

Trip No. 4

Party: Livingston, Miller and Waller

1873

Sunday 21st December

Left Shanghai at 6am in the S.V. "Fusiyama" Captain West bound for Chin Kiang and where we arrived all safe at 2am.

Woke up and found ourselves in Abbots house and after having a cup of coffee called on Bean who we found just moving into his new premises, of course nothing would do but we must have something to drink so after putting away 2 pints of skim and making arrangements for a native boat for Livingston we called on Carnie; found them just in the middle of breakfast which they kindly asked us to share. On talking over what we intended to do, camping out etc Carnie was good enough to lend us a boat. Were fortunate enough to have the wind blowing steadily from the S E and arrived at a point where a lot of junks were at anchor at 4pm. This place I take to be half way from the creek leading to single tree hill - weather fine and warm - here at Chin Kiang Abbott lent us 6000 cash as we thought these might be more useful than Mexicans. The native boat agreed to come for the trip for \$25.

Tuesday 23rd December

Found there was no water in the creek this morning and came to the conclusion that we were sold - however we went on shore with all guns and at the foot of one tree hill found some nice grassy land; but having taken all the dogs on shore, and they being fresh and wild, the one emulating the other, the consequence was that about 50 birds were flushed (chiefly hens) before we could get near them - sent one coolie back with Nib, Paddy, pointer pup, and the spaniel; keeping Parkins, Tevey & Snap (J.L's Scotch terrier). We had some fair sport and found that most of the birds made for the hill, so tried what we could do by going after them. This was more than we bargained for, all of us getting so blown that when the birds did rise we could not hit them. Miller knocked over a hare which fell in the valley and was not worth going after - found this sort of sport no use so changed tactics and made for the low ground again, picked up a few birds, but we were all shooting badly. Returned to the boat at noon, had somehow and concluded to move high up to find better shooting if possible, this however proved a failure. Have engaged a small native boat for 800 cash a day and intend going a long way inland and sleeping in a joss house. This will take us to the ground we anticipated going to and about which we have heard so much, our own boat could take us there if the creek was full, but owing to the Yang Tse being low at this time of the year nearly all the inland creeks are dammed up. The dog Tevey is a fraud, when he gets hold of a pheasant he eats it and if he brings a bird out of the water he yaps for it to be thrown in again; he has evidently been taught to fetch stones or sticks and I should think he never saw a bird till he came to China.

Wednesday 24th December

After a good deal of preparation for camping out we landed all our necessaries, the first thing on shore being the coolies cabbages in a basket, which the dogs immediately commenced to pump ship all over much to the amusement of the natives. After some trouble the boat managed to get to our destination, we walking along the pathway taking an occasional turn in land that looked likely for a bit of sport - this however was labour lost as we saw scarcely any birds and only turned up one deer. On arriving at our new quarters which we found to be a miserable and very dirty shanty inhabited by an old priest and two lousy coolies, we set to work and got some rushes to put on the ground, on which we placed the water proof sheets and our bedding. Having taken all the things out of the boat we had some chow and started for a bit of sport, but did not see a feather, so returned disgusted. During

dinner a native came and volunteered to take us in the morning to a place on the other side of the hills where we should find deer, pig, pheasants, in fact the sport that we were told was awaiting us, so we told him that if he showed us good sport he should have a dollar for his trouble. As it was some distance to walk and Miller having hurt his ankle we engaged three donkeys to take us to the happy hunting grounds. Turned in about 9 o'clock and found our beds very comfortable, only the hard day's work had stirred up our bile it was a case of action rear with all of us and with Miller and I action front as well, this all over we made up our minds that a real sleep would revive us for the morrow's work, but not much the priest had a cock that would persist in crowing all night not withstanding our several attempts to mesmerise him.

Thursday 25th December

Xmas-day and John Livingston's birth day set at 39 years. Turned out about 8 o'clock all feeling very seedy. The donkey's arrived in due course about two hours behind time, our sporting friend also turned up, and we having had a light repast started anticipating splendid sport. Miller and Livingston rode their donkeys but I preferred to walk. At the start we were much in want of an artist. We went quite a different route this time, the road was a very good one well paved all the way, the town or rather the remains of it having had two massive stone gateways after passing which we ascended the hill and then went through a pass at the top after which we descended into the valley on the other side; it looked a splendid country and we all thought we had struck oil this time Miller's foot was still very sore so that he could not make much of a show up the hills and J.L. was soon blown, well after traipsing over hill and the dale without seeing a thing we all got disgusted so turned for home through the valley, this also proved blank, got back at noon, had our tiffin, then tried the rushes on the opposite side of the creek, put up some pheasant, snipe, duck and a deer. Bagged three pheasants, a duck and a snipe. We gave our cards to the priest who was very civil and told us that Kingsmill and Elias had been there some 2 years ago ("Loong dah"). The cook served up the turkey. At which we all enjoyed, the plum pudding being put on the table was by the end of a bottle of brandy envisioned with that beautiful blue flame which every one addicted to alcohol knows so well, especially when their insides have been ruined by it. This little display amused the Priest and coolies amazingly, and after having had our fill we gave them a good share, which it is needless to say they liked very much. The usual toasts having been drunk and asking the good Joss man to partake of all the liquors we had one after another we turned in but previously getting rid of his cock - During the night it rained heavily but left off at the break of day.

