

SPORT IN  
BRITISH BURMAH, ASSAM,  
AND THE  
CASSYAH AND JYNTIAH HILLS.

*WITH NOTES OF SPORT IN THE HILLY DISTRICTS OF THE  
NORTHERN DIVISION, MADRAS PRESIDENCY,*

INDICATING THE BEST LOCALITIES IN THOSE COUNTRIES FOR SPORT, WITH NATURAL  
HISTORY NOTES, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PEOPLE, SCENERY, AND GAME,  
TOGETHER WITH MAPS TO GUIDE THE TRAVELLER OR SPORTS-  
MAN, AND HINTS ON WEAPONS, FISHING-TACKLE, ETC.,  
BEST SUITED FOR KILLING GAME MET  
WITH IN THOSE PROVINCES.

BY  
LIEUT.-COLONEL POLLOK,  
MADRAS STAFF CORPS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

*VOLUME I.*

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to see the like again. I killed an immense quantity of deer of all sorts, a good many bison and buffaloes, a few tigers, not a single bear, one panther, five elephants, and one wild bull. I was then transferred to Assam, where, in seven years, I bagged forty-four rhinoceros, twenty-eight tigers, innumerable buffaloes and deer, a few bears, panthers, &c.; and as I generally shot in company with others, I was present at the death of a great many more beasts, of which a careful record has been kept.

In 1853 the Sappers were employed in superintending large gangs of Burmese employed in road-making over the Prome district. I was then detached to open out Namyan, five miles south of Prome, where it was proposed to form the principal military station, which has since been removed to Thayetmew. I then accompanied Colonel Cotton's field force into the interior, in command of the Sappers. We had some desultory fighting; and as our wanderings extended over two months, I saw a good deal of the country between Prome and Tapoon, and towards Zeagoung. On our return, I was appointed executive engineer, and laid out and constructed the Prome and Pounday road. Early in 1855 I surveyed a line of road from Prome to Namyan, which is, I fancy, substantially the same as that now adopted for the Prome and Rangoon Railway. In March 1855, I went to Moulmein for a couple of months, and whilst there we killed two tigers which had wandered into the limits of the cantonment. I then again returned to Prome and took up my old road work; thence I was transferred to Tongho, back to Thayetmew, then to Rangoon, and eventually to Tongho as executive engineer, where I remained upwards of five years; then to the Cocos, and finally to Assam. I have thus spent five years in India and twenty-one years in Burmah and Assam without any extended leave.

When I first arrived at Prome we had a large mess,

not found north of Mergui, and those found further north are not common, or non-existent, to the south.

Near and about Prome, Shoaydoug, Padoung, Eeingmah, Pounday, Zeagoung, Meaday, Thayetmew, Mendoon, and along the base of the Arrakan range, along the foot of the Yomahs, the following are found pretty numerously:—

1, green pigeons; 2, green doves; 3, three varieties of imperial pigeons; 4, three varieties of doves; 5, ground doves; 6, common blue rock pigeon; 7, green-necked peacock; 8, yit or pheasants; 9, jungle-fowl; 10, partridges; 11, five varieties of quails; 12, six varieties of plover; 13, woodcock (rare); 14, two varieties of snipe; 15, jack-snipe (very rare); 16, solitary snipe (very rare); 17, godwit; 18, five varieties of curlew; 19, three varieties of cranes; 20, various ducks (but not at all plentiful); 21, geese (rare); 22, three kinds of teal; 23, comb duck, or perching goose; 24, hares.

Whilst the following are peculiar to the Tenasserim province:—1, Nicobar pigeons; 2, double-spurred peacock-pheasant; 3, argus pheasant; 4, great fire-back pheasant; the following are peculiar to the hilly districts alone:—Ruddy-necked and three other varieties of partridges.

The following are the mammalia of the province:—Elephants, single-horned rhinoceros, single-horned lesser rhinoceros, two-horned rhinoceros, bos gaurus (commonly called bison), wild cattle, buffaloes, sambhur, brow-antlered deer, hog-deer, barking deer, wild pig, serow or wild goat, tigers, panthers, bears, wild dogs, and many kinds of wild cat. There are no hyænas. Jackals are very rare, and only found near our frontier. None of the antelope family. No spotted deer.

In the Tenasserim provinces the tapir and the diminutive mouse-deer are found.

