

THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR

BY

SIR EDWARD BRADDON

K.C.M.G.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

M D C C C X C V

poured six charges, more or less, into the tiger, we should do for him. A few years later I should not have made this suggestion, but at that time I was wholly inexperienced, and, moreover, was spoiling for a tiger-shoot. However, my companions were unanimously of the other way of thinking. They would not bear me company in such an idiotic enterprise, and when this point was settled it was hopeless—if indeed it was not hopeless from the first moment—to follow the tiger with any idea of seeing it. I commenced a return beat of the cover with a rallied line of beaters, but soon abandoned my tiger-chase, and reverted to the partridges.

For two years I possessed my soul in such patience as was attainable, making an occasional excursion across the Ganges into the Purneah country, where tigers were to be had by favoured shikaris, but where I had to be satisfied with one rhinoceros-hunt, in which I had not a chance of letting off my rifle, and the successful pursuit of some wild buffaloes. In and about those hills in whose shadows I lived there were tigers and panthers at my very door, but, save as above related, I never heard them, and none did I ever see.

Others in my immediate vicinity were more fortunate, and one of them had an experience that is, I imagine, unparalleled. Poor St George! He was an Irishman, characterised by the recklessness of his race in fullest measure. He would ride any horse and anywhere. He would face any danger without a moment's consideration of the