the neck causing traction on the placenta. There were two neonatal deaths, one was in an anencephalic monster, the other in a twin delivered by forceps. Both still-births and neonatal deaths occurred in first confinements, and did not appear to be attributable to the action of pernocton.

Pernocton is also a useful basal narcotic in various minor obstetric operations, often without additional respiratory anaesthetic, e.g. in various manipulations or in cases of severe bleeding in incomplete abortion, when rapidity of induction is an important factor. Used in conjunction with ether, it speeds up induction and lessens the total amount of ether used. In this connection I have had a patient ready for a laparotomy incision eight minutes after the stab of the intravenous injection needle.

The impression gained as a result of these few cases was that for producing hypnosis and amnesia during labour pernocton is generally satisfactory; with practice it is easy to administer, rapid in action, and safe to both mother and child.

I am indebted to Colonel G. G. Tabuteau, D.S.O., V.H.S., for allowing me to forward these notes for publication.

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**Travel.**

**THREE MONTHS IN KASHMIR VALLEY.**

By "UNST."

The Banihal Pass Road commences at Jammu, skirts the Chenab Valley, rises to a height of approximately 9,000 feet at the summit and slopes down to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. Here a detailed description would be out of place, but the leisured traveller is well repaid by a few halts with the camera. There are partridge and jungle fowl to be shot, and occasionally chikor and monal on the higher reaches.

Three months' campaigning in an exasperating tangle of foothills, followed by a lengthy incarceration in a mud fort, had induced in me that condition of mild insanity experienced by Europeans in the "shiny" when leave becomes a necessity. The various authorities concerned had agreed to dispense with my services for a period of three months, and the bonnet of my six-cylinder Chevrolet car was headed for Jhelum. My destination was Srinagar, and my route lay along the road already mentioned. I had for some time promised myself a shooting trip after barasingha, the tall, strong-antlered stags (*Cervus kashmiriensis*) which are found in the high, forest-clad hills overlooking the Valley of Kashmir. I desired also to procure a specimen of the Himalayan black bear, which is plentiful in these parts, and, as my leave was taken in the months of October, November and December, I wished to enjoy the small game shooting, of which I had heard nothing but praise.
Three Months in Kashmir Valley

The journey to Srinagar was uneventful, punctuated by the usual series of minor disasters and hurried excursions with a scatter-gun, which are the lot of every enterprising and inexperienced motorist travelling in India. At one point on the Pass Road I came across a lorry burnt to ashes in spite of desperate efforts which had been made to extinguish the flames with sacks of flour. I tried to cheer the driver, who was brooding on the ruins over a contemplative cigarette, by expressing deep regret that such a catastrophe had visited him, and offering him a lift, but he seemed surprised and a little impatient, as if such consideration in the face of Kismet were unnecessary and rather presumptuous, though he answered with politeness, “Sahib, I can go nowhere, but if at any time I can help you, I am at your service.”

The road wound on interminably. From the summit of the Pass there is a view, distant and magnificent, of the Kashmir Valley shelving peacefully to meet the eternal snows. At night I shunned the rest-house, and slept in a wide corrie murmuring with streams, after eating for supper a chikor, bagged early that morning, and now served, excellently cooked, by my old bearer. I felt my holiday had begun.

In the morning I felt cold and stiff, but the lethargy bred in the Plains had vanished, and my pulses were thrilling with the wine-like air of the Hills. To furnish an anti-climax, my car refused to start, and I was in a thoroughly bad temper before the engine spluttered into life, and we coasted into Srinagar.

Here, as I did not intend to wait too long, I made straight for an agent who had been recommended by an experienced traveller of my acquaintance and told him my plans. As I was talking, he produced a shikari, a cook, stores and various other necessities for the trip. Bahar Shah (the agent) is to be thoroughly recommended to every sportsman travelling in Kashmir, whatever his object may be. He seems to be able to produce, at a moment’s notice, any desired commodities, and, what is even more important, men who will carry them anywhere. Half an hour in his office sufficed to cater for my modest expedition, which was intended to cover no great area of ground, but required a considerable amount of pre-arrangement, and I left his office for Nedou’s Hotel, fully prepared to start next morning.

