry over our transport animals was attacked by an Afghan with a long knife and was wounded in the arm; he shot at the fellow but missed him. The Afghan was probably coming to steal a mule or camel. Several had recently been stolen in Kandahar. A camel and some mules had disappeared a few nights previously, stolen by Afghans from a spot from which one would have thought it would have been impossible to do so. The transport animals were herded inside the circular enclosure of a mud wall about seven feet high. The gate was barred, and the sentry walked round and round the place keeping a constant watch on it. The thieves worked it thus. One got over the wall with one end of a rope in his hand and one remained outside with the other end. A third got on the top of the wall and lay flat there with a pot of water. The two on each side then sawed the rope backwards and forwards while the top man watered the wall at that spot. In this way they managed to cut down through the wall by sawing the rope across it. Then they made another cut a few feet further on and knocked down the piece of wall between the two cuts, thus making a doorway through which they were able to run out some of the animals from inside. Of course they kept a good look-out for the sentry and every time he came by they lay low, and he had no warning of what they were doing until he heard the rumbling of the falling wall and the rattle of the hoofs of the animals as they were led away.

The first intimation that we were shortly to leave Kandahar and return to India came to us indirectly. One day the price of jam went down to one rupee a pot, which showed that the Parsee merchants were expecting that we should leave soon and were selling off accordingly; and they generally know things before anybody else does. In the bazaar at Kandahar one of the money-changers had an old Greek coin lying amongst his cash, for which I gave him a rupee. Later I found that a very large number of such coins had been bought here, as they were those of Alexander the Great. When I was at Chakdara in 1897 a Greek signet ring was found while the troops were digging rain-trenches round their tents. This helped to give colour to the contention that Alexander's route into India was through the Swat Valley at the Chakdara crossing. Very little money is used in this part, people much prefer to barter and exchange things. For instance, an Afghan who had a pony for sale would not take rupees for it, but was very glad to exchange it for an English coat, waistcoat, and breeches.

Rumour is nowhere busier than in camp, and we were always hearing of what was about to, but never did, happen. The following is a characteristic page from my diary.

"Here's a jolly lark! A heliogram has just come ordering us to be ready to march at a moment's notice within the next forty-eight hours, but as it was sent by the last rays of the setting sun, I do not suppose they will turn us out until to-morrow morning at any rate. However, I have been down to my troop and warned them to be ready, and my servant has meantime got my necessary things packed for two mules. The worst of it is we have no clue as to where we are to go; some say it is only to Maiwand again to bury the dead whom we found lying about there last time. The General believes that we are going to take a certain town about seventy miles off where the people are said to have captured our native cook and refused to give him up without ransom of 300 rupees. We are all in great hopes that at last we are going to get a shot at the Afghans — the worst of it is it looks as if it were going to snow like fits."

Then follows the inevitable climax — or rather anti-climax:

"Still here. The orders were never carried out after all, but we know now that we are to evacuate Kandahar and to return to Quetta. Report says that the first brigade starts in two days, if so, we shall start four days afterwards, being the rear guard. However, I am glad we are not on the march just now; the mornings are fine but in the afternoon it pours, with thunder storms and hail. Three days ago it came down in sheets and hailed tremendously for two or three hours. We are on the side of a hill but in spite of

that the whole place was flooded, about two or three feet of water in one great sheet carrying away the tents, etc. It also undermined our big outer wall, which fell in in two places, making a gap of about fifty yards: then in another place the near wall bulged so badly that we pulled it over with a rope. The orderly belonging to the 8th Bengal Cavalry, who brings out our letters from Kandahar here, was carried away and drowned, although mounted and having no regular river to cross. The men's barrack-room and the native buildings here were flooded with water, and when that ran off a sea of mud was left. I saw my sergeant-major just now examining all the likely lumps of mud for one of his boots which was missing; he went about with a kettle pouring water on to each lump as the easiest way of dissolving it and showing what it contained!"

One night I had to wear a bonnet in a piece that we were acting; I had one of my old maps of the Maiwand battlefield and thought it would make good stiffening for the bonnet, so I sent it over to the tailor to make up. Later he told me that there were sergeants and other people wanting the load of the bonnet after I had finished with it. At first I was greatly puzzled; but I discovered that it was to copy out the map of the battle to send home to their pals.

The Artillery had a lot of ammunition for which they could not get carriage down country, so they used it up by practising battering the walls of the deserted city of Old Kandahar. I sent a sketch of it to the *Graphic* as "a parting shot at Kandahar." Abdurrahman with 5,000 men of the Afghan army was camped about twenty miles off waiting for us to clear out before he took possession of Kandahar, everything having been arranged peaceably by the political officers.

One night towards the end of our time it blew a hurricane and hailed heavily. I heard the orderly officer being called about midnight, so I got up and went out with him and found that nearly all the horses in my troop and the next one had broken loose and were galloping about in the dark. A tent had blown straight up into the sky and had flown right over one troop and dropped in the middle of mine and the next, and had naturally frightened the horses out of their lives. They had strained at their head and heel ropes and, the ground being wet, had torn the pegs out and were rushing all over the place. Some of them had the sense to form up amongst the other horses and had remained there until fastened up again, others returned when the trumpeters sounded "Feed," but a number had galloped off into the country and the men had to go out and find them and collect them.

All were eventually recaptured except one A.44, the horse ridden by the Regimental Sergeant-Major and therefore about the best in the regiment. I was very anxious to find this horse, so I took a long ride round on "Dick" to see if I could find its tracks anywhere. I had long practised the art of tracking and was now able to put it to some use: also I had taught "Dick" among other circus tricks to stand alone when I left him and wait till I returned. These two accomplishments came in useful on this occasion. After some searching I came across the trail of a horse galloping away from the camp. I followed this up for two or three miles until it struck up into the mountains over such steep rugged ground that I left "Dick" standing where he was and clambered on foot after the runaway. After a time I spied him outlined against the sky, right on the top of the mountain, and after a long time I got to the place and found him standing there shivering with cold, apparently dazed and very badly cut about the legs with the iron tent peg which was still hanging on to his head rope. It was an awful job to get him down the mountain side, but at last I managed it, and was very pleased when I got him safely back to camp. The Colonel also was delighted.

A British subaltern is apt to fall into the error of hasty judgement, especially where his own immediate affairs are concerned. A little matter of transport seems, if I may trust my diary, to have drawn from me the following uncompromising opinion of the ruling powers of India:

"We are on our way down from Kandahar. The dirty Government sent us up here with orders to bring our whole kit, which means they give us three and a half mules for transport to each subaltern. Now they suddenly tell us we shall have to go back on a reduced scale: each mule is supposed to carry about 160 pounds so we came up with 560 pounds, and now they say we must only take 160 pounds, including one's tent and bedding — the tent weights 80 pounds and bedding about 40 — which does not leave

much margin for three boxes of uniform, clothes, boots, books, horse-clothing, servants' baggage, stable gear, etc. It is not because they have not enough transport animals either, for the snivelling fiends are offering to take it down for us if we like to pay! It would cost me about £16 to take down the things that I brought up here as far as Sibi where the railway begins. However, I am going to chuck away my old things, load up my second charger with baggage and buy a pony or mule of my own, and by so doing shall save something; but is it not beastly of the Government?"

One of our sentries.

It was rather amusing to us to see it stated in the newspapers at home that the chief reason why Kandahar had been held so long was that the officers and men liked it so much that they were unwilling to leave it. As a matter of fact the opposite was the case. Officers and men alike were most anxious to get back to India out of that unhealthy desert. At one time, for instance, there was immense excitement at Kandahar because three days had passed without the 11th Regiment losing a single man. However, the balance was restored on the fourth day by five men dying. We of the 13th were lucky, losing only one man up there through pneumonia. The 11th lost an average of one man a day all the time they were there, and all the other regiments lost large numbers.

When at last we received orders to leave Kokoran and Kandahar the 13th was ordered to form the rear guard and to parade at a certain hour so as to move off from Kokoran immediately in the rear of the infantry, but the Colonel had told me to find out the best road to follow, and I found that by one particular short cut we could save at least two hours' marching. So he ordered the regiment to delay its departure accordingly. The General heard of this and asked his reason. When the Colonel gave it the General said that his staff officers knew the country perfectly well and would not have given the order for parade for that hour had it been possible to economise time as he suggested. The Colonel replied more politely but generally to the effect that he did not care what the staff officers' ideas of the country were, he knew better and proposed to rest his men and horses until the last moment: and he used my short cut accordingly, and we were exactly at the right time at the appointed place. I mention this little incident because it was from it that I date my ultimate promotion at the hands of Sir Baker Russell.

On the day we were to march from Kokoran our mounted sentries were relieved by those of the Afghan army of Abdurrahman, and it was an amusing contrast to see the Hussars, who for this occasion

were dressed in full kit, relieved by rough-looking "catch-'em-alive-o" warriors who while on duty carried umbrellas to protect themselves from the sun. After we had marched out some distance I suddenly recollected that we had left in our mess a coloured print from the *Graphic* of Millais' "Cherry Ripe." I somehow did not want it to fall into the hands of the Afghans, so I rode back and fetched it away with me, and for a long time afterwards it decorated my tent and bungalow; so, accidentally, I was the last Britisher to leave Kandahar.

An Afghan sentry.

The march down country was chiefly remarkable for the number of attempts made by the hill tribes to steal horses, rifles, and ammunition from the troops. The Afghans are wonderfully keen thieves and will risk anything to get a rifle or ammunition. Many of them come into the camp as spies, working as camel-men or mule-drivers. They find out how the arms are stowed at night and then let their friends outside know, and this has been the cause of many very clever thefts of rifles from time to time.

In one regiment the rifles were piles up round the poles of the tents and then locked there by a chain which was passed through the trigger guard of each rifle and then padlocked. In the big two-pole tents this seemed to be an absolute safeguard, especially with the men sleeping all round the tent and the entrances laced up. But the thieves got over the difficulty this way. With their knives they cut all the tent ropes on one side of the tent and threw the tent over the top of the sleeping men. The, seizing the rifles underneath the canvas, they simply slipped them off the foot of the tent poles still chained together, made off with the two bundles, loaded them on to camels and were well away before the men had struggled out from under the canvas trap in which they found themselves.

On another occasion in a regiment which had suffered from these thefts the men dug a hole under the floor of each tent and buried their rifles there and slept on the top of them, but even this precaution did not stop the thieves, for having found out exactly where the rifles were stowed they carefully and silently dug from outside the tent a small tunnel leading down to where the rifles were buried, and thus abstracted them without disturbing the men sleeping above them.

Having seen in South Africa the way of stopping diamonds from being stolen by the diamond-thieves, which was by lighting up the whole place brilliantly at night, I used the same principle when marching

with my regiment through northern India. Rifles are of no use at night for sentries, since they carry far and may miss a foe and hit a friend, so every night we had all the rifles collected and stacked in front of the guard tent and carefully covered by tarpaulins. A ring of lamps was posted round them and two sentries were placed in charge with shot-guns loaded with slugs and with orders to fire on anyone entering the circle of light. This had the desired effect, as we never lost a rifle during our long march, and yet a native regiment which was brigaded with us and was largely composed of men of similar propensities, who ought to have been able to catch their thieves, lost rifles on more than one occasion.

During the march down the Afghans gave us a lot of work at night. They would creep into camp in spite of the fact that there were sentries every hundred yards with two or three natives in between, and the tents were pitched in a square with the horses and mules inside it. At one camp four rifles and a heliograph were stolen out of a tent in my troop which was inhabited by four infantry soldiers attached to us. Later an Afghan galloped up in the middle of the night, cut the head and heel ropes of the end horse in my horse lines and was trying to make off with it when two of our men went for him and he galloped away.

That same night we also had a camel, a pony, and a donkey stolen. The next night I had two grand horses put at the flanks of my troop line; one was an animal that would never leave the stable under any persuasion unless he saw all the rest of the troop going; the other was quiet enough in the day, but went mad with excitement at night and would yell, kick and bite at anyone who went near him. Some thieves tried to cut them adrift early in the evening but could do nothing with either, and had to bolt on the approach of the sentry. They had better luck in E troop, where they cut a horse's lines and were walking off with him when the sentry saw the horse going but did not see the men, so he called to the sergeant of the guard that a horse had broken loose and was trotting away from the lines. The sergeant went out and made a detour to catch the horse, and to his surprise found it in the charge of three Afghans, who promptly heaved stones at him and bowled him over. However, they let go the horse, which went straight back to his lines.

This was all early in the evening. I got up about 1.30 to go round the sentries and if possible to do a bit of thief-catching. I hid myself in a good spot between two horses and waited for ever so long with a sword ready; but none came, so I left them and went to another place. I had not been gone ten minutes before four Afghans were seen by the sentry crawling along the ground at that very spot, and the idiot did not shoot one of them: so I turned in disgusted at 3.30. Next night, however, I was resolved I would get one, and after mess went to my tent to get my revolver out. I was examining it previous to loading, to see it was properly oiled, when I heard the sentry close by challenge someone in the dark. I knew what that meant, for generally the Afghans work in pairs; one of them will crawl about in front of the sentry and attract his attention, while the other sneaks up behind the man and stabs him, or goes for the horse and cuts it loose, and gets away with it. As I ran out of my tent to help the sentry I clicked my pistol to see if it worked right before shoving the cartridges in. By Jove, it did work all right! To my great surprise it went off and hit me in the left leg. At the same time that this happened Tommy Tomkins, the man in my troop who is so fond of corpses, ran up with his gun and made a corpse of one of the two Afghans, while the other got away safely. I found afterwards that my servant had loaded the pistol for me in anticipation of my wanting it, when I had left it purposely unloaded. The bullet went in at the top of my calf and settled somewhere down about my heel. The doctor, after probing for it nine times without success, said it was not worth while bothering to cut it out as it would be quite comfortable there. The only drawback was that I had now to ride in a dhooli, that is a covered stretcher, instead of on horseback with my troop.

While I lay in my tent next morning waiting to be carted off I heard the voices of two of my men close by. "Have you heard the news, Tom? Mr. Poul has shot himself." "No, has he?" "Yes, and the corpse is in there." Then there was some fingering at the lacing at the back of my tent with a view to a peep, till I called to ask who was there, and some startled scampering took place.

At length there came a day when it was possible to feel the bullet inside my leg. It was where I had expected to find it, just below the ankle-joint and not where the doctor has assured me it was, close to the

knee. After fingering it about for some time, the medico assured me it would require but a very simple operation to get it out. "A slit with a penknife through the skin would do it," he said; "you will merely have to squeeze with finger and thumb and the bullet will squirt out like a cherry stone." He would come along in the afternoon and do it for me.

I thought little or nothing of it until his servant arrived with a huge case of instruments which he laid out in my room, and then prepared basins, waterproof sheets, sponges and all the paraphernalia of a major operation. Then the assistant doctor came upon the scene and talked about the weather to such an extent that I began to realise that something serious was on hand. Finally the boss doctor himself arrived; he had been lunching, and when he lunched he lunched well. He asked if all was ready and whether or no I wanted chloroform. I said certainly not, as it was only a small matter like squeezing out a "cherry-stone," and that I should like to watch how it was done. He asked with some concern if there was any brandy in the place. I said: "Yes, but I shall not want it." He said: "No, but I do." And he took it. A pretty stiff nip too!

The junior doctor then took his seat upon me, and the old one got to work, jabbing a knife into me. He apparently took a bad shot the first time and jabbed it in again in another place, and then proceeded to do the "squeezing the cherry-stone" business. He found that the bullet had no intention of popping out as he expected, but was in reality embedded underneath a thin muscle and had got a hardened shell round it. This needed a certain amount of mining operation with a thing like a spoon with sharp edges. His hand was not steady, and he kept diving into the wrong place and then correcting his aim. Finally he commenced what turned out to be like the old Moore and Burgess entertainment, "ten minutes genuine fund without vulgarity." I had got the corner of my pillow in my mouth, and the servant mopped my brow and fanned me, but all came right in the end, and after a good deal of jabbing and digging and pulling with tweezers the old boy triumphantly held up the bullet before my eyes. And I was mighty glad to see it!

Sir Oliver St. John took me in at the Residency at Quetta and made me comfortable while I was getting over my wounded leg. And I shan't forget my first day in his charming garden. I was brought in on my stretcher and left on the lawn under the shade of a tree to enjoy life by myself. Presently I saw with some apprehension a great big leopard stalking quietly about among the flower-beds. Suddenly he saw me, and, after looking at me coldly for a few moments, he gradually crouched lower and lower until he was flat with the ground, and then he calmly proceeded to stalk me, creeping nearer and nearer, inch by inch, and going more and more slowly as he got the nearer. All I seemed to see was a horrid grinning mouth, yellow-green eyes, and ears laid back, with a black time of tail switching to and fro behind him. Meantime I was lying perfectly helpless in my cot and fascinated with terror; for although I knew him to be a tame beast, with these grown-up cats you never know where you are. Nearer and nearer he came! Then he seemed to knot himself together, and with one might bound he was on top of me, with all the weight of a nightmare. I no longer pretended coolness, but simply yowled for help, with his grinning face about an inch from my own. Fortunately help was close at hand, and Sir Oliver's Afghan orderly, the same who had rescued his dog on the battlefield at Maiwand, ran up and tackled the leopard. In a few moments they were wrestling and rolling over each other, in what appeared to be a desperate struggle, but which, as a matter of fact, was all play, for they were the best of comrades. However, to prevent recurrence of such an incident the leopard was after this chained up to its tree, and I used to watch it by the hour and try to sketch it in its beautiful, graceful movements and positions. I was genuinely sorry when some weeks later it got its chain caught up in the tree and so hanged itself.

It was at Quetta that I got my first trial as a Scout. Some of our regiment were told off to act as enemy in some night operations for the protection of the cantonment, and we were told to creep in as far as possible and find out how the sentries, supports, and pickets were posted. Eager to do the work well, we of course started the moment that we were allowed to try and carry out our duties. Naturally the sentries were very much on the qui vive, and a good many of our scouts were observed by the sentries and either captured or driven back. Some of us managed to find out a good deal as to the location of the enemy's

outposts and were then glad to lie down and have a sleep on some heaps of bhoosa (chopped straw). Waking up some hours later, from the cold, I thought it might warm me up to go and try again to get more information. Knowing pretty well where the sentries were posted, I was able to avoid them and to crawl past them to one of the supports.

Having had all their excitement in the earlier part of the evening in driving us back, they apparently supposed we had retired for good and therefore the look-out was not so sharply kept as in the earlier part of the night. I had therefore no difficulty in getting past the support, and then in keeping along in rear to find the position of other supports, and eventually by following one of their visiting patrols I found the exact location of the reserve. Having gone as far as I could, I left my glove under a bush on the bank of the ravine by which I had arrived, and made my way back with my report to my own people, just as dawn was breaking. Later on, when the dispositions of both sides were being criticised by the General, a doubt was expressed whether our scouts had really gathered their information from personal observation or had merely made guesses of the outposts, since the defenders maintained that it was impossible for scouts to get through at the spots mentioned. I was able, however, to prove our case by directing them where to find my glove.

I was at that time a smoker, but I afterwards learnt from some American scouts how helpful it was on such occasions to be able to smell the whereabouts of the enemy's outposts and thus to creep past them. These scouts did not smoke because they held that such practice is apt to destroy or to deaden very much the sense of smell. I therefore gave up smoking and have never taken to it since, and I certainly found the value of being able to smell an enemy at night; it has been useful to me on more occasions than one. But whether it is actually the case that smoking handicaps one in this way I cannot say.

CHAPTER X

LIFE IN THE HILLS

Civilisation *v.* Vagabondage — My First Meeting with Lord Roberts — His Advice — Sir George White's Unconventionality — Disguised as War Correspondents — We are Sumptuously Entertained — We are Discovered — A Hasty Trip to Simla — Ragging — An Enthusiastic Fire Brigade — My Death Is Announced — "The Bounding Brothers of the Bosphorus" — A Mess-Room as Sheepfold — "Ding" McDougal, Practical Joker — I Flee from Society — And Do Not Regret It — A Novel Umbrella — The Drawbacks of Education — My Post Bag

WHEN I ultimately reached the happy position of being able to dispense leave to others instead of seeking it for myself, I made it a rule that, if a subaltern desired to go to a hill station to see a little gaiety and social life and so restore his health and vitality, he might have a month in which to do it; on the other hand if he wanted merely to go and amuse himself big-game shooting or exploring the mountain regions of Kashmir I would give him — four months or even more if he could be spared!

Although I went once or twice myself to hill stations such as Simla, Mussoorie, or Naini Tal, I could not say I liked them except for their climate and their glorious mountain scenery. These could all be much better enjoyed if we went off into camp and left the starchy formality and the round of social entertainments far behind. At the same time, in spite of the heat and of the sickness and sudden death of comrades incidental to it, I liked my summers in the plains, with the sport and keen hard exercise.

My first meeting with Lord Roberts was at Simla at a ball at Government House, on one of those occasions when I had forsaken the camp in favour of "starchy formality." I had not at that time learned many words of Hindustani. My partner had sent me to the refreshment buffet for an ice, and I was trying to make the native waiter understand what I wanted, when a stranger with a soldierly figure alongside me gave the order to the man in Hindustani, and then kindly patting me on the shoulder he said: "Young fellow, you will make your life happier here if you learn a bit of the language. Who are you and where are you staying?" I thanked him and gave him my name and thought no more of it; but the next morning I received a little note from Sir Frederick Roberts giving me the name of a teacher of native languages who would help me.

Many people do not bother to learn Hindustani, thinking that many of the natives will understand English for all practical purposes. This is so to a certain extent, but very few people in Northern India who want a good trustworthy servant will take one who speaks English. For some hidden reason, English-speaking and roguery seem to go together in an individual. Also it is worth knowing the language because it makes all the difference in the interest, pleasure, and success of going out in the district, whether for shooting, pigsticking, sketching or sight-seeing. If you can talk with the natives you get much more fun and enjoyment for your money.

One of the leading lights at Simla at that time was the Military Secretary to the Viceroy. Like all his family, he was a wild kind of sportsman, but with the warmest, kindliest heart below it all. When I went to Simla I was brought there in a dhooli, utterly down with sickness and fever. As I passed along the road below Government House, hearing that I was a young officer of a cavalry regiment, he told the bearers to bring me to his house, and there he put me up and looked after me like a brother, although I was a comparative stranger to him.

In my convalescence I tackled some of the books in the library and amongst them I found a volume of Lindsay Gordon's poems. Some of these referred to men who had died violent deaths, and others dealt with the regret a man feels for past incidents in his life. These passages I found underlined and scored with pencil marks, with notes written on them showing that a meaning attached itself to them outside the covers of the book. Seeing me looking at the book one day he took it from me and gave me another copy

A SUNSET IMPRESSION, KASHMIR

for myself. I found afterwards that he had accidentally killed his best friend, a brother officer, by charging him in a frolic on the way home from polo, and that this had never really got off his mind. Though externally he seemed a cheery, devil-may-care character, yet he never could forget the loss of his friend and the feelings that it awoke.

At Simla, Agnew, who was then A.D.C. to Sir George White, the Commander-in-Chief, and I went out to camp in the mountains. Everywhere were lovely deodar woods with views that made one gasp with delight; and it was splendid exercise climbing up and down the mountainside after pheasants. It was just glorious! Sir George White suddenly turned up in our camp one day all alone. He had walked over from Simla, which meant a sharp descent of some two thousand feet, and then an equally sharp climb of another two thousand in a walk of something like twelve miles. He was wonderful in the way of taking exercise, and used to run his staff off their legs in going for exercise round the various roads in the neighbourhood of Simla. There is a tunnel by which the main road goes through the hillside at one spot, but it is so narrow that a policeman is stationed at each end to keep the traffic going alternately one way or the other. On the occasion of a large garden party, when all the ranks and fashion of Simla in their rickshaws were about to pass through the tunnel, the policeman stopped them and held up the traffic, and the news spread that the Lord Sahib was coming through. The "Lord Sahib," I may remark, is the title given by the natives both to the Viceroy and to the Commander-in-Chief. Everybody waited expectantly to see one or other of these magnates riding though will all his glittering staff, instead of which there came from the tunnel a single, solitary figure, a tall, thin man in a singlet and flannels, running in more senses than one, and not a little startled to find himself in the presence of Simla's society, collected as if to receive him. It was Sir George White.

On returning from our camp to Simla, Agnew and I found that a theatrical performance was to take place that night at the theatre, so we agreed to disguise ourselves as two War Correspondents en route to the Front. He was to be English and I Italian. We did this just to puzzle the party to whose box we were invited. We sat down to dinner at Agnew's house in our disguises, and we were about three-quarters of the way through our meal when suddenly his native servant burst into an unnatural squeal of laughter, for he had suddenly recognised me through my disguise, having evidently until then supposed I was a stranger.

We went to the theatre, and to the box where our friends were already arrived, and, having gained the assistance of an aide-de-camp of the Commander-in-Chief, we got him to introduce us as two newspaper men who had letters of introduction to Sir George White, who hoped that they would receive us and make us comfortable. This they did and were most affable and charming to us, explaining all the details of life in India in general and in Simla in particular. Encouraged by our success here we persuaded the aide-de-camp to take us round between the acts and introduce us to many other friends in other parts of the house, and none of them seemed to harbour any mean suspicion of us. Emboldened by this we went to our own supper party, to which we had invited our friends. In the meantime I wrote a note to a young officer of my regiment who was then on leave in Simla, and asked him to go and act on my behalf as host, as I was detained on business. I begged him to be particularly polite to two newspaper men, one an Italian who had letters of recommendation to me. He was *most* polite! When we arrived at the door he not only welcomed Agnew in high-flown English, but he turned to me and in the most atrocious French endeavoured to express his greetings. This very nearly finished me. Although I was able to control the muscles of my face the tears were streaming down from under my gold-rimmed spectacles, and as I mopped my eyes he asked with extreme solicitude: "Est que vous êtes malade aux yeux?" And I replied in my best Italian-English: "Yees, I am a little bit sick in the eyes." This became thereafter a regular phrase in Simla if you asked anybody how he was feeling.

We had a glorious supper with our friends, talking all sorts of nonsense to them without being suspected until the end of the end of the meal. Then I pretended to get a little the worse for so much good entertaining. The ladies hastily withdrew and the men were getting angry when we pulled off our wigs and disclosed ourselves. From this it will be seen that we were capable of being pretty frivolous, but I

really thing a few days of it do a man a power of good, and I was just about to return to Meerut to settle down to the gruelling round of winter drills and work.

In India, as elsewhere, ragging breaks the monotony of existence, especially for the victim. A fellow seldom gets ragged without having given some cause for it; either he is dirty and wants washing, or he had got some characteristic which needs toning down. I got plenty of it and I know how good it was for me. I have often heard it spoken of by outsiders as bullying, but personally I have never known it take that line.

I remember a horrid game we had at the School of Musketry at Hythe. Certain of us formed ourselves into a fire brigade for the purpose of saving life in the event of a conflagration, and we took every opportunity of keeping ourselves fit for work by practice. As soon as we saw a party of officers comfortably settled to whist in the ante-room after mess, or congenially playing billiards together, a cry of "Fire!" was raised, and immediately one party detailed for catching the victim rushed out and took up position below the mess-room window, while the second party of rescuers, shouting, "Smith's on fire!" would rush and seize Smith from amongst his friends and carry him to the window and throw him out, to be caught by those below. In the many times that we did it, it only happened once that we threw a man out of the wrong window. The party were waiting for him at the next; they got nothing and he got a bad fall. But we were not a bit sympathetic, beyond explaining to him that it was our mistake and not his.

I took care to be particularly energetic in these rescues in order to avoid being rescued myself, but I fancy I must have overdone it, for one day while lying asleep in the sun on the lawn some of those who had been victims stalked and captured me, and, before I well understood what they were at, they had me bound to a plank, head and foot, a rope round every inch of me. A gag was put in my mouth, a sheet thrown over me, and I was carried to the guard-room with the information to all whom it might interest that I had fallen out of a window and broken my neck! To add realism to the affair they had taken off my boots and socks and left my bare feet sticking out of the end of the sheet, and I was left for some time stretched on the table before somebody had the curiosity to have a closer look, and noticed that I was trying to signal for help with my toes.

A new and original game was introduced into the mess by a brother of our Colonel who came to stay with him. We believed him to be a quiet, harmless planter from Behar, and so he seemed throughout the evening both during and after dinner, when he remained watching us playing the fool in various ways for our own amusement. But evidently our ways did not strike him as original, and he therefore invited us to play the great game of "The Bounding Brothers of the Bosphorus," and when he had once shown us we joined most heartily in the sport. The game had few rules about it, but a certain amount of etiquette. The apparatus required was that all the furniture should be piled in a heap about the centre of the floor and a writing table placed a couple of yards from it. You were expected then to clap your hands three times, that was the etiquette of the game, then run at the table and turn head over heels on it on to the pile of furniture, shouting as you did so: "I am a bounding brother of the Bosphorus!" That was all. Quite simple, but how it hurt when you landed on the upturned legs of a chair or the side of a table!

Another man with original ideas, I remember, appeared one evening at the Curragh to add a zest to life after mess. He suggested that we should each put down a coin of the realm in a plate, and then sally out to catch sheep, and the one who first brought a sheep into the mess-room should take the pool. No sooner said than done! We all flung our coins into the plate and started off, but as we hurried by one of the nearest officers' huts we heard a plaintive bleating coming from his bath-room and we found that he had already taken the precaution of securing a sheep before starting the idea of a pool. Naturally we released the sheep and wrecked his quarters; still the idea was one that appealed to us, and we then continued our hunt on this dark and windy night. I knew that in such weather sheep were wont to gather by the covered cab-stand. I secured my animal and after infinite labour of pulling and hauling I eventually carried it home on my back, to the detriment of my mess uniform, only to find the mess-room already half filled with bleating, woolly, smelly monsters. Before long the whole place was a jam of sheep with a lot of very happy, dirty-looking officers contemplating their captures. One had unfortunately split his overalls

in the effort, and in order that he might not feel himself out of fashion in this respect it became etiquette for all overalls to be split for that evening. A good time for the tailors next day!

Sheep-stealing by officers.

Having wandered back to the happy days at the Curragh, another incident suggests itself to me. At one time bridge-building was much indulged in by the troops, and the officers, in order not to be behindhand in the art, started out one evening after mess to build a bridge. They went round their own and their neighbours' stables and collected every kind of dog-cart and vehicle that they could find. Then mounting on the roofs of two neighbouring huts they endeavoured to construct a bridge from one to the other composed of carts. They worked all night and by daylight had completed the abutments, but there were not sufficient whole vehicles left to complete the spawn; but it was a fine attempt, and photographic record was taken of their handiwork.

Looking back on this it is amazing to think that grown-up men could be such fools, or could be amused by such nonsense. Yet I will wager that there is not a man alive who enjoyed it as much as I did.

"Ding" McDougal was celebrated for his originality and want of taste in developing some of these weird performances. I remember him at a great ball in India going and standing under the chandelier in the centre of the ball-room and quietly twisting it round and round in one of the intervals between the dances. When the next dance began he stood there holding it until all the couples were merrily at it, then he let go and the chandelier spun round and round at a fearful rate, sending a spray of hot candlewax in all directions on the shoulders of the women and the uniforms of the men. How they cursed him! But they forgave him and laughed.

He also excelled himself one day when we had arrived in a new station and were invited to become honorary members of the Club. The secretary was showing us over the premises and we were in the dining-room, which opened into the ante-room. In this room was seated a dignitary of the Church with a tall hat and curved brim with strings leading from the brim to the top. This attracted Ding's attention. He walked up behind to examine it more carefully, and having had a good look at the hat, suddenly bashed it down on the owner's head, and then retired into the dining-room and pelted him with oranges while he

was struggling to get his hat off his eyes. Of course we were asked not to become members of the Club after that.

Ding always was a nuisance, especially at polo. He was a brilliant player and might have been invaluable to the regiment, but he let us down on more than one occasion by bringing into the match a wild, tearing, racing pony which he wanted to qualify for a polo pony race, or for sale as one which had played in first-class polo. Play, indeed! It was as much as he could do to get it on the ground at all — and he was as good a rider as any in India — much less get it to go for the ball. It was all very well for him, but it did not help us to win the match.

But I was never one for the gaiety of social life when there was a chance of getting out into the wild, and as I have said, my experience of the hill stations is not a very large one. On one occasion I went to Mussoorie, a straggling station about three miles in length, situated on a woody ridge. The paths were rough with grit and exceedingly dusty; house refuse was chucked about on the slopes; untidy little shanties were all over the place and smells were everywhere. The "society" was extremely mixed and included many with very foreign-sounding names, who adorned themselves with all the finery they could lay their hands on in imitation of fashionable dresses — with a special eye for hats — and their manners were of the highest class. There were comparatively few English people.

On the night of my arrival I found that I was expected to attend a grand Masonic banquet, at which I was called upon to make a speech, and after that to continue being funny until one o'clock in the morning. This was merely the beginning. Invitations floated in upon me for every night of the following week, not to mention the cards and notes reading, "Mrs. So-and-So wants me to bring you to tea to-morrow, etc." They were all very kind and I accepted every one with a grin, in some cases two or three invitations for the same night. One day, according to my diary, I seem to have taken myself to task.

"You have accepted all these festivities," I told myself. "You are engaged for a farewell dinner to Colonel B. to-night, you are asked to come with a good repertoire of songs and musical sketches; to-morrow you are to lunch with Mrs. ——, to tea with Mrs. ——, to dine at the ——. Are you to do all these things?"

"No!" replied my *alter ego.*

"Well then, if it is not a rude question, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to make a bolt of it."