Thus it will be seen Burmah is not deficient in game, and

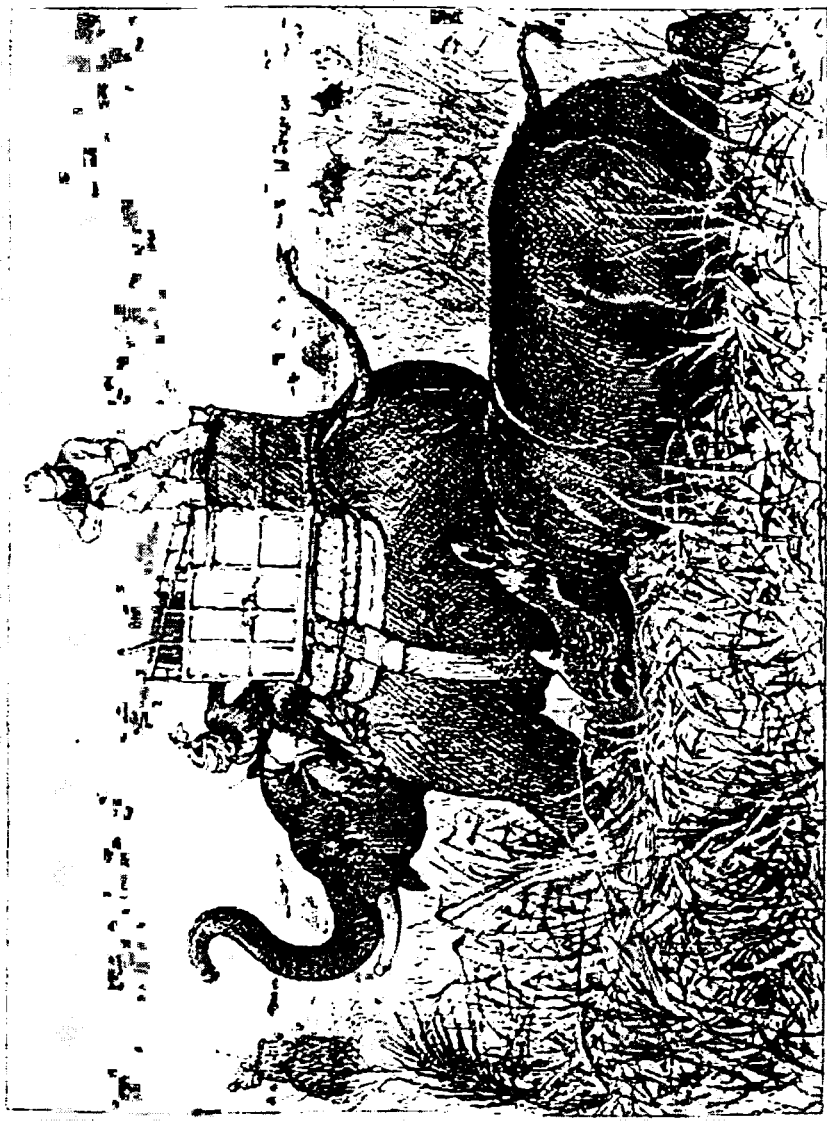
handed he had captured a mucknah larger than himself. He had but one tusk, but that was a beauty; his mahout had been with him about twenty years, and had ridden him in all his shooting trips, which were not a few. Nothing would have induced his owner to sell him, because the elephant had been born on the same day as his master, and the Brahmins had foretold that the prosperity of the family depended on the life of the elephant, and of its remaining in their possession; but when the elephant reached puberty he walked off into the jungles, bent on seeing elephant life in its indigenous home, the forest. There was great grief in the Zemindaree, but all efforts to find him proved vain, and for two years he was not heard of; but one day he returned to his shed as quietly as he had left it, and perfectly docile, and he has shown no inclination to revert to a wild life since; no wonder therefore, that to a superstitious native he was a pearl of great price, so Macdonald was in luck getting him. The elephant's name was "Mainah." I could not go direct to the shooting-ground, as I had some inspections to make; so we started on the 29th April, and were incessantly marching till 6th May, shooting at nothing but a few partridges. The day we left Burpittah we came across some buffaloes and pigs, and my comrade tried the range of his rifle; but he might have spared himself the trouble, for we never got within many hundred yards of them, and they got off untouched. On the 6th May we arrived at Soonapilly, where in general rhinos were plentiful; we started very early on the 7th, came across fresh marks at once, but the beasts themselves had retired into the long elephant grass, where it was not worth our while to follow them, as seeing them in that was out of the question. Whilst looking for these pachyderms we came upon a herd of marsh-deer, with some fine bucks amongst them; I felled one, and left it to be picked up afterwards, and wounded another, and whilst following him up, Macdonald,