At the appointed time I was met, near one of the numerous slipways leading to the Jhelum River, by a boatman with his “dunga.” A “dunga” is a small houseboat, smaller than the vessel occupied when spending a lengthy stay on the river or lakes, and larger than the “shikara,” a sort of covered canoe, dedicated chiefly to romantic expeditions in the moonlight. The “dunga” contains a cookhouse, a combined dining and sitting room, and a bathroom. Motive power is supplied by the “manji” (boatman), who wields a punt-pole in the bow.

The journey from Srinagar to Bandipore was completed in just over twenty-four hours. We landed at Bandipore, a small village on the shore
of the lake, and collected pack transport for the onward march. Wasting
no time, we loaded the ponies and struck off along a valley leading towards
Haramuk (a mountain some 17,000 feet high—a pleasant mountaineering
expedition in summer), passing through some hot and unbelievably dirty
villages, buzzing with flies, and ringing with the shrill imprecations of
pariah dogs. This part of the journey was exceedingly unpleasant, heat,
flies and noise combining to torment the brain and weary the body. Small
children emerged from hovels to gaze and weep, squatting villagers
obstructed the route with the mild, inactive offensiveness, so perfectly
practised by the Indian, dogs cringed howling, and wreaths of acrid smoke
assaulted the senses. Presently all this was left behind, and the path,
slanting up the hillside, surmounted a low ridge and dropped into a pleasant
valley, loud with rushing streams and shimmering with tall poplars. The
road led to the heights, and the stream, murmuring in its lower reaches,
roared over gigantic smooth-worn boulders and buttresses of primeval rock.
Here we left the path, climbing steeply for an hour through pine trees, and
emerged on a crest leading to the shoulder of a hill. I carried a gun
charged with No. 6 shot, and, in case of accidents in the way of black bear,
kept four rounds of lethal in my pocket, but neither load was required.

Leaving the ridge, and crossing the bluff that barred our way, we came
upon our resting place for the night, a tiny bungalow on the bank of the
stream. The coolies and pack transport arrived, all well and cheerful, packs
were off-loaded, animals taken to water and fed, men supplied with cigarettes
and small change, and having supervised the "settling-in" process which
occurs at the end of every march, I picked up a gun and set off after chikor.
I did not get far, being stopped by a game-warden with the news that this
very day was the anniversary of the death of an ex-Maharajah of Kashmir,
and consequently shooting was forbidden. I returned to the bungalow,
and was approached by a native bearing a large earthenware bowl filled
with comb honey, a most welcome change of diet. This, with newly baked
bread and limitless tea, made a satisfactory meal after the day's march.
All the pack ponies were now returned to Bandipore, as I had no further
use for them at present. Before retiring I bathed in the crystal waters of
the stream, and when the stars rose above the valley and the song of birds
died, I slept, with the voice of waters in my dreams.

The camp woke with a bustle, intense activity replacing complete
inertia, with no apparent stage of transition, and, almost without realizing
it, I had shaken off sleep, drunk a cup of scalding black tea, dressed, and
was handling a shot-gun, for the shikari had spotted game near the camp.
Even while the coolies were gathering their loads, and the cook impatiently
battering out the fire, a bunch of blue-rock pigeon lighted across the
stream, giving me a right and left.

This day's march led up through the pines to loftier streams and barer
mountain faces, backed by toothed and naked ridges of the higher hills.
We halted for tiffin near headlong rapids, against a village perched—
precariously on a low cliff, and awaited the arrival of the coolies, who bore adequate loads well and cheerfully. Later, we entered a wide couloir, which, rising to a col between twin summits, marked our first camping site, and the end of our march. Here we pitched camp, which consisted of three tents, one shared by my bearer and shilmries, one occupied by the cook and used as a kitchen, and the third for myself, a delightful abode, lined with pushmeena, carpeted with branches fresh cut from the pine, and facing the upper slopes of Haramuk.