Friday 26th December

Turned out about 7 am and began packing up our goods and chattels to make the best of our way back to the boat again, coming to the conclusion that we had been sold a small dog - got all the traps on board and started at 8.30 when the rain set in again in earnest, however we made the best of bad job and got what little sport we could on our way, the dogs as usual being all over the place had to be admonished with bits of our mind, lams in the head, and the usual amount of bad language. Reached our boat at half past 12 noon and right glad we were. Made up our minds to cross the river and get into the creek on the opposite side, which was accomplished without any mishap, the boat however made a great deal of water.

Saturday 27th December

Went on shore and told the Lowdah to go on till he came to the creek leading to a Pagoda situated opposite to one tree hill, we walking along the bank saw quantities of duck but could not get within shot of them, with a little trouble and laying oneself out for this kind of sport a good bag could be made. As we walked along the bank on the left side of the creek we found it to be a long avenue of peach trees with miles of paddy ground under water on either side the two banks of the creek being very high. This bank must be exceedingly pretty in the summer (as Miller remarked fancy

walking along here with a nice young girl and having your head broke with a peach) the latter part of his s-peach left us to wonder what he would be doing with the young girl to merit this. At last we came to the top of the creek which is shaped like a horseshoe and seeing some nice reedy ground on the opposite bank we crossed over. (I stop here for some tips from my mates but find they are both asleep so think I had better do the same 9:40pm) saw hundreds of birds but the dogs were so wild that we could not get a chance at them after all only bagged three. Crossed over towards the hills and pottered about getting nothing. Wandered back to find the boat and was informed by the coolie we had left in charge of the two unruly dogs. (pointer pup and Paddy) that the boat could not get on for want of water, all very disgusted at this as we were very tired, had not gone far however before the boat hove in sight, got on board and told the Lowdah to make for the Pagoda.

When again on shore and walked far into the hills, saw some few hare and bagged a fine large fellow, we all got separated somehow and lost our way. Livingston was the first I saw then Miller turned up so we all made straight for the creek and in striking it we had to walk some three miles before we reached the boat and fortunately for us the moon was shining brightly otherwise I do not know how we should have got on, having to cross several very nasty places.

Sunday 28th December

Started for a long day among the hills and saw a great many birds but there being little cover for them we could not get near enough to shoot. There are plenty of hare about here. Sport very bad, reached our boat at 1/2 past 2 all very tired. Had to wait for the Lowdah until 5 o'clock when we were on the point of proceeding without him, he turned up however and took the creek to the left instead of the right making a nice mess of it as will be seen further on.

Monday 29th December

Our Lowdah instead of going round by the creek which runs into the Yangtze nearest to Nankin must needs take us back to the one opposite one tree hill thus making us lose quite half-a-day beside the annoyance of having to sail some 5 or 6 miles further up the river. Had he gone the route he was told to do he should simply head to cross the river and been at our destination. Then to make things worse, as soon as the sail was being hoisted the lifting block broke. Miller told the Lowdah to look at this two days ago so he would be cut \$5

We made the Nankin cut off at 9 o'clock this morning and were very glad when we got out of the Yang tze proper as the "Sairy Gamp" is not the kind of craft suitable this kind of work taking her age into consideration. When we got into something like smooth water Miller and myself both exclaimed "thank God"!! in a most sincere manner - how we shall get back we are not quite clear about. Went on the Nankin side and found some lovely cover, nice low hills with plenty of grass and dwarf oak on them. We only saw some half-a-dozen birds altogether, so came back to the reeds near the boat, Miller got a brace of pheasants and 1 a deer. Livingston did not go out being laid up with a bad toe, which we put down as gout much to his disgust.

Tried the island the Nankin end of which is marked on the chart as being conceded to the British, found it covered with high reeds, pottered about after Mallard and Geese got a couple of mallard but not much goose. Beastly weather.

Tuesday 30th December

Rained and blew a perfect gale last night and has been doing so ever since, so all remain at home reading, at the same time worrying how on earth we are to get back to Chin Kiang I think the safest plan would be to walk - Began to snow at 2.30pm first appearance of winter. The coolie that broke my window must be cut \$5.

Wednesday 31st December

It snowed heavily all night some five inches thick, this morning made up our minds to return, might just as well do this as stop still here, we can't go out.

1874

Thursday 1st January

Woke up to find a lovely morning with a fair wind so up anchor and made the best of our way back @: 7:30 rather bumpy work though. Tried to make the creek opposite Beeturn Point Beacon, but the fool of a Lowdah overshot the mark and it was blowing so hard we had to go on making for the creek leading to Chin Kiang - went on to Deer island after tiffin and had some fine sport with them bagging 3.

Friday 2nd January

Reached Chin Kiang safe and sound and had a good time with the residents there they doing all in their power to entertain us sumptuously every day, in fact we got more than we could possibly stand especially in the way of liquor and were glad to leave for Shanghai where we arrived on Monday the 5th January.

Total Game bagged

	Pheasant	Snipe	Deer	Teal	Geese	Quail	Duck	Hare	Total
Miller	18	1	2	3	3	0	0	0	27
Livingston	11	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	15
Waller	19	2	5	0	0	0	3	3	32
Total	48	3	7	6	3	1	3	3	74