who had been a little way off, joined me, and we formed a half moon, we on the outside, and the beating elephants in the centre. We were advancing quietly through the grass in search of the deer, when suddenly, and without the least provocation, five buffaloes charged down *en masse* on our line. Mainah rolled over the big bull who charged him, and before he could recover himself Macdonald cleverly killed it; the others, after sending the beating elephants flying, came down on me, and though I emptied my battery of four heavy rifles, my elephant only escaped being cut by her superior speed, for "Lutchmee" was one of the fastest elephants I ever sat upon. Of these buffaloes, besides the bull killed by Macdonald, we picked up two dead the next day, but they all escaped for the time. I never till then, or since, have seen a herd of buffaloes charge. They frequently do so individually when badly wounded, but I can't conceive what could have induced this herd to charge in the way they did. There is not a more formidable enemy than a wounded bull buffalo, or a cow with young; they are very difficult to kill, and will fight to the death. After laughing over this adventure, and wondering at it, we re-formed line, came on my deer, and padded it and the bull-buff's head, but on searching for the first buck I had shot it was gone! but the villagers found it dead about two hundred yards off. Although the marks of rhinos, and even of wild elephants and other game, were numerous, yet the game itself was scarce, as it had been disturbed by a party of elephant-catchers who were out in the neighbouring jungles. So we determined to move our camp, and on the 8th started for Basbarce, going across country ourselves, and sending our traps by the village pathways. Soon after passing the scene of our memorable encounter yesterday, and finding the dead bodies of two of our foes, we struck off the fresh tracks of a rhinoceros. Now Macdonald had never seen, far less shot, a rhinoceros, and

was of course very anxious to do so, so he was told to lead the way, and, as luck would have it, the animal was going, or had travelled the same way as we were. I had Sookur, a Cacharee mahout, a very plucky fellow, and about the best tracker I ever saw. We followed up the tracks as fast as the nature of the country, which had lately been burnt, would permit, but we went at least six or seven miles before we came upon the rhinoceros lying down in a mud-hole with its butcha, or young one, playing around it. I saw the beast first, and, pointing it out to my comrade, we both fired a couple of barrels at it, and the hubbub that followed was deafening. The rhinoceros grunted its peculiar cry and both of our beasts bolted, but were soon pulled up and brought round, but rhino had received its quietus and lay dead, with its young by its side. To make sure the animal was dead, Macdonald fired and unfortunately hit the young one, which had then to be destroyed, and it was a good 60*l.* or more out of our pockets, for young rhinos are easily caught and tamed when their dam has been killed, and Jamrach will give large prices for them. We then reached camp without further adventure.

On the 9th we started at daybreak, going along the banks of a stream, and soon hit off a trail, Macdonald leading and I slightly on one side, ready to pour in a volley if required. We came on the beast, a male, in about an hour; Macdonald fired and hit; the beast bolted into grass about twenty feet high and into this we followed, but the tracks were so numerous, we soon lost our quarry; beating our way through the grass, however, we came to an unusually heavy bit, and into this Mainah refused to enter, and mine hung back too. So we knew there was something ahead of us. As the mahout would not drive Mainah in, Sookur called out—"Get out of the way; it is you who are afraid, and not the elephant!" and giving Lutchmee a few vigorous prods he drove her headlong into the entangled grass. I looked about every-

where, and had perhaps gone through half the patch without seeing anything, when something induced me to look back, and there, within ten yards of me, was a full-grown rhinoceros, craning its neck and staring up at me in a peculiarly idiotic manner: a lucky shot dropped her dead, and I then saw she had a young one by her side. So leaving the carcass and the young one undisturbed, we sent an elephant back to the village for nets and men to catch the little one, and went on ourselves. It was a nasty damp drizzly day, with a high wind blowing, so after a while we determined to return to camp; but coming on two quite fresh marks we could not resist the temptation and took up the trail, Macdonald leading. We had to go further than we expected, and soon came to very heavy grass, when Mainah turned off suddenly to the left and went off full score. I called out, "Where are you going to?—that is not the way the rhinos have gone," but I got no reply, and the elephant and his rider vanished. Sookur after abusing Mainah's mahout went straight on, and within one hundred yards I came upon two full-grown rhinos standing together, with their heads towards me, but the grass was so high, that all I could see was their huge ears and a dusky form, but guessing for the chest of the larger, I fired—a shriek and a headlong charge was the result, Lutchmee spun round like a teetotum and went off at her best pace; I had just time to turn round and let drive, as rhino's nose was within a few inches of my elephant's posterior—I was using a two-groove No. 10 rifle by Lang, the bullets hardened with a mixture of quicksilver—the ball entered the back, and passing out at the belly, floored my antagonist; but the row she made frightened Lutchmee to such an extent, it was some time before I could get her back. The rhino had picked itself up and stood at bay in some very heavy grass. Every time I went towards it, it made its peculiar cry and charged, and off would go my elephant; so