Stalking the great stag of Kashmir is a glorious occupation, lasting from dawn till dusk, providing delightful sport in magnificent surroundings: not too strenuous, lacking the grim bleakness of the country in which the great wild sheep are sought, and presenting none of the muscle-tearing acrobatics endured by the hunter of thar and ibex. The country is rarely difficult. A leisurely climb at dawn leads to some vantage point, where, overlooking the forest, waiting for a stag to call or emerge, the greater part of the day is spent, scanning all visible ground through a telescope, watching and listening, basking in the sun or muffled against wind and snow, above deep, far valleys, silver with streams, and sometimes gazing, in rapt appreciation, over a vast, billowing, slowly moving sea of fleecy cloud, through which the great peaks thrust. Before returning to camp at dusk, it is advisable to carry out a short stalk in the neighbouring forest or elsewhere near at hand, searching for recent tracks to be followed up next day, and, perhaps, if Fortune smiles, meeting a barasingh within range. If, during the morning, on the outward march, fresh tracks are encountered, these are followed.

I spent many days, days glorious with sunshine and fresh, washed colours, in pursuit of the quarry, returning to camp pleasantly tired and hungry, to feed hastily and retire early, for the temperature in a high camp after sunset in Kashmir during late October does not encourage leisurely dallying. I made entries in my diary, wrote and read, but mostly from a supine position on a camp bed, fortressed with blankets and poshteen.

There were days when, enchanted with the breathless glory of Nanga Parbat, watching the snowy dome of Haramuk contrasted against the deep blue of the heavens, listening to the far whispering of waters, or dreaming of some half-forgotten memory, I forgot shikar, and drifted through dim halls of reverie.

One morning, while trekking through the forest, massive, great-girted trees shutting out the sun, pine-needles and turf underfoot, suddenly the air was filled with sound, and numbers of monal, the great pheasant of the Himalayan foothills, the most magnificent game-bird in the world, whirled and rocketed about us. Just then, amidst the great birds, the age-old trees, the diamond air and the pale colours of the hills, I had a vision of a land magnificent and terrible, at present occupied by an inferior race, but destined, in the future, to harbour a new people who will arise when this planet is purged of its present shame.
Stags were scarce. One morning I spotted two, far down the hillside, but they carried poor heads, so I left them, surprising, later in the day; a hind and fawn, which I stalked to within ten yards and attempted to photograph, without success, for the glint of the camera, or some too hasty movement, betrayed my presence, and they fled—but my luck was on the turn.

While I was dozing in the afternoon of a sunny day, after foraging in a well-filled tiffin basket, suddenly my head shikari, wild with excitement, plucked at my sleeve and gibbered. We were situated on a low col overlooking a broad grassy valley, bounded on the farther side by a long, whale-backed hill. Along the side of this hill, right across our front, at a distance of about three hundred yards, a black bear was lumbering at the gallop. Putting up the sights, I sat down to the shot and fired, swinging well in front. The animal gave tongue, not the usual caterwauling ululation, but a deep “hough,” just audible, and checked, carrying on again immediately. Swinging still further forward, I pressed the trigger a second time with more vital result, and the quarry came toppling and pitching down the hillside.

Shrieking like madmen, the shikaris and the tiffin coolie hurled themselves down the hillside like errant boulders, although I exhausted my entire stock of bad language and gave myself a sore throat trying to stop them. Certainly the carcase of the bear, caught up in a bush, seen from our side of the valley like a motionless black rock, appeared sufficiently lead; but I should have preferred a more circumspect approach. My staff, well accustomed to rapid travelling over precipitous ground, outstripped me easily, in spite of my imprecations, and would not wait. The shikari, arriving first, delivered the fallen bear a terrific kick in the ribs and escaped unharmed, for the animal was truly dead. It was a fine trophy, a female of no great size but in perfect coat, and carrying a colossal amount of fat, useless to me, but highly prized by my attendants. My first bullet had hit it far back in the flank and the second had done the business, passing through the neck just behind the base of the skull.