That is exactly what I did. Outside, the wild was calling, and I packed up my kit, left a note to say I was off to Chakrata, thirty-eight miles distant, and started off secretly in a howling rain-storm. My outfit consisted of James (my kitmutgar), "Special" (my Arab pony), Jack (my pup), together with four coolies, laden as follows:

My walking kit.

1. My clothes and bedding.
2. My despatch box and tea basket.
3. Our food and cooking-pots.
4. The ponies' blankets, corn, etc.

Down we trudged through the driving rain, wetted to the skin in the first five minutes. The path we pursued was cut in the steep hill-side with no view but that of whirling mist and rain. In the evening we by luck chanced upon an empty road engineer's bungalow, where we laid a roaring fire, before which I dried my clothes, then enjoyed a cold dinner and slept in comfort.

The next day I was reminded of the civilisation I had left by a picturesque looking old temple and bang alongside of it a little modern building like a Methodist chapel, but labelled "school." I thought how much better the old was than the new. For these people our modern efforts are not required, their old style is more in keeping with their character and country. It would be, I argued, much better to convert our own people from drinking and irreligion than these from a faith that for its grip upon the herd is a much better one than our own.

That night I slept in a little engineer's bungalow perched in a grand situation, overlooking a deep-down valley with its fields terraced one above the other like steps leading from the heights into the depths below. Here I stayed a whole day. Occasional showers and mists rolled across the mountains and filled the valleys, now wrapping us in a white fog, then breaking into holes through which I obtained startling glimpse of brilliant green sunlit country spread out far below. And so I continued day after day at an altitude of some thousands of feet.

One day I changed upon a beautifully situated little dak bungalow, seven thousand feet up. It was a clean little house, with a dining-room in the centre and a bed and bathroom at each end, with kitchen, stables, etc. The bungalow looked across a little strip of lawn, on which "Special" grazed, down into a deep valley below. Ranges of hills rose one above another until they seemed piled up in the sky, and if only the weather had been less misty I could have seen above them a grand line of snow peaks. I spent a delightful, lazy day at the bungalow, writing and sketching, with Jack in close attendance upon me. It was bright and warm, with cool, fresh air, and no sound but the buzz of the bees (we got excellent honey from the village a thousand feet below), and the distant tinkle of a cow-bell, varied by an occasional swish of "Special's" tail. Gazing over the immense hills, and looking almost sheer down into the deep valleys between, I felt like a parasite on the shoulders of the world. There was a bigness about it all that opened and freshened the mind. It was like a cold tub for the soul.

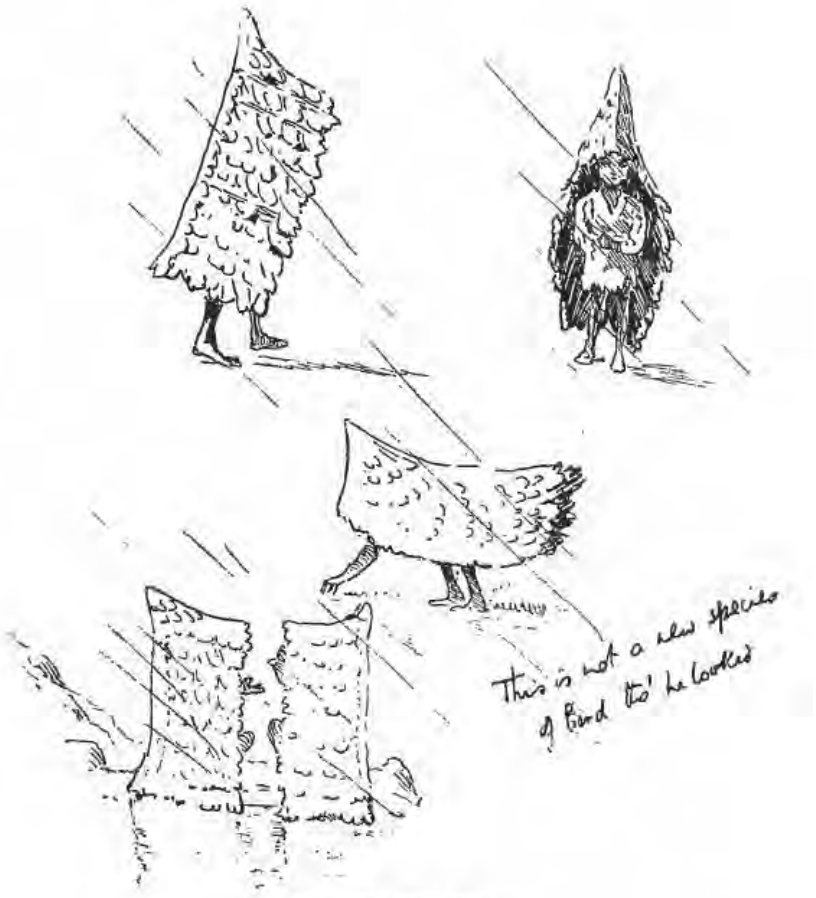
The next day I could not tear myself away, so voted myself another holiday. I obtained a splendid view from the hill behind the bungalow. What I had been thinking were giants (seven thousand foot hills) I found were mere dwarfs and children. Above them towered a far higher crowd of heights and shoulders, twelve thousand to fourteen thousand footers, I should think, and away above them were furled the white mists that veiled the old hoary-headed twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand footers.

It is curious that all over these hills are innumerable paths, and you meet men staggering up and down them with enormous loads on their backs, generally bundles of twigs with leaves on, or great slabs of slate. But I do not believe they are taking them anywhere in particular. They are just like ants going about aimlessly with their burdens. They clothe their upper bodies in coarse dirty sacking or canvas and leave their legs all bare to be admired, for they are splendidly made.

The ladies of the country dress in a skirt and a waistcoat (generally without any buttons on it) and a long white linen coat with a band round the waist, and on ordinary occasions a handkerchief tied over their heads. Altogether very like Montenegrin women, bar the forage cap.

The last day I was there was a festive occasion, a matinée going on somewhere, I should guess, as all I met had enormous hats on. Things that looked like small victorias without wheels and made of red

woollen coils with white wings of linen streaming behind — a sort of indescribable head-gear. As often happens, as in Malta, for instance, although the men have often good features, the women are all hideous.



The local umbrella.

In the rain the natives all wear roofs or envelopes on them in lieu of umbrellas. They are the shape of an envelope, with one side and one end slit open, and made of a thatch of big leaves laid on like fishes' scales. The wearer walks about with the upper part resting on his head: both hands free. If stood up on end it makes a sentry-box, if stood on its open side it makes a *tente d'abri*. There's a tip for the Military Equipment Company — it has already gone to the Boy Scouts.

One evening after a bath and delicious change into dry flannels, I sauntered out to look again at the old temple alongside the Methodist Chapel. I saw also the village schoolmaster — a native, of the oily sort, dressed in European clothes, walking out round the village, with an umbrella up, but his brass lota in his and. Again an instance of the attempt to blend the old and the new.

While I was looking at the quaint old temple, a studious-looking native came and wanted to talk, so I asked him if he knew how old the temple was, and he said: "Lord of the poor, it is many years old." Then I pointed out some carves panels and asked the meaning of the different figures on them. "That, most mighty, is the figure of a man. This other one is not of a man but of a bird." "M'yes. I can see that much for myself. But have they no story? What is the bird doing, for instance?" "Nothing, your Highness; there is no story about them. Perhaps he-who-is-my-father-and-mother would now like to look at something more of interest, our modern school?" "Oh, get out ——"

Really, in fine weather, for an artist, this little village, so close to Mussoorie, would give a very good subject for a picture — the overhanging roofs with wooden fringes supported by numerous struts, the rich coloured woodwork of the deep balconies and their quaint carving and dark shadows. The houses are like big dolls' houses, too small to stand up in; and in order to see out of the little peep-hole windows of the upper storey the inmates sit on the floor.

I was concerned about poor Jack, who was in a very bad way with a cough; it seemed to shake the life out of his small body. I boiled some bran and made a big hot poultice in a towel, which I wrapped all round him. I also put hot bran in a bag and made him inhale its steam. He took it very well, whining at the first heat of it, but settling down to endure it quite quietly, poor little chap. The next day I sent him on ahead in his travelling carriage, a basket stuffed with hay and covered with a mackintosh, carried on a coolie's back, with a letter to the steward of the Club telling him what to do.

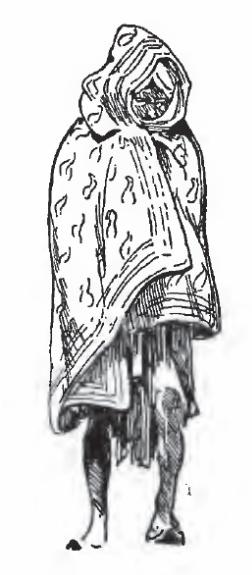
Even from the verandah of this bungalow the hills all round were beautiful to look at. Clouds were lying thick along their tops, but the lower slopes were marvellous in colour: purple, blue, and violet, that could scarcely be exaggerated in painting; but quite beyond me to attempt. The nearer slopes were exactly like green velvet bunched up in folds, whilst some eight hundred feet down was the river.

I was told before starting that the "road wasn't anything attractive," none of the bungalows were "what you would call prettily situated except perhaps Churani Pani," and Lakwar, the one I was in, was "positively beastly." Well, inside it was dark, ill-ventilated and full of flies; but from the verandah the view was quite good enough for me. One man to whom I had confided my intention to bolt from Mussoorie had laughed when I said I proposed to take six days going and returning and offered to bet I would be back in three or four days; but at the end of eight days I was sorry to be so near home, in fact, if it had not been for Jack and the uncertainty of news (as to whether I was in command of the District yet), I should have been inclined to stay out yet another few days.

The metamorphosis of the wanderer.

In my spare time I studied Hindustani, and could already read and write fairly well.

When at last I returned to the Club and civilisation it was to find 4 telegrams, 10 official letters and 44 private ones awaiting me. “What a treat!” is the comment I made, according to my diary, and thus I returned from the wild, unchastened in spirit and very vigorous in mind and body.



CHAPTER XI

“TIGER, TIGER, BURNING BRIGHT”

A Possible Interrogation — I Go in Pursuit of Tigers — Smith-Dorrien at Work — The Party Meets — The Old Hands — A Native Weakness — How to Bear for Tigers — A Dead Enemy — A Native Village — Nearly a Fatality — Camp Literature — I Become Doctor — I Get a Bear — Camp Life — A Panther’s Wings — The Mahout — The Tables Turned — Table Delicacies — Jungle Yachts — The End of the Ghost

WHEN I had been in India for some five years, I began to think of the future. Some day I might die, and I should look exceedingly foolish in the other world if, on being asked how I had enjoyed tiger shooting when I was in India, I had to confess that in all the years I had been there I had never tasted this form of sport.

April is the month for tiger shooting. It is also the month for pigsticking and hitherto I had always indulged in this last form of sport. So I determined to break away from my usual pigsticking, and to take a turn in the jungle. I had an excellent opportunity offered me, because there was going to Nepaul a party that had, in the previous year, had exceptionally fine sport, bagging over thirty tigers in a fortnight. Sir Baker Russell had been one of the party; but he was not able to go on this occasion, and I was therefore to take his vacant place.

On April 12, ’98, I left Meerut and reached Bareilly the next morning. With the usual perverseness of Indian railways the train which was to take me on from that place to Pillibhit on the Nepaul border started half an hour before my train got in, which condemned me to wait more than ten hours before there was

another train to carry me on. However, I did not much mind the delay, as it gave me a chance of seeing my friends in this station, including Smith-Dorrien of the Derbyshire Regiment, who had just returned from the front in Chitral and was shortly to go off to Egypt on service there. I will not say he was a lucky beggar, because I felt that of all men he deserved to get on. [N.B. — Written before this war.]

During the few days which he was spending with his regiment between the two campaigns, he was hard at work for the welfare of his men, working up their coffee-shop and canteen comforts and his cycling club, through which they could develop health and amusement. I was glad of the chance of seeing how he worked these things, and I afterwards cribbed many of his ideas for doing the same in my own regiment. In fact I arranged, then and there, for the purchase of a dozen bicycles towards starting our regimental biking club, which was afterwards an enormous success, because we developed it into a despatch-riding unit, which effected a great saving of horseflesh and became a most efficient means of carrying out communications for service.

At Bareilly I picked up two more of our party, Major Ellis and Major Olivier, Royal Engineers, who were both of them old tiger-shooters. A few miles down the line we were joined by McLaren, of my old regiment, and St. John Gore of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and these completed our party.

During the rest of the journey we three beginners sat agog while Ellis and Olivier told yarns of tiger-shooting and of its dangers, each capping the other with something more wonderful in the way of adventures and close shaves. When they had worked us up into a complete state of trepidation, some of us volunteered to shoot quail for the pot while the rest were out tiger-shooting, and being of a modest disposition myself I agreed to look after camp for the whole lot of them, as it seemed to me that in a jungle so full of tigers as this one appeared to be you had every chance of coming upon a tiger even when you were merely harmlessly quail shooting. For my party I felt inclined to let sleeping dogs lie.

We arrived at the end of our railway journey late in the afternoon and found that our faithful servants, who had been sent on before with our camp equipment, had got dinner all ready for us at the side of the line, and after a few more yarns on the subject of tiger-shooting we turned in. It was warm weather, and we slept in the open, that is we slept as well as the yowling pariahs would let us. Next morning we went on to our camp, which we found pitched in a temporary native cattle village, just in Nepaul. Native servants may always be trusted to find the dirtiest bit of ground in the country to pitch your camp on! If they cannot find a cattle-standing they will choose a native village, and in time you become an epicure in odours.

Bala Khan directing operations.

Bala Khan, a local native gentleman and sportsman, joined us here. He reported twelve tigers to be about the district, but probably none in to-morrow's beat. At dinner somebody remarked that I was wearing M. C. C. (Marylebone Cricket Club) colours without being entitled to them; but "the Boy" explained that I probably *did* belong to the M. C. C., viz., the Margate Cycling Club! It was a great delight to be in shirt-sleeves and cowboy hat, in camp once more. Our kits were generally much alike, especially as regards thick pads on the back to prevent sun-stroke, a very necessary precaution.

Half our elephants not having arrived we went out with the fifteen we had, each of us in a howdah, on top of an elephant. A howdah is a cane-sided, boat-like care with seat for yourself and one behind for a native. It is fitted with gun-racks, cartridge pockets, etc. My general armament consisted of a .500 express, and a Paradox, or 12 bore, firing ball. The other equipment carried in the howdah was a chagul, or water-bottle, full of tea and lime juice; a blanket to roll up in if attacked by bees; an umbrella, gloves, and blue spectacles for protection against sun, a dry shirt, a towel, a camera and sketch-book, a yard measure, and a skinning knife.

Off we went, across country very like English park-land; but without the "antlered herds," and plus the scent of flowering grass, a scent just like that of the power some women use; it reminded me at once of — well, to continue. All the country here had been under water during the rains for a width of ten miles and to a depth of twelve feet. All green, wild, and gamey looking, very like Mashonaland.

At a small straw-hut camp of cattle-grazers the natives, women as well as men, came out quite cheerily to talk and told us they had that morning seen a tiger near by.

We went into the sal-forest, with its long stems, small branches, and big, fresh, light-green leaves, and on reaching a boggy stream with a tropical jungle of canes, ferns, and reeds, we took up positions for finding a tiger. Gore, Olivier, and I were posted, I in the stream, they on each bank. The line of elephants beat up the stream from about a mile lower down; the Boy in advance on one flank, the Khan on the other, and Ellis working the line.

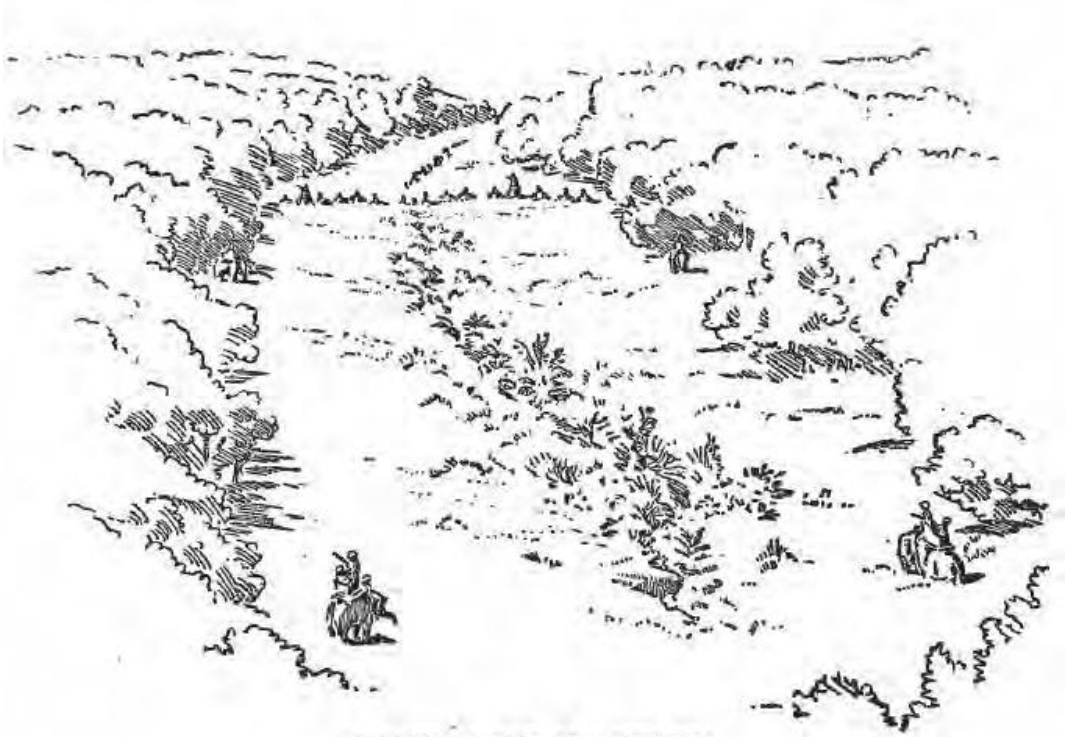
There we sat for an hour — watching. The twitch of a leaf, or the rustle of the beautiful dark peacock-green doves pricked our excitement. But no tiger. At last we could hear the line of elephants crackling along; but very cautiously. Then silence again. Suddenly a bellowing roar — a screaming trumpeting of elephants — yells of mahouts — bang goes a rifle — jabbering — orders shouted — on come the elephants — crash, splash — bang, bang — something tears through the bush across my front and then fifty yards to my left a grand, great tiger springs gaily across the pathway. I banged at him as he disappeared into the jungle, and then turned my elephant and followed up with all speed. I saw him canter, tail up, and enormous he looked too, into a fresh patch of high grass and weeds. Again we formed to beat him out, three of us going on about half a mile while the line beat him up. Presently we in advance heard a rifle report and then a second. The mahouts shouted to each other and we learned that the old brute had turned and charged the line of elephants and had fallen to Ellis's gun.

It was now three o'clock and, while the mahouts got a great net round him (the only way to get sufficient hold of him, and an enormously massive brute he was), and hoisted him on to a pad-elephant, we squatted down to lunch on cold chicken and limejuice and soda. We found our new camp situated on a knoll in the sal-forest with a glimpse of the hills between the trees. It was known as Sinkpal Guree; Stinkpal would have been more appropriate. Voltaire says: "Le corps d'un enemi mort sent toujours bon." He cannot have smelt a tiger the day after it was shot. The next morning we were quite reconciled to leaving our beautiful camp on this account.

When necessary to move camp, we would select a spot and leave the rest to our native servants. When the beat was over we would rush for the new spot and find everything in readiness. The tents and other paraphernalia were carried on our camels and bullock carts, and our drinking water (we brought our own in iron tanks) on a bullock dray.

During the night of the second day our missing elephants arrived in camp, which was very satisfactory as it meant a far better chance of sport. To counterbalance this good fortune, we found Ellis looking very

grey and tired; he had got a touch of fever, and had to lie up for the day in camp. We others started with twenty-seven elephants in a blazing hot sun. Our pad elephants carried us at first, this being far more comfortable both for elephant and man than a howdah, for a longish ride. These are elephants with big mattresses or pads fastened to their backs and are used for beating the jungle and for carrying home the game when shot.



A bird's-eye view of a tiger-beat.

Although the days should seem long with so little shooting, as a matter of fact they do not. The sun is blazing hot, and the elephants move slowly, but they are such interesting beasts to watch that the time slips by very comfortably. Also one lives in constant hope of a tiger, and there is always a world of pretty scenery about.

The few small patches of cultivation had "machans," look-out platforms from which the natives watch their crops and flocks against wild animals. The natives were wilder-looking than those of the plains, the men with shock-heads of hair; yet their huts were much neater and more comfortable, having a small verandah in front, clean wattle and daub walls, and a small "hall" inside the door with a room opening off to each side of it.

On reaching the forest we got off our pad-elephant cover-hacks and on to our howdahs. Again the same plan of beating, two of us at stops posted at the mouth of a swampy stream, the remainder of the elephants beating it in line towards us. This waiting for a tiger "donne une emotion," as the Frenchman would say, especially when the line approaches and you hear the elephants breaking down small trees and dead branches, with a noise just like guns firing, in order to frighten the tiger, and then they come in sight in a close and formidable line that *must* push the brute on to you if he is there.

This time he was not; but at the last moment, when the line was only about thirty yards from me, a panther jumped up close to Gore, who had two shots at him in the long grass; but though we beat carefully for him we did not see him again. Then we moved off two miles, and halted for lunch on the bank of a river, where our elephants bathed while we enjoyed the scenery and a cool breeze.

About sunset we turned homewards, doing "general shooting." Beating out one bit of cover we got shots at a lot of jungle fowl, just like small English fowls; they cluck and crow the same, except that they say cock-a-doo instead of cock-a-doodle-doo, but they fly like pheasants. We got seven of them. One the way home my elephant trod on a thorn. He stopped and held up his foot and would not budge till the mahout had got down and examined it. The mahout saw the thing but it was broken short off in the foot, so he could not get it out. He told the elephant it was all right, and the old brute went on quite happily again and we got back to camp after dark through a crowd of dancing fire-flies. As Sir Baker Russell had not come on this shoot, the other fellows took to calling me "the General Sahib." But one night Olivier appeared at dinner in a black velveteen coat! We could not live up to such form. As a matter of fact I had not any coat to wear in camp so I felt I could not pretend to the exalted position in the face of such rivalry, and I determined to resign.

Although the sun was very hot in the day, yet the air was cool whenever there was a breeze, whilst at night it was quite cold. I put on a blanket about midnight and a resai (quilt) about 3 a.m.

One morning before breakfast the Boy and I drove off on a pad-elephant to the neighbouring village of Dais, to see how the people lived and whether they had any curios worth buying. The houses are very neat and clean inside as well as out. They were divided by partitions into several rooms, one of which is the kitchen, well kept and tidy, which, however, they did not like us to enter. They had a few muzzle-loading guns and some inferior tulwars. Their ordinary working tools, axes and koorpies (grass-cutting chisels) they would not sell, but the Boy bought a cow-bell, and I got a carved club and a quaint iron lamp. We gave them two rupees for the lot, at which they grinned and examined the rupees as if they had never seen such things before. The women and children were quite friendly and, after getting over their first shyness, they crowded round and grinned to see us so interested in their household odds and ends. These people have the Chinese eyes of the Ghoorkas and Thibetans, but the taller physique of the Hindus. The women wear two braids of hair looped across their foreheads.

That day we beat a large swamp south of the camp, where the grass and reeds were so vast in extent and thick and high that the elephants were often completely out of sight in it. It was on our return to camp that the incident occurred that nearly brought my life and my diary to an abrupt termination. Another sportsman riding up alongside me on his elephant with his rifle lying across his howdah accidentally let it off. Fortunately I was thin and the bullet passed across my front without perforating my corporation. I do not think I am fated to be shot accidentally; for this is not the only time that I have escaped that sort of an end. Apart from the ordinary shaves incidental to cover-shooting at home, I have had others. I was missed by a mule once. I am probably the only man who has been shot at by a mule, although many have experienced narrow escapes from asses. We had just buried a man during a fight in the Matoppos, and his rifle had been strapped on to the pack-saddle of a mule; but no one had noticed that the rifle was loaded and at full cock. We noticed it a few moments later when the mule walked on and in brushing past a bush caught the trigger of the rifle on a twig, and the bullet passed "between my ear and my skull," as the Zulus say when they wish to indicate a narrow shave. When forming a force for the defence of Mafeking I went to inspect them in the manual and firing exercise. They were put through the actions of "Ready," "Present," and "Fire." Two or three of them did more than merely go through the action, they actually did fire, having forgotten to unload their rifles after a previous lesion in how to load. As I did not happen to be standing in front of a firer, I got nothing out of it; the firers got a good deal — of advice.

One night I heard a horrible noise which I took to be my bearer clearing his throat, so I shouted to him in plain terms what I thought of him and his ancestors, and what I would do if he didn't move further afield to carry on his concert. There was no reply, till breakfast time, and then poor Ellis mildly asked why he should be called a "soor" because he couldn't "help" having fever. The word "help" has a double meaning, it is what our dog used to say, as almost any dog will, when he had been eating grass or was otherwise not feeling quite well.

Bagging a panther.

The flies were a great nuisance, at one time forcing us to change our camp. At meals it was a case of one hand hurrying the food into you while the other kept the flies momentarily at bay. Somebody, who went in for statistics about flies, has found that if you kill two bullocks and give one to a lion to eat and the other to a pair of flies, the flies and their progeny will make a close race of it with the lion; both parties taking about two days to carry out the job. Such is the rate of increase among flies. We had been in this particular camp for three days and there was more than one pair in residence when we arrived.

I generally rode with the Boy. The literature he had brought for light reading in camp and on the elephant was very instructive, viz., the British Almanac. He was always bringing out most instructive remarks, but neither he, nor any of us, not even our four Whitakers, Encyclopædias, etc., could answer Bala Khan when he asked us the simple question: "How far is the moon from the earth?" Most of us knew the distance of the sun, and the books gave us the distances of all the planets; but none give the moon.

We beat a likely looking river-bank jungle without result, and afterwards some swamps, but never saw a sign of a tiger. The grass was much higher, more abundant and green this year than usual; generally most of it is burnt by the end of April. On the way to our new camping-ground at Toti I sustained a severe loss, namely, the old belt I wore in Matabeleland. The hole at which I wore it there speaks volumes for the large amount of exercise and the small amount of food we had, and the consequent reduction of my "capacity."

At Toti Camp, too, I definitely resigned my position as "Sir Baker Russell," and they then made me doctor of the expedition. I got to work on Ellis with a Dover's Powder and mustard leaf, having diagnosed his fever as influenza, followed by Pyretic Saline next morning. For Olivier I prescribed three drops of chloroform in half a bottle of soda-water for headache without fever; but I do not suppose he took it. One of the cart-men, to whom I was called, I found lying covered with a sheet. He was supposed to be dead, having had a cart fall over on to him. Finding no bones broken I made him a liniment of vinegar and whiskey, and gave him a podophyllin pill. He eventually recovered from all of them.

Our starts were invariably late, as we had to wait for the return of the shikaries who go out at dawn to look for tracks of tiger and then return with their "khubber" or news. One morning they found fresh tracks of two tigers. We got to the place, a most likely looking nullah, in the forest, and beat it carefully out, but nothing came. Then we tried a second even better nullah, which almost *felt* as if it held a tiger. We saw fresh spoor in several places, but never a glimpse of a tiger.

After lunch we reformed the line in the forest and went straight through, beating up several likely-looking bits of reed en route. I was moving as half forward on the left when a shout from the line warned us a bear had been seen. I was at the moment in a deep ravine with steep sides. My mahout looks anxiously round to find a good way out, and seeing none he put "Dandelion," my elephant, straight at it

and we began to climb. Holding tight inside my howdah I could see nothing in front till suddenly "Dandelion" stopped and stood like a rock hanging on in an almost perpendicular position. I knew that with "Dandelion" this "freezing" was like a setter's "point" and meant game afoot. I jumped up and at first could see nothing, till a moving tuft of fur along the top of the bank above me showed where a great black bear was rolling along at a lumbering canter. I let fly at him with the Paradox at about forty yards and heard it thud into him. He fell for a moment, and then was up again and moving on when I gave him the second barrel and he turned head over heels and then rolled end over end close past us down to the bottom of the nullah. Even then he struggled a bit and I gave him another shot (which missed!) and another which hit him in the shoulder close by the first; my second shot had hit him in the neck. Then I jumped down and went and examined him. He was a very big black bear, measuring seven feet two inches, with a good coat. After this the world seemed more cheerful and I thoroughly enjoyed the view of him during the remainder of the homeward beat, as he reposed on the top of a pad elephant.

Dandelion was as firm as a rock.

It was evident that the floods or something had vastly changed this country since the previous year. Smith-Dorrien's diary of his party's trip shows that in addition to a total of twenty-three tigers they used every day to shoot several buck, besides seeing unlimited numbers of them. We would see only about five or six in a whole day. One beast that I saw every day, and would like to get, was a very handsome little dove. I had never seen him anywhere else before. He lived only in the thickest swamp jungles, and was very shy. He generally dashed away the moment the elephants began beating and there was seldom more than one of him in a beat. I was often tempted to have a whang at him as he came whizzing past, but no general shooting was allowed during a tiger beat, and I never saw him at other times.

After dinner our skin-curer was showing us the small bones, said to be rudimentary wing-bones, which he had cut out of the previous days' tiger, when one of them was dropped on the ground. For a long time we searched in the grass with a lantern, but in vain, till, going down on all fours, I played at being a dog and, after a little "niffing" about, I soon winded the missing link. These rudimentary wing bones are said to connect tigers with the griffin.

Our want of luck now resulted in a council of war, and it was resolved to move on to Calcutta (not *the* Calcutta) two marches from Camp Akadbully, where we then were, where the jungle had been burnt and two tigers at any rate were known to be. Although we were getting no sport, yet the time was very enjoyable and slipped by very quickly. Every day was exactly like the last, and this was our routine as noted in my diary. At dawn we awoke and had tea, during which we would lazily chaff each other and enjoy the cool air. The country round was full of the noise of birds, the jungle fowl, especially, making it

The spoil.

quite civilised with their cock-crowing. The blue, misty view was very good too. At about eight we would think of dressing, after which we breakfasted in the open. By nine a dead stillness would come over the forest and the sun was already high and strong. Half an hour later the howdah elephants came round to our tents to be loaded up with guns, water-bottles, etc. Then came the pad elephants and we mounted and rode off, umbrellas up and goggles on. Ellis and the Khan on one elephant, Gore and Oliver, the Boy and self.

Smelling out a tiger's wing-bone.

This was the worst part of the day. From ten to twelve it was dead, sweltering head and no breeze. About an hour's ride would bring us to the cover. Here we would mount our howdahs and carry on the beat. This was rather like a game. As in all games, including the game of soldiering, you ought to play for your side and not for yourself, the aim being to get the tiger killed by the party, not merely to get a shot at him yourself. A line of a dozen pad elephants beat out the cover. The two forwards guns or stops are sent ahead to head him and stop him going away forward. Two side guns act principally as stops at all

likely points of escape on either flank. Guns with the line prevent him from going back. The thing is to hold him in till the guns are in a circle round him and he cannot escape. We did it awfully well, but then we never had the tiger to put in the centre.

The elephants move very slowly in the jungle, about one and a half to two or three miles an hour, thus much time is wasted in getting from one beat to another.

About two o'clock we would halt for lunch under a tree. One elephant carried a box of eatables and drinks, claret and two bottles of soda-water per man, and *ice* which we got every two or three days from the railway thirty miles distant. Lunch never took more than half an hour, and then on we would go beating till sunset. Then back to camp to tea. The Khan would sit and talk and drink soda-water and ice, while we had angostura bitters and soda. After tea there was the tub, then dinner at 7.30 and bed at nine.

Me !

During the heat of the day I wore a handkerchief dripping wet under my topee and kept the back of my neck very cool, which is important when the sun is so powerful that your guns are too hot to hold without gloves. You cannot carry your white umbrella while shooting, it is too conspicuous.

Olivier left us early on the 24th, his leave being up, and to signalise his departure Ellis, who had been gradually better, in spite of my medicines, now complained of feeling very weak and knocked up. So we left him in camp with mosquito curtains and a book, and with orders to move to the new camp after the heat of the day was over. Of course he started bang in the middle of it after all.

The men of this country are lithe, well-made chaps, not so squat as the Ghoorkas we enlist into our regiments, but with the same Chinese face. Their dress shows off the symmetry of their limbs at any rate. On nearing our camp in the afternoon Bala Khan called at a village where a good local shikari lived. This man, a cheery, well-fed Ghoorka, was delighted to see us, as a tiger had killed one of his cows the previous day and another the day before. It lived about a mile away in a little gully, and drank at a certain stream. He knew all about it and climbed on to an elephant to show the way. What a change he brought on us. The day was no longer hot, or the way long. We were all very wide awake. When we got to the forest he showed us the stream where the tiger drank, as a kind of proof of words. "Where is his lair?" we asked. "Oh! There," he replied, pointing generally over the forest. "And where shall we post ourselves?" "Oh! anywhere. He'll walk past all right. A most confiding tiger this! And the biggest you ever saw," etc., etc. Needless to say we beat and beat and never saw a sign of him.

Next we moved from Daka-ki-garhi to Calcutta, Ellis going with the baggage. Calcutta was a big open plain south of the forest in which we had been. The people were more like the ordinary Hindus, they lived in wretched straw huts, had less cattle and more cultivation than our late neighbours. The plain was dotted with solitary peepul trees, and big ant-heaps five to eight feet high, similar to those in South Africa. I was sorry to see the mountains dropping away into the distance again.