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FIG. 1007



seeing that the animal could not escape, and not wishing to get my elephant cut for nothing, I left it, and went back to our huts. I picked the rhino up two days afterwards, dead, where our encounter had taken place. I bathed and breakfasted, and still Macdonald did not appear, but as he had our breakfast-basket behind his howdah, containing all that was requisite to refresh the inner man, even to a bottle of champagne, I knew he was all right as far as food went, but wondered at his absence. He returned about six in the evening. It appears Mainah had turned off as soon as he smelt the rhinos, and going at his best pace straight across country had returned to our yesterday's camp, some twelve miles off! crossing in his course several nasty nullahs without slackening his speed and shaking Macdonald into a jelly. The mahout appeared to have lost all control over him, but on reaching the place where we had encamped at Soonapilly he pulled up, but nothing would induce him to return the way he had come. So Macdonald got off, bathed and breakfasted, and after resting his weary limbs a while, returned by a long circuitous route—even then Mainah would not move without some men in front of him! Now what had upset this really stanch animal? I can only account for it in this way: Macdonald had a theory (knowing how fond of opium the Assamese are, and what quantities they are in the habit of eating daily) that if he took some of this drug with him, and kept doling it out, the mahout's zeal and pluck would be increased. I fancy he gave no thought to the man's private supply, and so every now and then gave the mahout a bit; this, together with what the man had had previously, I believe proved too much for him, he lost his nerve and communicated his funk to the animal he bestrode. I have seen Mainah frequently since, in several scrimmages with tigers, buffaloes, and rhinos, and he never showed the least fear again, and that too with the same mahout on his back. During the night

## CHAPTER V.

### NATURAL HISTORY NOTES CONTINUED.

Rhinoceros.—Tapir.—Bos Gaurus.—Buffalo.—Wild Cattle.—Gayal.—Bears.—Tigers.—Leopards, or Panthers.—The Deer Tribe :—The Sambur.—Hog-Deer.—Barking Deer.—Mouse Deer.—The Serow.—The Wild Boar.—Wild Dogs.—Jarkals.—The Spotted Deer.—Antelope.—Hispid Hare.—Pigmy Hog.—Takin.

ALTHOUGH rhinoceros of three kinds are abundant in Burmah, yet they are not often met with. In Assam there are but two kinds—the large single-horned rhinoceros, and the lesser one; but they are very plentiful in certain localities. Those in Burmah inhabit swamps between hills; but these swamps are almost quagmires, and are impassable for a laden elephant, though a rhinoceros will half swim, half wade, through them. In Assam they inhabit the churs or islands in the bed of the Brahmapootra, and the Terai at the foot of the Bhootan range, and also the swamps along the base of the Cossyah and Garrow hills. The larger rhinoceros has only one horn, seldom eighteen inches long, generally a good deal less; this horn is liable to get detached through injury or disease, when another one grows in its place. The skin is exceedingly thick, with a deep fold at the setting-on of the head, another behind the shoulder, and another in front of the thighs; two large incisors in each jaw, with two smaller intermediate ones

below, and two still smaller outside the upper incisors, not always present. General colour dusky black. The largest rhinoceros I killed measured as follows: extreme length  $12\frac{1}{2}$  feet, tail 2 feet, height 6 feet 2 inches, horn 14 inches. All rhinoceros delight in swamps and mud-holes, in which they lie embedded during the greater part of the day. This rhinoceros is very plentiful along the Terai and in the Durrung, Nawgong and Goalpara districts in Assam, and in the Yonzaleen and Arrakan range, and perhaps the Yomahs in Burmah. I never shot the lesser rhinoceros on the north bank of the Brahmapootra, but it is plentiful with its larger congener on the south bank. In appearance it very much resembles the larger rhinoceros, and often it has a larger horn. Elephants are very much afraid, as a rule, of a rhinoceros when it makes its peculiar noise, which is impossible to describe; but generally a moderately stanch elephant will walk up to a rhinoceros as long as it is silent. They do not use their horn for offensive measures—it is used for grubbing up roots, &c., alone. The incisors or tusks are used to rip, like a pig's tusks, when they charge and fight among themselves, and they can inflict a fearful clean and deep cut, and an elephant once ripped by one will never go near a rhinoceros again. I bought one from Mr. Tye, which had been cut whilst out with his assistant, and if it smelt a rhinoceros, it ran for its life, and would never enter that jungle again. As a rule, rhinoceros are inoffensive; they certainly do a good deal of damage to the grain, if there is any cultivation near their haunts, but as a rule they inhabit such remote localities that they can do no harm. It is naturally a timid animal, more anxious to escape than fight, and it is very easily killed. Of course when a rhinoceros has been severely wounded, and is closely followed up, it will charge, and so will a rat, but its principal anxiety is to get away into some mud-hole, where it wallows, and where