Expeditiously, the carcase was skinned on the spot, the shikari and his helpers scouring my set of new skinning knives and falling to with time-worn implements of their own. The task completed, the skin and skull were rolled into a bundle, placed on the unprotesting shoulders of the already laden tiffin coolie, and taken back to camp, where they were cleaned, well coated with arsenical soap and sent to Srinagar for onward despatch to Messrs. Van Ingen in Mysore, who set them up beautifully, to hang, along with my other trophies, near me as I write these lines.

One bear, but no barasingh! During the three weeks of my stay I had not seen a really shootable head, though I had followed up fresh tracks time and again, only to lose them in hard ground. I had even tried sleeping out when the moon was full, near a puddled tangle of fresh tracks in the bed of a small nala where stags had been, but never to my knowledge came
again. At this time snow was falling frequently and the weather was bitterly cold, so we shifted camp to a lower level, choosing a sheltered spot in thinly-scattered pine trees near a stream. Snow fell slowly and continuously, stalking being difficult on account of cloud, mist and poor visibility, so that I began to lose hope, but my luck held, and on the twenty-sixth day of my trip a fine head fell to my rifle under peculiar circumstances.

One evening, having returned from a gruelling and unprofitable stalk over a precipitous hillside plastered with scree, after a stag which had belled, and shown for an instant in a far-off clearing, I found my old bearer almost inarticulate with excitement. While I had been away, he said, a large stag had come to graze on the other side of the stream from the camp. We hurried to this spot and found tracks, which disappeared, on being followed, on the crest of a low ridge flanking the stream further down, reappearing some distance away on the edge of a wood, and then losing themselves entirely in some stony ground, showing, with no shadow of doubt, that a barasingh had been, early that evening, within a stone’s throw of my tent. This sudden change of events caused me to revise my plans, and I decided, after conferring with the shikari, to stalk next day only till two o’clock, returning about teatime. This scheme was duly carried out, and I was in camp at the appointed hour, waiting and listening, not in vain, for just before dark, from near at hand, the growing silence was broken by a deep bell, the mating call of the barasingh. Picking up my rifle, and accompanied only by the shikari, I stalked slowly towards the sound. Again he belled, from somewhere surprisingly near. Suddenly the shikari grasped my arm and pulled me back behind a tree. He pointed upwards across the stream, and there, against the darkening sky, on the ridge where last night’s tracks had vanished, was silhouetted a grand stag. I raised my rifle slowly. It was too dark to see the sights, but I must try. The range was deceptive, but close. I drew a bead as well as I could. There he stood, motionless, but now silent. I pulled the trigger. At that moment I seem to have been smitten with some sort of spell, born of the darkness and my own emotions, for when the stag, instead of falling to the shot or vanishing, stood still, I was incapable of firing a second time. The shikari, now insane with excitement, pummelled my back and even tried to grab my rifle, but I could only stand and stare. Still I did not fire, and still the stag did not move, crowning the ridge, immobile as some dark sculpture chiselled by Pan. Then suddenly he collapsed, and the spell broke. We splashed across the stream, the shikari and I, and panted up to the ridge. Although the last glimmer of light had fled, the shikari sped unerringly to the stricken beast, beating me, as usual, by several lengths, and, despite my warnings and curses in broken Urdu, for I knew what he was after, succeeded in slitting the stag’s throat from ear to ear, “hilaling” it, making it lawful Mahomedan food, and incidentally somewhat damaging the head skin. Having reproached him perfunctorily, for I was too pleased
to feel angry at the outrage, I measured the antlers—41\(\frac{1}{2}\) inches round
the curve with a 6-inch girth and eleven points, a fine head, despite
the asymmetry. The spot where the stag had fallen was not four hundred
yards from the camp, and I wondered, while my staff arrived with
lanterns and much shouting, what had brought him there—memories
perhaps of some previous mating, a battle royal fought with some rival in
the rutting season, or curiosity caused by the twinkling of fires and the
presence of strange creatures, perhaps friendly, who repaid his advances
with death. He was borne, slung over the trunk of a young tree, to camp,
where the skin and mask were removed by firelight, and the meat apportioned out: how, I do not know, for I received one haunch, and the remainder of the carcass, which was not inconsiderable, had disappeared next morning. My staff, numbering five, could not have eaten it all, although they resembled gorged vultures, so they must have distributed the rest of the prize elsewhere, probably to their villages. The antlers, skull and hide of the barasingh were dispatched to Messrs. Van Ingen, who mounted the trophy excellently.