It is wonderful how the mahout drives his elephant. He send him on by digging his toes in behind his ear, stops him by digging his ankus or hook into the front of his forehead and pulling backward, hits him hard with the flat of the hook on the side of the head when correcting him; and does much by word of command.

My mahout, Kumala Din.

On the 6th Ellis left for Braeilly, unable to get better in camp and evidently wanting better medicines than I was able to give him; better doctoring he could not get.

One day we mounted our elephants and, for a change, beat outside the forest, a swamp that runs for three or four miles along the edge of the forest. It was about two or three hundred yards wide, with reeds ten to twelve feet high, in most places dangerous bog. Having beat a lot of it without result we were wearily on our way to beat the same bit again. At last I felt hopeless and was dozing in my howdah as "Dandelion" plodded slowly back to our post, when I was suddenly awakened by a rifle crack, quickly followed by others from the people away behind us. This is what happened. A tiger, tired of being hunted by us, changed places, and quietly followed us in our procession across the open plain. The Khan happened to see him, and he and Gore saluted the beast with a volley at two hundred yards, which the tiger acknowledged with a whisk of his tail and a smile as he light slipped away into the jungle.

Hunting the hunter.

Boiling with impotent rage we set to work and fired his jungle-home and watched for his coming out, but it was a hopeless job in a huge bog. As a bonfire it was a great success. The forest took fire, and the view from camp that night was very fine. Gore remarked: "By Jove! We shall be put down for six Nepauls, as sure as fate."

N.B. — It is customary, when through your own carelessness you damage any article in the mess, that you pay for six new ones to replace it.

After our return to camp, between tea and sundown, we three, accompanied by Bala Khan, walked out and shot a few quail. Quail shooting is a nice sporting pastime, but these asses with me must needs make foolery of it all by pretending that we were tiger shooting. When a quail fell wounded you would hear: "For goodness' sake, don't go in on foot to him. Wait till the elephants come up," etc. Even the Khan himself entered into the spirit of the thing. I did expect better sense from the Boy, for he could play golf without even wanting to put on black crape weepers, and that's more than I could do.

We greatly missed Ellis with his rich Hibernian intonation and his: "Now, what I'm going to tell ye is thrue, Johnnie. There's only three sardines left for the five of ye, so it's no use for anny Johnnie to take more than his fair share, or there won't be enough! Oi'll take wan and that will make the division easier for the four of ye."

With a whisk of his tail he disappeared.

We were not to get any more of his surprise delicacies, which were brought specially for Sir Baker Russell's benefit. One night we had mince-pies made with apricot jam and pie crust; they had got pounded on the journey into a solid mass and were served us scalding hot. Luckily we dined in the open and so had no carpet, and were able to say with Dr. Johnson, to his hostess, when he had *done with* a cup of over-hot tea: "A fool, madam, would have swallowed it." A fool might also have swallowed the oysters that figured on our bill of fare another night, but he would have been a number-one-sized fool.

While sitting in the howdah during a beat one is visited by many strange characters; spiders with gold spots, spiders with long bodies with a splash of whitewash on them, opal coloured spiders, praying manthis looking like dead straws, and a, to me, new kind of manthis, which I called the "Interested Manthis" because he looks about him; all these and many others come to one, not to mention flies, fleas, bugs, and bushticks.

On April 30 we were back again in civilisation and our shoot was ended. We reached Bala Khan's villa at Sherpur before noon, where he made us at home during the day. The villa appeared like a small square room, full of chandeliers and lamps and coloured glass balls, with little rooms round it. We lunched, dozed, and talked to the Khan and his sons. One of them could talk English and would suddenly spring upon us, *à propos des bottes*, such a statement as: "The wind is now blowing very furiously."

At Puranpur we were seen into the train by the Khan and his sons, after being decorated by him with tinsel necklaces, and having our handkerchiefs perfumed with pungent sandalwood scent. We noticed while at the Khan's house that the hot weather had really begun, but by living out in it we had got acclimated. Now that we were in a house and looked out at the glare or went out into it, we realised that summer had set in.

CHAPTER XII

A FRONTIER ROW

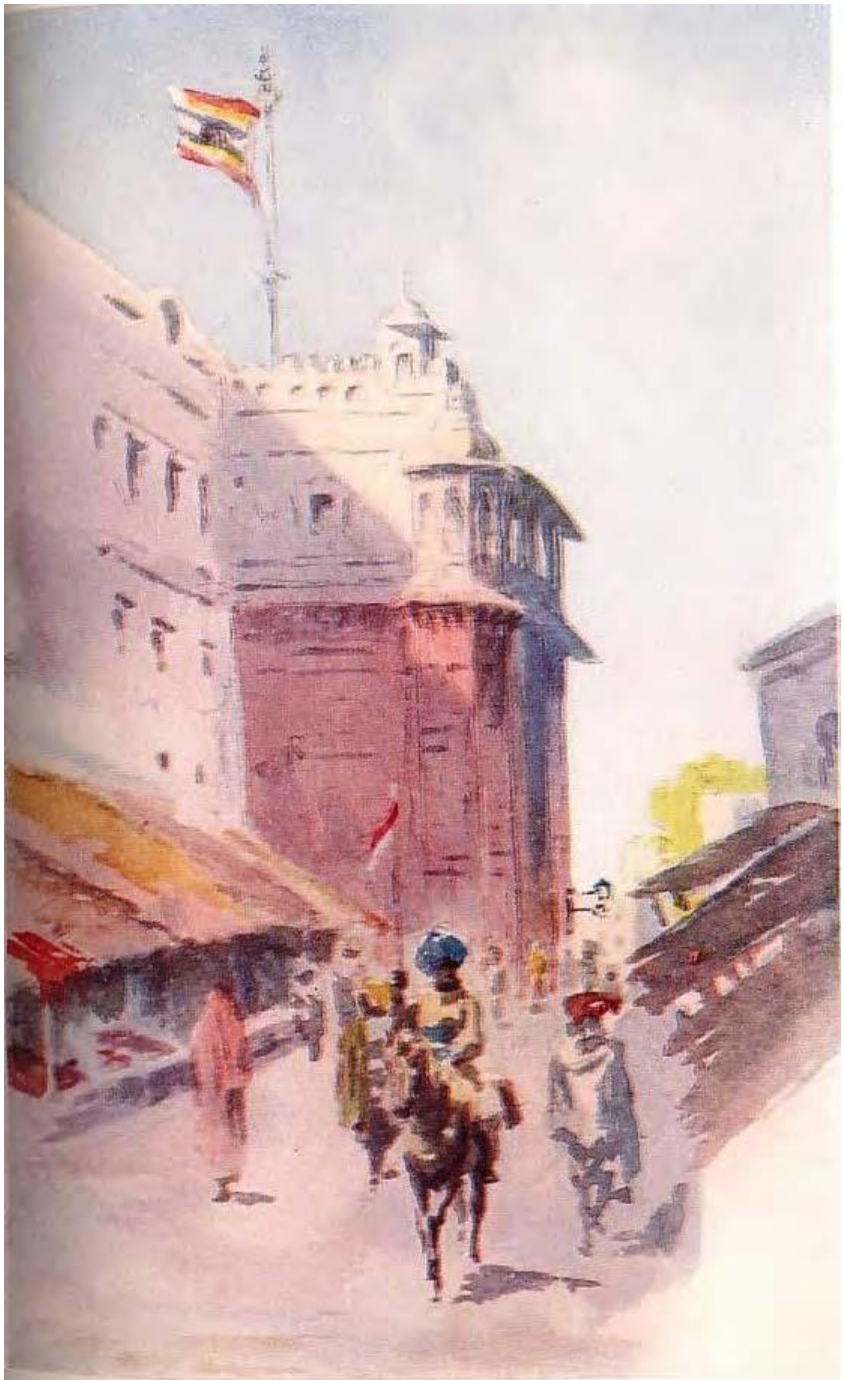
The Value of the North-West Frontier — Village Warfare — Readiness and Efficiency — How an Irishman Got a Dog and a Breakfast for Nothing — Trouble in the Buner Country — The Subaltern in War-time — The Pessimistic Afridi — A Terrified Jehu — Sniping — The Morning of the Fight — Sir Bindon's Dispositions — The Artillery Triumphs — Touching the Button — Rock-rolling — An Exciting Race — The Bravest Man I ever Saw — The Enemy in Retreat — An Exhausting Climb — The Tribute of a Foe — The Trophies of War — Our Casualties

WE as a nation are exceptionally fortunate in having a valuable training ground for our officers in the North-West Frontier of India, with real live enemies always ready to oblige in giving us practical instruction in the field of tactics and strategy, transport and supply, sanitation and ambulance work, and general staff duties. If Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton, there are many victories before us that will have been won in the more practical fields of the North-West Frontier.

Half of our good soldiers have made their names in the first instance in this arena. Critics love to disparage our "Sepoy Generals"; but though their tactics may not be suitable to European warfare, they have at any rate learnt to handle men in difficult circumstances. They have had to adapt their common-sense to the situation; they have been faced with intricate problems of organization and supply, and above all they have learnt to know themselves under the ordeal or war, which cannot be imitated even in the best manœuvres. Those that have stood the test must *ipso facto* be the more valuable soldiers for any field. Scarcely a single year has passed during the last century in which there had not been some fighting on this frontier.

A peace advocate has suggested that, in order to stop the numerous little wars in which we indulge so frequently in different parts of our Empire, every officer should on joining the service be awarded half a dozen war medals, and that one should then be taken from him for every campaign in which he subsequently takes part. The idea in the promoter's mind was that wars are brought about by officers on the hunt for medals.

This can scarcely be said to be the case in the Afridi and neighbouring countries. Why, the people there just live to fight. It is their only joy and their only business, their only relaxation. Consequently it means constant preparedness and constant efficiency on the part of our troops, ready to spring into action on the shortest notice to protect the loyal tribes. Even the most optimistic politician would hesitate to assume that, in India, there would be six months' notice in which to train our forces. It is thanks to this readiness and efficiency on the part of our frontier forces that the frequent outbursts by the Hill men are so promptly stamped out in the spark, before they can become a blaze which they would quickly do under any "Wait and See" policy. The average British citizen scarcely realises how much he owes to the frontier forces in keeping his money market steady at home.



GATEWAY OF THE FORT, PATIALA

I remember sitting on the ramparts of Fort Jamrud, at the entrance to the Khyber Pass, on a calm and peaceful evening. Suddenly the crack of a rifle echoed round the neighbouring cliffs, followed by another and another.

"What is up?" I inquired in some excitement.

"Oh, it is only that the women from that village over there are going down to the stream to get water. The other village is firing at them: they do it almost every day. You see, there is a long-standing feud between them. They have been at it for years."

It was characteristic of the country that these villages, only about a mile or two apart, though both were under British protection, were always banging at each other. Sunk paths had been dug by both to their respective water supplies for the protection of the water-carriers, and their daily work was constantly carried out under fire.

Fort Jamrud stood by like a policeman, watching but not interfering unless they actually broke the law. The one law that they understood and respected was that the Government road, the Great Unbroken Road, was sacred ground. It ran between the two villages, and the moment one of the villagers set foot on the road he was in sanctuary and might not be fired upon.

This incident is merely typical of the restless fighting atmosphere in which the whole of the border tribes are bred and brought up.

It might seem to many that the soldier's life is one continual round of efforts to find sport and to enjoy himself. Few people realise that it is at the same time a profession in which there is plenty of hard work even in the piping times of peace.

Thirty years ago it was different, since the officer was then more or less an amateur, and that tradition still lives outside the Army. His men were then long-service men, trained to vigorous discipline by the adjutant and sergeant-majors. The commanding officers relied upon his adjutant, and the officers relied upon their sergeants, to know the work and to do it. In many regiments it was not good form to take an evident interest in your work; and to talk shop at mess involved a fine. But the men were smart on parade and marched past like clockwork. Things have changed since then. The officer is now a professional solider. He has, even in the junior ranks, responsibility upon him. It is his fault if his men or his horses are not properly trained, or fail in efficiency in manœuvres; he recognises this and works in season and out, studying and instructing, and he takes a pride in his results; thus duty comes first in his programme and relaxation second. The result is an army of keen experts, accustomed to act on their own initiative in the field as well as in camp. I have to admit that the men are better horsemen, better men-at-arms, better scouts, and better behaved than their predecessors, much though I loved these and deplored their departure.*

A characteristic frontier row was that in the Buner country. On January 5, 1898, I left Meerut, going merely as a student to the front. It was a long and cold journey northward, past Umballa, Lahore, Pawal Pindi to Nowshera.

On my way up in the train we stopped, at about five a.m., at a small roadside station where the up and down trains crossed one another. In the hovel which stood as a refreshment room I sat down to coffee with a stranger who was travelling down-country. He was strongly sunburnt, bearded and long-haired, dressed in a battered old helmet, poshteen (native fur-coat) and worn nether-clothes. In our hurried, scratchy meal of three minutes duration his brogue told me he was an Irishman, while he himself told me how he was just from Central Persia, and was full of enjoyment at getting back to civilisation once more. Then a whistle sounded and he rushed out to catch his train as it was moving off. "Pay my bill for me, my dear fellow, and good luck to ye," he shouted as he ran off along the platform. There a friendly dog ran up to greet him. "Begob," he cried, "but that's a good-looking baste," and seizing it by the scruff of the neck he bundled himself and it into the train and was gone — the richer by a breakfast and a dog, all

* These words were in print before the present war broke out, and results to date do not encourage me to modify one of them.

free, gratis, and for nothing.

The first glimpse of war came at Jhelum, where the typical British subaltern on service got into the carriage, helmet, pistol, poshteen, pipe and putties, but without a fox-terrier for once. He had his roll of blankets and a Union Jack. While I was Sherlock-Holmesing the reason for the flag, whether it was for a general or for a funeral, he asked me to excuse him if he turned in to sleep, as he was tired — had brought down Hickman's body, killed in a fight up the Khyber the day before yesterday, and was now off back to Peshawur.

It is always interesting to note the attitude of the average subaltern when there is a chance of fighting. Even the veriest youngster becomes something of a veteran in his demeanour, short of speech, with a certain underlying grimness of purpose in his bearing. On the other hand, when you encounter a group of men talking wisely of war, of strategy and tactics, but in particular of the service they have seen, you may always be sure they are non-combatants.

At Mardan I learnt that General Bindon Blood and his column had marched the previous day to Katlunga en route to the Buner country and that the road was merely a track. Leaving bearer and baggage at the Dak Bungalow at Mardan, I took a tum-tum, a kind of broken-down dog cart, to Katlunga. It was hard to find a driver to take one; they were afraid of small parties of the enemy being about, or that they would be shot at when they got near the hills. At last I got a man to go, but after trying for a mile or two found that he could not get his horse to go. Luckily at this juncture a very tattered-looking shay, with a wild-looking Afridi driver, came jogging along empty from the direction of Katlunga. On being promised double fare he agreed to take me there; but he added that nothing would tempt him to go beyond that place, not Rs. 100! I said nothing. At Katlunga I found, as I had expected, that Sir Bindon had gone on that morning to Sanghao, close to the pass which he was to attack at dawn next day and about eleven miles distant.

So Beatty (Transport Officer) gave me tea while his orderly gave a feed to the wretched pony of my tum-tum, and off we went again. The poor driver was now very sorry for himself and said that this night would be his last. If the enemy did not catch us en route and cut him up — he did not seem to care what became of me — the cold would at any rate make an end of him. I cheered him as well as I could by telling him that he could die only once, and this was not a bad opportunity, and that if we got into camp all right I would present him with one of my own blankets, which I afterwards did — my dear old brown rug. It was an awful drive with the half-dead pony, frightened driver, rotten cart, and bumpy, bad road, and a chance of Ghazis.

The sun set and the moon rose and we toilfully bumped along: but I liked it. At last, close under the mountains, we sighted a layer of smoke from our camp, and, at the same time, the bivouac fires of the enemy twinkling all along the heights, which gave me a throb of pleasure; but the driver merely moaned hopelessly. About a mile from camp the pony gave out and I walked in, the driver carrying my bedding.

Sir Bindon was most kind. I put up in Fraser's tent, and met Fitzgerald (of the Blues) and Bunbury (Political Officer) at dinner. In camp were two Brigades (Generals Jeffry and Meiklejohn) including the West Kents, the Buffs, the Highland Light Infantry, the 20th and 21st Punjab Infantry, the 16th Native Infantry, the 10th Field Battery, R.A., and two mountain batteries, a few native cavalry of the 10th Lancers and Guides, and a battalion of native Sappers.

While we were at dinner — bang! bang! bang! The enemy were firing into camp from the neighbouring heights. Nobody seemed to take much notice. This fun is called "sniping." Every ten minutes they would give us a dozen shots or so, which sometimes were replied to with a sharp little volley from the Lee-Metfords of one of our piquets. Some shots fell among our horses, but did no damage.

At ten we turned in, and I slept like an angel, only to half-wake once to hear the snipers still at it; but they did us no harm. One wit turned out of his tent and called to the snipers: "A little more elevation, you ——!"

It was a clear, frosty, iced-champagne sort of morning. Of course our first anxiety on awaking was to see if the enemy were still intending to hold the pass. Fraser poked his nose out of the tent door, whilst I put my head out under the fly where I lay. There on the skyline we could see their standards, so all promised well for a fight.

I did not wait for reveille to wake me, nor did I take long to put on my clothes, having most of them on already. While we were at breakfast, the leading troops were already filing out of camp. Cavalry Scouts first, then the Field Artillery, Sappers to make paths, etc., everybody cheering each other or themselves.

The Buner country which Sir Bindon was about to attack is divided from our territory by a precipitous range of mountains passable at three or four places, and then only by very difficult tracks. The General had sent small forces against each pass simultaneously to make feints and, if they found it feasible, to invade the country at several points. The Sanghao pass he had selected for his main attack, because it offered a better chance for the artillery. Though called a pass it was merely a foot-track which went through a narrow gorge about half a mile long, then turned to the right in a small basin in the hills and ascended the heights by zigzags.

The enemy were holding the heights on their side of the basin, and we proposed to make the near side our artillery position, while our infantry got through the gorge and scaled the heights, one battalion (the 20th Native Infantry) being meantime sent up the mountain to our left, to seize the peak, 2,500 feet high, and thence to enfilade the enemy.

The scene of action was only a mile from our camp, and it was so cold that we walked instead of riding. We found the mountain batteries moving just in front of us, and the Highland Light Infantry alongside us, with their pipers playing gaily and the men cheering. Enough row to dishearten the Buners before a shot was fired. Suddenly boom went the first gun, the field artillery came into action at nine o'clock exactly, and began shelling the standards grouped on the sky-line. These standards were tall narrow triangular flags about twelve feet high, with tufts of black fur at the head of the flag-pole.

Presently we climbed the stony scrub-grown hill in front of the enemy's position, from which we got an excellent view. They were 1,200 yards from us and several hundred feet higher than we were, with a steep, open, stony slope leading up to their position, on which our men could get very little cover from their fire. The enemy had made low stone breastworks and little forts (sangars) on all the best points of their position, and we could see their heads looking over them all along the line. In fact they were all outside on the face of the ride till the artillery opened fire.

By 9.30 the mountain batteries had clambered up our hill with their mules and come into action just above us, while the Buffs climbed higher up on the same hill to a position whence they could bring effective long-range volleys to bear on the enemy's sangars. With all three batteries in action there was an infernal din; every discharge went booming and re-echoing all round the basin of hills, and the shells exploding at the other end doubled the row. With eighteen of these banging off one after another the row was incessant. The practice they made too was excellent: each shot burst directly against a sangar or over a group of standards, and the enemy gradually got very chary of showing themselves. But directly there was a lull in the firing up came all their heads again. Here and there a man got up on a rock and waved his sword and harangued his pals or yelled at us, while others in the sangars stood up and reloaded their long muzzle-loading jezails.

They fired a few shots at us now and then, but the distance was too great for them: nevertheless we found it best not to stand in too much of a group near the General, as some whistled over us. It was curious to see how coolly the enemy took the artillery fire, with the shells bursting close round them: they evidently watched the guns, and directly one fired they bobbed down till the shell had burst, when up they all came again like jacks-in-the-box; I saw one or two hit while doing this.

During this preliminary artillery fire, the infantry, almost unseen by the enemy, were creeping into the basin below, through the gorge: first the 21st Punjabis, then the Highland Light Infantry, then the West Kents and finally the 16th Bombay Infantry; but it took them over *two hours* to do this *half mile* of

narrow rocky defile, which had been barricaded by the enemy. Meanwhile, over a mile away to our left, the 20th Native Infantry (Afridis) had been sent to climb the mountains and make a flank attack on the enemy's position. They started at nine; but although they were good hill-climbers, it was past eleven before they were on the ridge ready to commence work.

A Buner standard-bearer.

There was a bit of a lull in the artillery fire at about 11.30, when the General, from his post of observation, seeing that all was ready, signalled for the attack to begin. Just like "touching the button," we did the rest. The West Kents moved up out of the basin at its far right-hand end to the so-called pass on the enemy's left. The 21st Punjab Infantry and the Highland Light Infantry commenced to clamber up the face of the centre of the position, while the 20th, upon the mountain, advanced against the peak which was held by the enemy's right party.

The enemy at once rose to the occasion. Fresh standards began to appear at all points, coming up from their hiding places behind the ridge, until there were twenty-nine of them fluttering and waving in the breeze. The men crowded into the sangars and began blazing away with their long guns at the troops below. Then one or two came out and prized up great rocks and sent them hurtling down the steep face of the mountain. It was fascinating to watch one of these rocks rolling over and over, faster and faster, knocking chips off other rocks as it bounded from them in its mad descent, then taking a clear leap over a cliff of a hundred feet or so and splashing down among the stones of the water-course, going faster till it was flying through the air, then plunging out of sight into a ravine, to reappear a second later, tearing on lower down, banging from one side to the other of the nullah till it disappeared out of sight in the thick bush of the basin below us.

The troops, having been warned of these rock-rolling games by experience in previous fights, always kept well out of ravines, but it served the enemy's ends all the same because, by keeping on the spurs, the troops necessarily exposed themselves all the more to the rifle fire. But on this occasion the enemy did not get a fair chance with their rifles, as our guns and our long-distance infantry firing started with

redoubled vigour, now the attack had begun, and did not leave the enemy alone for a second. They could not put their heads over a sangar without being fired at, and our troops had now got the range accurately.

It was an exciting race to see which regiment would get at the enemy first, but it was a very, very slow one. Our men crept up in thin little lines like ants, just the same colour as the rocks, the glisten of their bayonets, which were now "fixed," serving best to show us where they were. My new German field glasses were perfect beauties. I could see the enemy and their gesticulations to one another as if they were close by. I could almost understand what they were talking about.

At one point several of the enemy in one of the sangars stood up and began openly firing and hurling rocks down on the 21st, without as usual bobbing down again to take cover. Some of the mountain guns turned on them accordingly, and one shell burst just on the sangar and another a moment later just in front of it. Three men jumped out of the sangar and rushed, through the smoke and dust, down the face of the hill towards our men. Presently two of them stopped, ran along the hill and then turned up again over the crest; but the third man kept on. He was a splendid sight, with his loose blue clothes flying out behind him and a big glittering sword in his hand. He sprang rapidly from point to point, still going downwards. At first it seemed as if he were making for a big rock to roll down, but he passed it. Coming to a bit of a precipice, he stopped a moment to find a way of descent; then, after carefully creeping down, once more he took up his running, leaping pace. We now realised that his intention was to come down and attack the British force single-handed. Meantime spits of dust kept jumping up near him: our men were firing at him but it did not seem to affect him in the least. Suddenly he stopped and went a bit slower. He was hit. He halted for a minute, and tearing a piece off his puggree he bound it round his wounded knee. Then picking up his weapon he came on again, shaking his sword threateningly and eager to get at us. It was a grand sight to see this one plucky chap braving certain death for his faith. Suddenly he tumbled forward, rolled over a rock, and lay in a huddled heap — dead!

The bravest man I ever saw.

Now began a great fusillade up on the peak on the enemy's right. The 20th up near there had helio'd to us that the enemy were holding the peak, and now they were driving them out. Unfortunately we could see nothing of the fray, it was all beyond the crest: but we could hear the cheering and yells and tom-tomming of hand-drums, which the 20th carry.

Suddenly there broke out a lot of firing at the other flank of the position; the West Kents were getting close up to the top of the pass, which was barricaded and held by the enemy. The guns soon cleared the way, however, with a few well-placed shells, dropping them one after another exactly into the right spot.

Then the volleys began again, quite loud and distinct on the high peak, and soon we saw our men not only on the top but also on the enemy's side of it. One or two of the standards in the central part of the position began to move: they disappeared below the skyline, and did not come up again. Soon the others followed suit and in a short time none remained visible. The 20th on our left and West Kents on the right, who had now crowned the pass, were firing volleys down into the valley at the back of the position. The enemy had left it. There was cheering all over the place.

The Highland Light Infantry and the 21st were still toiling up the face of the position, but they reached the crest a few minutes before two o'clock and laced in a few volleys.

The guns with one accord cocked their muzzles a bit higher and sent their shells high over the ridge to burst well on in the valley beyond, among the flying enemy.

We climbed down into the basin, where we found an orderly with sandwiches and drink; the field hospital there reported no casualties so far. Then we started up by the path of the West Kents. It was already crowded with carriers laden with the blankets and coats of the regiments in front, which they were bringing up to enable the men to bivouac for the night. Mules were trying to go up, but it was found impassable for them. The Sappers, too, were at work on the path, so there was a regular jam of us all. Scrambling over rocks, crawling under bushes, climbing, and blowing like a grampus, I got along well, and in an hour I was at the top of the pass, minus a pound or two of adipose tissue, but plus a great feeling of delight at seeing well into the Buner country.

The enemy had got away out of sight, taking their dead and wounded with them — bloodstains on the rocks showed they had some — and the West Kents were already two miles down the valley in pursuit of them and occupying a large village, which they found full of supplies and sheep, etc.

Making my way down the face of the heights to get back to camp I found it very steep. I followed much the track of the Ghazi who had charged down; it was marvellous how he could have come so fast. At the place where he had gone slowly I had to hang on by my eye-lids, and the man coming after me said it was too "hairy" altogether, and took his boots off for it. Even then he did not succeed until he was, I believe, handed down by four sepoys.

I went to the place where my friend the Ghazi had fallen and found him there, a fine-looking chap of about thirty: he had been first wounded in the right thigh, and then in the face. He was a real hero. I quite envied him, for he was the bravest man I ever say. Two sepoys of the regiment that shot him came down to have a look at him, and paid what I thought a very good mute act of respect to a plucky enemy, by stretching him out and laying his sheet over him. It seemed strange to me, while looking on the impressive sight of the man who had deliberately courted death for his faith, and had found it, to hear Tommy Atkins from the Boro' Road "Wot-cheering" his pal on the next hill.

After a very warm bit of work in climbing down I at least reached the "basin," which was now crowded with the mule transport, all being turned back from the pass till the road could be made. I got into the backward stream and went with it through the entrance gorge. Though amongst mules, there was no danger of being kicked, they had not room to kick.

I turned out again to see the regiments returning to camp drumming and cheering, as happy as possible. The 20th swaggered in with three standards and a sword. This latter they had taken from a Ghazi who had charged them and whom they had captured. They did not fire at him but let him come

right up to them, and then several went for him at once and disarmed him. The sepoys were pleased with themselves, but very annoyed with the artillery, who, they said, had fired too much and had driven out the enemy without giving the infantry a fair chance of going at him with the bayonet. The enemy left twenty killed and sixty wounded.

We had only one casualty, one man of the Highland Light Infantry shot through the chest, also one man and two mules fell down the cliffs and were killed. One officer was hit on his field glasses and one sepoy was knocked over by a stone. This absence of casualties was due to the work of the artillery, who never allowed the enemy to do any straight shooting.

That night I had a hospital stretcher to sleep on, instead of the ground, as the previous night, and I looked forward to sleeping well after one of the most enjoyable days I had had for a long time, and I was not disappointed. I never turned over till reveille, and then I turned out and, after a cup of cocoa, was off homewards before the others were up. News arrived in the night that the cavalry had got over the next pass (Pirsan) all right and were well in the enemy's country. I sent my blankets in the rickety cart in which I had come, and rode the General's pony as far as Katlunga, having a sowar orderly as escort and to take the pony back.

The 5th Bengal Cavalry.

This was the sort of field day which is a very frequent exercise with the troops in those parts and has been so for a hundred years past. From Peshawur as a centre I attended many of them in the Sanghao Pass, the Malakand, the Bara Valley, etc. The week before I reached Peshawur the inhabitants had been disturbed by a good deal of firing in the night, the morning explanation of which was that a party of Afridis had surrounded the guardhouse of one of the regiments and had attempted to rush it in order to obtain a few rifles: but the sentry was too alert for the, he sprang into the guard room and slammed the door in their faces. The guard promptly opened fire on the marauders through the windows, to which they replied for some time, and then found it advisable to clear back to their hills before they got cut off.

Peshawur, being so central to the raids and rows of the frontier, is very little disturbed by war. I was sitting watching a tennis tournament there one afternoon with a number of ladies, nurses, and children. The booming of guns could be heard in the distant passes, and there passed along at the back of our seats a procession of dhoolies, stretchers, and ambulances, bringing in dead and wounded from the field. But it created very little excitement, and the game went on without interruption, for that to the players was an everyday incident.

CHAPTER XIII

THE JUNGLE PEOPLE AND SOME OTHERS

Curious Playmates — the Tragic Story of Algernon — Snakes and Their Ways — An Unpleasant Bedfellow — An Ungrateful Patient — Some Good Friends — The Clown's Mishap — A Murderer — A Curious Trait — Bucephalus — A New Use For a Melon Bed — A Horse for a Lady — The Soul of the Camel — The Bullock's Quest — Buckhunting with Cheetahs — Black Buck Shooting — The Panther's Ruse — The Moses of the Jungle — A Sprightly Companion — A Panther in Search of His Tail — The Trial that Failed

THE worst nightmare that I can imagine is an India without animals, tamed and untamed. It is a popular idea that the sportsman's only interest in birds, beasts, and fishes is as objects for his bloodthirsty skill in killing them. A big-game hunter must know a good deal about the habits of the beasts he tracks, and soon he becomes keenly interested in them as personalities. I have already told something of the remarkable personality of the pig — by the way, I can never quite forgive Mr. Rudyard Kipling for leaving out of *The Jungle Book* due mention of the king of the country he was writing about. Although I have given much space to the boar, but not more than he deserves, it may be interesting here to show another aspect of his remarkable personality.

I had in my possession at one time a young wild boar whom, for want of a better name, I called Algernon. He lived loose in my compound and, although surrounded by men and horses at all times of the day, he never showed any disposition towards becoming tame. It is true he would come out when one brought food to him, and I think he knew the difference between a white man and a black; for when I offered it to him he would approach very suspiciously and make snaps at the food and dart away again. When, however, my native servant took the food out, the little brute went straight for him, cutting at his legs with his diminutive tushes, and driving him off with much skipping and laughter before feeling sufficiently master of the situation to tackle his meal.

It was an interesting sight to watch this future little fighter training himself and developing his activity by galloping round and round in circles, and especially in a figure of eight past an old stump of a tree, which he used to cut at with his tushes in passing, first to the right hand then to the left, so that he could deliver a cut truly and well when going at full speed. He was also wonderfully active in jumping fences about the grounds.

We had an old English mare which spent part of the day grazing in the compound. She was an exceptionally good pigsticker, owing to her natural hatred of the pig, which was so great that she needed no guiding or spurring when out hunting; she wanted to catch him on her own account as much as for the rider's sake. When this mare saw Algernon playing about the compound she used to go for him with all the speed and vice at her command, and I thoroughly believe that Algernon enjoyed the fun of leading her on and running away before he. He would jink and turn and take impossible fences in order to puzzle her,

and she followed him with ears back and teeth showing, anxious to trample and bite him if she could only reach him, which he took good care she never did. But Algernon, in spite of his cunning and his merry ways, met with a tragic end. A lot of the dogs of the regiment got together when we were away at a field day and hunted poor Algernon down. He had evidently fought them bravely, but was left bleeding and so severely torn by them that we had to put him out of his misery. The deed was done not with a pistol or a club, but, as was due to his race, with a spear through the heart.

Mare-baiting: Algernon's fun.

Snakes are one of the great drawbacks to life in India in the rainy season. The get swamped out of their holes then and are apt to prefer a dry house to a wet garden. Often too in the summer, when everything is baking hot, they like to slide into the cool, wet bathroom and lie alongside your tub. If they were harmless it would not matter, but so many of them are nasty poisonous fellows. The hooded cobra is common, and so is the krait, a little thin chap of active habits. He has an unpleasant way of lying stretched out perfectly straight along the edge of a rug, so that you don't notice him till you step on him as you are going to bed! He is very clever at climbing up a door, wriggling up between a half-open door and the door-post and there he stretches himself flat along the top of the door and falls off on to you when you shut it! A native messenger, opening the orderly room door one morning early, found a krait coiled round the bolt. He only found it when he had caught hold of it and had got bitten. He died within a few hours.

One of our hospital servants sleeping on his bedstead out in the open for the sake of coolness was found dead next morning with a swollen arm and two tiny punctures in it, showing where the cobra, who had apparently endeavoured to share his bed, had bitten him.