it probably dies. I know that it is a recognised idea that the skin of the rhinoceros will resist an ordinary ball, and that very large bores, with immense charges of powder, are requisite when hunting this pachyderm. Jerdon says either steel-tipped bullets or shells are deadly, and ought to be used. It is all sheer nonsense. A spherical ball out of a smooth-bore, if rightly placed, will kill a rhinoceros far easier than it will a buffalo; and as for shells, although I used the best I could get, viz. Forsyth's, I never bagged a rhinoceros with one, and I have lost probably thirty by using them and following Jerdon's advice. I certainly killed a lot with steel-tipped conicals; but I killed just as many with my two-groove No. 10 Lang, using only a belted ball. As previously mentioned, once firing down at a charging rhinoceros, I put one of these belted balls right through him. I have at times found rhinoceros very difficult to kill, but the fault was my own. If the ball was rightly placed in the centre of the shield over the shoulder, rather low down, the ball penetrated the heart, and the beast subsided at once; if behind the shoulder, the lungs were perforated, and the beast dropped in a few minutes; and it is easy to recover a wounded and dying brute, because in its dying moments it makes such a noise it can be heard a long way off. The noise once heard can never be forgotten. Although the horns of a rhinoceros are useless as trophies to a sportsman, the natives prize them greatly; they use them in their temples to drink water out of, and they will give from thirty to forty-five rupees a seer (2 lbs.) for them. I used to give all mine away, but in our last trip getting only small ones, we sold them, and realized enough to pay all our shooting expenses and to leave a little over.

I have already mentioned how valuable the little rhinoceros are. They are easily caught after the mother has been killed, and, although very savage at first, are easily tamed in a few

days, and are pretty hardy and cost but little to keep. The foot-marks of a rhinoceros much resemble those of an elephant, but they are smaller, a little longer, and not so round, and have but three toes, whilst the elephant has five. They herd with buffaloes and elephants, and when stagnant pools are scarce, and a running stream anywhere near, they will go and lie in it. I have shot several under the above circumstances. Although many castes of Brahmans and Hindoos, and Marwarees, will never touch anything but grain to eat, none of them object to the flesh of the rhinoceros; they will greedily devour every bit of it. They like to dry the tongue and pulverise it, and keep it bottled up to use when they are ill. Even the skin they roast over a fire and eat, as we eat crackling of a pig. They fight like so many vultures over the carcass, and we used to be followed about by gangs of men at a respectful distance till shots were fired, when it was a race amongst them as to who should reach the carcass first. Considering the value put on the flesh and horns of this animal by the natives, I am surprised there is one left alive. I think I have said before that it deposits its ordure at one spot till a mound is formed, sometimes several feet in height, and it will not dung anywhere else as long as it remains in that locality. They might be soon extirpated if native shikarees only dug holes near these mounds, and waited for and shot the animal on its nightly visit. Whenever we were out shooting we were pressed for time, for shooting had to be combined with work; so we could not look up or search long for the wounded ones, and we were followed about secretly by a few native shikarees who retrieved our wounded game, appropriating to themselves spoils that ought by right to have belonged to us. They thus stole a magnificent horn eighteen inches long, off a beast I had wounded and lost, but which they found dead the next day; they were beyond our frontier before I could recover

my prize. To show how easily rhinoceros are killed at times, and at other times how they escape, General Sir Charles Reid, of Delhi fame, in 1867, when shooting with me at Loqua Ghat, killed two in one day with one ball each, and that ball twenty to the pound, yet the next day he lost a very large rhinoceros, though he got pretty close to it, after repeated discharges! But there is great luck in shooting. One day a man will kill everything he fires at, and gets so conceited that he imagines he will never lose an animal again; but perhaps the very next day he can kill nothing, and the conceit is soon taken out of him. One day I killed three large buffaloes, one after the other, with one ball each, and thought I had found out the right spot, for I have always found buffaloes far harder to kill than any other game; but the next day, under exactly similar circumstances, I lost at least six buffaloes after firing some eight or ten shots at each!

The lesser rhinos are distinguished by their size, and by their shields being less prominent, and their skins covered with square angular tubercles. Jerdon says their height is only three to three and a half feet, but I am sure I have killed them at least a foot higher. Jerdon, though a very clever naturalist, was about the most obstinate man I ever met—very self-opinionated, and now and then quite wrong as to facts, as I proved to him after infinite trouble once or twice. These rhinos extend throughout Assam down through Sylhet, the Garrow hills, Tipperah, Chittagong into Arrakan, Burmah, and probably into the Western Provinces of China. The Burmese say they devour fire!

The two-horned rhinoceros extends from Chittagong downwards. It is not known in Assam or the adjacent countries. Its skin is as smooth as a buffalo's, but in other respects it much resembles the *R. Sondaicus*—it has similar incisors, and its habits are similar. I was at the death of one near

Negrais, at the foot of the Arrakan range, as described hereafter. The anterior horn is long, the posterior generally a mere stump. In height it is equal to the lesser one-horned rhinoceros.

The tapir is found to the south of the Tenasserim Provinces. Dr. Hook, whom I knew, shot one I believe either at Mergui or Tavoy. Though seldom met with in the plains, it is not uncommon in the highlands in those provinces.