One month of my leave had gone, and as I had secured two good
trophies, I decided to devote the rest of the time partly to shooting monal,
with a rifle handy in case of chance encounters with black bear, but the Fates willed otherwise, as will be seen. During the entire period of the monal shoot, which lasted about a week, my total bag of feathered game was one cock, and I encountered such a phenomenal run of luck with bear that I bagged three in four days, as I shall now describe.

The first day after I had shot the stag, I walked over the hills near the
camp in the hope of flushing monal or koklass, but drew completely blank.
On returning to camp, I put up and shot a solitary snipe near the stream,
without changing loads, for at the time I was using an unlined cartridge
carrying an overcharge of powder and a small weight of number seven shot,
a type of load useful against any feathered game, as it has brought both
snipe and greylag to the same bag, but which I abandoned later on, for
reasons not worth mentioning.

Next morning, after a late start (my bearer had interpreted my mood,
as always, and had brought tea at about seven), we scrambled up a steep,
pine-clad hill-side, typical monal country, and were rewarded by finding
patches, several square yards in area, of freshly turned earth, where the
birds had been very recently scratching for food. The shikari was convinced
they were above us, and this was presently confirmed by a series of short,
shrill, crescendo whistles coming from further up the hill. We were facing
upwards, listening, when suddenly, from a steep, scree-floored couloir on
our left, a large covey of monal, headed by two cocks, made downhill, well
out of range, much to our disgust. I entered the couloir, and climbed
steadily towards the crest of the ridge, carrying my shotgun at the ready,
and followed by two shikaris and the tiffin coolie. The ascent was steep,
and I was breaking all the rules of hill shooting, keeping my eyes on my
own feet, instead of on the ground round about me, and concentrating my attentions on reaching the top of the hill, instead of watching the neighbouring terrain. Suddenly, with a whistling, clattering whirr, a great cock broke cover from well above and in front, speeding right over us, and offering me one of the best shots, high, straight and far, I have ever had: one which I shall never forget. Swinging up my gun, I got him with the right barrel, fairly and squarely, shooting instinctively, as it should be. His wings flickered and sank, his head jerked back, and down he came, crashing into a tree well behind me, and falling to earth at the feet of the tiffin-coolie. This was the first cock monal I had bagged, and I was astounded at the beauty of the plumage, admiring especially the orange tail feathers and the deeply contrasting white inset on the bird’s back.

He was a big bird, and the shikari, weighing him by hand, judged him to turn the scale at five pounds, which I thought rather an exaggeration, as the average weight of a well-run cock monal varies from three-and-a-half to four pounds.

(To be continued.)

Current Literature.


English summary (3 lines).

The importance of recognition of this affection is obviously greatly increased by the abolition of compulsory vaccination before school-attendance age. Cowpox appears to be comparatively common in Friesland, judging by the author’s description of two epidemics and of other similar ones. In one of these a farm hand was admitted to hospital with a lesion on the fourth finger, a phlegmonous arm and a mass of glands in the axilla. An ulcer with black necrotic centre was situated near the nail and was surrounded by a violet-red zone extending over the back of the finger. The man was evidently ill and his temperature rose to 40° C. (104° F). His condition improved under fomentation; the black necrotic centre of the ulcer became detached; his temperature fell to normal after ten days and no formation of pus occurred either at the nail bed or along the lymphatic vessels. This man was a milker and his employer, a farmer, had thirty-five sick cows, three sick men and a sick maid. Vesicles had developed on the nipples of the cows, which rapidly dried up to form crusts. Another epidemic was present at the same time on a farm three kilometres distant, where there were fifty sick cows and the farmer and some of his assistants had also paronychia and pustules.

The differential diagnosis from cowpox of streptococcal and staphylococcal conditions, foot-and-mouth disease and the so-called “milker’s knots” is considered. Prophylaxis for human beings is obviously an