There was a great hubbub in my compound one evening, and one of my syces was brought into the house to be doctored. He had put his hand into a hole in the wall where he kept his horse-brush and had been bitten by a cobra who was lying in there; an immense cobra, judging from the pain of the bite. To cut and suck the wound was the work of a moment for me — except that I got somebody else to do the sucking. Then I reluctantly got out my treasured bottle of old brandy and poured some of it down his throat and had him walked up and down with orders that he must be heartily smacked and kept awake at any cost. More brandy was administered and the result was that instead of showing any signs of dying he got into the singing stage, and then became abusive, and finally wanted to fight any six men, black or white, who would care to face him. As he seemed now in a promising condition for living, we left him and sallied out to kill the snake. We jabbed and pried the hole without result, and finally, after rigorous search, we discovered a little scorpion there which had been the cause of all the trouble. The subsequent smacking which that syce got was not entirely meant to save his life, but in some sort to get a return for the bottle of brandy lost to me and for the trouble and anxiety he had caused.

In India I possessed no better friends than the horses I owned and rode. If you want to know to what degree of intelligence and sportsmanship a horse can attain you must play polo or stick pigs. The man who has never pursued the boar may be inclined to regard the horse as a mere pawn in the game, participating only by virtue of his rider's guidance; but, as I think I have shown in a former chapter, he is capable of thoroughly enjoying the sport.

Horses have their idiosyncrasies just as men and subalterns, and the more you become the pal of your steeds, the more you will learn of their characters. My second charger, the "Clown," was a very jolly

horse, but he had a weakness for lots of hair on his heels, which in consequence looked more like a cart-horse's, and he strongly objected to anyone cutting or pulling it out. One morning I had three farriers up from the barracks who came and did it to make him presentable. As I was breakfasting at the mess, a syce came running in to say that "Clown" was dying. I went out to see him and found him lying senseless in his stable. He had tried all he could to stop them clipping him and at last had tried, apparently, to jump out of his skin, and in doing so had caught his head an awful crack against the wall, which had stunned him. One of the farriers, instead of being alarmed, utilised the occasion, saying "Come on, boys, let's clip him while he's silly," and they did so. He recovered consciousness in about a quarter of an hour and was led about staggering as if he were drunk. For some weeks he had to have cold water trickling on his head, and he finally recovered entirely; but he had cracked his skull and one could feel the break across his forehead.

Shortly after this the "Clown" sadly disgraced himself by killing one of Christie's syces by kicking him in the spleen. I had gone to Christie's bungalow to see him and he said: "Come for a drive with me, and my syce shall take the "Clown" back to your bungalow." I was at that time standing behind the horse, leaning my arms on his croup, looking along his back, no one holding him, for he was the quietest animal possible and had never attempted to kick in the saddle. We went for our drive and when we came back we heard that the syce had been kicked by him and was very bad. Later on he died. It was agreed by all that the syce must have done something extraordinary to frighten the horse.

I once owned a horse who had formerly been trained by a native. He was a splendid pigsticker, but he hated having his bridle put on, and he was a real fighting savage when one tried to do it. We found the only way was to throw him down before attempting it, and then to sit on his head and prise his mouth open and force the bit between his unwilling teeth. After that, when you were once on his back, he was a charming mount and a perfect pigsticker. But he had an evil, villainous touch of the savage in him, and though, in the course of time, I fell with or off most of my horses, this one was too clever to fall himself, and his nasty temper so impressed me that I, for my part, never dared to fall off him for fear he should eat me. When following a boar he seemed eager to vent all his rage upon it, and would follow its every twist and turn, straining every nerve to overtake and kill it.

On one occasion I bought a mare on her advertised description. She arrived by train with a note from her late owner saying that her only fault was that she was difficult to mount, being extremely nervous. As she had been two days on the journey, and boxed up most of the time, I rather expected that the difficulty of mounting her would not, at any rate, be lessened. But I was somewhat surprised to find that, beyond a sort of stiffening of herself and an apprehensive look at me out of the corner of her eye, she took my mounting quite quietly and without a movement. As I settled myself comfortably in the saddle, I thought: "It just shows that her last master had not that indefinable something that binds a lover of horses to his horse, that mutual sympathy that will — well, I think we might go ahead now." The mare was still standing like a rock, so I gave her just a gentle kick with my heels to give her the office to move. She moved all right, and so did I; that indefinable bond was somewhat loosened. What happened was not quite explainable, it was so sudden.

At any rate, the next moment I found myself landed, and standing on my feet near her head; and then she went bang, tearing mad. Not a bit content with depositing me, she wanted to complete the job and get rid of her saddle. What a time I had! I will not go into it here, but we had ten minutes' genuine fun while she worked off some of her hysterics, for that I verily believe is what buck-jumping amounts to. When she had done we exercised her by lunging her until she was tired and glad to rest. Thereupon I essayed to mount her, and, after she had fought and struggled a bit, I managed to get into the saddle and she went like a lamb. Day after day we had the same struggle at mounting: two men held her, we blindfolded her and fed her on carrots the while, but mounting was always a sort of volcanic performance. But she never repeated the standing rigid and violent buck of the first day, and the moment that one was on her back she was a charging animal, highly strung, but sensible, clever, and docile.

One day, when riding alone out on the plains, I was obliged to dismount to pick up something, and the thought came to me: "How shall I ever get on her again without help?" However, I made the attempt, and she stood quite still and quiet, and I at last discovered that the whole cause of the unusual trouble at mounting was that she hated having her head held by other people. It is true she was not quite so nice when a stranger wanted to mount her, but she had no objection to her groom, or to myself. She was therefore not unlike Bucephalus, as described by an ancient historian.

"Of Alexander's horse, 'Bucephalus,' so long as he was naked and without furniture, he would suffer any man to come on his back; but afterward, being saddled and furnished, he could endure none by Alexander, his Master. For, if any other offered to come near him for to ride him, he first of all terrified him with his neighing voice and afterwards trod him under foot if he ran not away.

"When Alexander was in the Indian war, and riding on this horse in a certain battle, he performed many valiant acts, and, through his own improvidence, fell into a certain ambush of his foes, from which he had never been delivered alive but for the puissancy of his horse, who seeing his master beset with so many enemies received divers darts into his own body, and so with violence pressed through the middest of his enemies, having lost much blood and received many wounds, ready to die for pain, not once stayed his course till he had brought his master, the King, safe out of the battle and set him upon the ground, which being performed, he gave up the ghost and died, as it were comforting himself with this service, that by his own death he had saved the life of such a King. For which cause, after Alexander had gotten the victory, in that very place where his horse died he built a city and called it 'Bucephalon.'"

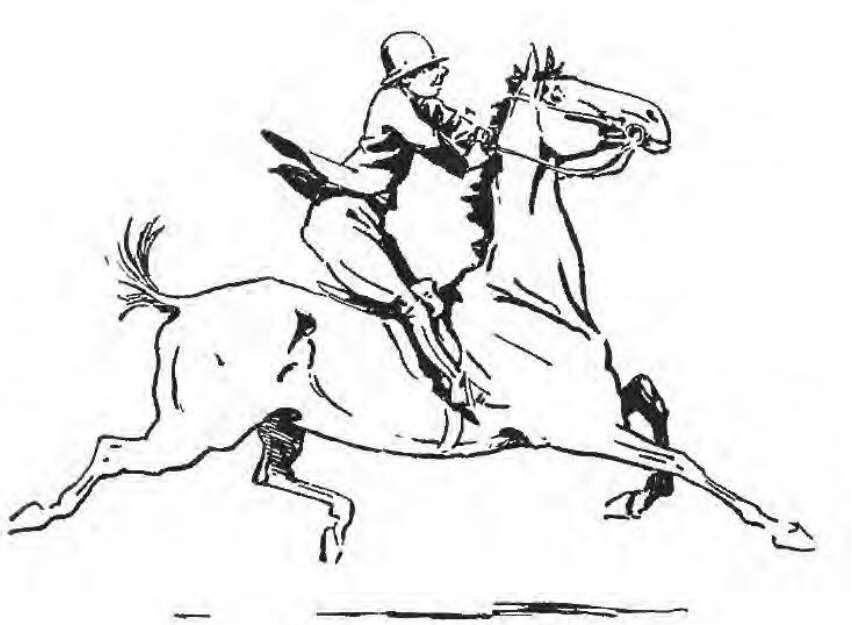
A melon-bed serves only one useful purpose so far as I know, and that is to cure a fidgety horse of his restlessness. I saw one so used by Gopi Singh, the aide-de-camp of His Highness the Rana of Dholepore, in this wise. He was riding a jerky, fidgeting horse, which, considering the heat of the morning, was, as the British soldier would describe it, "a regular treat." At last his patience came to an end, and he quietly remarked: "I'll frighten the brute into keeping quiet." Taking him short by the head he rammed him at a low fence surrounding an open melon bed; the horse cleared the fence but floundered heavily amongst the melons. Gopi seemed to land on his feet clear of the horse, with the reins in hand, and in a few seconds he had got it on to its legs again, and was in the saddle and back over the fence. The horse went like a sheep for the rest of the ride.

The true key to horsemanship seems to me to be a thorough knowledge of the psychology of your mount. Like a woman, a horse is subject to moods, and, to continue the analogy, it is necessary to coax them out of him with subtlety and a knowledge of what is likely to do the most good and at the same time do little or no harm.

In India, when anyone has a horse or other property to dispose of, he inserts an advertisement to that effect in the daily newspapers, giving full details as to nature, quality, and price. This system is carried out to a far greater extent in India than in England, and since the advertisement nearly always bears the name of the advertiser, fair and satisfactory sales as a rule result. Owing to the great distances that lie between the stations, many of the buying and selling transactions are carried on by post. Thus a varied, and often amusing, correspondence comes to the man who has offered his belongings to the bids of the public. A short time back one seldom advertised a horse for sale without receiving by return of post a communication from some harmless old Anglo-Indian idiot, whose hobby it was to ask a string of questions about every horse that he saw advertised for sale, such as: "Has he two white hind legs? Has he a white nose? Does he rear?" and other such odd questions as must in some instances have subjected him to a good deal of banter.

I have before me a correspondence that took place between a certain sporting surgeon-major and an equally sporting old lady. The doctor had advertised a horse for sale as "a dun S. B. G." (stud-bred gelding) "aged, good hack and pigsticker, and a fast trapper, believed sound, price 200 Rs." The would-be Amazon immediately wrote: "Please state colour and sex of the horse you advertise, and tell me, is he perfectly free from tricks and vice in harness? You say he is aged; what is his age? Is he a willing and

free mover? Is he clean-skinned and healthy? Has he any defects about his body? Will there be any reduction in his price? Will you give your word that he will suite (*sic*)? And what about the railway fare — who stands that?"



"A fizzer under a saddle."

This catechism might have taken many an owner rather aback, but the doctor at once perceived the proper treatment to adopt, and replied as follows: "Madam, In reply to your letter of the 9th inst., I beg to state that my dun S. B. gelding, aged twenty years last grass, is in harness as docile as the sheep, but a fizzer under the saddle. Barring an attack of *Acaris scabiei* his skin is as spotless as that of the proverbial lamb, and as for health he does not know what dyspepsia is. His only defect is that his tail is crooked. As regards his breed, he is by Will-o'-the-Wisp out of Brian Boriuhe. For a horse of his singular parts I could not think of accepting a reduction. Hoping to have the pleasure of sending him to you. I am, etc., etc."

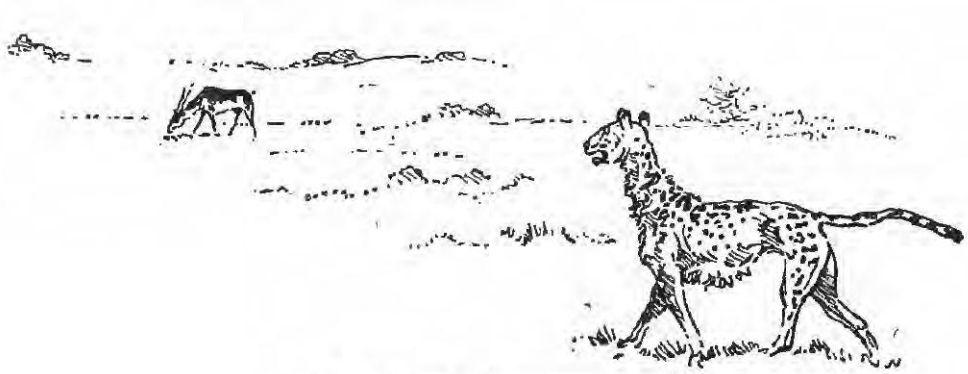
Of the camel little can be said to his advantage. He is not a lovable beast. "'E's a devil an' an ostrich an' a orphan-child in one." He has, however, one supreme quality — philosophy. He is the most stolid of beings, apparently entirely indifferent as to what is going on round him so long as he can chew the cud and curl his lips in contempt at men. Wounds he will accept with philosophic calm, merely giving expression to a grunt or an annoyed gurgle when he finds that his inside has been perforated by a bullet, and this is the only sign he makes. Such an animal is extremely useful in war.

Another beast valuable for draught purposes in war time is the bullock. He has all the stolid characteristics of the camel, only more so. He does not even grunt when perforated. He is invaluable for taking into action the guns that the elephant has hauled to the scene of operations; for the elephant, in spite of his size, is useless "when the guns begin to shoot."

From long association with the bullock — and I once went so far as to lecture on the subject — I am convinced that he came into the world in order to look for a suitable spot in which to lie down and die. When he is pulling his great antediluvian wooden "hackery" (cart) with its great creaking wheels, he does it in an uninterested way, at the rate of a mile an hour, with his nose near the ground, always looking for the place. Mile after mile, day after day, sometimes for years he patiently carries on his quest, quite unmoved by all that goes on around him, till one day he finds the spot. There is no excitement, no cheering or skipping about; he simply lies down on it, chews the cud and quietly dies, entirely

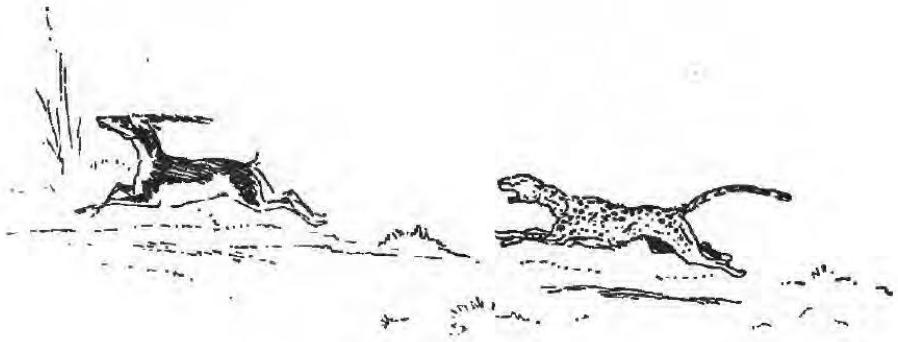
BUCK-HUNTING WITH A CHEETAH

unresponsive to kicks and twistings of his tail. He is merely carrying out his destiny.



The cheetah's approach.

The Maharajah of Patiala introduced us to a novel form of sport when he gave us an exhibition of buck-hunting with cheetahs. The cheetah is exactly like a big deer-hound with a leopard's skin and tail, and a cat's head. He is carried on a bullock cart, with his eyes hooded with a leathern cap. When a buck is seen the cart is slowly driven round him in a gradually decreasing circle. The buck does not suspect the cart, and will let it come within fifty or sixty yards of him. The leathern cap is then taken off the cheetah's eyes, his head is turned by the keeper towards the buck and he is released. He at once slips off the cart and walks toward the buck with a quick, springy step and, on getting within thirty or forty yards of his prey, he makes a rush at an incredible speed, overtaking the buck, who is no slow mover, with enormous, sinuous bounds, till he springs on to his back and, biting his neck, kills him.

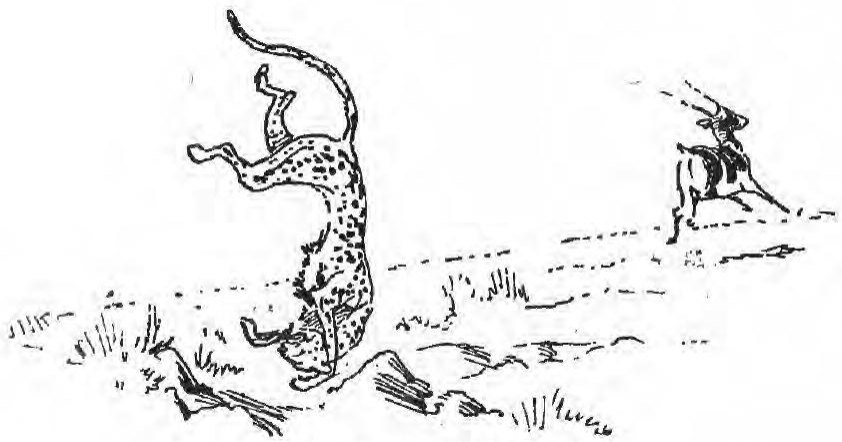


In full cry.

In the first run our cheetah, "going all he knew," came suddenly head over heels in a bit of rough ground, and shook himself so severely that he did not run well for the rest of the evening. In one run the cheetah overtook the buck and, springing on to his back, brought him to the ground; but missing his grip he slipped off and the buck sprang up and was away again before he could catch him. Directly the cheetah finds the buck has the best of him he stops short in a most unenterprising way, and makes no further effort to catch him. His keeper then comes after him, offering him a ladle full of blood or a bit of cheese, and so recaptures him.

One of the minor pleasures of cantonment life in India is the sport of black buck shooting; it gives one healthy exercise with an object, and good meat and pretty horns as a reward for good work. To many there is a sameness about the sport which makes it pall after a time; but, personally, I never failed to enjoy the stalking for which it opened a field. Once at Muttra I undertook to shoot a black buck within a quarter of an hour of leaving my house. It looked an impossible feat if I took the ordinary roads into the country

round about; but, instead of doing that, I rode down to the river bed and straight across into a wilderness of ravines on the opposite bank. Here within ten minutes of starting I came across a fair buck. It was in the rainy season when the grass was up and green, and I had had my khaki clothing dyed a brilliant olive to match the surroundings. I was creeping cautiously towards my quarry when I heard a sort of snort behind me. Looking quickly over my shoulder, I found that I was being followed by a chinkara, or ravine deer. His curiosity was excited by seeing what he supposed to be a big lump of grass on the move. Twisting my forward half round I had a hurried snapshot at him which luckily struck him through the heart. He had a splendid head of his kind, which when measured proved to be almost a record for India. It was a remarkable fluke to get him thus close to the house and without stalking him myself.



An unrehearsed effect.

Among the several buck I have shot, none gave me greater satisfaction than the one I got when on the line of march with my regiment. Far out on the plain near our road we could see a fine buck keeping abreast of us as we went along, evidently very lively and very startled at our presence there. I rode off in his direction, with a sort of hope of getting a shot at him with my pistol, but he would not allow me to come anywhere near him, and there was little or no cover by which I could approach. At one point on the plain, however, there was a pair of brick pillars supporting a wheel above a well, and presently I managed to bring these in line between the buck and myself, and thus concealed from him I galloped as hard as I could up to the well and sprang off my horse. Cautiously peeping round I saw the buck standing at a distance of about eighty yards from me, facing my way and gazing suspiciously at the cover behind which I was hiding. I took aim and fired, and the buck turned and sprang away, galloping a few yards and then jumping a low mud wall. I turned at once and mounted my horse to go after him, but when I looked for him after mounting, I could see no sign of him anywhere about the plain, and on riding up to the wall I found him lying dead just beyond it. The shot had entered at the point of the shoulder and the bulled had shattered itself into his heart.

Once I made a lucky shot and got a really big black buck when riding home after dark. It was bright moonlight and the animal ran across the road in front of me and then stood gazing while I passed. I took as good an aim as the light would allow, when it was very difficult to see my sights, and fortunately shot him dead. My luck was not out when, on another occasion, I was pursuing a small herd of buck, and from my horse I fired at one just at the moment when a smaller buck came between us. The small buck bowled over dead, shot through the neck, and I was looking regretfully at the larger buck who was galloping away in the distance, when suddenly he sank and rolled over also. My bullet had gone through the neck of the first buck and into the one beyond, and so I got two at one shot.

The jungle animals will often show something which, if not actual reasoning power, is certainly closely akin to it. I very well remember a panther whose strategy very nearly saved his skin. During a tiger beat a panther was seen by the line, but just at the end he turned back between the elephants. The beat was changed about, and we forward guns were sent to await him at the opposite end of the cover. I was posted on a high river-bank. As the line approached the panther was reported just in front of it moving towards us. Presently I saw him, or rather the spot where he was, the grass waving and just a sort of outline of his back as he cantered along between me and the next gun.

The panther who reasoned.

Cramming our hathies (elephants) along at full speed we shoved on and in a few minutes had posted ourselves round the grass on its landward side. The line of beating elephants formed in the grass and very soon Mr. Spots was seen moving before them towards us. His spots were not noticeable; he looked merely like a great tawny cat, just like a lioness. I could not shoot for some time as he kept in a direct line between me and the beating elephants. When he moved to the flank of them I fired, and almost at the same moment Gore, to whom he was the nearest, fired too, and he fell in a heap.

All the elephants formed up round him and we sat admiring his fine spotted skin while he gave a few final gasps. To make sure that he was dead my mahout threw his iron driving hook (gusbar or ankus) on to the beast a couple of times, recovering it again by its lanyard, and he did not move. As he still gasped, we cleared the ring of elephants from one side of it for somebody to give a final shot as *coup de grâce*. Somebody, it was not I, fired, and missed; at least the shot went through his ear. The panther, thereupon, finding his little ruse was no good, got up and trotted away! Another shot fired after him annoyed him and he turned round and came for us. Yet another shot rolled him over, but still he came on, then two simultaneous shots dropped him stone dead. If he had not turned back his ruse would in all probability have saved his life.

Once when out shooting and pigsticking in the Kadir near Meerut a native gave us information that there was a panther in a certain bit of grass jungle which he pointed out to us. Let me here say what is the

difference between a panther and a leopard. It is a frequent topic for argument between people who fancy themselves in natural history. My version, and it is quite good enough for ordinary purposes, especially as it automatically guides you in sticking to the point with which you began your argument, is this: the two animals are one and the same generically, but the panther living at ease in the plains grows fat and big, while the leopard living a hard life in the mountains and crags remains thin and active. The *memoria technical* for remembering this is that the panther, being fat and big, pants; while the leopard, skipping about the crags, leps from rock to rock.

This is a digression. To continue my story. We directed our elephants into the patch of high grass in which the panther was said to be. Presently as we swished through it my animal gave a sudden half-shy and then paused, sniffing with her trunk. Peering down into the grass I suddenly saw a small patch of spotted, furry hide alongside a tuft of grass; it looked like the forefoot of the panther and was twitching as if about to start to run, so I took quick aim and fired with my rifle through the grass immediately behind it in order to hit the animal in the body. No result. The small patch still remained twitching and finally moved, and then I saw that it was a wee little panther cub just able to crawl. So I slid off my elephant and picked it up and took it home with me.

The cub grew and flourished and became, as a kitten, a great favourite with everybody, especially with my fox-terrier pup. These two spent most of their time gambolling and rolling over together, with intervals in which both lay fast asleep to recuperate. After a time the kitten began to grow into a lumbering hobbledehoy, with great loose limbs and strong jaws, and in size about double that of the dog. Then their games began to result very frequently in yowls on the part of the dog. The cub's mouthing became painful to him, as indeed it also did to me, and my hands soon began to be punctured and torn with his endearments.

Then he developed the stage of being hunted by his own tail. He would career round the garden at full speed, and into the house, on to the table in my sitting-room, whisk round swishing everything off with a crash, then with a bound he would clear the sofa and pounce on to the matting, which he would scrabble up with his claws; then out of the window like a streak of yellow paint, into the verandah and on to my breakfast table, where a smash up of crockery sent him off in a pretended panic round the garden again. I could never feel angry with him, he made me laugh so. He was at no time what could be called down-hearted. He used to walk out with me and the dogs; but as he grew older, instead of becoming more obedient like the dogs, he became more and more wild and unruly.

One day when out walking I met some ladies whom I knew. I stood talking to them with the panther and dogs at heel. Presently the breeze caught the lace edging of a lady's petticoat, which at once attracted the interest of Mr. Spots. He pricked his ears, his head gradually more and more sideways as he gazed with fascination on the twinkling lace. "What is it?" he thought. "Is it alive? No. Yes, it must be. I believe the darned thing is laughing at me." Phit-chumm! and he suddenly sprang, claws and all, at the lace. The lady whisked her skirt out of the way with a scream. This was too much; he set to work to claw the whole thing in dead earnest, and I don't know where he would have stopped if I had not him by the collar and hauled him off by main force. But in spite of these little outbreaks he was a great delight to all of us. Shortly afterwards I had to leave India and I offered my charming panther to anyone who would like to have him. I gave twenty-four hours' trial of him to anyone who thought of taking him. Lots of people tried him but none applied for him as a permanent gift, so I eventually sold him to Jamrach.

CHAPTER XIV

"THE ELEPHANT'S A GENTLEMAN"

My Sentiment About the Elephant — His Mathematical Mind — Dandelion's Idiosyncrasies — Her Courage in the Face of an Enemy — The Elephant who Died — A Problem in Sanitation — The Jungle Ship — Sea Legs — The Genius of the Elephant — His Timidity — Jock's Victory — The Duchess of Connaught's Adventure — The Elephant's Caution — He Utilises Human Material — A Malefactor Flogged by Elephants — The Elephant in War — An Elephant Fight

OF all the animals in India none exceed the elephant in personality, and therefore he must have a chapter to himself.

I could never bring myself to shoot an elephant. I have been among them in the wilds and have had to do with them tamed; I love to watch them, and I like to use them, but my respect for them is far too great to allow me to shoot them. It strikes me as an impertinence to put an end to a wise old creature a hundred and fifty years old and of such massive proportions. He is a link with prehistoric times, and I would as soon blow us the Tower of London as shoot him. I have been glad to find myself supported in this idea by that splendid young sportsman and explorer, the late Boyd Alexander. He, too, confessed his dislike for shooting an elephant, and when he had actually done so his remorse for bringing about death on so large a scale forbade him from ever repeating the experiment.

There is something uncannily human about the mind and doings of an elephant, and no one recognises this more fully than the mahouts, the men who look after them, whose influence over the great beasts is remarkable. If any have doubts on this subject they need only go to Burmah and watch the elephants piling teak, to see that they have a mathematical mind and an idea of arranging the logs with absolute symmetry and of applying their strength in the best way for balancing and levering the heavy timber.

The triumph of mind over matter.

The elephant which I used in Nepaul had a name which resembled "Dandelion," and therefore I always called her by that name. She was a delightful beast to ride, and seemed to enjoy raising you on her trunk to put you on her back, and would then carry you with the greatest care, yet with speed and ease, through the jungle. When standing at the jungle side it seemed impossible for her to be still for a single moment. She was perpetually dancing a kind of shifty jig from one foot to the other. When she was not

blowing sniffs of dust over her shoulders, she kept swishing the flies off with the branch of a tree. Quick and restless, she was never still; but the moment game was afoot she "froze," and stood like a rock.

It did not matter what the nature of the game might be, peacock or jackal, partridge or tiger, all were alike to her; and pushing through the jungle she feared none of them. A wounded tiger might charge, roaring and clawing, and spring at her head, but she stood it like a rock. One animal alone she did fear, and that was a boar. It was enough for her to scent him or to hear him rushing through the underwood, and she would turn tail in the neatest way and shuffle off in the greatest haste for safety.

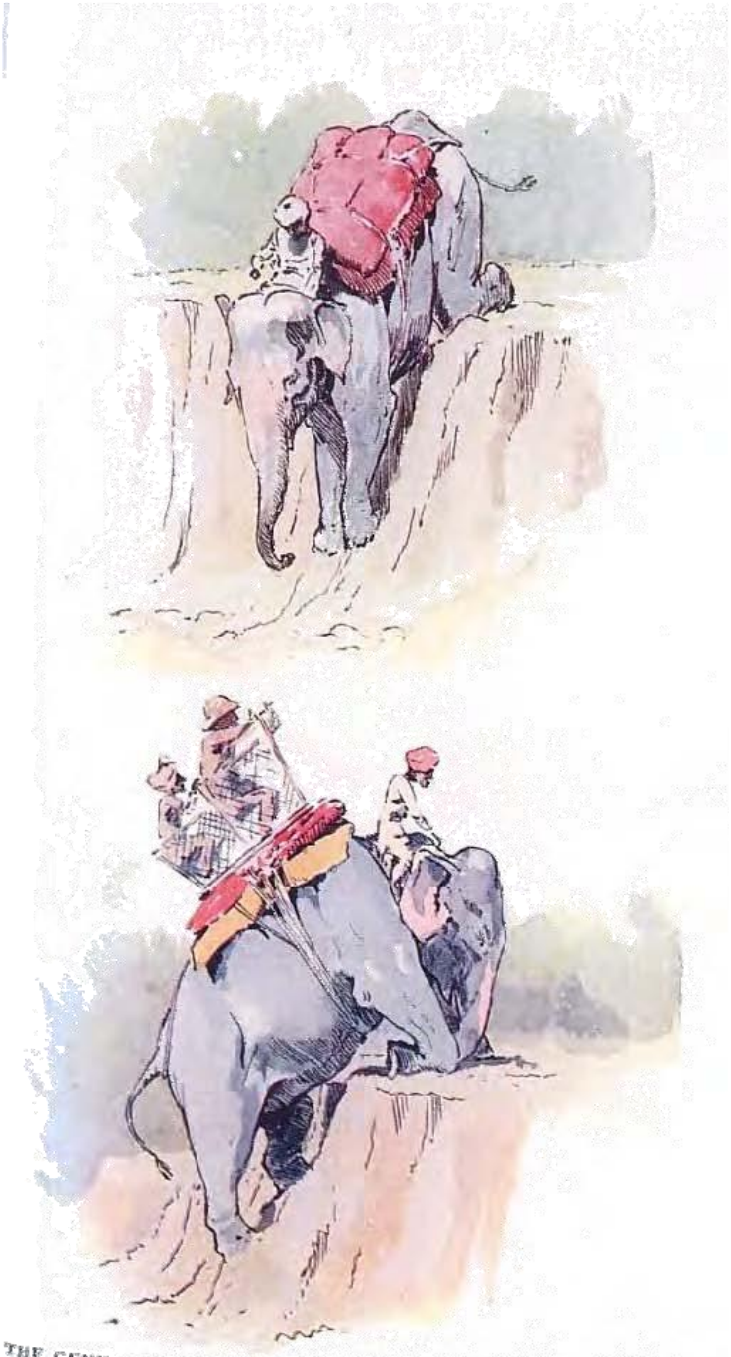
The elephant is a noble animal for transport, since he can carry such enormous weights and can drag what would break the hearts of many horses. But he has his drawbacks when on service. He takes a great deal of feeding with expensive fodder. When he gets a sore back it is an enormous thing to deal with; and when he dies he is an awful clog on the sanitary arrangements. One dies at Kandahar in 1881, and I have not got the remembrance of him out of my nostrils yet. He was too big to move, so they tried to burn him, but only succeeded in roasting portions of him; the remainder they tried to bury by piling pyramids of earth over him, but, as the days passed, the earth was found not to conceal all that was underneath it. When a change of wind came and blew in the direction of Kandahar, it became a question whether or not the city should be evacuated. In the end adventurous spirits were sent with slabs of guncotton on the end of poles; these they inserted in strategical spots within the carcase and blew it to bits. The different portions were then harnessed on to camels and towed away to places where they could be buried separately.

I have often thought, when out pigsticking in the Kadir, how like a ship an elephant is, from a spectator's point of view. The great sea of long grass, with the distant belts of trees on either bank of the Jumna, might well be the Thames at the Nore, with a fresh breeze blowing across it. Then comes an elephant "reaching" across, only the upper part of him showing above the grass, heaving along and passing my horse exactly like a sailing-vessel passing a fishing-boat. When you are on the elephant he is even more like a vessel, as he rolls along surging through the grass and from time to time swishing water from his trunk over his chest. Even when he is halted he keeps rolling and heaving about like a ship at anchor in a breeze. When you change from your pad elephant to the one with a howdah, he is run alongside, and as the two roll together you step on board just as from a tender to a ship. When the elephant is moving about the jungle, as you stand in your howdah you feel just as if you were standing on the bridge of a steamer. At first it is difficult to keep your balance, but having got your "sea-legs," you feel it when you get on terra firma again at the end of the day. The ground seems to be heaving and rocking and you walk as if filled with new wine.

Elephants are very clever at getting over bad ground. They push their way through impenetrable-looking thorn jungle. In places where young trees are growing close together they just shove their foreheads against them or twist them with their trunks and send them crashing down with a snap like a pistol-shot in order to make a path for themselves.

When they come to a deep nullah they gently slide down into it with their forelegs, kneeling with their hind legs until sure of their balance. In climbing out they reverse the process, kneeling with their forelegs and helping themselves with their trunk, and it often feels to the man in the howdah that the whole show is going over backwards. They use their trunk as a fifth leg, especially in boggy ground. When an elephant gets bogged, a pole is thrown down before him and he walks out on it as if on a tight-rope.

Once when we were pigsticking one of our men fell with his horse in the very thick, high tiger-grass. On recovering himself he could not find his spear. An elephant was brought up and was told to search for the missing weapon, and, after fumbling about with his trunk in the jungle of grass, he presently lifted out the bamboo and handed it up to his mahout. But the head of the spear had broken off and was missing. Again he was told to search and for a long time he searched without effect, but at last to our surprise up came his trunk with the missing spear-head. I do not know how the mahout conveyed to the beast the idea of what he wanted him to find, for neither he nor the elephant could see the article; he could only feel



THE GENIUS OF THE ELEPHANT IN OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES

for it.