*Bos Gaurus*, OR *Jauxus Gaurus*, OR BISON.—In my estimation this is the noblest beast met with in the forests of India, Assam, and Burmah. Mr. Blyth, the late Curator of the Calcutta Museum, was undoubtedly the first naturalist in India, and for a long while he was under the impression that the true gaur did not extend to Burmah, but that its place was supplied by the gayal; but he quite changed his opinion after his visit to Burmah, and he came to the conclusion that the "pyoung" was not only a veritable gaur, but one far excelling in size its congener in India. And my own experience points to the same conclusion. I have killed bison in Assam, and lately eighteen in a few months in the northern division of the Madras Presidency; and, on careful examination and comparison, I think there must be two varieties of the gaur. I have seen enormous heads brought from the Mishmi Hills in Assam; but those I killed in Assam were small, and much resembled those in the Guddam, Gallicondah, Golcondah, and Godavery districts—and the animals of these last four districts all inhabited hills varying from 1,500 ft. to 4,000, whilst those killed in Burmah were found in the plains at the foot of the hills, and were of immense size, far exceeding any I have killed elsewhere. The following is Jerdon's description of this beast as found in India:—"Length nine-and-a-half to ten feet; height at the shoulder six feet; tail thirty-four inches. The skull is massive, the frontals large, deeply concave, surmounted by a large semi-cylindric

## CHAPTER VI.

### RECORDS OF SPORT.

Return to Tongho in 1859.—Account of sport at Banlong and Myet-chin.—  
At Tagoonline and Shoayghein.—Life at Tongho during the cold season.—  
Fishing with the Kareus.—Another trip to Banlong.—Sport at Myet-  
chin, Thabew, and Chawteah.—Back to Myet-chin and then home.

HAVING given the best account and description of the different game, both birds and beasts, found in Assam and Burmah, that I am capable of, I will now proceed to record some of our trips in Burmah. The accounts of sport in Assam will follow. Fishing and shooting trips in the Jyntiah and Cossyah hills are treated of hereafter. It would be tedious to recount all our sporting trips, because one is very like another, so I shall not try the patience of the reader more than I can help. My object is to point out sport to others; not to recount more exploits than I can help of myself and friends, but to give a fair idea of the game met with. It is necessary to give extracts from journals which were regularly kept day by day.

For the second time I went to Tongho, in 1859, this time as executive engineer. I had no time for any extended trip till May, 1860; though during the season I shot 537 couple of snipe, besides golden plover, grey plover, goggle-eyed plover, one hare, a lot of imperial pigeons, a few deer, jungle-fowl, pea-fowl and pheasants. Our commandant in those days was as fine a specimen of a soldier as one could wish to come across,



many races. The place is exceedingly salubrious—as healthy as any station in the whole of India or England for the matter of that ; but the want of a racquet-court was much felt ; we had no swimming-baths either, and it was not safe to bathe in the river owing to the under-current, which has drawn under and drowned many an expert swimmer. The men of the regiment used to give theatrical entertainments, but most soldiers' plays are badly acted. Roads there were none ; if a party went out riding the two in front got on well enough, but all those behind got suffocated with dust. When very hard up for amusement we used to get up paper-chases, at which one or two of the ladies could hold their own with the best of the male sex. We now and then got up pigeon-shooting, but somehow, though most of us could knock over snipe time after time, we did not shine in killing pigeons out of traps.

*December 10th.*—I rode out to the lime-kilns, and had some fishing with the Karens. They are very expert with the spear, and fish at night with torches, and kill a good number but I was not expert at it. If one misses, the result is that one loses his balance and goes splash into the river, which at this season is of icy coldness. I only killed two fish, of what kind I know not. I fancy there are mahseer in this river ; but I did not know what they were like in those days, and should not have known one if I had seen it ; but I don't think I even saw one. Delicious prawns are got in baskets sunk for that purpose. The bathing in this river was delicious. I had a house built in the middle of the stream, with a bridge connecting it with the bank, and it was so constructed that one could undress or dress in the house, and descend by a stair within into pretty deep water ; and a high fence all round ensured perfect privacy. It was meant for ladies to bathe in—for us, of course, such precautions were unnecessary. In the hills adjacent to these lime-kilns I have

at times seen marks of rhinoceros and elephants; and there were a good many deer about, and the sappers shot several; but though I often went out on elephants, the ground was so unfavourable that I never saw anything. Amongst the lower hills the valleys are so swampy that progress on elephants is impossible, and of course it is as impossible to take elephants over hills. We induced several people to come out here, and had a pleasant four days' picnic. The ride was exceedingly pretty, and the weather deliciously cold. When these kilns were first opened, the sappers and miners, European overseers and workmen, died of jungle-fever right and left; so bad was the mortality that they were very nearly being deserted. The work-people's houses were on the banks of the river, and the wind every evening from 8 P.M. to 8 A.M. swept down the gorge in a perfect tornado, and all who slept within its influence were seen to get a very malignant type of fever.

