

INDIA AND TIGER- HUNTING; SERIES II

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India and Tiger-Hunting; Series II by Julius Barras

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JULIUS BARRAS

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HUNTING; SERIES II**

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AND
TIGER-HUNTING.

(Barras)
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INDIA
AND
TIGER-HUNTING.

BY
COLONEL JULIUS BARRAS.

SERIES II.



LONDON:
SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO.,
PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

1885.

INTRODUCTION.

DURING the time that has elapsed since the publication of my first volume, so many questions have been raised by my friends and acquaintances on certain minor points, that I think a few words of explanation are indispensable before proceeding with the finishing chapters on 'India and Tiger-Hunting.'

Some have objected that there is a too frequent repetition of the first personal pronoun.

Now, not only do I agree in this judgment, but the objection weighed heavily on my mind long before I wrote the first line.

And yet even now I am unable to see how this disagreeable form can be avoided by one who is writing his own personal experiences, and vouching for the truth of the same.

Others, again, have said that I ought to have mentioned the real names of all the gentlemen who took part in my adventures ; but as this would have entailed

writing to each one for his permission, months of delay would have ensued, besides more correspondence, perhaps, than I should have had time for.

But without doubt the most amusing of all the perplexities which I have unwittingly caused my English readers, is in connection with the few lines on the dedicatory page.

These, I had thought, at any rate could not be misunderstood. Lo! then, I find there is a general impression amongst those who have always sojourned in Europe, that the 'Bheema Cup' is a prize for musketry.

To add a syllable in explanation of such an excellent joke would be to spoil it, as far as our Anglo-Indian brethren are concerned. So, for the sake of my home readers only, I must make known that the 'Bheema Cup' is a splendid triumph of pig-sticking, to which sport it bears the same relation in Western India that the 'Grand National' does to steeple-chasing in the British Isles. On the occasion when my friend won this cup so brilliantly, I read of the performance in the newspapers as the greatest sporting event that had taken place in the Bombay Presidency for fifty years.

This opinion of the press I felt cordially inclined to agree with.

No doubt numerous other misapprehensions and

objections must have been made by those who have perused my little volume ; for writing is very different to speaking. The word of explanation cannot be given in the former case, and it is impossible, even with the utmost care, to prevent the wrong impression from being occasionally produced by the pen.

Such considerations, joined with the assurance that I should at any time be found ready to throw ample light on any matter that may have seemed obscure, will, I hope, cause my readers to hesitate before they pass any final and adverse criticisms on what I have written.

TIGER-HUNTING
AND
ADVENTURES IN INDIA.

CHAPTER I.

AS my readers will no doubt remember, my last volume closed with an account of camp life at Neemuch during the rains, and with an announcement that I was to proceed with a native regiment to Delhi at the end of about three months, when the cold weather would be fairly set in. I may here remark that over the greater part of India the year is divided into three seasons—(1) The cold weather—November, December, January, and February; (2) The hot weather—March, April, and May; (3) The monsoon or rains—June, July, August, and September. In Sind and some other parts of India there is no monsoon, and there are consequently only two seasons, the hot and cold weather. Neemuch and Delhi are both within the circle of the rains.

As this march would be a long, and certainly not an easy one, we all became fully occupied in preparing for it. We were not to tread the war-path, be it remembered;

on the contrary, every one, from Government downwards, was supposed to be intent on deeds of peaceful splendour. How to get over four hundred miles of roadless, and sometimes even trackless country, and look grand at the end of it, was the problem which each one had to solve. I gave up the riddle at once, and was determined to aim only at such rough comfort and enjoyment as seemed compatible with a lowly station and moderate means. With these views constantly before me, I hired ten camels and three good large bullock-waggons, besides a few bazaar ponies, called 'tattoes,' for the servants to ride. Endless were the discussions as to whether carts would or would not be able to do the journey, or whether they would have to be left behind, perhaps in the middle of some jungle, with all that they contained. However, wherever you may break down there is always some village not far off, to which one of your servants can repair for that assistance by means of which he will be able to bring on the wreck to the next camping-ground, where you have been made comfortable long ago by means of what has been brought up by the pack animals. In spite of the dubious nature of the roads, I decided to take a few carts, as they carry so much more in proportion than camels, and are vastly easier to load. The time and labour required to adjust half a dozen burdens of miscellaneous property on to the backs of as many camels, cannot be conceived by people who have never superintended the job. The camel having been got to sit down, one of its front legs is firmly tied in its folded up position, and the butler then calls out to his attendant myrmidons, 'Chalo,' which means 'proceed.'