Clever and astute as they are, elephants are at the same time strangely timid. I remember once, when strolling down a road in the neighbourhood of Lucknow with my little fox terrier, we met a very highly-bedecked rajah riding on a huge elephant covered with gold trappings and coloured cloths. He was coming along with great majesty, the native wearing a highly supercilious air as he looked down on the white man. But he reckoned without the little dog. The moment Jack saw this huge monster approaching me, he ran out barking and snarling at it. The elephant stopped in his tracks, shied violently, nearly upsetting the whole paraphernalia, then, whisking round with incredible quickness, he scuttled off at a great pace down the road, kicking up a mighty dust, absolutely regardless of all the kicking and hitting and swearing on the part of his mahout.

Elephants are not entirely respecters of persons, nor are they always on their best behaviour. Occasionally they go "mast," that his half-mad, for a day or two, and then there is no holding them. The worst of it is that the fit often comes on quite suddenly. The Duchess of Connaught had an unpleasant experience of this in India. Her Royal Highness, with Lady Baker Russell, was mounted on an elephant to look on at some pigsticking, and all was going very well when their mount suddenly took it into his head that he had had enough of that fun and was going to look for something more exciting on his own account. An elephant has a large head, and when he gets a notion into it it takes a deal of banging to knock it out again. His mahout tried that course with the iron hook which the driver uses for pulling up his animal. But on this occasion it had no effect, and the elephant began to shamble off in a new direction. In response to the outcry of the mahout another elephant was quickly rushed in pursuit and he was fortunately ranged up alongside of the runaway before he got up speed, and thus the ladies were safely transhipped from one to the other.

It was not a pleasant experience, because, although a ride on a runaway elephant on an open plain might be an exciting if not an alarming adventure, it meant every probability of catastrophe in a wooded country where he might run among trees. And that was the case here. Luckily the ladies got off with nothing worse than a few minutes' excitement. The elephant went on and was absent without leave for several hours before he was recaptured and brought back.

An elephant will never go on to dangerous ground without first very carefully testing it. Thus if you try to ride him over a small bridge, he will stop and tap it very carefully with his trunk to see that it is sound enough to bear his weight, and even then he will put one foot very carefully forward to test it before he will allow his full weight to go on to it. Similarly in crossing a river he is most careful not to get into a quicksand.

When my regiment were on the march near Delhi and were fording a river, it happened that one of the baggage elephants felt himself sinking in the mud. Seized with panic, he made a grab at the nearest coolie, who was wading near him, and with his trunk shoved him down under his feet. As quick as lightning he grasped another and yet another and jammed them down in order to give himself a more secure foothold. He killed the coolies and saved himself. But, as is the case when an elephant disgraces himself, he was tried by a sort of jury of mahouts and they condemned him to wear a heavy chain bracelet round each of his fore-legs for the rest of his natural life, a hundred years or so.

I once saw an elephant flogged. We were resting in the midday heat in camp, and this elephant was standing lazily munching some sugar-cane while his mahout lay on the ground alongside him asleep. For some reason the elephant did not like this man and, seeing his chance, he suddenly pounded his great foot down on to him, meaning to crush him. Fortunately for the man he was lying a few inches beyond the reach of the elephant's foot, so, instead of catching him fully, it merely tore the flesh off one thigh. There was immediately a hullabaloo in camp, and the elephant was seized and marched off between two other elephants and tied up to a tree some distance from the rest. Then the other nineteen elephants were formed in a long string, and each one was armed with a short length of chain which he carried in his trunk; they then marched past the culprit, and each one, as he went by, slung his trunk round and gave the

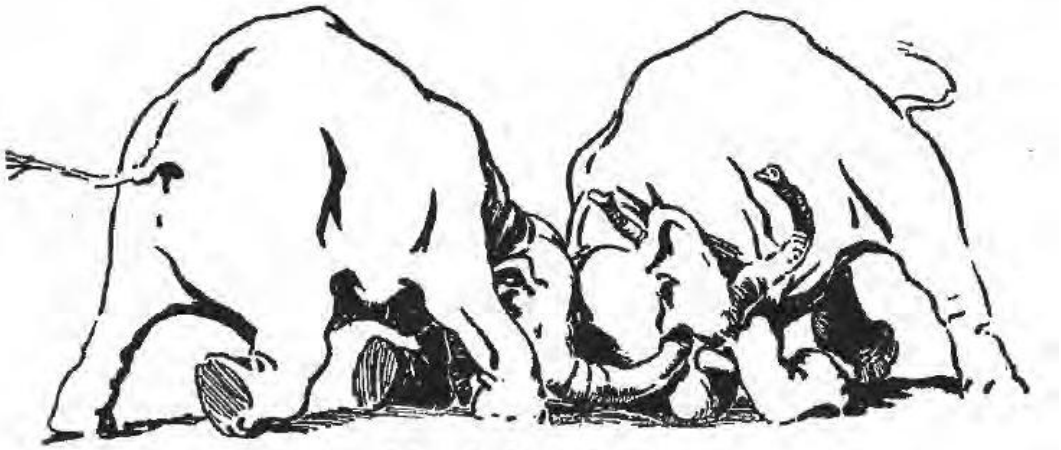
victim a tremendous wallop with the piece of chain. Some of them seemed to do it with a peculiar kind of vicious pleasure which made him squirm.

Elephants are used for dragging the heavy siege guns while on the march along the road, but, as I have said, they cannot be trusted in action as, owing to their timid disposition, they are quite apt to turn tail and bolt with the guns just at the time they would be wanted to advance.

There is something stupendous about a fight between elephants. It is not a thing that any human being has been privileged to see in the jungle, but it is a very usual form of entertainment offered by rajahs for the amusement of their guests on great occasions. Picture to yourself a deep courtyard among the outlying walls of a native palace. The tops of the walls all round are lined with a crowd of onlookers in the brightest of garments, which gleam in the sunlight in brilliant contrast to the sombre shadows of the blank walls and of the empty arena below them. This last is simply an earth-floored courtyard with a small mound at one end. The mound is a kind of pedestal, just large enough for an elephant to take his stand upon it. It is the "sanctuary." The animals seem to understand that when one of them takes refuge there he is no longer to be attacked; he has given in and has acknowledged himself defeated.

Many elephants require to be dosed with raw arrak (rum) shortly before they are brought into the arena, in order to develop sufficient fighting spirit for the encounter. The amount of the nip has to be nicely adjusted according to the temperament of the subject, just as is the case with the human being. I knew a No. 1 at polo who played a dashing game if he had a glass and a half of port inside him; one glass was too little to rouse him, two glasses made him sleepy. So it is with the elephant — substituting the word "bottle" for "glass."

Presently the great doors are opened and a dirty grey monster comes shambling in, flapping his ears and moving in an undecided, leisurely way across the court, stopping every now and then to look around in an irritated way to see if there is no way out of the place. Meanwhile, a second combatant has come shuffling into the "ring," looking for trouble and seeing insult in the other's presence. Wagging and nodding their heavy heads, both of them come towards each other at a shambling run till they collide in the middle of the ring, forehead against forehead with a mighty thud.



The elephant fight.

For a minute or so they push and heave, each trying to shove the other backwards, their respective trunks feeling around all the time to get a grip on the other's neck or foreleg. Then they draw back a pace and hurl themselves forward again in a dull and heavy shock amid the cloud of dust which now surrounds them. They both have great tusks which have been cut off at a length of about two feet and ferruled with

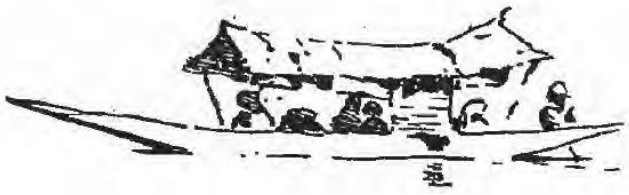
ornamental metal-work. This is to prevent their goring each other. However, in the crash of the collision a great chunk of ivory flies off one of the tusks, and in a few moments it is evident that the elephant who has suffered the loss recognises its benefit to him. He has now a sharp, jagged end to his tusk, and he proceeds to do all he can to take advantage of it, and, beating down with his trunk any attempt to "clinch" on the part of the other, he directs all his energies to stabbing him in the eye with this new weapon of offence.

His opponent quickly appreciates the danger and tucks his head down and round and does all he can to grip the aggressor in order to save himself. In a few minutes dark little streaks glisten wetly in the sun as they run down his face, his head is gashed and bleeding from the assault: but he presently gets a firm hold on the opponent's neck with his trunk, and, lowering himself on to his knees, by sheer weight he forcibly drags the other down also. The fight then becomes a wrestling match between the two monsters, locked tightly in each other's trunks, on their front knees, pushing and heaving with their enormously powerful hindquarters, each endeavouring to twist the other off his balance. The swaying and jerking and pushing goes on interminably. One wonders how many tons of energy are being used between them.

For ten minutes the might straining goes on between the titans, now on their feet and now on their knees, till gradually their efforts slacken. They break away for a minute with lowered heads; "sharp-tusk" again lunges forward, and "blunt-tusk," turning his head to avoid more gashing, receives the charge rather sideways and gets swing partly round. His attacker is quick to see this and presses home on his ribs in a final attempt to push him over. The other gives ground, staggering, but just saves himself from falling; but he feels that he had had enough, for the spirit, in both senses of the word, is dying down. He shambles off towards the sanctuary and clambers wearily on to it, while the other stands stupidly watching him.

The fight is over, the gates are opened and a crowd of men armed with flaming torches on poles and with long spears come in and drive both elephants close against the wall of the arena. From the top of the wall the two mahouts step lightly down on to the backs of their respective animals. The moment they have got astride their elephants' necks all possibility of trouble is over, their mounts are at once amenable to reason and shuffle demurely off to their stables.

It is difficult to say what the elephant thinks of the whole thing. His face and eye give very little indication of what is going on in that great brain of his, but one cannot help feeling that after all an indignity has been put upon him and that the whole show, though interesting to watch, is a cruel one. Especially if one can imagine what enormous headaches the combatants must have the next day!



CHAPTER XV

NATIVE HOSPITALITY AND TRADITIONS

The Interest of the Native — Animal Fights — A Game Country — A Puzzled Sportsman — An Up-to-Date Rajah — Impressing the Shopkeeper — The Indian Nautch Dance — A Dreary Performance — Thomas Atkins, Linguist — An Interrupted Picnic — The Lord of the Land Objects — His Sportsmanship — A Shooting Competition — Alexander the Great — the Tradition Concerning His Invasion — His Dying Requests — Swordsmanship — The Native During Manœuvres — Too Eager — The Ghoorka's Anger — Unofficial Weapons — An Antiquated Transport — The Sporting Beluchis — Regimental Feuds — An Unexpected Cavalry Charge — Clever Jackal-Calling — Pirates — Native Servants — The Detection of Crime

TO me an interesting item in India was the study of the natives themselves, and their variety is unlimited. To begin with, there were the native gentlemen and rajahs, and some of these were charming fellows. There are a large number of states in India ruled by their own native rajahs or princes under the British suzerainty, and in most of these an up-to-date method has been adopted will all the modern improvements for education, sanitation, manufactures, arts and sciences, in place of the former tyranny and extortion which used to prevail so generally. On the whole the natives in these states appear to be better behaved than those which are more directly under our government. There are many people who would be glad to see the whole of India ruled by native princes in the same manner, for it is believed that in this way there could be no cause for discontent or unrest.

Bhurtpore, not far from Muttra, where we were stationed, was one of these native ruled states, and the rajah, with typical hospitality, gave the officers of the regiment a standing invitation to come to Deeg or Bhurtpore whenever they felt inclined for pigsticking, and he places house, servants, and food at their disposal on these occasions. On one occasion the Duke and Duchess of Connaught paid a visit to Deeg, and were there entertained by the rajah to what a native considers the highest form of sport, and that is fights between different kinds of animals, beginning with quails, and going on to partridges, fighting-cocks, rams, black buck, buffalo, horses, and elephants. The rajah also had a strong brigade of cavalry of his own which he drilled and commanded himself, spending much of his time daily in doing the detail work of stable and regimental management.

The pigsticking in that neighbourhood was of the best, because it was difficult country, very wild and full of pig, and those pig of a particularly fighting species, so that we never had a blank day and never a day without considerable excitement. There was also a large lake at Bhurtpore with a bund or causeway running across the centre of it. This lake was covered with wild fowl, and the shooting was extraordinarily good when the rajah caused both ends of the lake to be beaten simultaneously by elephants wading about among the rushes and reeds: ducks, teal, and snipe flying to and fro from end to end without going away elsewhere. The guns stationed on the bund in this way got plenty of sport. The key to success in duck-shooting there was to have linen covers for your gun barrels to prevent the sun from shining upon them, which has the effect of frightening the duck away from the gun. They do not mind the man, but they object to the flash. I remember one sportsman who, having omitted this precaution, could not understand why no duck came near him though they kept streaming over guns not far away. The birds were so persistent in avoiding him that he gave it up as a bad job and simply lay on his back and fired into the air just for the sake of something to do. Once when he was doing this an unfortunate bunch of duck happened to fly over him, and three of them got it in the neck. No on was more surprised than the firer, and the unexpectedness of the bag went a long way to compensate him for the first part of the shoot.

Another rajah with whom we stayed was the Maharajah of Patiala, an important Sikh state whose loyal adherence to the British Government in 1857 was a most important factor in rendering possible the siege and capture of Delhi. The maharajah lives in a large modern bungalow-house, surrounded by some

beautiful flower gardens laid out very much in European fashion. There was a touch of the native about it also, for some of the flower beds had patterns made of broken bits of black and white glass, or the remnants of whiskey and mineral water bottles. He has in his grounds a club with dining-room, billiard-room, baths, smoking-room and bedrooms, entirely designed for the entertainment of European guests. Then there are extensive stables and kennels, a stud-farm on modern lines, and a cricket ground with pavilion. The whole place, gardens and buildings, is lit with electric light. The establishment is run by an English secretary and a professional trainer and cricketer.

The officers who met us.

The maharajah and his officers are all nice, cheery, gentlemanly Sikhs, and they received us with friendly hospitality. Most of them spoke English well and were generally dressed in English riding clothes, except for the head-dress, all of them wearing the characteristic Sikh turban of twisted linen in delicate tints of pink, primrose, pale lilac, etc. These officers, although they did not take meals with us, joined our table towards the end of our own meal in a friendly way, but to eat or drink with us would have been against their religion. In the evening they dressed in military uniform, very much the same as the British mess dress, but again with turbans on their heads. One of them, an old Colonel of Artillery, was from his good-nature and general popularity an object of continual chaff with the rest. He turned up after dinner in full native costume of a gorgeous kind, instead of being dressed in uniform like the others. Consequently they all tackled him and searched beneath his gorgeous apparel to see whether he was not really dressed in uniform underneath.

For entertainment they gave us an excellent day's pigsticking, lending us horses and spears for the purpose. My horse, I think, was the very best I have ever ridden for pig, and the maharajah afterwards presented me with the spear I had used, with the addition of a silver band to it recording the results of the day. He himself came out with us but did not carry a spear, because he said it would not be fair for him to run when he knew every inch of the country so well, but he carried in his hand an iron-bound club with which to protect himself should a boar turn upon him.

Our host the Maharajah.

The fat old Colonel, whom they nicknamed the Hathi, or elephant, was as good a sportsman as any, in spite of his weight and years, and Preetab Singh, one of the maharajah's generals, was also a splendid rider to pig. He had a narrow escape of a bad fall in one of the runs, for in galloping through some long grass in a field he suddenly came on an open well, but his active little horse was quick enough to see it, and to leap the obstacle successfully in his stride. In the day and a half hunting we had there we got twenty-one boars, all good big ones. One particularly fine fellow measured thirty-six and a half inches high, six feet one inch long, five feet in girth, fourteen inched fore-arm, and weighed three hundred and eight pounds.

A good sportsman.

In the evening after dinner we were invited into the rajah's palace and he received us in his audience chamber, a great empty room, hung with hundreds of glass chandeliers, whose total value is said to be one hundred thousand pounds. There were also any number of clocks, but none of them going. The walls were decorated with German oleographs in gold frames, and pictures from Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers. In one room were the contents, many of them in packages still unopened, of an English

hardware shop which had been bought up by a previous maharajah when on a visit to England. He had done it by way of impressing the shopkeeper with his rank and dignity.

At the far end of the room a sort of low stage was curtained off and dimly lit with native lanterns, and heavily scented with musk, which the natives dearly love. When we were all seated, the English visitors in the front row, with His Highness and the native military and civil officers behind, the lights were switched off and the curtain drawn aside for the nautch, or native ballet, to take place on the stage. A native lady appeared, very fully dressed in yellow muslins and heavily ornamented with silver bangles on the wrist and ankles. She was young and, as far as one could see through the paint, rather pretty, and contrived to throw some grace into what is otherwise a very ungraceful and inartistic performance. It can scarcely be called a dance according to Western ideas, for it is just a series of fantastic jerks and wriggles and movements with the arms and hands, the body being poised and pirouetting on the balls of both feet, which scarcely leave the ground, but stump the floor and make the little bells on them jingle. The movements are extremely slow and the only thing that kept us awake at all was the chorus of native ladies of maturer age and inferior beauty who yowled a dismal measure at the back of the stage, to the accompaniment of native drums, tom-toms, and flageolets.

Many of the native princes and their officers speak English, and conversation with them presents no difficulty even to the youngest subaltern; but with the ordinary native the officer finds himself up against the wall of a foreign tongue. With the British soldier, however, it is something of a tradition that language shall be no bar to his intercourse with other races, and it is astonishing to observe the ease with which he makes himself understood. I have seen men who had passed stiff examinations in classical Hindustani fail to awaken in the eyes of a native that look which shows understanding. Suddenly a private or N.C.O. who did not know a dozen words of the language would take the matter in hand and instantaneously the face of the native would be wreathed in smiles that betokened a thorough understanding. It is the peculiar gift of the British soldier that he can readily make himself understood by natives in whatever part of the world he may be serving. In the South Seas, China, Malay States, etc., "Pidgin English" has become the universal international language. It is even the official language in the late German colonies of Melanesia.*

Soldiers have a similar sort of jargon or some way of expressing themselves which makes their meaning understood where highly taught linguists fail. Two remarks I heard in one day, when we were breaking camp to leave Maiwand, fixed themselves in my memory. Steevens, our mess waiter, seeing a native in charge of three transport mules overloading one of them with some of the baggage, expostulated with him, saying: "Here, Johnnie, you aren't going to put the whole b——y sub (all) on ek (one), are you?" Grayland, a man in my troop, originally a gypsy, I believe, was going about the camp ground that same evening saying to the native camp followers: "Have any of you blokes seen my chota (little) 'ubble-bubble (British nickname for a native narghili-pipe) anywhere about?" How the natives, who knew no English, could understand him seems incomprehensible, but they did.

One of the secrets of our successful rule in India has been a careful observation of the rights of the native, individual as well as collective. Though it used to be otherwise, even the youngest among the British officers are as scrupulous in this direction as the most important of the big-wigs. On the other hand the native can be as good a sportsman as anyone, and none proved this to my mind more conclusively than a grey-headed old Afghan who shortly after the Afghan War proved that the spirit of the hardy mountaineers was in no way diminished by the defeats they had suffered.

A few miles from Quetta we discovered among the hills a charming little valley where there were some small villages and a number of vineyards and orchards. Some of us made our way out there one Sunday for a picnic. After settling ourselves comfortably in a charming orchard by a running stream, we were unpacking our lunch, when a number of men of the village came out to us headed by an old white-

* I believe that in France our men have now established a form of language by which they get on well with their French and Belgian allies.

bearded Afghan. He quietly and calmly told us to "Be off out of that," as it was his property and no man had any business there. This was rather a rebuff for us, who thought we had conquered the country after the two years of fighting of the Afghan War, and we were not at all disposed to go at his bidding, and we told him so. He was not greatly abashed, however, and said that although we might have conquered the country collectively, we had no done so with him individually. This suggested an idea which we then propounded to him, and it was that one of us should fight him, or with one of his men, and the winner should have the sole right of using the place for that day. To our surprise he at once acquiesced and offered himself to wrestle any one of our number who was willing to oppose him. Accordingly our biggest man stepped forward and accepted the challenge. They had a great tussle, but our man was not in it. The old grey-beard had him over and down in half a minute, and repeated his victory in the second try almost as quickly. So, obedient to our pact, we proceeded to gather up our things preparatory to moving off; but then the old Afghan showed himself to be a gentleman, for having proved that he was the possessor of the place, he now gave us leave to remain there for the day, and a very happy day it was. Acting on the advertisement which was then in vogue on the London omnibuses telling of the place whereat to spend a happy day, we called the valley Rosherville. In the course of the afternoon the villagers challenged us to a shooting match, and they brought out their long jezails. These guns are about six feet long, with highly ornamented stocks and a pair of hinged prongs on the fore-end of the gun, which act as a support to it while the firer squats behind to fire. Their target was a small round hole cut in the face of the cliff, in which a stone as placed. Their aim was to knock this stone out of the hole with their bullets, and this they succeeded in doing pretty often up to a range of about a hundred and fifty yards, and we with our Martinis or sporting rifles had to shoot as straight as we could to equal them. In the course of the day we changed weapons, but neither of us could get on very well with the strange guns of the other.

With the Afghan's gun the difficulty lay in its being a matchlock — the gun only went off some time after you had pulled the trigger — which was trying to the nerves and to steadiness. Still, our opponents were very pleased with us when we shoed that we could shoot fairly well; but their admiration was greatly increased when we took to shooting at rocks far away up on the mountain side, which were altogether beyond the reach of their own guns. We found them good fellows, and we parted the best of friends at the end of the day.

These hillmen, however, are seldom to be trusted, and it was not so very long after our visit that an officer in the garrison whilst going to this place was murdered by the villagers.

While at Narkanda I used to sit in the small market square of the village and hear the elders telling stories to the rest. One evening they questioned me about the Russians, who were just then threatening the countries beyond the Himalayas. They had evidently heard that they made slaves of the people and were apt to flog them, and they were hoping that this would never be their fate. Then one of them told me how by tradition they knew that the Russians had endeavoured to invade India through some passes to the north of their village, and he pointed out on the opposite mountain side the spot where the Russians had endeavoured to come through, but had been driven back by the villagers getting on to the cliffs above them and hurling huge boulders down upon them. The old boy said with some flee that if they tried it again the present generation of villagers would serve them the same way. He said that eventually these same Russians had taken another route and had finally come down through the Swat Valley and had traversed the Punjab as far as the Beas River. I then realised that the Russians of whom they were speaking were in reality Alexander the Great and his force.

There are many traditions and stories of Alexander still circulating among the natives. One which is quoted by Mr. Haughton is *The Folklore of Kashmir* purports to give the account of Alexander's death. He was devoted to his mother, and when he was dying he made some peculiar requests to his people. One was that when dead he should be carried through the Treasury, naked, with both his arms stretched out. Secondly that his mother was to give a feast to those who had not lost a son or a parent; and thirdly that she was to report to him on the seventh day at his tomb the names of those who came to the feast. These

duties were faithfully carried out, and then it was seen what was the reason for his requests. When carried through the Treasury, it was found impossible to get him through the door with his arms outstretched, and therefore the walls had to be broken away on either side to give sufficient room. This enabled a large crowd of onlookers to see into the Treasury, and they realised from this exhibition that though a man might collect all the treasures of the world during his lifetime, he went out of life as bare and empty-handed as he originally came into it. This was a lesson to them not to bother about getting riches. His mother on inquiring for those who had not lost relatives to come to the feast very soon found that none such existed and that therefore she was not alone in her grief at losing a son; and she had to confess in praying to his tomb that her sorrow was the same as that of others.

Our native cavalry in India are, as all the world knows, soldiers by birth and upbringing, and splendid horsemen and swordsmen. One point among others in which they differ from our regular cavalry is that they are allowed to keep their swords always sharp; thus they are accustomed to having a dangerous weapon in their hand, and they know how to handle it with safety to themselves and their mount; and they have learnt the art, which is not altogether an easy one, of keeping it always as keen as a razor. They have, in fact, a saying that a really disgraceful thing is "as disgraceful as having a blunt sword." The moment they are off parade the sword is taken out of its scabbard and carefully wrapped in oiled muslin, and hung up so that nothing shall dull its edge.

On the weekly holiday most native cavalry regiments practise mounted sports, at which tent-pegging and using the sword form the principal competitions. It was from them that we learnt the sport of tent-pegging, which has become so universally popular throughout the mounted branches of the service. They are also particularly good with their swords, especially at cutting sheep in half, which needs considerable skill rather than strength for successful work. They have a large number of cuts in their exercises which are quite unknown in the British sword exercises. One of these is a particularly dangerous one, since the swordsman only delivers it after he has passed his adversary, dropping a sharp and heavy cut straight down on to the shoulder of his opponent with fatal effect. It was as a safeguard against this particular cut that our cavalry in India took to wearing shoulder-scales made of steel rings. In my regiment we added this cut to our repertoire, using as a dummy opponent a figure made of soft potter's clay.

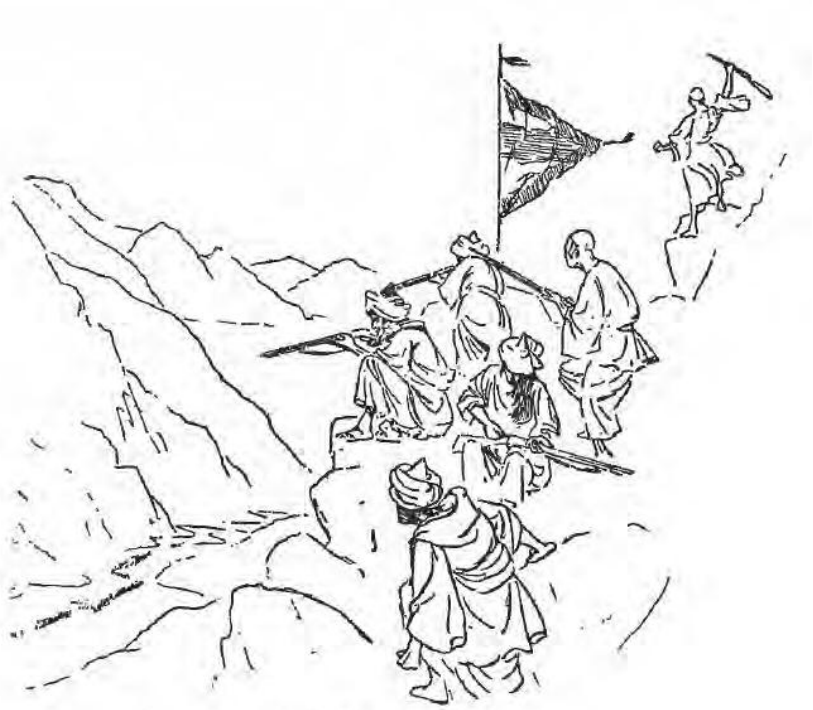
Swordsmanship is very popular amongst the natives and to an extent possibly unsuspected by the Europeans in India. In Meerut alone there were three schools of swordsmanship in the native city, and through the kindness of our superintendent of police who had spent his life amongst them, and therefore knew of these things, we were able to get some of their most skilled exponents of the art to come and give a demonstration in our barracks. It was quite an eye-opener to all of us to note the various kinds of feints, cuts, and guards of which these men were masters. Often and again our men almost boo'd certain hits as being unfair, but when we explained to them that this is what they would meet with if we ever had to fight such men in earnest they realised that the sword exercises as laid down for the British soldier were merely a set of general principles which would not necessarily meet every kind of attack to which he might be exposed. The story is well known and typical where the cavalry soldier returning from the charge at Balaclava explained how he got wounded. He said: "When I met the Rooshian I gave him cut two, and instead of guarding with three, he cut one at me, and of course he wounded me, the silly fool!"

There was one favourite cut with the natives in which your opponent seemed to take a slog at your ankle and by a dextrous turn of the wrist he drew his sword through the opposite side of your neck, which would have puzzled a man who was only accustomed to offering certain guards to certain known cuts.

Another peculiar weapon in the hands of our native troops is the steel ring with a sharp edge to it which the Sikhs wear round the outside of their puggaree. This they are able to throw with great force and great accuracy to a considerable distance, with its edge leading. At their sports they use as a target a plantain stuck upright in the ground. This the quoit cuts clean in half.

I have said that the native cavalry are brought up to their life from childhood, and one realises the truth of this in marching through the country in which they are recruited. As one passes through or goes into

camp near any village the old men come out to welcome the regiment and to present a short address to the Colonel. There will be very few among the old grey-beards who have not medals on their breasts showing that they have fought for the Empire. The younger men are generally troopers on leave, or lads who are going to become troopers. They all take charge of the horses of the regiment and proceed to groom and feed them. The small boys come and fraternise with the men, hoping for the greatest treat of all, and that is to be allowed to ride one of the horses to the watering-place and back. The heads of the village usually have a small tent or shamiana rigged up where they receive the officers, present their address, and offer sweetmeats and refreshment. One cannot but be struck by the loyal good feeling and comradeship which possesses these servants of the King.



A realistic sham fight.

The native soldier is particularly interesting during manœuvres. Although as a true Oriental he generally disguises his real feelings, whatever they may be, under a mask, he here forgets in the excitement of the moment that it is a game of make-believe, and shows some of the fighting spirit that all the while underlies his somewhat subservient appearance. During the Attock manœuvres the Afridi company of each native battalion was let loose in the mountains to act as an enemy against us, pursuing their own natural tactics for mountain fighting. They adopted their own national dress, and once they were up in the hills they behaved exactly as if on active service against an invader. On one occasion I went up with them to see how they carried out their tactics, and it was a most interesting experience. At one time it even became exciting, for after popping away with their rifles and blank cartridge on columns of regular troops in the valley below, they began to get more bloodthirsty as they saw their fire made no impression on the enemy. The troops began slowly but surely to climb the heights which they were holding. Behind them were some of their native tom-tom drummers, and these began drumming louder and louder and more furiously, yelling their war songs and gradually exciting the whole of the firing line, till, forgetting that it was not real war, and that they were not free Afridis, they began to lever up great boulders and to roll them down the mountain-side on the advancing troops. This was practical manœuvre with a vengeance! As the Ghoorkas came pressing on up the slopes against them, one great hook-nosed giant near me, with his eyes gleaming and his teeth glistening in a grin of rage, hurled a great rock down

A Ghoorka out for blood.

at the advancing riflemen. It bounded from point to point, and finally glanced off the head of a little Ghoorka, cutting open his scalp. The Ghoorka's action was typical of his kind. Up till then he had been cheerfully panting up the mountain-side, kneeling to fire when told, and advancing with the rest in good order. Now this was all over. He stood for a moment and looked up with the blood running down his forehead, and with a grin of anger on his face; and while both hands were searching at his belt he seemed to say: "That lets you out, you swine!" Then having found his kookri — the great curved knife — he put it between his teeth and proceeded to scramble up the rocks with such a speed as brought him very quickly to the crest. There was a rush of Afridis together to meet him, all throwing down their rifles and drawing their knives. In another few moments there would have been mincemeat, but one Afridi native officer fortunately kept his head. Thrusting his own men back he ordered the Ghoorka, as an officer, to halt, about face, and retire. Then he seized a huge rock himself and hurled it at his own drummer, who still was tom-tomming and shrieking war-cries at the top of his voice. In that way he silenced him and closed the incident.

At some manœuvres near Aligarh we found a group of buildings being held by some native infantry. A few squadrons of native cavalry were dismounted to attack them on foot. Getting excited, these charged close up to the walls, and here, instead of having a few harmless blank cartridges fired over their heads "to mark the situation," as an umpire would say, they were received with a volley of stones to mark it more seriously. To this they promptly responded, "playing the like." It is when one has seen how easily men lost their tempers even in a game of war that one can realise how the lust of blood can seize even the most peaceful and unemotional when "the real thing" is on. I remember some harmless manœuvres in which my regiment was supposed to make an attack against a body of Highlanders; the Highlanders for some reason or other did not like these supposed attacks, and instead of taking it kneeling, as they are expected to do according to the rules, one or two of them fixed their bayonets, contrary to all orders for manœuvres, and rushed out to meet the charge with a counter-charge on their own account. The moment they did this, the same enthusiasm seized their comrades, who rushed forward in a great wave of angry, cheering men. The 13th seemed at once to catch the infection, and instead of pulling up as they should do at a hundred yards' distance, they at once began to draw their swords and press forward to make a real charge of it. It was only the strongest intervention of the officer, coupled with a flow of the warmest language, that stopped them in the nick of time.

The excitement of manœuvres.

One of those regimental feuds which begin on such small premises was very nearly initiated in this same fight between a distinguished infantry regiment and my own, because one of our scouts was captured by two of the mounted infantry. The tempers of both sides were up, our man violently refused to be a prisoner, and as he tried to make off the infantry man had a shot at him with a blank cartridge, but at such close range that his face was peppered with grains of powder driven into the flesh. The hussar was taken to hospital, and it was only due to the tact and kind attention paid to him by the officers of the other regiment that ill-feeling was diverted and no feud resulted.

Charges between bodies of cavalry often come nearer the real thing than is intended owing to the dense clouds of dust in which they often have to operate, and I remember that in attacking a native cavalry regiment on one occasion, as we advanced with all our dust blowing before us, the enemy had thought better to decline our onset and were wheeling away when we suddenly came on the top of them in the midst of our charge. Instead of pulling up the men forgot that we were in play, and, seeing their opportunity, as they thought, they put on an extra spurt and crashed into the wheeling squadron, rolling numbers of them over through catching them in flank. It was all over in a second or two, our men were jumping off their horses and picking up those whom they had overthrown. Fortunately none were killed, though a good many were considerably knocked about. But there was no denying the exaltation of the moment, the taste of war though it was peace.