I removed the barrack some 100 yards inland, away from the river, and protected by a hill from the mighty breeze, and raised it seventeen feet off the ground; there was scarcely any illness known afterwards, and people used to go out there as if it were a sanatorium. Up to May even it was very cold at night, and the water was always of an icy coldness, and so clear that every pebble could be seen, even at a depth of twenty feet. The scenery of this river was exceedingly beautiful. I went up it once for three days, and in places the river was apparently perfectly still, with a breadth of about twenty yards, and with precipitous mountains from 500 to 1,500 feet high on each side. There are many rapids, and I am sure a spoon would soon attract mahseer. All along the river's edge were the marks of elephants, rhinoceros, bison, buffalo, and deer; but I only saw a few barking-deer, and killed none. Gold-washing was carried on extensively; but with their crude appliances the

workmen could not obtain more than twelve annas to one rupee a day; but an occasional nugget is found; and higher up in the mountains it is reported that the right kind of quartz is found in great quantities. These Karens are expert boatmen, and the way they go up and down the rapids is really well worth witnessing, and very few accidents occur. We saw many traps laid for deer, and also arrows in bows tied down, and with their tips poisoned, for tigers, buffaloes, and rhinoceros. I never tried fly-fishing in this river, though I have no doubt it would answer admirably, for I have seen many fish rise. It took us three days to go up, fighting with the stream, and we came down in ten hours. We saw a few of the smaller otters described by Mason, (they are very rare), and also some of the ordinary ones, so fish there must be, and in fair quantities. At the junction of the Thouk-ay-ghyat and Sittang, fish were particularly plentiful. The hornbills were in great numbers, and I used to fire at them with ball for practice. Even flying they are not very difficult to shoot, and I killed several—one out of probably ten shots. Bears' marks in places were very plentiful; and on one occasion I anchored my boat off a place where bears seemed to come nightly to feed, but did not get a shot. Having tried shooting in the district in the very hot weather, we thought we would take a trip to Banlong in the cold, and so a party of us met at Lloyd's to tiffin, and started at half-past 4 P.M., and went all night. We reached Banlong at half-past 4 A.M.

*January 19th, 1861.*—After a plunge in the river and a cup of tea, we got on our elephants, and started soon after daybreak. The grass was much too long, and we had bad luck. Neither Lloyd nor Clarke got anything, and I only bagged a doe thamine.

*January 20th.*—Lloyd rode to Myet-chin, whilst Clarke and I shot our way across. We saw a few thamine, and we

after breakfast. I had three ponies, and got to Shoayghien in the evening, and put up in Watson's house. I was busy for the next three days, and then rode back to Thabew and got there in the evening. The local shikaree had two small panther cubs, which he had found after killing the mother. Their eyes were only just open; he offered them both to me for a few rupees, but there was no milk to be got, so I would not take them. No cattle had been killed since I left, so I either killed the tigress or effectually frightened her away.

*April 20.*—Started very early to Chawteah. Going across country I went through but a strip of grass-jungle, and in it I put up several sambar; but as they were all hinds I would not fire at them, as I could get as many shots as I liked near the camp. I made for the heavy grass-jungle; where bison, buffaloes, and elephants were reported to be. It was very hard work for the elephants to push their way through the entangled grass, which evidently had not been burnt for years. The stems were as thick as one's wrist, and more like bamboos than reeds. Nothing can get through this kind of jungle excepting elephants, and in the tracks they make, bison and buffaloes, and occasionally deer follow. Finding it killing work forcing our way through this, I got into a track, and soon lost sight of the pad elephants. The path was a well-used one, and pretty broad, so we went along silently enough, and as no fresh signs were visible I was sitting down reading, when a snort and a rush made me jump up only in time to see the tail of a bison as he bolted. I had not time to fire. In open tree-jungle, when you come upon a herd of bison, they generally bolt for about fifty yards, and then pull up and look at you, but in heavy jungle, they make off. I was much disgusted, as the mahout said he came upon the bison as the elephant turned a corner, and that it was within a few feet; so before

he bolted I might have had a good shot, had I been looking out. So I put down my book, and took up my rifle. We went, however, a good hour without seeing a thing. We got out of the heavy grass, and went through an open plain, before entering the belt of trees that skirt the banks of the Koon Choung. Here the men said were several rhinoceros, and I can well believe it; though at the time I did not. We saw none, however. After crossing the Koon, we had to go through very heavy grass-jungle again, and, as one of the numerous tracks looked fresher than the others, we followed it; and in about half-an-hour came upon five bison lying down under a few trees, in a pretty open bit of tree and grass-jungle. Our approach was so silent, they did not perceive us till we were a few yards off them: and, before they could spring up, I fired at the nearest—a cow. She and the rest jumped up, but another ball behind the shoulder made the wounded one feel very sick, and she ran only a few yards before tumbling over; the rest got away. She was a very handsome beast. I had her skinned, and as the mahout had cut her throat, though at the time that he did so she was quite dead, he said she was *hallaed*, and took the intermediate strip of meat which lies along the dorsal ridge, in the vicinity of the hump, as he said it was the best piece. I took the tongue and a lot of meat for the camp, and as we left, the vultures came down in hundreds, and I fancy in an hour there was very little of her left. These vultures in time became perfect nuisances. At first they only appeared after an animal was killed; but after we had been hunting the same ground several times, they took to following us about; flying ahead and in circles, and lighting on the branches of trees, and the flapping of their wings disturbed game, particularly bison and deer. Buffaloes seldom pay any attention to them; so we thought them a bore, and occasionally when they had annoyed us more than usual by frightening