Talking of tom-toms, it is a strange thing what an effect the sound of the drum has on a man of almost any nationality under the sun. He must be a queer creature whose heart is not stirred when he hears the drums in the streets of a peaceful town in England. I know I myself have been stirred by a band of Boy Scouts with no better instruments than a dozen kerosene tins drummed in perfect time and harmony.

In India one knows the weird effect of the throbbing sound of the native drums beating in the distant bazaar. Among the Arabs the thrumming of their drums in camp and the shrieking of their flageolets give a weird music which stirs these otherwise perfectly stolid characters to the depths. And on the West Coast of Africa great hollowed-out tree-trunks are used for giving out booming sounds which can be heard through the forest and the bust, and carry their meaning far and wide for war or peace, for warning

OUR PREHISTORIC TRANSPORT

or welcome.

When in such manœuvres we depend for transport principally upon the lumbering two-wheeled bullock-cart of the country. It is almost prehistoric in design, as will be seen from the accompanying sketch, but it is wonderfully well-balanced and capable of carrying a huge load. It is also extremely picturesque, although this quality has nothing to do with its persistent use for military purposes.

Although a good, sometimes a splendid, soldier, the native has occasionally little weaknesses that are embarrassing to his officers. The 15th Bengal Lancers is a regiment of Moltani Beluchis, grand, wild-looking chaps, with long hair and great baggy yellow breeches stuffed into their boots. There is also a joke against them to the effect that, although as a rule perfectly steady on parade, the march, etc., if any game crosses their path it is too great a temptation to their sporting instincts to be withstood, and the are liable to break the ranks and tear away in pursuit.

A regiment of inveterate sportsmen.

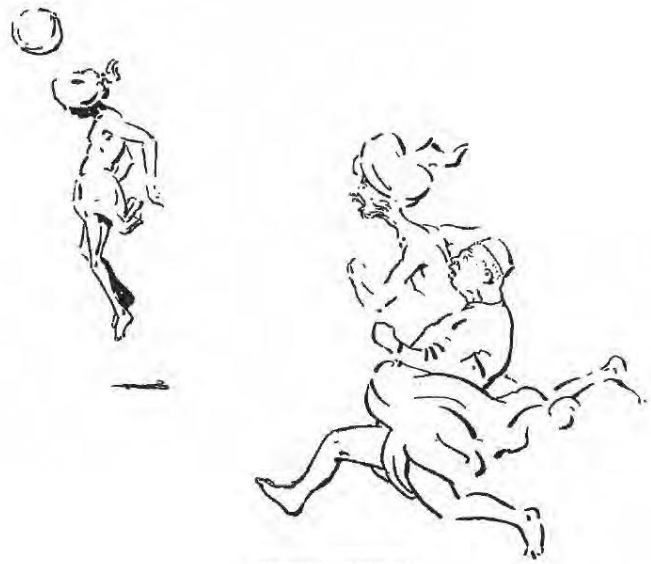
Most native cavalry regiments have ten white and seventeen native officers; ressaldars are captains of troops, and jemadars lieutenants. The men pay for their own horses, arms, and saddlery by depositing two hundred and fifty rupees in the Regimental Fund on joining. Very few of the native officers receive direct commissions, most of them obtaining them after serving in the ranks. They have their own tents and servants, but no mess. When they go out shooting and the like they wear the plain clothes of the native.

Native officers in plain clothes.

The natives have taken up with great spirit very many English games and pastimes, and the Parsee cricketers are of course well known in England. Polo-playing and pigsticking are as much games of the natives as they are of the British. Many of them are good shots at big game. The Ranah of Dholpur was a wonderful shot with the rifle; to hit coins thrown up in the air was an easy feet with him, and a favourite pastime of his was to stand under a tree and shoot bottles which had been thrown over it from behind him. Even his wife the Rani came out of the seclusion of the women's apartments to become an expert rifle-shot herself.

Among the humbler class it is everywhere a common sight to see natives of all kinds and all builds playing at football.

At the great Church Mission school in Kashmir, where there are six hundred pupils, the boys have taken up most kinds of British sport, including that of boxing, and as they have also taken up the practice of the Boy Scouts' training we now frequently hear of their doing "good turns" in helping the poor and saving life, and in doing service for the state.



Native football.

There is interesting life below the surface, much of which is unknown to Europeans. I remember once, when on manœuvres near Delhi, seeing some remarkable jackal-calling by "Jogis," a wandering tribe of wild-looking gypsies. After hiding themselves, their well-trained dogs and us in the high grass, one of them went out into an open patch of ground and, shaking a bunch of leaves, he imitated the cries of two jackals fighting. It was so like the real thing that in a few minutes a jackal came dashing up to join in the fray. The moment he appeared the man was flat on his face, throwing up dust to hide himself. The jackal rushed into the dust and, before he had fully realised the situation, the dogs had been loosed on him from their hiding places all round. A jackal is far too crafty ever to be caught in traps.

The Jogis are also fond of carrying out a more dangerous form of sport, namely, that of crocodile hunting. They build for themselves small rafts largely composed of bundles of reeds and branches of bushes. In these crazy craft, armed only with a big heavy harpoon and axes, they sally forth on water haunted by crocodiles, and when they come across one basking either on the mud bank or on the surface of the water they let their craft drift silently within striking distance, and then let him have it. The results are sometimes a triumph for the hunters, sometimes for the croc, but in any case one thing is certain, the experience is always exciting.

Another interesting people among these nomad tribes are the cattle-thieves, who do their business in many parts of Bengal. Their chief opportunity is when the rivers are in full flood. They then round up a whole herd of cattle at a time and drive it straight into the river and swim across out of reach of pursuit. Often in the larger rivers where many islands exist they will be too cunning to swim to the opposite bank, since in these days of telephone and telegraph the police of one district hearing of a cattle raid can report to those across the water almost before the thieves can set foot on the opposite shore, but with islands to help them the raiders can spend days and weeks swimming from island to island, often during the night, until they are out of reach of pursuit. This involves great daring, endurance, and swimming power on their part, but still the adventurous life appeals to them, and even the smallest boys take part in the raids and ride on the backs of the cattle when swimming the rivers.

Another interesting class of law-breakers on the great rivers of India have until quite recently been the pirates of the Jumna and Ganges, and their work had been so adroitly carried out that it had gone on for years under the eyes of the authorities without being suspected, and it has only been within the last five years that the police have exposed and put a stop to their practices. The reports of Mr. Bramley, the Sherlock Holmes of the Indian Police, on this subject are of intense interest and read like a romance. The large majority of the licensed boats, of which there are an immense number on these big rivers, was contracted for and worked by the gang, which had a very widespread organisation. For years the ferry boat would carry out its work effectively, and the, at some great fair or festival perhaps, being overcrowded for the occasion, the boat would sink or capsize and all hands would be drowned. That is what was supposed. But it eventually transpired that the boatmen on these occasions always managed to save themselves.

As a matter of fact they had blown-out goatskins ready as life-buoys to support themselves and all the jewellery and money which they had collected from the passengers before they pulled out the plugs and allowed the boat to sink in mid-river.

Native servants in India are often supposed to be the most awful rogues and vagabonds, and so they are unless you get good ones; but when they are good they are excellent. You can trust them with all your money and trinkets and, although they may rob others on your behalf, they are entirely honest towards their own masters. They are patient and clever at their work. Your kitmutgar, with three bricks as his kitchen range and a bit of cow-dung for fuel, will cook you a dinner in camp just as good as you would get in a well-ordered kitchen at home. Your syce will run for miles to take charge of your horse at the end of a ride, and prefers to sleep in its stall to living in a separate house. Your bearer's good qualities shine when you are sick and he proves himself a capable and attentive nurse.

Once I remember a theft taking place amongst my household, and in calling it "household" I do so with reason because one was obliged to have at least a dozen men about the place, since the sweeper (mether) would never dream of bringing in water for your bath, nor would your bearer or kitmutgar. Your syce will look after his own horse with devotion, but will not bring its grass, which has to be done by another man, a grasscutter, and so on. The natural trades union of caste in India is far more strict in its slavery than its more artificial imitation in Western countries.

I had lost three hundred rupees, which had been stowed in a bag in a cupboard in my room. None of the servants knew anything about it when asked, but it was obvious that no stranger could have come in without their knowledge, so instead of sending for the police I called in the assistance of one who is far more dreaded by the natives — that is, the soothsayer. His powers of detection are supposed to be those of one who is gifted with second sight. His usual *modus operandi* is to make all the suspects sit in a circle, and he gives to each a small handful of rice to chew. At a given signal each man spits out his mouthful and it is examined by the soothsayer. He immediately points out the guilty one. It is said that when a man is in a state of complete funk his saliva glands strike work, and consequently the man whose conscience is not quite clear yields dry rice on such occasion and is therefore easily identified.

In my case, however, the soothsayer said that as a first step he would have a prayer-meeting of the servants in one of their houses to implore the deity to explain what had become of the money, and if he could not tell them the soothsayer himself would apply the ordeal which could not fail to show up the delinquent. The prayer-meeting, however, decided the case. The soothsayer presently came to me and said that their God had made it manifest that I was bringing a false charge. The servants were all loyal to me; the money had never been stolen but was there in the house. It was probably that some mischievous djinn, or devil, had come in the night and had transferred my money from the cupboard into my gun case, where I should now find it. And I did. Of course the soothsayer went away the richer by a double fee — one from me and the other from the grateful servants, with whom he had connived.

The faithfulness of native servants to their white masters was put to the highest test and proved in hundreds of cases during the Mutiny, when, at the risk of their own lives, they hid away white women and children from men of their own creed and colour. The Mutiny, it may be remembered, broke out in a certain native cavalry regiment stationed in Meerut, and an interesting point to us in the 13th was that Sir Baker Russell at that time joined the service of the Carbineers, who were the British regiment in the same station. The Carbineers had only just arrived in India from England when the outbreak occurred, and were naturally very much at sea, with officers who knew nothing of the country and men who were nearly all new recruits and armed with blunt swords. It is scarcely to be wondered at that they were unable to do much to prevent the well-equipped native squadrons from escaping to Delhi after having murdered their British officers. One moral of this to me was that British regiments in India ought to keep their swords sharp ready for active service, or as an insurance against the repetition of any such outbreak, and when I commanded a regiment I took care to have this done. I only then realised that with the plant available it took nearly three weeks to get the weapons of the whole regiment made effective. I had no sooner got the work completed than a peremptory order came from headquarters directing me to have them blunted again, as the sharpening of the blades would reduce the natural life of the sword, which in the estimates was expected to last some twenty-five or fifty years! I blunted some, but as I kept one of my four squadrons always ready for instant service, one hundred and twenty swords were always keen and ready for work.

One of the causes of the Mutiny as exploited by the ring-leaders was that the cartridges of powder which were used by the men in loading their muskets were wrapped in paper which had been greased with the fat of cows. These animals are of course considered sacred in India. The fact that the men had to bite off the end of the cartridges before loading was shewn to mean that the British were secretly intending to break the caste of the native soldiers by making them eat some of the sacred animal, and that this would send them all to Gehenna.

The Brahman's dislike for even touching leather is so great that in putting on his shoes he will always catch hold of them with a piece of cloth, such as the end of his puggree or the tail of his shirt.

At the same time that the outbreak began in Meerut a small chupattie, or cake, was handed about in every village through Northern India. No one knew the meaning of it, but took it as a portent or sign that they were all called upon to be interested in some great event. When they heard of the Mutiny they naturally inferred that this must be the event, and many were led on that account to take part in it. These portents have gone through the country on other occasions but without result. I remember when the muddy imprint of a human hand was to be seen on every blank wall, but nobody, not even the native detectives, knew what it meant. The signal was supposed to come from somewhere in Northern India to the village chowkedar, or parish constable. He merely knew that it was his duty on receiving such a sign to pass it on to the chowkedars of the three neighbouring villages. Published in this way it spread with the greatest rapidity through the country.

Reverting to the faithfulness of servants. On my return to India, after twelve years' absence, my former bearer came on board and took charge of my things without a word of warning on either side.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CALL OF KASHMIR

A Strange Disease and Its Cure — Roughing It in Luxury — My Outfit — My Views on the Tonga — The Blasted Way — Crazy Bridges — Prince Louis' Double — The Great Unwashed — My Fleet Weighs Anchor — Spearing Fish — Srinagar — Something about Kashmir — Kashapa and the Devil — Itinerant Tradesmen — A Clever Dealer — I Fall — The Ruins at Pandritan — A People Without a Conscience — The Boatwomen — An Interrupted Sermon — The Ubiquitous Tourist — My Entourage — Essential Qualities in a Wife — How the Day Begins — Jack's Way with Natives — A Chance of Bears

THERE are times in every man's life when his whole being cries out for a steady spell of doing nothing in particular, at least nothing that matters. Nowhere is this so acutely felt as in India. A feeling of staleness comes over you, and instinctively you look round for an antidote. If the call of the wild then makes itself heard the right thing is to yield to it and obey, for to many that is the one effective antidote for staleness. It is to me. I had been thinking a good deal of Kashmir in the summer of 1898, and, curiously enough, soon afterwards I was prostrated by an attack of this strange disease. I decided to take a trip to Kashmir, to loaf in the lowlands, with the object of getting a month's complete laziness and change of climate — and I got it.

To enjoy laziness one must be comfortable, and to be comfortable much attention must be devoted to the details of camp-equipment. People talk of "roughing it" in camp; roughing it does not exist for any but the ignorant. The experienced camper knows what to take and he also knows that the necessaries are sometimes luxuries. On this particular trip I took with me the following:

Shikar clothes.
A suit of civilised do. and evening suit, etc.
3 pr. shooting boots (1 pr. grass soles), 1 pr. chaplis.
Tent for self, and 1 for servants.
Bedding.
Mosquito curtain, and mosquito head net.
Old kid gloves for mosquitoes.
Eau de luce, ditto; Keating: Izal (most useful).
L.M. carbine and cartridges.
12 bore gun " "
Field glasses.
Kodak.
Medicine case, including castor oil, quinine, etc., for natives.
4 cases of stores, including 12 tins soup, Bologna sausage, tea, cocoa, butter, milk, biscuits, 12 pots jam, lard, 7 lb. flour, sugar, 7 lb. dog biscuit, candles, soap (bar), matches, 1 brandy, 4 whiskey, baking powder.
4 waterproof sheets, cloak, cover coat, umbrella.
Ulster.
Folding bath.
" table.
" chair.
Fishing road and fishing spear.
Filter.
Padlocks.

Candle lanterns, and bull's eye lantern, candlesticks with globes.
Cooking pots.
Crockery and cutlery and table cloths and tin opener, corkscrew, hammer and chisel.
Books: Hindustani grammar: English history.
Fuzees.
Axe and hoe combined. (can be got in Srinagar).

I discovered when it was too late that I ought to have taken medicines for villagers, especially ointment for sores, pills, quinine and spongeopiline. An artist's umbrella would have proved a great boon, and straps inside coat so as to hang it on shoulders would have added to my personal comfort.

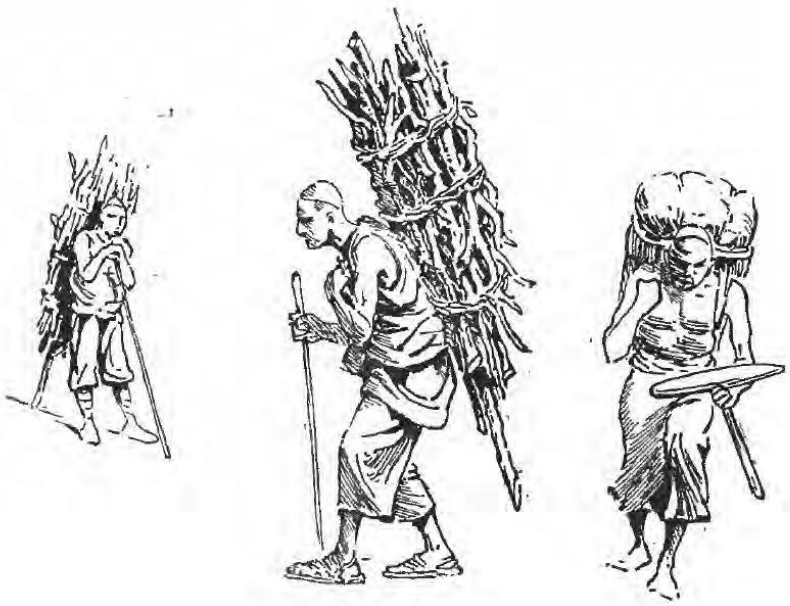
I left Murree on August 1 in the mail tonga to drive to Kashmir, 160 miles distant. The only other passenger was a native gentleman, A Custom's officer in Kashmir, and a very decent fellow. He sat with his servant on the back seat. The tonga is a two-wheeled shandrydan drawn by two ponies, one in the shafts, the other hitched on outside, like the horses in Hungary. The ponies are changed every six miles, and are almost always either jibbers or kickers or are lame. Our graven-image driver, an old Hillman with a beard dyed bright red, drove them with the greatest coolness, treating each according to his temperament. But the dirty little tongas and the starved, dangerous, suffering ponies are a disgrace to a civilised Government, or rather to a civilised public, because it is we travellers who ought to insist on things being better done. The tongas and the road to Mussoorie are a disgrace, the railway to Naini Tal is equally bad: all far worse than in the wildest hinterland in South Africa. In India, if things possess any movement at all, they seem to go backward; but the way of the country is to let things slide and to leave it to our successors to improve matters.

However, minor discomforts are soon forgotten in such scenery. Once on the banks of the Jhelum the road never leaves the river, which for the first forty or fifty miles runs in a deep valley between the steep, bushgrown or partly-cultivated heights. It is about one hundred yards wide, and a continuous succession of rapids. Gradually the valley narrows into a gorge, the heights become mountains, and the river a torrent between cliffs. The waters were full of floating logs, beams and tree-trunks, all being sent down to the plains. At one point, where there was a big eddy circling them round, we saw men swimming on mussuks — sheepskins filled with air — fishing out some of the logs. Exciting work in these rapids and not a little dangerous.

The road is cut out of the side of the heights running along the river. After the long descent from Murree it is level and good enough for biking; in fact, but for the warmth of the valley in the middle of the day, biking would be the most enjoyable way of doing this part of the trip. The road must be a very expensive one to keep up, as in almost every mile of it one came across landslips and washouts resulting from the recent rain. At one place, where it crossed a side-gully, the bridge had been swept away. A gang of coolies was at work making a temporary road. A great rock still blocked the way, and we got the men to blow it up with a charge of blasting powder, and a lot of them took our tonga, the ponies having been taken out, and hauled it over the bad part. I gave the men a rupee, and two small boys, who helped by shouting at the men, got a halfpenny each! They were really keen on the job, not eye-serving at all.

We stopped for the night at Garbi dak bungalow, having driven 102 miles since 2 a.m. These dak bungalows, which are dotted every twelve or fifteen miles, are very nice, clean, and prettily-situated little houses, with a cook and supplies ready.

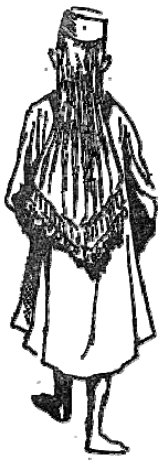
At Gabri the river is crossed by a native rope bridge. You have to walk a tight rope with a rope along each side as a handrail. The whole thing sways about under you over the rushing torrent, and not only do many tourists find themselves unable to cross such a crazy structure, but some of the natives even will not venture. The dodge is to go very slowly and keep you eye on one point in front. There are two or three of these bridges along this part of the Jhelum, in addition to others of a different variety. One for instance is a single rope from which, supported by a hooked stick, hangs a loop. You put your leg through the loop and sitting thus haul yourself across hand over hand.



Kashmir carriers.

Another at Uri is simply a rope ladder without a handrail, stretched horizontally across the stream. It assists the operation of Nature by killing at least one traveller per annum. Guide books of routes in Kashmir state at the head of the list of marches: "There are bridges on this route." At first glance you would imagine this to mean that the bridged route would be the one to take, but as a matter of fact it means just the opposite; so many tourists have not heads able to face the bridges and prefer to take roads where there are no bridges.

Early the next morning we continued our drive for the remaining sixty miles to Maramoola, the scenery getting wilder and more beautiful as we went. Magnificent mountains and deodar-wooded slopes, ragged cliffs and boiling torrents, then peaceful valley scenery; farms and crops among the hills and the river broad and calm for the last six or eight miles.



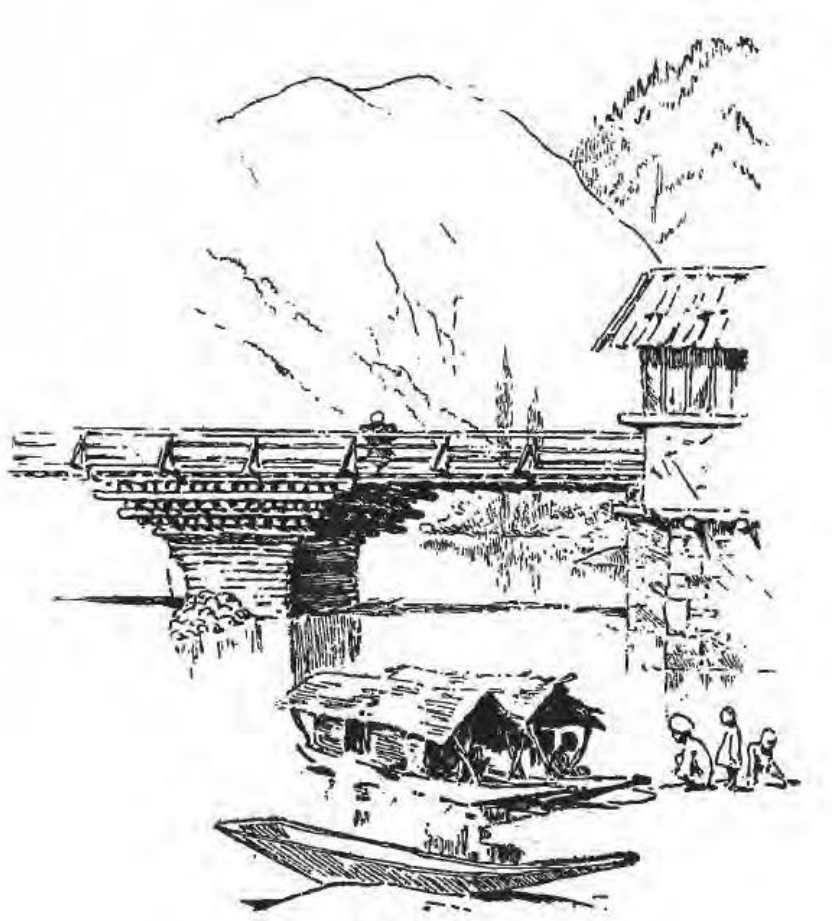
The Kashmir girl does her hair in plaits, to which continuations of plaited wool are added.

MY TENT, LOOKING FROM THE BREAKFAST TABLE TOWARDS THE LIDDAR. JAMES GOING TO GET MORE STEWED PEACHES

MY DOONGA

The people one meets vary very much in appearance and dress; perhaps the Jewish face and voluminous white clothes predominate among the men; but there are some like quick, neat French or Italians. Occasionally you will encounter a great swaggering giant with heavy black brows and beard, who looks as if he would much rather cut your throat than not. I met one tall, handsome fellow whose face I knew. I felt an impulse to call him "Sir." Then I remembered that it was the double of Prince Louis of Battenberg that was before me. The women are very delicate and refined looking. Many wear their mouths open like consumptives. Some have their hair cocked up under their head-kerchief and look like the native Jewesses of Tunis. One little girl I saw had a most becoming cap and rough hair. Others wear their hair plaited in a number of braids and pigtails. But they are all alike in one respect, they are filthily dirty. The children are less dirty than their elders because they have not been so long on the earth to get soiled. They are such cheery, confiding, taking little creatures.

At Baramoola one enters the Vale of Kashmir, an open plain thirty miles across, through which the Jhelum flows. It is surrounded on all sides by mountains. Srinagar, the capital, is fifty miles up the Jhelum from Baramoola.

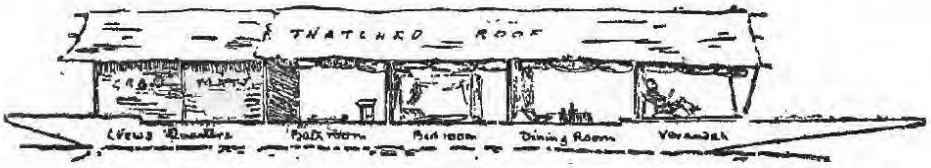


Baramoola.

Baramoola is a small town situated where the Jhelum widens into a broad, slow river running from the open plateau of the Valley of Kashmir. It is a grand place of earthquakes, and is accustomed to being destroyed by them. I had heard somewhere that the last quake had caused landslips which had exposed a lot of ground like the diamondiferous blue clay of Kimberley. I looked everywhere for it, but without success, and thus perhaps lost the chance of a lifetime. Its architecture consists of rather ordinary wooden

houses; but its smells are an outstanding feature, by no means ordinary. The timber bridge, which here crosses the Jhelum, is quaint in itself and rather reminded me of the Galata Bridge at Constantinople, as an interesting place to sit and watch the curious variety of wayfarers.

At Baramoola I found my doonga, a boat rather like a large punt, all ready under Ahemd, the boatman. James, my kitmutgar (cook) who had gone on a week ahead, was there with my dog Jack and the stores. My boatmen, unlike the others, had not their families on board, which was a great blessing; otherwise there would have been continual jabbering and squalling. As it was, whenever they wanted to smoke and talk, they went out to the kitchen doonga and sat with the other servants, and so I had a perfectly quiet time. They proved very clean after all. In fact, dining as I did at my neat little table in absolute quiet, the running river in reach of my hand, mountains, trees, and the bright moonlight, I seemed to have struck my ideal of a "good time."



My doonga.

My bearer having turned up, I ordered my fleet to get under way for Srinagar. As the gong at the police guardroom was striking five I heard the flap of our bow warp, a bit of thin cord, as it was cast-off and flung on the deck. Then we slid away without a sound, two men towing with a string from the bank.

The Jhelum River is about 200 yards wide, with green grassy banks, and runs through flat, cultivated country. Farms, villages, cattle, orchards on every hand, and woodland trees such as walnut, plane, and poplar all help to improve the landscape, and beyond all, on every side stand the mountains backed up and overtopped by the higher snow peaks. A warm sun and a cool air. What more could one want?

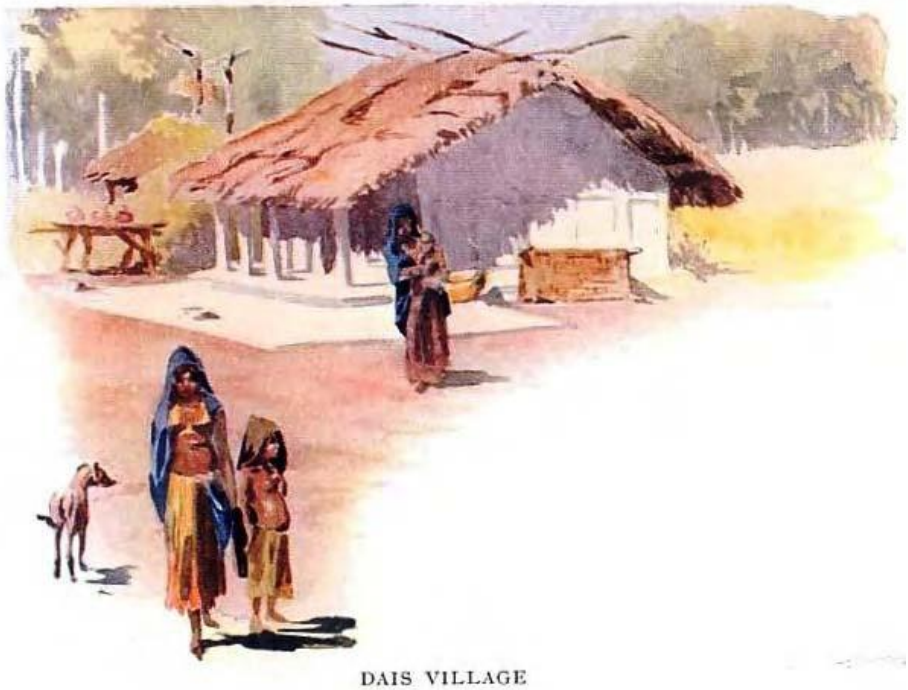
About midday the river emerged into the Woolar Lake, a fine lake fifteen miles wide, but dangerous on account of sudden squalls and a sea sufficient to swamp a doonga. Consequently boats usually cross a small corner of it and go by the Naroo "Canal," a stream through swamps and water overgrown with a water-nut plant. On this floating plant one sees a bird that might be a cross between a magpie and a pheasant with a touch of the dove thrown in.

I got Ahmen to make me a native fishing spear, and when punting through the shallows I managed to get several small fish, weighing nearly a pound each, but very bony. Very many years ago, when I was mudlarking in Portsmouth Harbour, I learned the value of killing fish by spearing them. Grey mullet are very good eating, but very shy and difficult to catch with hook and line. Occasionally they could be got with fine tackle and a bit of dough, and sometimes with a small white fly. But in Portsmouth Harbour by mooring our boat alongside the old man-of-war hulks we could always get them with a spear as they fed along the bottoms of the old ships, and by frequent practice we became adepts at the sport.

This stood me in good stead when I got to Kashmir, for here I found that the natives did much the same thing. Standing on the prow of your punt, with a long, light spear in hand, while your native boatman poled you gently along, you would peer down into the water until you saw a fish, and then with a gentle, well-aimed shove you could secure your prey. Meeting an ardent fisherman near my camp one day I challenged him to a match, he fishing with his rod and line, I with my spear. In the result he got more fish, but I got the greater weight.

The mosquitoes on these swamps are marvellous for number, size, and voracity, coupled with audacity. I wore gloves, veil, and two pairs of socks, and the crew lit a fire of smoky stuff. So I got along with comparatively few bites, though the crew themselves were in a continuous state of slap, scratch and

FORT HARI PARBAT SRINAGAR



DAIS VILLAGE

swear. The noise of the mosquitoes at sundown was like that in a railway station where several trains are ready to start with steam up.

Spearing fish.

The scenery generally is like that of North Italy, while the river itself continually reminded me of the Thames. The splendid massive Chinar (plane) trees looked just like elms in the distance, and they improved on nearer acquaintance because of their pretty foliage of serrated leaves.

Long before reaching Srinagar we could see Hari Parbat, its citadel, but there is no sign of the city itself until you are in it. Then it is a little disappointing. The river runs for two miles straight through the middle of it. There are dilapidated wooden houses, the roofs covered with earth and consequently grass-grown, and windows with carved lattice work, which would be picturesque but that they are invariably pasted over with newspaper on the outside to keep out the draught. The waterside walls and steps are crowded with boats and barges, carrying an enormous river-borne population. All the children apparently live in a state of bathing. Beyond the city for a mile and a half the river runs through the English part of Srinagar, with poplars and chinar trees in abundance. English villas on the towpath, house-boats and doongas all along the banks, make it look exactly like Teddington, provided you keep your eye off the background of mountains.

Before reaching this part of the river we turned off into a side canal which brought us to the Chinar Bagh (grove of plane trees) which was the camping ground assigned to bachelors. At Srinagar, I should explain, there were two camping-grounds, one for the married and one for the others. Mixed mooring was discouraged. Being a bachelor I had perforce to go to Chinar Bagh, where I found the whole bank lined with doongas of others whose tents were pitched on shore under the splendid trees. The Kashmiris take life cheerily. All the evening from five until half-past nine, bedtime, there passed by us a continuous string of boats full of people homeward bound from an outing on the Dal Lake, most of them singing, some of the songs having a rather pleasant refrain.

From Takt-i-Suleiman (Solomon's seat), a hill of about 800 feet, overlooking the city and valley of Kashmir, with an old Buddhist temple on the top, is to be seen a splendid panorama of plains resembling

those of North Italy, backed up all round by mountains. The city of Srinagar looks very picturesque with its steeples of many temples, and river flowing through the centre. The Dal Lake, composed chiefly of swamp, is where Noor Mahal had her love scenes, quarrel and reconciliation with the Emperor Jahangir. It also contains the market gardens of Srinagar, species of rafts made of rushes and water weeds, just like the floating gardens in China, whereon excellent vegetables, tomatoes, etc., are grown.

Kashmir children.

The Jhelum flows round the south of Takt-i-Suleiman in a curiously winding series of curves, from which it is said the pattern of Kashmir shawls was originally derived.

The European quarter is at the foot of Takt-i-Suleiman, and consists of about fifteen or twenty houses, English villas in nice gardens, but to shut in with trees for my liking. The Srinagar people have gone mad on poplar avenues, and they run in every direction. Every boundary is a line of poplars, planted about two feet apart, and reaching a height of from sixty to eighty feet. Going among the houses one finds beautiful green turn everywhere, English flowers in the gardens, and the trees in the orchards laden with peaches, apples, pears, and plums. In our garden a splendid chinar tree overshadowed a family breakfast table, on which a white-haired old lady was arranging flowers. People from the boats on the river were living in tents everywhere. There were two churches, a subscription library, a polo ground, golf links and kennels with a pack of hounds! All handy to the Residency, where Colonel Sir Adalbert Talbot, the British Resident, lived.

Why a Resident? Well, here is the history of Kashmir somewhat condensed:

The vale of Kashmir was originally a lake in which the Devil (named Zaludban) lived. Kashapa, grandson of Brahma, visited the country and, finding the Devil there, sat down for a thousand years in devotion and got the gods to help him turn out Zaludban, which he did by draining off the lake through the gorge at Baramoola. So the country was called Kashap's Mir (country). It was first a Hindu country, then Rajputs ruled for 633 years up to 3121 B.C. It is an oldish country: the Kashmiris still sing of the loves of King Bambro and Lolare, who lived about 2000 B.C. Asoka conquered the country in 1394 B.C. and introduced Buddhism. Srinagar was founded about A.D. 500. The country became Mohammedan in the 14th century (1323 A.D.) and Hindus were forced to change their religion, so that to this day their descendants still respect Hindus. The Emperor Akbar conquered Kashmir in 1587, and so it was under the Moguls till 1752, when the Pathans seized it. In 1819 the Sikhs obtained possession. After the battle of Sobraon the British agreed, for a consideration, to recognise the independence of Kashmir under British suzerainty. The amount of the consideration was 750,000 Rs. A Resident is appointed to see that the maharajah behaves himself, and to act as adviser in developing the country.

While camped in the Chinar Bagh I was besieged by shoals of jewellers, shawl-dealers, shoe-makers, shikaris, etc. But I was busy and bad-tempered. On land I posted a man to warn them off, and when they turned my flank and came alongside the boats I heaved water over them. Eventually I was weak enough to parley with one man who had photos of the place to sell; in a moment four or five boats had run up, and like vultures the dealers gathered round me and had their wares out on the grass to tempt me, and beautiful things some of them were too, and I had a present or two to make, and — well, I fell!

One way of travelling in Kashmir.

The man who dealt with me had strips of cloth held up all round us by coolies, so that rival traders could not see the amount of our transactions. He was a really clever dealer. Having discovered beforehand who I was, he began by asking about most fellows in the regiment. Then incidentally he got out something similar to what he had made for one of them, and then he thought perhaps I would like to see a half-finished thing he was making for the Duke of York. He was going to make another like it but smaller for his shop. He would send it to me at Meerut to look at and if I liked it I could keep it, if not return it, and so on.

I find the following entry in my diary under the date of August 7. "One of the many evenings for which one had been truly thankful and glad to be alive," which shows that I appreciated the beauty of my surroundings. As this was written I was sitting under the branches of my gigantic tree, my fleet — I had just taken on a dinghy which brought the number up to three bottoms — moored to the bank, my dinner table and bed set out on the "velvet" turf on the bank under the same trees. The setting sun and the mountains on every side had done their best to satisfy my eye and had fully succeeded. Similarly James had done his best to satisfy my "capacity," and with a mutton chop, stewed peaches, and a bottle of local Kashmir claret, had also succeeded, more especially as he accompanied them with a clean table-cloth and fixings.

The next morning we visited the ruins at Pandritan, the little temple in the yellow tank whose trefoil-painted doors have puzzled the antiquarians but are exactly in keeping with my antiquarian ideas, whatever they may be worth. By the way, the two guide-books I have seen both refer to this mystery, but neither notices that one of the four doors has a Buddha sculpted in the trefoil. This village was originally the capital of Kashmir, but was destroyed by order of Abimanyu, another Nero, who could burn a city for his own pleasure. There is also a gigantic "lingam" idol (broken), and the feet of a sitting statue that must

THE RUINS OF PANDRITAN (THE LITTLE TEMPLE IN THE YELLOW TANK). DATE ABOUT 500 TO 800 A.D.

have been twenty feet high.

A courteous native met me in the fields and told me my boats were not far off. He was a dealer in wood-carving, and, having heard I had started, followed me out. His boat, full of samples, presently came along, tied to mine. His things were very taking, and — again I fell.

A Kashmir spade.

The people in this country ought to be very happy, and apparently they are, for in every direction I heard singing; even the mosquitoes were singing. One reason, possibly, for their being happy is that the Kashmiris have no consciences. They admit themselves that they are liars and thieves. A native proverb says: "If you find a snake don't kill it; but if you find a Kashmiri it is another matter"; another states that "Many chickens in a house befoul it: many Kashmiris in a country spoil it."

Getting under weigh in the morning was a beautifully simple operation. The usual routine was that I awoke about daybreak, the crew then being at their prayers, with one eye on Heaven, the other on me. As soon as I rolled out of bed their prayers came to an end, my bed was handed into the doonga, and before I had well started my toilet on board the mooring pegs had been pulled up and we were under weigh. The kitchen boat presently ranged up alongside, and my chota-hazri was brought on board. After which Jack and I landed and walked for a couple of hours. Then came a tub, clean flannels and breakfast, and subsequently a settling down for the day.

The boatwomen of Kashmir are famed for their beauty. I saw many hundreds of them, but must have missed the famed ones. They were handsome in a way, strong-featured and strong-bodied and, as I have before remarked, very dirty, very like gypsies. They were dressed in a dirty night-gown, many sizes too large for them, with a white (?) cloth thrown over the back of their head. Some wear a small, flat red turban under it. They work just the same as men in the boats, taking their turn at punting, towing, and steering, as do also the children.

The boatmen are of splendid physique and generally nice, respectable, intelligent fellows. My two headmen were very capable, they could cook, look after my clothes, boots, etc., and the two lads under them were very hard-working, cheery fellows, whose great delight was to carry my spear when they were towing and to look out for unwary fish as they went along.

The verandah of my doonga was a charming place on which to spend a happy day; I could sit there for hours and enjoy watching the view continually changing. Jack also like lying with his head over the side, peering down into the water. So little did I like the idea of ending this ideal boat-life that I gave orders to the crew that they were to go slowly, and still further delay the inevitable.

At Bidjbehara, which I found too tempting to be resisted and stopped there a whole day, our charming bagh was invaded towards evening by the Resident of Kashmir and his camp, and 40,000 coolies (more or less), escort, tagrag and bobtail.

Just opposite to where I lay moored was a Hindu temple. I had been interested in watching the ways of the devotees, and I took my dinghy and rowed unobserved close under their bank and listened to what they were saying. A priest came to them while they were eating their midday meal. He talked, not directly *to* them at first, but rather *at* them, steadily harping on one thing. "Life is vanity, the great river flowing by is like the Destiny of Life; it rolls on ceaselessly, unmoved by the desires, or prayers, or tears of men; quiet but irresistible; calm but inscrutable." They seemed to forget their meal as his impressive refrain began to hold their attention.

"Aye, brothers," he continued, "look at those straws, those bubbles borne along by the current. What are we but such as they? borne along by Father Destiny, the Great River, whence? it matters not: whither? we know not: what use for us to have ambitions, loves or hates? Can we, mere straws, turn the Great River to suit our little aims? Do you, my brothers, not see the might of the great God? Yes, in your heart you begin to comprehend his greatness and your own littleness. He comes to you — he comes ——"

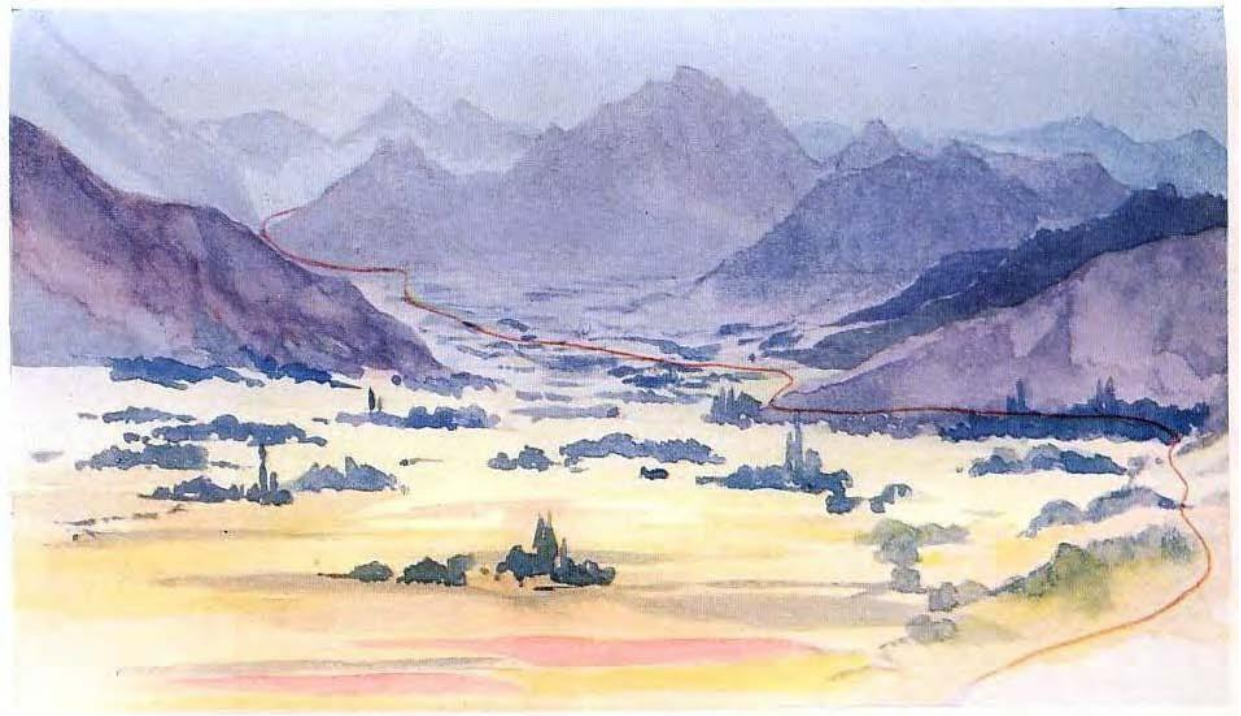
Yes, he does, or the next thing to him does. An English tourist, kodak in hand, nose in the air, walks in, stepping through the assemblage as if they were so much dirt, and proceeds to "snap" their best idol.

The spell was broken. Poor old priest, I quite felt for him. All his high-falutin thrown away. The disenchantment was complete. The women covered up their faces from the white man, and the men resumed their eating and began jabbering to each other their various experiences of the "mad sahib logue" they have met.

Eventually I reached Kunbul, the port of Islamabad. My general plan now was to leave the fleet here as a base for supplies, while I made short trips into the mountains which closed in on every side, and offered most tempting scenery for nearer investigation. At Islamabad, a fair-sized town, dirty of course but not quite so smelly as most of them, there were a number of Hindu pilgrims camping for the day on their way back from the cave of Amarnath, among them fakirs or religious medicants in most fantastic guise. At Bawan, at the entrance to the Liddar Valley, I fixed my camp in a grove of immense chinar trees with a stream of water gurgling through it. On first coming into the bagh from the sunlight it seemed quite dark under the trees. I say "camped"; but my breakfast-table was spread in the open, and I did not have my tent pitched at all. The climate was perfect, hot enough in the day to keep you sitting in the shade, cold enough at night for a blanket, or two even for those who wear two. My bed was placed under a tree to keep off the moonlight and the dew, which was very heavy.

My "outfit" now consisted of eleven carriers, at four annas (sixpence) per march of about twelve miles, and my bearer and kitmutgar. We had to take all food with us, and thus I had got a flock of chickens, each carrier carrying one in his hand on the march! They are fine, strong fellows, who carry huge loads which they pack into a neat little framework of bent sticks tied up with cord, which they make in a few seconds from the bark of bushes about them. They all wear putties round their legs. Their loads were apportioned as follows:

1 Carried my bedding and clothes.
2 Carried despatch box, servants' blankets.
3 Cooking pots, etc., in a basket (kiltee).
4 Stores.
5 Tent.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE LIDDAR VALLEY, LOOKING NORTH
The red line shows my track

6 Bath and small sundries.
7 Table, chair-bedstead.
8 Tiffin basket.

My household goods on the move. (1) My bedroom. (2) My study and library. (3) My kitchen. (4) My bearer. (5) My mansion itself.

It was about this time that I came to the conclusion that I ought to be married. I felt acutely the need for a wife who could sketch landscapes.* There was more than enough for one man to attempt in the sketching line here, especially when he is no good at landscapes or trees.

The stream that ran through the camping bagh at Bawan had rather a curious origin. When Kashapa had finished his prayer of 1,000 years long he was at Bawan, breakfasting, and happened to have an egg in his hand, when he saw the water, in which lived the Devil, running out of the Vale of Kashmir. In his excitement he shouted: "By gum! we've done the Devil this time!" or words to that effect, and dashed the egg down on the ground. It must have been very under-done, for it at once developed into a stream of water, which has flowed happily ever since.

The lumbardar (headman) of the village and also the guide (self-constituted) to the ruins have very interesting visitors' books, handed down to them by their fathers: in these are the autographs of John Lawrence, Hugh Gough, Neville Chamberlain, Dighton Probyn, Hardinge, Lieut. Frederick Roberts, Lord Landsdowne, and others, dating back to about 1830.

It is curious how comfortable and simple marching becomes when the whole party have got into the routine of it. I would give only one word of command, "James," and that does the whole thing.

When the morning star begins to wane in the coming dawn I would wake up and shout: "James." Jack, who has watched for this, would immediately jump on to my bed, stretch himself and go to sleep again. So would I — for about seven minutes.

* I have recently had to revise my standard of the qualities of a desirable wife.

Then James hands in a plate of grapes and disappears. All my servants had, after a painful amount of drilling, got into the way of doing what I want and *nothing more*, and then disappearing again, instead of their usual system of fiddling about eye-serving. While I am at the grapes, and Jack at the skins, the bearer would be putting my hot water and washing-things ready outside. Then I up and dress, by which time the table, which stands on a big waterproof sheet as carpet out in the open, is laid with cocoa, eggs, and toast.

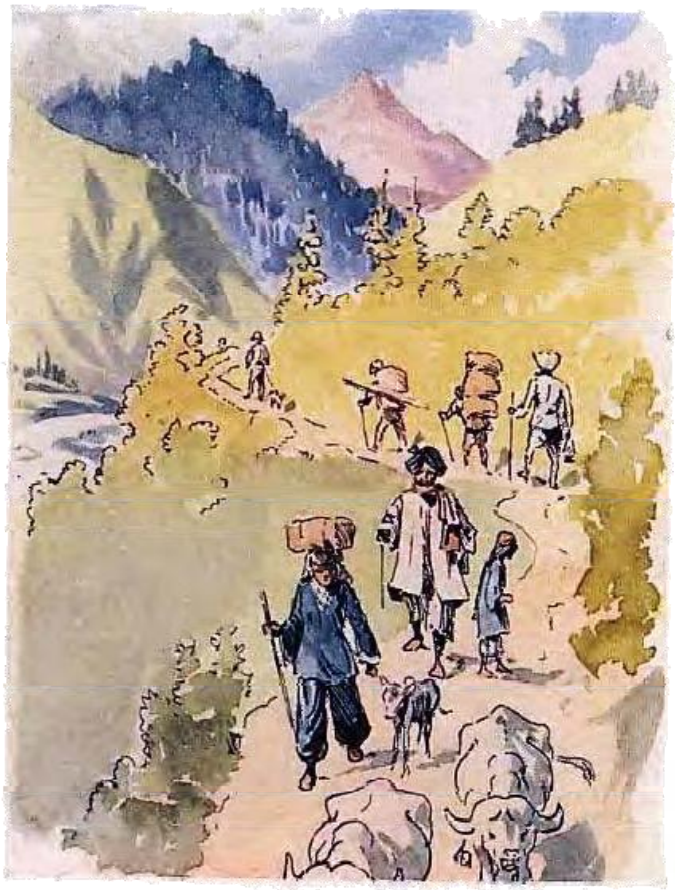
During breakfast the tents have been struck and packed up and sent off on their road, as well as all the other kit. Every carrier knows his own load, picks out his things directly they are available, packs them up, and off he goes. One man waits to take the table, chair, carpet, and tea-things. The whole thing is done in about fifteen minutes and *not a word is spoken.*

My tiffin-basket is really a tea-basket; it has a kettle and a spirit-lamp, which enables me to make my own tea. It has quite sufficient storage for what food I want. I have added to its equipment an aluminium cigar-case which holds toast or biscuits, and an old tooth-powder box containing salt and pepper mixed.

My tiffin man also carries a clean shirt and a change of chaplis and socks, and therein lies my secret of walking, viz., a change of footgear. I was known at Charterhouse for playing football with two pairs of boots, one pair on, the other in waiting ready to be changed into at half-time. I always consider a change of footgear the most important item in a long walk.

The natives have eyes in their knees when Jack is about.

The natives have eyes in their knees, at least their knees seem the first part of them to get out of Jack's way when he runs ahead to clear the road for me. On coming to a string of men he prances at the leader grinning from ear to ear, but not barking. The smile is enough. Their knees run away with them to the side of the path and Jack trots on master of the road. The only sign of exultation that he gives are two single wags of his tail to one side, just a sort of wink to me. Then he will trot along in a kind of sideways manner, his hind-feet moving on a parallel track with his forefeet, one ear inside out, and head low. Don't tell me a dog isn't thinking deeply to himself when he goes like that!



THE LIDDAR VALLEY
MY OUTFIT PASSING SOME GIPSY DROVERS

SIR HENRY IRVING IN DISGUISE LOOKING
FOR THROATS TO CUT

After going about ten miles I look out for a place to halt in. One that affords (1) shade all day; (2) a stream; (3) a view. There I bathes, change clothes, have tiffin, read, write, and draw till about 3.30. Then I make tea, after which I pack up and move on to where I find the camp pitched and another tea ready. Then comes a hot bath, dinner, letters, and finally I turn in.

One day, looking at my map, I thought how good it would be to get off the beaten track and see something of the mountains about Dedhoof Nag. Seeing a native I asked him if he knew a way up yonder mountain. "Yes, of course," he replied; "did you want to go shooting?" "No, only to look." "Well, that's a pity, because on a mountain behind that, at Dedhoof Nag, a lot of horses have just been killed by bears." A good name for a place where one might expect to find the remains of a horse. He was a shikari, disengaged, so I took him on then and there and made my plans accordingly. I sent back a coolie with a note for our boatmen to send up guns, warm clothes, and servants' tent. Meantime we marched on another six miles up the Liddar Valley among snow mountains, rugged peaks, deodar-forested slopes and roaring river below. We were already getting up in the world and it was quite cold.

Samud Khan, my shikari.

The scenery where the Lunghni Valley joins the Liddar is absolutely perfect. We pitched camp there and determined to sit down and look at the view, or rather views, for in each of the four different directions they are splendid, but impossible for me to paint. In the afternoon I visited the fields near Shutkoti to see where the bears had been at work in the crops.

That night, with my shikari, Samud Khan, I went to a field much frequented by two bears and sat up watching for them half the night; but none came. It was a beautiful night, and I was interested to see the whole hillside ablaze with small bonfires intended to keep the bears out of the crops; one man always on duty, going from fire to fire stoking them up, shouting all the time.

Half an hour after we left the bears came and fed within ten yards of where we had been sitting!

A tonga.

CHAPTER XVII

A HUNTER AS A PANEL DOCTOR

The Lunghi Valley — Omar by the Camp Fire — Philosophic Carriers — The Efficacy of Castor Oil — A Good Camping Rule — A Bear at Last — A Mud Slide — An Excellent Fellow — A Test of Eyesight — The Man with the Funny Face — I Indiscreetly Heal the Sick — I Become Famous — A Jungle Doctor — My Practice Increases — A Question of Date — How I got the News of Omdurman — My Appetite — A New Use for Oils Tins — A Courteous Governor — The End of the Trip — The Balance Sheet

EVERY turn in the Liddar Valley brought us on to something new and more charming in the way of scenery. I found a forest of deodars one day, covering a great amphitheatre of mountain side. There were thousands of them ranged there, every tree was like its fellow, tall, symmetrical, and grand, quite as awe-inspiring in their way as the mountains themselves. Those hoary-headed old grandfatherly peaks, looking away in cold sublimity across a waste of ages, are far out of touch with us little parasites crawling about their feet. But the deodars are a little more of this world, they seem like an army corps of grenadiers standing ready waiting for orders. At one word one could imagine them all on the move at once.

We packed up and started off up the Lunghni Valley, at first alongside the splendid rushing torrent, among beautiful woodland scenery, crossing the stream by a fallen tree which Jack crawled across in abject terror; then on his own account he went back across it and returned. He did this two or three times until he could do it quite comfortably! We ascended steadily for four thousand feet through the forest, the deodars standing strictly to "attention" while we passed. Very blowing work, the last mile or so, not so much because I am fat and pursy, but because of the altitude, somewhere between nine thousand and ten thousand feet. Samud Khan had horrid long legs and the stride of a gillie on the moors on the 12th of August. I was very glad to find that I could get along with him much better than I had expected on this my first day's real walking in ever so long.

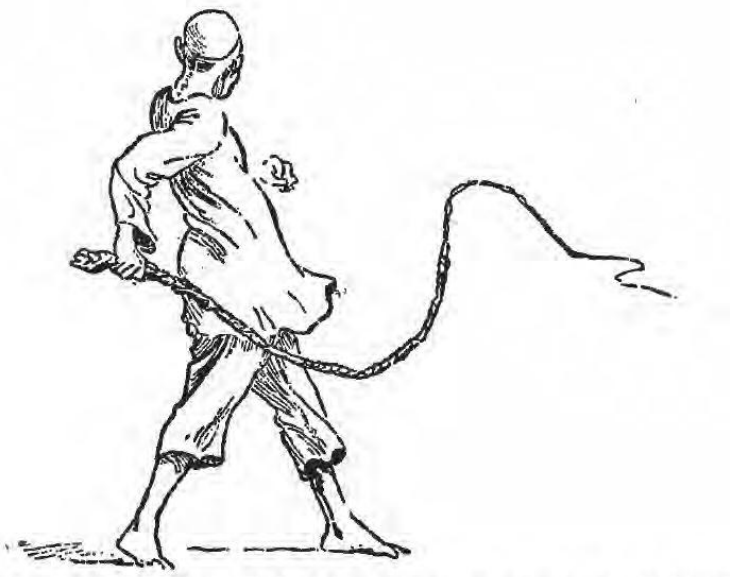
We saw lots of pleasing wild flowers by the way. Purple anemones, lilac-coloured marguerites, snap-dragon, yellow crowsfoot and an inferior pink imitation of the "Pride of the Table Mountain" — still, a handsome flower all the same. None of these bore the names I give them, but they looked like them in bloom. There were also real forget-me-nots, buttercups, clover, bluebells, cornflowers, strawberry flowers, everlastings, dwarf-sunflowers, etc.

That wife of mine will have to be able to draw sunset effects on the hills and in the forest. They are wonderful. I wish I could give you an idea of them.

We continued our march up the Lunghni Valley — for scenery the most beautiful walk I have ever had. Unfortunately, this year, the mountains that are usually covered with snow were almost clear of it. The path was very rough and steep in places. We toiled up to ten thousand feet, then promptly dropped down again one thousand feet, and then gradually made it up again. At one spot a tornado had floored hundreds of deodars, and it was hard work clambering over their bodies.

On arriving at the selected spot I found my tent pitched, the tea-table spread, and bath ready (al fresco), and, after enjoying these to the full, I sat, first sketching and then simply staring at the view, to the total disregard of lots of letters which I ought to have been writing; but I did not care.

That evening at sunset the elements tried to get up a thunderstorm. Clouds rolled up all over the mountains and turned the sky salmon pink in one part and the next bit deep, steel blue. Then great lumps of white, woolly cloud rolled across with all sorts of coloured lights upon them, whilst the thunder rumbled behind the scenes. Suddenly the whole show cleared away again and let the stars have their turn at showing themselves off.



How they frighten birds in Kashmir by means of a cracker made of plaited strips of bush ten feet long.

After a charming little dinner (during which a woodcock flew by) I sat me down by a roaring log-fire, in my comfortable arm-chair, Jack lying alongside, very excited to see the sparks flying. My lantern hung from my alpenstock, and by its light I read with much enjoyment "Omar Khayyám," which I had in the Persian with Whinfield's translation to it. My comfortable arm-chair was one of the many things given me by friends that go to make this trip so completely comfortable. My field-glasses were the wonder of everybody, and like Selous' wife in *Storm and Sunshine in Rhodesia* were "at once my chief comfort and my chief anxiety." I was so afraid of losing them. They were destined, a year later, to be of inestimable value to me in the South Africa campaign. Then I got married: wedding trip on the Sahara, strap left undone, case overturned when riding, glasses gone! Retracing our tracks, lamentations, swear-words all useless. Gone!

On rainy days we made little progress, as the carriers could not do much on the slippery ground. When the mist hung over the mountain-tops the rest of the ground looked very like a Scottish moorland, and the illusion was helped by a dwarf yew growing among the boulders, and a crimson wild flower exactly like heather all over the place.

Among the pile of stones live numerous marmots, brown and black animals as big as large cats and very shy. Samud Khan and I went after them with a gun and got three. They have good fur, but these were apparently at that time changing their coats, and so were not much good for rug making.

We were now close to Dedhoof Nag, and found that the report of red bears was exaggerated; one only had been there, and it would require several days to get on his track. I had no license for shooting red bears, only one for black, and red bears' coats were not in good order at that time of year. My supplies would not last many days, and the difficulties of the road had already delayed us for two days beyond our scheduled time. These considerations determined me to let the red bear go — and he went. I decided not to go over Dedhoof Nag, but camped on the road turning towards Islamabad and supplies over the Liwaputur ridge, and I proposed to go for black bears on the other side of it.

During the night there was a heavy downpour of rain, which induced a lot of mountain ponies to come two or three times to take refuge under the lee of my tent, and among the tent ropes. My poor carriers were sleeping out in it all, with nothing but their blankets. I knew I could not get them all into my tent, and the aroma of even a few of them would necessitate my going out into the rain myself. So I let things slide till the morning, when I purposed giving them a day's pay extra to comfort them. But it was very

little comfort they required. They were all as cheery and talkative as possible, and did not mention the rain until I asked them if they had not got wet. "Oh yes, a little, but you cannot expect always to be dry, and we always get a ducking on this old mountain."

Beaters going home, as their chaplis render them useless on slippery country.

They were much amused at my servants from the plains, who cowered in their tent and wrapped up their heads when the rain began. When it came down in earnest they ran out and busied themselves at doing nothing with my tent ropes till their wretched linen garments were soaked through, and then they huddled up again in their tent and developed graveyard coughs for which they eventually had to be dosed with castor oil. There is nothing like castor oil for anything from a toothache to a broken leg.

The silence on the mountain is remarkable. There are no birds, no trees to rustle, and it was too high for us to hear the noises from the valley below. The steep stony ridge above our camp was on which is usually covered with snow; but the only sign of this was one small glacier we passed. On reaching the top, it was to find it was a real top. We were not to find, as so often happens, still another shoulder or crest to surmount. Here suddenly before you was space, on this occasion all cloud, but here and there a rift showing the country beyond, spread out like an emerald-green and peacock-blue ocean, with its horizon high up in the sky, the most extensive view I have ever seen. We were twelve thousand feet up. I got badly blown the last few hundred yards, my heart thumping the wind out of me till I almost felt sick. Then down a very steep descent over a waste of boulders, between grand crags, and with occasional glimpses, through holes in the clouds, of the country below.

I had started with English walking brogues, but I soon changed into chaplis, which are excellent footgear on this stony country.

After an hour and a half we got down among deodar woods again and "pretty" scenery, brawling torrents, woodland, grass and ferns, etc., on the southern slopes of Liwapatur. I breakfasted in the deodar woods overhanging a mountain stream, my menu consisting of grilled chicken, poached eggs, and (of course) stewed peaches.

Whenever possible I sent my baggage and tent on to the camping place I had selected, with orders not to camp within one mile of any village. Thus one avoids smells, bad water, and visits of headmen and others with presents of bad fruit, for which they expect backshish and a letter to say they have done you excellent service.

Out of the deodars into ordinary woods, we descended into a warmer and closer atmosphere. Finally the valley opened out a little and the path occasionally became level for a few yards. Cows, children, millet fields we saw, and grass and wild flowers waist-high. Scattered about were trees — walnut, mulberry, plum, pear, and apple. There were one or two small hamlets, one of which, called Hamgalpao,

proved to be the home of Samud Khan. Here his brothers and nephews met us, all of them shikaris, his brother Sabhana a celebrated one just back from Ladakh. They showed me to my campground, a lovely spot, my tent being situated on a grass knoll with trees all round. A mountain stream gurgled past within a few yards of it, in which I bathed. On the other bank of the stream, which I crossed with the aid of a sapling, beneath two shady trees close together, I came to my table, chair, despatch box and string hammock (slung). As I sat I could look up to where the mountain hid its silly old head in the clouds. "Sulky old beast," I muttered. "Why didn't you come out an be looked at?" The "sulky old beast" came out after all at sunset.

Going up is simple enough, but the real difficulty lies in coming down.

Early one morning I set out with my shikari and a local native to wait for a bear which the latter said came along the path every morning at daybreak. Of course he did not come, but we found his tracks when it got light, where he had passed during the night within one hundred and fifty yards of my tent.

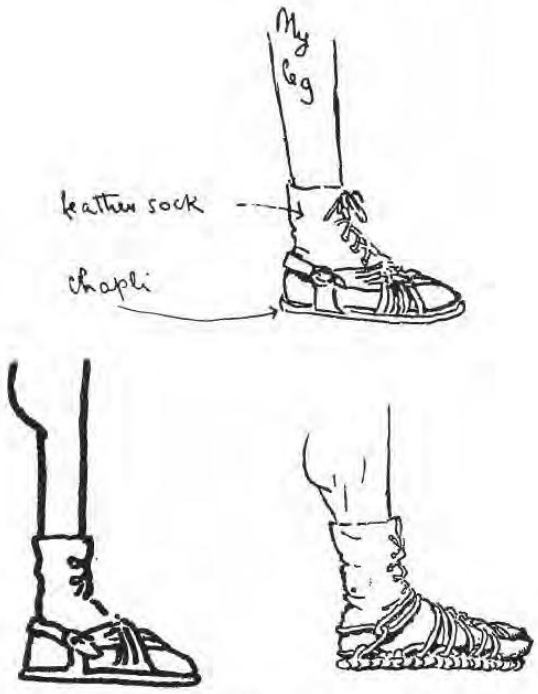
After a cup of cocoa I started up the hill above my camp, and after a stiffish pull the shikari posted me "where three bears had been killed last year." Then forty beaters beat out the jungle all up the hillside to where I was posted. Two doves came out!

Then another climb up to a higher point in the forest, with the same result, minus the doves. After a repetition of it all yet a third time, I began to see that there were no bears. It was then noon, so I had breakfast, deciding that I had had about enough of such exercise for one day, and that we would drop gently down again to camp, which was about fifteen hundred feet below us. But the shikari's brother said: "Now I know where the bears are; just a little higher up. It's a hot day and they've gone up to get cool."

First we went down a precipitous, slippery grass slope. Going down, down, down, was awful. Then we began the re-ascent, which is always so annoying, but I was getting my wind now, and my legs were — the following sketches show what they had become.

Arrived at the top of a gorge, all in forest, we took up our position on a narrow ledge on a high rock looking down it, the two shikaris and I. I had "melted" so that I wanted to change my shirt, for the third time. Not having a dry one left, I put my coat on next to my skin and put my shirt on to dry over hat. I then sat tight on top of the rock while the beaters clambered up through the forest, shouting and whistling with wonderful shrillness. "Stops" were posted on both sides of the gorge, tapping trees with sticks to prevent the bears breaking out to either side.

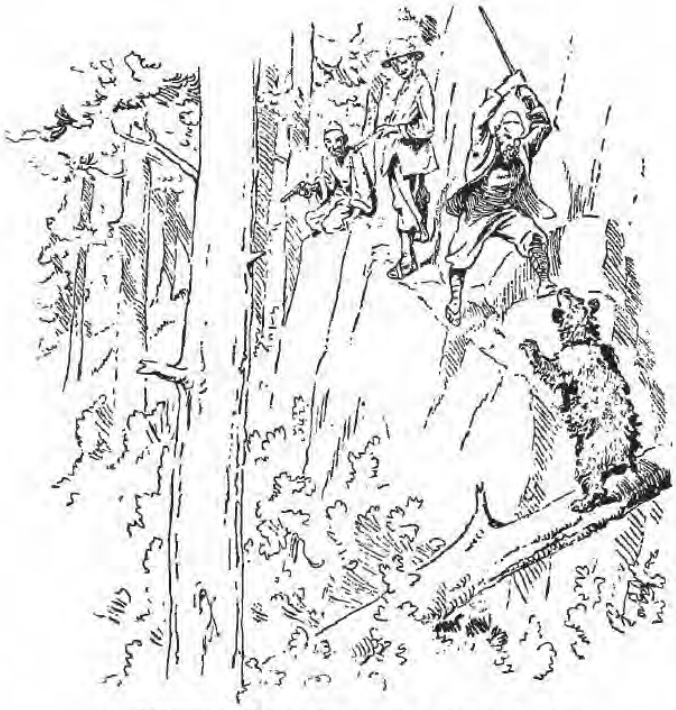
Suddenly the stops at one side began shouting; there was a crash of branches and a black lump came bundling down the side of the valley through the underwood at a great pace, straight towards our rock — a rough, shaggy, half-grown bear.



The making of a calf.

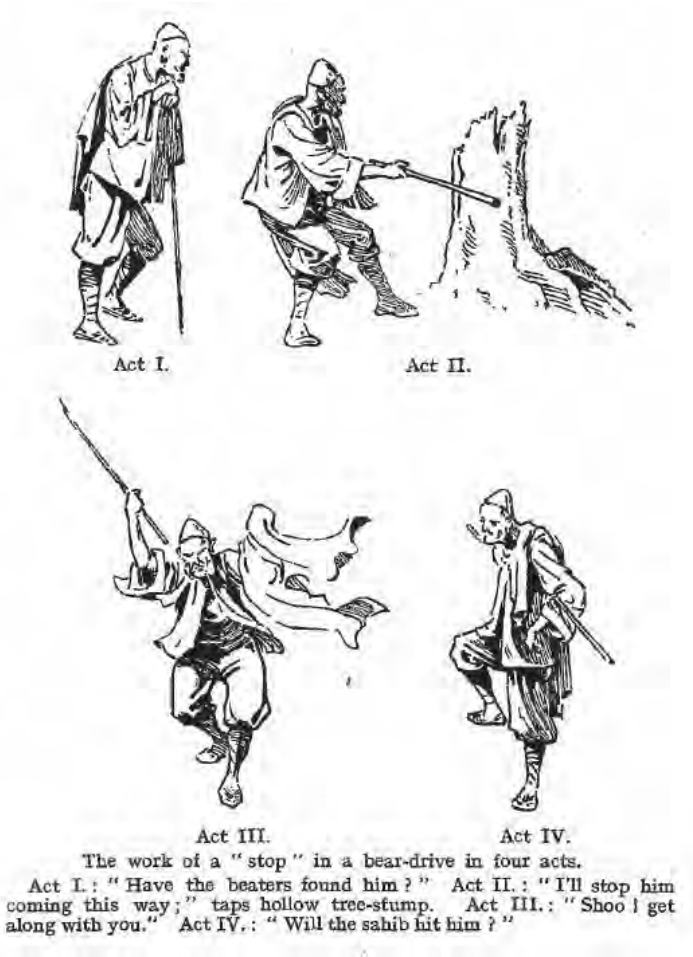
"Here, look out, my boy, *we* are here!"

"Yes, I know," was his unuttered reply. "That's just what I'm coming for."



A difference of opinion as to a right of way.

And he made a determined clamber of it and the next moment was on the ledge with us! There wasn't room for us all there, so the old shikari who was nearest to him let him have one on the top of the head with his alpenstock, followed immediately by one better on the side of the head, which knocked poor bruin sideways into space, and he fell with a heavy thud, and a yowl like a dog, into the undergrowth below us. He was too young to shoot.



The work of a "stop" in a bear-drive in four acts.
Act I.: "Have the beaters found him?" Act II.: "I'll stop him coming this way;" taps hollow tree-stump. Act III.: "Shoo! get along with you." Act IV.: "Will the sahib hit him?"

Very soon afterwards, more shouting from the "stops," and a big bear could just be seen dodging about among the bushes. He got away through them. I sent a couple of snap-shots after him just to show that I had noticed him, but did him no harm. Then the beaters got nearer and nearer, making a hideous din, whistling, shouting, hammering hollow trees that gave out a wonderful "boom," and one bull-voiced individual kept letting out a most blood-curdling cry of "Oola—oola!" It had a grand effect, for suddenly, out of the underwood before us about eighty yards off, dashed a great big bear heading towards us. I fired and he rolled over with a yell; but was up again in a second and scurrying back towards the beaters. As he was climbing out of the watercourse I gave him another which toppled him backwards. But he scrambled up again and dashed straight at the line of beaters so that I could shoot no more and he got away through them. Then the fun began. I took off my shirt and started with the shikaris to follow him up. We got on to his track, blood-spoor, and followed it, now up, now down, through heavy brushwood, over rocks, along slippery hillsides. It was exercise with a vengeance. At one spot the hillside was slippery black mud. It gave with me, and down I went on my back at forty thousand miles an hour. Luckily one shikari was below me and had his alpenstock well into the ground and his knees bent, and I

brought up against him all standing, or rather sitting. But my back! A moment before a torso of alabaster, now it might be called a study of the nude carved in bog-oak.

Unintentional tobogganning.

Well, we had a long hunt, and then after a consultation the shikaris agreed that my dodge was to go down, round the bottom of the mountain, and up on to a certain spur, and the beaters would drive him out to me. I was so done I could hardly get down, and as for getting up the spur again after I had toiled down! I sat down and looked at it hopelessly. Then I tried a step or two up, and I got up all right to the appointed place, changed my shirt again, but no bear came out. Eventually my shikari, who had continued on the spoor, came down and said he had followed it away up the mountain to some big caves where it had gone in. They had lit fires to smoke it out, but the caves were too deep.

My old bulleted leg was now too dicky to take me a yard except in the direction of camp. I got down the hill somehow, and back to my tent, after a really grand day's exercise. I reckon we did about twenty miles, and most of it climbing.

I had a regular carnival in the stream, incidentally almost breaking my nose on the bottom. I lost count of the number of "goes" I had on fried-buttered toast spread with honey, cups of tea, apples and grapes. I had been out from 4 a.m. until 5 p.m. tracking the wayward bear!

Next day was a day of rest, though indeed I did not feel a bit tired and the game leg was as right as ever. The English mail, letters and newspapers, arrived the previous night and, not feeling sleepy, I sat up half the night reading them. I was in that state when one is too tired to sleep. An evening stroll up the dingle at the back of my camp was, bar the distant church bells, exactly like an English country Sunday. While I was sketching her house a woman came through the field of high millet, and had it not been for her face and dirty clothes she would have looked rather like the pictures of Pharaoh's daughter which one sees on chocolate boxes, coal-scuttles, etc.

My coolies made a pair of shoes out of one long piece of cord, which is made of the grass growing round. They fitted comfortably (when you get used to the sting between your toes), and though I could not quite walk on the ceiling with them I felt confident that I could walk up a plate-glass window all right. They were the best shoes I ever had.

Sabhana, our guide.

Two days later we had another beat for bears. We went further and worked along the top of a beautiful ridge three thousand feet above the camp. There is a note of laconic joy in my diary; it says: "Such views! A long day, splendid exercise (shirt perpetually changed)." The only bear we saw was my wounded one and he dived into his cave, from which we could not get him out with either stones, poles, or fire: nor could we tackle him inside — it was a narrow hole between rocks with ramifications under the side of the hill. Sabhana proved an excellent chap, very intelligent and witty. He kept the beaters in roars of laughter with his jokes.

The next few days were devoted entirely to beating for bears, and to disappointment. Once we devoted a whole day to following a burly fellow at whom I did not so much as get a shot. He was a very big, bobbery chap, who, when pressed, would turn and charge the line of beaters. Twice he was near me, although invisible in the bush; but the heavy thud of his galloping was just that of a grazing carthorse when he suddenly takes it into his head to gallop round his meadow.

One evening in the middle of dinner a native ran in from the field across the stream to say that a bear had just come into his crop. Away went Samud Khan and I, I in my evening dress: I always dine in evening dress; some might call it "night dress." We crept all about the fellow's field, but divil a bear. Then it came on to rain and we got back well wetted. So I changed and began dinner over again.

Nothing in particular happened during the next few days. It rained and I enjoyed the seclusion of my tent with a jolly big fire at the door. Then we had another bear-drive and I admired the clouds rolling up the mountains and the yellow and lilac country below; but there were no bears. I also did some reading, including Colonel French's lecture on Cavalry Manœuvres and Henderson's *Strategy and its Teaching*, just to remind me that I was a soldier as well as a vagabond. Then I had to do a little doctoring. Poor Jack was suffering from a bad eye. I really thought he had lost it from a thorn or something. I bathed it with tea, and afterwards with a lead lotion, and it got better and Jack began to enjoy life again.

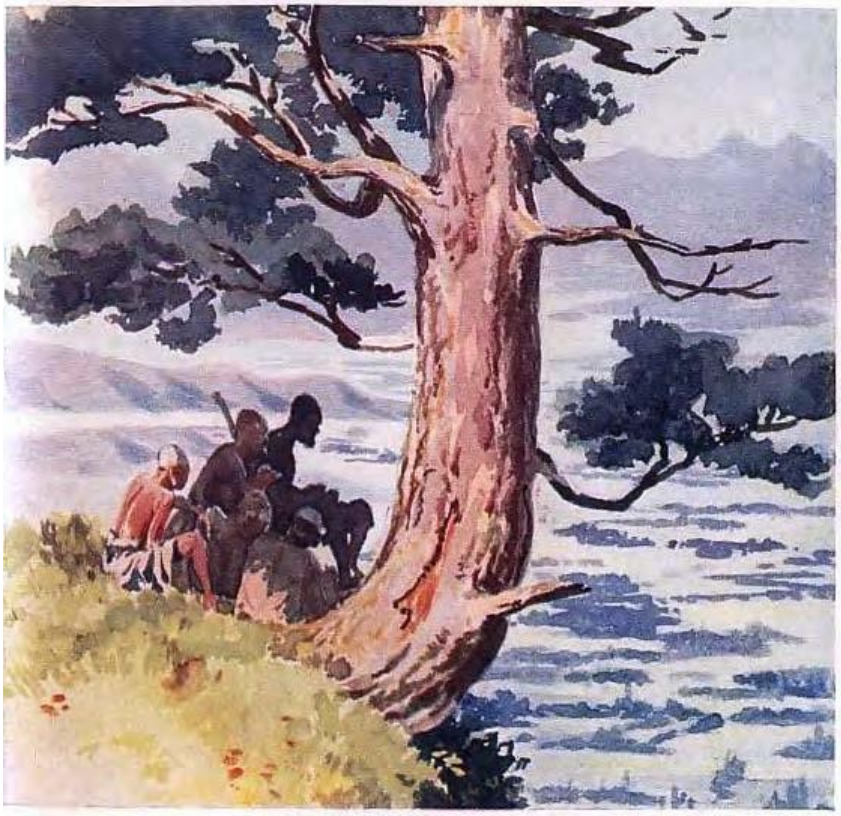
How far can one see a man? From my position on the ridge one day, looking on to the Liddar, I could see a bridge over it, and two or three people crossing it at different times. My shikari has good sight, but could only see the piers of the bridge, and said the roadway had, he thought, been carried away by the floods. I bet him a rupee it was there. My field glasses proved that I was right. With them I could even see which way the planks of the roadway were laid! I had also pointed out some cattle which he and his assistant could not at first see. Then we had a match at counting them, wherein we ran a dead heat; but I eventually won the competition in an underhand way by spotting the herdsmen in charge of the cattle. We all looked in vain for him till I noticed a bush on the hillside above the cattle, and I Sherlock-Holmesed that the man would like to be in the shade and, at the same time, in a position commanding a view of his charges, so I made a shot at it, and said he was by the bush: and when we turned the glasses on we found I was correct. The distance according to the map was apparently over three miles.

The bear charges the beaters.

There was a good deal about this spot that reminded me of England. Besides blackberries, hazel-copses, brier-roses, and yew trees, etc., we found cackling old blackbirds in the jungle, and round my camp there were wood-pigeons who were never tired of cooing out that they were "Pleased to see you! Very pleased to see you!" Nice of them, but they would not have been so pleased to see me had they known that it was only fear of frightening away the bears that prevented me from shooting one or two of them for food. Chicken, always chicken, was the only meat one could get there; not that I minded, it was all the same to me, still it *was* rather the "same," all the same.

I sent my bearer to put the fleet out of commission. I had decided not to boat any more, the month for which I had engaged them being nearly up. The next day the boatmen turned up in camp to "say good-bye," i.e., to get some backshish, or any old clothes, which they are very keen on, although they do not seem to wear them. I gave them an old Bee clock, value when new about three shillings, that did not very well. That and some lead lotion for one of their children's eyes was all they got for their thirty-mile walk,

THE POST OFFICE AND CLUB AT ACHIBAL



MY BEATERS AT LUNCH

Day dawning was a beautiful sight, the Pir Punjal getting up blazing red long before my side of the vale, in the deep shadow of its mountains, thought of waking. There were grain store-houses in most of the fields. On the flat roofs of these the watchmen lived in little huts made of straw, and kept fires going all night and shouted, whistled and blew horns to frighten away the bears; but, as one man said: "What is the good? the bears come and e4at by the light of the fire, and if I shout at them they look at me and growl!"

Again I sat up, a whole night this time, for bears; but without result. The shikari became very unhappy, and to humour him I had to simulate great anger. I did not really care a bit, I was getting good exercise and splendid views, which was all I wanted; but I could not explain this to the shikari, and anger was my only alternative.

At last I tore myself away from the camp above Aieen and walked down into the Vale of Kashmir to Achibal. Achibal is much praised in the guide books and much disappoints one in consequence. It is a small pleasure-garden surrounding a tank that receives a volume of water bubbling up from under a rock. The chief and best feature of the place is the excellent quality of the fruit and vegetables grown by the custodian — peaches, pears, plums, and grand tomatoes. There were fruit trees everywhere. I kept knocking down apples and pears with my alpenstock to eat as I went along.

One day when passing through a village where we were to get our beaters, a man was brought to me for treatment who, two or three months before, when out with a sahib bear-shooting, had been mauled by a bear. The bear had apparently held his head in its paws while it took a mouthful out of his face, which included one eye, half a nose, and part of his cheek. Poor chap! he looked just as W—— does when making his "funny face." I had to give him a solution of Izal as a lotion, and some castor-oil to take internally. He was very nearly all right, but would not have been happy if I failed to give him some kind of medicine.

Passing the ziarat (shrine) just opposite the village, all the beaters went up and touched the step, evidently invoking protection of the saint, a thing they do not often do; but with such a standing reminder in the village of the chances of human life when beating for bears, they were more apt than usual to remember their duty towards their gods.

That day we beat the wooded side of a hill, and after some time I saw a bear running up through the bush above us, about eighty yards away. I had a shot which brought him snarling down on to his nose and then brought him galloping down towards us. He looked exactly like repeating the little bear's game and coming in on to my "stand." The shikari stood ready with the alpenstock, but the beast passed just below, where it was so steep that I could not see him. Then he showed for a moment as he jumped from bush to bush across a watercourse, and I fired a snap-shot at him which made him snarl, but I thought I had missed him. Luckily a few yards on he got into a watercourse, out of which he had to climb. I could see his head and shoulders above the bank, and I plugged him with a nice steady shot that sent him with a yowl head over heels backwards into the nullah: this being steep he went on rolling out of sight into the bush below.

My gun-carrier said, more in sorrow than in anger: "Bug gaya" (He's got away). And in the excitement of the moment I talked English to him and said: "I bet you what you like he hasn't 'bugged,' all the same." I knew that last shot had sickened him.

There was so much yelling from the beaters down below that we thought he must have got among them. My shikari dashed down the hill and I after him, but my gun-carrier, wearing ordinary shoes, slipped about and could not travel, so I took the gun from him and went on after the shikari. There he was below me taking aim into the bush with an old gun he had taken from a beater. I thought to myself: "That man is going to lose his face; wither the gun will miss fire and the bear will come out and take a mouthful, or the gun will go off and burst." The gun missed fire, but the bear didn't come out; he could not — he was stone dead. I was glad to find that all my three shots had hit him well. The first in the shoulder, smashing his leg; the second in the ribs; the third through the heart. Not so bad for my "rifle,"

which is merely an ordinary regimental carbine. But since wounding my first bear when I had only service ammunition, I had sent in to Srinagar to the excellent "Whiteley" of the place, Samud Shah, and had got some "sporting" ammunition which made all the difference.

While I was sketching the dead bear there was a yelling from the beaters up the hill to say that another bear, of course a "monster," had passed my original position and got away. Another two beats produced nothing, and then came driving, blinding rain, under which we eventually retired home, finding bright, clear sunshine below.

Got him at last.

On the way down one of the beaters slipped and dislocated his shoulder. He was brought to me just outside the ziarat. I laid him on his back and took off my right chapli, as it was his right arm that was out. The crowd, eager to help, dashed at my other chapli and had that off too. I sat down by him, as if for American cock-fighting, stuck my heel into his arm-pit, and then pulled tug-of-war with his arm, while the shikari held him down. He did not like it, poor chap, but in a moment it was all over, the arm came in with a click. The crowd cheered, he fainted, his mother sobbed. Then there came a discussion as to whether he was not dead: then they began to get excited and not to like me any more, but in the midst of it he sat up looking very sheepish at finding himself all right and not half the hero he had been a minute before. Afterwards I gave him some Jacob's oil to rub on the shoulder, and castor — well, no, I was beginning to run short of that, so I let him off it.

Although I only undislocated the arm at 5 p.m. in the afternoon, the next morning, before I went to the mountain at 7 a.m., poor creatures were coming in to be cured of their various ailments. My fame as a doctor had already spread. They were beyond laughter and treating with castor-oil. There was one poor old boy all warped and gnarled with chronic rheumatism, who had hobbled in four miles. Jacob's oil and flannel bandage treatment was what I prescribed. Another young fellow had been carried, a mere skeleton suffering from ulcers in his legs. He had evidently long resigned himself to die, the best thing for him, but they had roused him to think of living once more because there was a white man there with wondrous drugs. It was not only his anxious look that appealed to me, but those of his mother and womenkind, who had broken through their custom of hiding away from a white man, and were hovering round looking for a hopeful sign. Solution of glycerine and carbolic acid and my good wishes were what

he got. Another, a strong-looking man, was spitting blood. I gave him ice-cold water to drink and had it applied on chest and back. I only wished I had possessed a big supply of medicines to give the poor things. The fellow with the dislocated arm came grinning to show me that it was now just as strong as the other.

The next day I had more patients. Another case of rheumatism called for more Jacob's oil and flannel and sweating. An emaciated boy was carried in with a painful swelling of the thigh. I ordered milk, fomentation, and gentle massage with Jacob's oil. A man with an open sore on ankle got solution of Izal. In the evening I walked down and got a lot of new ones, more sores, abscesses, ophthalmic eyes, rheumatism, and fever. I had come to be regarded as something between a wizard and a panel doctor.

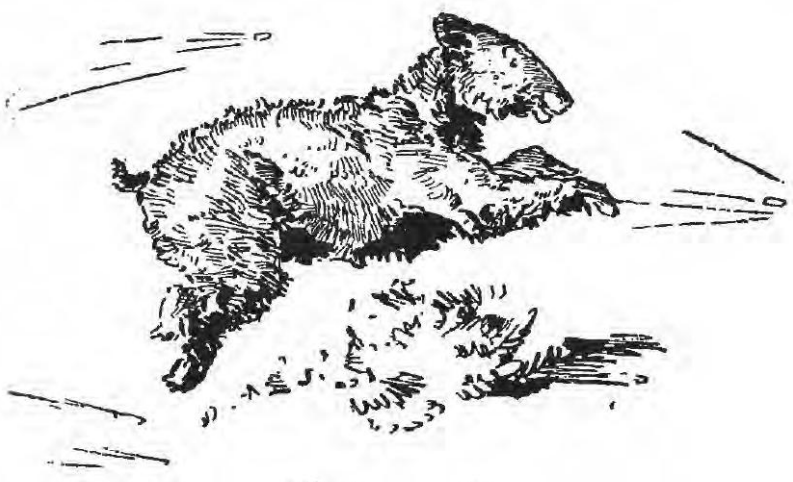
Our pack of bear-hounds!

When bear driving there are long waits while the beaters are getting to their places. It suddenly occurred to me one day to write a book on scouting. So during these waits I jotted down in my note-book first heads for chapters, and finally subjects of paragraphs. In a very short time I had finished it, ready for a shorthand writer to take down from dictation. Thus I killed two birds with one stone: I got on paper what I had long wanted to put before my men, and which brought me later the price of a polo-pony.

As a reward for my ministering to the sick, there was sent to me at the end of a long day a very big bear. Venit — vedi — vici. He looked out of the jungle quietly, just as an old boar does, then he began to move as if to pass between me and the beaters. If I waited to fire it would be at the risk of hitting a beater, so I took him where he was, looking towards me, with only his ears and forehead above the grass, and missed him! Just like me! I can sometimes hit a bird flying, but never one sitting. So it was with the bear; when he turned to bold for the jungle I banged a second shot at him which hit him in the withers and checked his pace and, just as he plunged into the jungle, I changed his plunge into a dive with a shot from behind, and he fell dead a few yards further on. When I got down to where he lay with the beaters jabbering round him, he looked like a respectable old gentleman who had for once imbibed too freely, and

was lying in the gutter in his glossy black clothes with a ribald crowd jeering round him. Instinctively I looked round for his tall hat and for a hansom to take him home.

On returning to camp I found lots of patients, including two new ones from a *new* village. One was a case of hepatitis; being out of podophyllin, I prescribed castor oil, hot fomentation and, as he looked sad, a little whiskey and water to take if his caste allowed it; if not, to rub in externally! The other had a nasty abscess on the forearm, to which I applied a poultice made of oatmeal porridge, having nothing else to make it with. Soon I had twenty regular patients upon my books, and I foresaw that I should either have to leave the district or start a brougham. I had no particular ambition to become a jungle doctor, remembering that by profession I was an inflictor, and not a healer of wounds. These considerations, added to the fact that I had beaten out most of the covers in the neighbourhood, determined me to move my camp to the next valley, a similar little basin in the hills called Bringhin, which possessed a view almost identical with the valley of my miracles.



Went away smiling.

On my arrival at Bringhin the headman of the village told me he had just received notice that a Sahib was coming on the following day to shoot this valley; but as I was now in possession he would send a messenger to stop him. That proved a lucky move of mine!

My bearer thought, as part of my stock in trade on this trip, a big umbrella, which I had in Nepaul. I jeered at him at first for doing so; but I found it of the greatest comfort in camp. I rigged it up on my alpenstock, on the "lawn," and it gave me shade for writing or drawing when there did not happen to be any good trees handy.

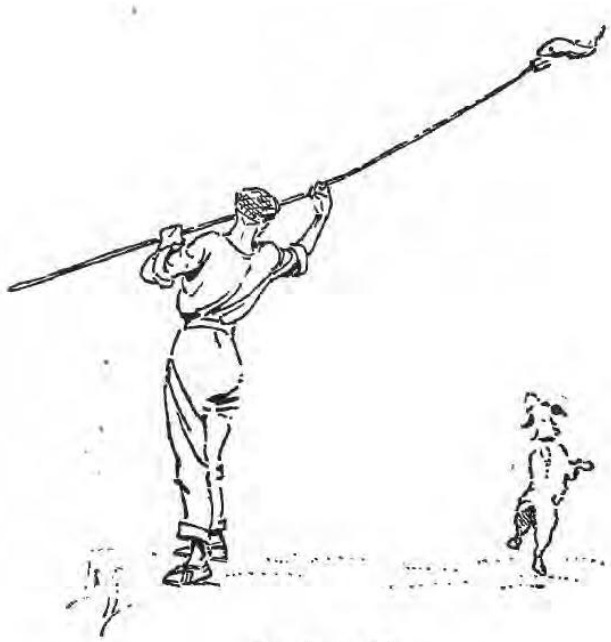
Good apples and pears grew about in the jungle here. I wonder somebody does not start a cider factory in Kashmir. There would be a great sale for the stuff among the regiments in India!

In response to messages I had sent saying there were bears in my neighbourhood, Major Heneage of the 5th D.G. joined me. At first we had some little difference of opinion as to the date. There was no rancour, as we were both anxious for accurate information. I thought it was the 11th. Heneage thought it was the 9th, so we eventually agreed to split the difference and call it the 10th. In the result it was a day which might just as well have been left out, a veil might well have be drawn over it. I saw three bears at different times and missed them. Of course I could give a thousand reasons why I missed them; but it does not alter the fact that they went away smiling. Two of them crossed a narrow path in the bush on which Heneage was also posted lower down, so I could not fire till they were entering the bush on the other side. The shikari said I hit one in the head. We plunged into the jungle after him, but I knew that I had not, and we failed to find him. The third Heneage shot at and I tried acting as second barrel to him and failed! After this Heneage very wisely said: "Let's talk about botany."

In anticipation of our both joining the service I had bought a fattened sheep. He had been killed and we feasted. Our menu was:

Potage, Mulligatawny; Roti, Gigot de Mouton; Legumes, Chou, Pommes de Terres; Salade aux Tomates; Entremets, Plum Poudin; Fromage, Old Dutch; Dessest, Pêches, Poires, Raisins (grapes), Pommes, Prunes, Acrotes (Kashmiri for Walnuts, French forgotten); Café noir; Vins, Whiskey écossais.

One day the lumbardar (headman) of the village, Shah Wali Khan, presented himself as a candidate either for backshish or medicine; but he looked an expensive patient. He was as big as a hippopotamus and asked for medicine to take down his "corporation." I said I had nothing to meet his case. He said that was all nonsense, the last doctor who came (he classed me as a doctor) gave him forty-two pills in one day, and they did him a power of good. So I gave him a mustard leaf, and though it could cover only a tiny percentage of the vast acreage available, I hoped its sting would convince the old man that it was doing him a wonderful amount of good. The following day he came and simply loaded me with thanks and praise; he had, in spite of his layers of defensive tissue, felt the sting of the leaf right through him: it had already begun to do its work: he felt thinner and pounds lighter: the previous man's pills had been good but they were as nothing compared to this bit of magic which went straight to the heart of the evil.



Spearing a fish.

On what Heneage knew to be the 13th and I was convinced was the 15th, but which we agreed to call the 14th, we left Bringhin and all its bears behind. We walked the seven miles to Pangut, where we fished, he with a rod, I with a spear. After breakfast we parted, he for Srinagar, whilst I directed my steps towards a little village some sixteen miles off called Vernag, which is an old garden of Jehangire (1612) at the extreme end of the Vale of Kashmir.

I stopped a day at Vernag getting carriers, a work of difficulty, as the road out of Kashmir (via Jammu) was private, the property of the maharajahs, and the Government was not helpful. A special permit is necessary before you can go by that road. As it went out by Sialkote, our future home, I wanted to see it, else any other route would be preferable. The Maharajah lives at Srinagar all the summer, and at Jammu, close to Sialkote, in the winter. I was unfortunate in being on the road just when he was moving. He himself always goes by the tonga road, by which I came up; but his wives, court, tagrag and bobtail go by my road and all the available carriers are used by them.

As I walked up the Banihal Pass (9,200 feet), the weather, which for three days past had been cold, cloudy and rainy, as if ashamed of its behaviour to me, cleared up into a brilliant clear day, and as I mounted to the top of the pass a glorious view of the Vale of Kashmir unfolded itself, more especially of the mountains beyond. During the past three days these had put on a brilliant covering of brand-new snow and looked splendid. It was a view to remember. At last I unwillingly turned my back on this fitting finale to the long succession of minor beauties I had seen in Kashmir; and I trotted down the treeless 3,000 feet of steep hill leading among the Jammu Hills towards India.

Every three or four hundred yards are small block houses built for natives to take shelter in when using the pass in winter, the blizzards and snowdrifts being fatal. On the pass we came on a very old, feeble man sitting by the roadside singing prayers quietly to himself. He joined our party for a bit as wayfarers will and told us he was walking from Srinagar, fifty miles distant, to some native state ten days' march beyond Jammu (that is, nine marches, eighteen of his, from where we were), to look for his son who had left him a year ago. At first I thought of doing his job for him by post and telegraph; but he did not know what town or village his son might be in, and was rather hazy about which state. Caste prevented him from using my milk or mutton, so when he sank down again at the roadside I left him to pray, the richer by twopence and my good wishes.

At the village of Deogul (alias Banihal), I made love to the Tehsildar by calling him "Ap" (you) instead of "Tum" (thou) and by shaking hands with him. I thus got him to complete my number of carriers (fourteen) to go right through Jammu with me. I was not longer dependent on the chance of getting men at each village and could camp where I liked. This Tehsildar told me that the British had had a big fight in Egypt in which they had killed twenty-four thousand of the enemy, and had lost twelve officers and a lot of me. I had not seen a newspaper lately, so I was somewhat sceptical; but it was true, after all, and it was thus that I obtained the first news of the battle of Omdurman fought and won by Lord Kitchener on September 2nd. The Tehsildar added about ten thousand to the enemy's losses; but that was a detail. About five miles beyond Ramsu, lying under a rock alongside my tent-site, having arrived before us, was my old friend of the Banihal Pass. "Tired?" "No, Sahib, I've been walking all my life, I oughtn't to be tired now. But I was wanting food yesterday. To-day I'm all right." This cost me twopence more! The guide-book calls the distance from Ramsu to Ramban thirteen miles, Cowdra (my lunch-carrier) said it was twenty-six. When we had come about seven I asked him how far on. "Oh, about seven." "Then we've come nineteen?" I queried. "We've come about eight," was the reply. "But that makes a total of fifteen, and you said twenty-six." "Oh, well, God knows the distance." That is his invariable way out of a difficulty. He knows no arithmetic and is bad at guessing distances, and when in a hole falls back on his Maker. I found by experience that the distance is about twenty miles, very easy walking, the last seven being along the green slopes of the full-flowing sunny Chenab river, a contrast after the boiling torrent, with its precipices and tough old pine trees all in the shade of the steep mountain above.

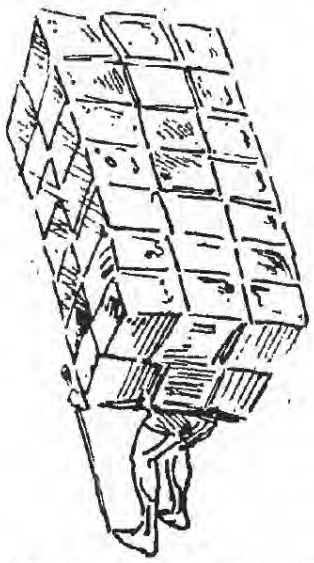
At Ramban I slept for the first time for two months under a roof, in the rest-house, a clean, empty native house. My room had five windows and two doors, so it was well ventilated.

One day an old woman passed me on the road, with some odd-looking fruit in her bundle. She handed me over two and was packing up and trotting on again before I could pay her. I sent a halfpenny after her, and she hurried back with a sort of: "Begad, you want to play the game of seeing who can be most generous, do you sir?" and started unpacking again and overwhelming me with fruit. They looked like a cross between and apple and a small pumpkin, and tasted like an apple made of wood. They are called "Bee."

Curiously enough I always find that when living a real outdoor life like this, with lots of exercise, I take much less food and sleep than usual. My lunch-carrier remarked on it one day, saying that he had always thought that the strength of Sahibs he had served with came from the amount of food they ate; but it seemed to him that the less I ate the faster I walked.

I told him, one day, that I might possibly go to England next year instead of coming to Kashmir. He promptly sniggled to himself; and when I asked what he was laughing at he said that so many of his Sahibs had made that announcement to him, and their going home always resulted in their coming out again with a wife: and then they gave up shooting expeditions and only visited the easier parts of Kashmir. He has not married himself. It was too expensive and he was saving up for it. He would have to give one hundred and twenty to two hundred rupees (ten or twelve pounds) to the parents of a young lady of such standing as would be received by his family. This really seems a very sensible plan in several ways.

The exports of Kashmir are walnuts, and the imports empty kerosene-oil tins, forty-two in one carrier's load. There may be others of which I have not heard. I have met hundreds of carriers laden up with oil tins but do not know for what they are used except that a few Hindoo temples are roofed with them, to look like silver. I suppose the silversmiths use the rest in making silver things for the English visitors.



The chief imports of Kashmir.

When I arrived at Nagrota it was with the knowledge that, alas! it was to be my last camp. I walked in five miles to Jammu, through the town and on two miles across the splendid suspension bridge over the Tawi to the railway station, where I put up for the day. I found on my arrival that it was September 26th and not the 27th, as I had thought! I had got a day out again somehow. I paid off my fourteen carriers at six annas a day and some backshish thrown in, also the four permanent coolies and shikari. The latter hung about, as all Kashmiris do, trying to get some extra backshish, a knife, waterproof-sheet, old clothes, anything, in fact. They are awful beggars.

Then I sent a note to the Governor of Jammu and asked him if he could help me to a carriage to drive round the city. A polite note and a grand landau with two servants, etc., came back, and I drove round in great style. The town is very clean and well looked after, with numbers of well-kept Hindu temples. The palace is a large courtyard surrounded by native two-storied houses with a few good balconies. The square was filled with orderlies, horses, elephants, etc., ready should the rajah want to go out. The red house outside the town is the Crown Prince's palace.

I saw the Dewan and thanked him for his carriage. James gave me my last dinner in the waiting-room, cooked in the verandah on a range made in two minutes with a few bricks and stones. Then off by 10 p.m. train to Sialkote.

My expenses during the two months' trip amounted to six hundred and sixteen rupees (about thirty-nine pounds). The items of expenditure were as follows:

	Rupees
Rail fare to R. Pindi and back	90
" " " " 2 servants	48
Two ekkas to Baramoola, servants	40
Tonga seat for self	38
Food en route, etc.	18
1 month hire of doonga and men's rations	24
" " " kitchen boat " " "	18
" " " dinghy " " "	5
Beaters for bear-shooting, 10 days	70
License ditto	21
Pay of shikari 1½ months at 20 Rs., and rations at 3 Rs.	37
" " 4 permanent coolies at 6 Rs., and rations at 2 Rs.	50
Pay of carriers when marching	22
" " " Vernag to Jammu	65
Cost of stores	50
" " food	20
	616

APOLOGIA

YES, India is a land of mystery and romance beneath its sun-dried face. The modern white man there seems out of place. Tommy Atkins drinks his beer in a canteen which was once the palace of a King; the subaltern hunting his pig pops over the tombstone of a Grand Mogul; and even Jack in gazing at the mosque of Shah Jehan is thinking, "What a place for rats!"

I feel ashamed. I will close my book of memories. They are to me a summer's day of much sunshine and few clouds. They have little value for anybody else. Even their soldiering lessons may be getting out of date, since, as Lord Sydenham expresses it of soldiers who have left the Service, I am already "if not obsolete, at least obsolescent." But at any rate, if the reader has had the perseverance to wade all through them — for my part I only read the right-hand pages of a book — he will at least have learnt that snipe may be stewed in gin and that mustard may be taken with lemon pudding!