away a herd, we shot one or two, when the rest would keep at a respectful distance. It is wonderful the sight of these birds; not one would be in view, but directly a deer was rolled over, before its throat had been cut even, there would be a rushing through the air, and a vulture would sweep past, and light on the nearest tree, to be followed by dozens of others, fighting and jabbering at each other as they lighted on the same branch. As it was getting late, we made for camp, and got there about 4 P.M., and found all our traps there. The men reported having come across a herd of elephants and several bison. When they missed us they had followed a track too, and had gone straight to camp, but had only arrived an hour or so before us. In the evening after a bath, I went a little way off, where there were a lot of pea-fowl, and shot a couple for the pot, for I did not care to eat the bison. The villagers complained of damage done by bears, and three men had been killed by them lately; but where they hide themselves is to me a puzzle, as I never even got a glimpse of one in all my trips.

*April 21st.*—Moved to Myet-chin. We went a roundabout way towards Ananbo to look for a rhinoceros which was reported to be there, but although we saw some indistinct marks which might have been his, we did not come across him. We saw numerous hinds (sambur), but it was no use firing at them so far from camp; out of one small patch of grass I put out three sambur and a *tiger*. The latter was so covered with dirt and blacks, the jungles having been lately burnt, that we did not twig what he was till he was out of shot, and though I looked for him everywhere I never saw him again. I then got into a forest, but with only small trees, and those a good way apart, and with nice-sized *kins* grass, but saw only three hinds, at which I would not fire. Through this forest, across a quin, and again through a forest on the other side, I saw nothing but a hog-deer or two; but

first hill was a "buster": it took us three hours to get to the top, and then we had to descend; the whole day it was a case of climbing up the steepest hills, only to descend on the other side, to cross a stream, and then to reascend. We who rode got on quickly enough, and reached the Pemah-benchoung at 10. The Teh, or rest-house, near this stream was full of gadflies and fleas, and was surrounded with pointed bamboo stakes to keep out tigers. Our breakfast was on the elephants, and we halted here till 3 P.M., and as they did not appear we went on and reached Thayet-pinkin-dat at 5. The elephants did not arrive till dark; one of the mahouts had helped himself to our liquor—got drunk, made his elephant charge the one in front, and had smashed no end of wine, beer, crockeryware, &c.; so to teach him better manners, I tied him up and gave him a dozen with a rattan. We put up in Hill's stockade: I found the place full of fleas, bugs, and gadflies. Judging by the look of the country, there cannot be much use coming here on elephants; there is very little flat surface, and that consists of quagmires, through which no elephant can go, though either buffalo or rhinoceros can wade through. You cannot beat a hilly country on elephants, and in bamboo jungle they are worse than useless.

*April 13th.*—Although we thought it useless, still, having come so far, we went out. We had glimpses of several deer; saw fresh prints of tiger and rhinoceros, but our elephants got constantly bogged in the valleys, and as the hills were a mass of bamboo-jungle we were beaten and went home, not blessing Hill for sending us to such a game-forsaken place.

*April 14th and 15th.*—Back to Kapah-languay; got there at 3 P.M., slept there, and on to Kyoukee next day.

*April 16th.*—Started for Anambo, at 6.30, and got there about 9.30 a.m. We shot a few pigeon *en route*, breakfasted and went on to Thabew—road good but very dusty;

SPORT IN  
BRITISH BURMAH, ASSAM,  
AND THE  
CASSYAH AND JYNTIAH HILLS.

*WITH NOTES OF SPORT IN THE HILLY DISTRICTS OF THE  
NORTHERN DIVISION, MADRAS PRESIDENCY,*

INDICATING THE BEST LOCALITIES IN THOSE COUNTRIES FOR SPORT, WITH NATURAL  
HISTORY NOTES, ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PEOPLE, SCENERY, AND GAME,  
TOGETHER WITH MAPS TO GUIDE THE TRAVELLER OR SPORTS-  
MAN, AND HINTS ON WEAPONS, FISHING-TACKLE, ETC.,  
BEST SUITED FOR KILLING GAME MET  
WITH IN THOSE PROVINCES.

BY  
LIEUT.-COLONEL POLLOK,  
MADRAS STAFF CORPS.

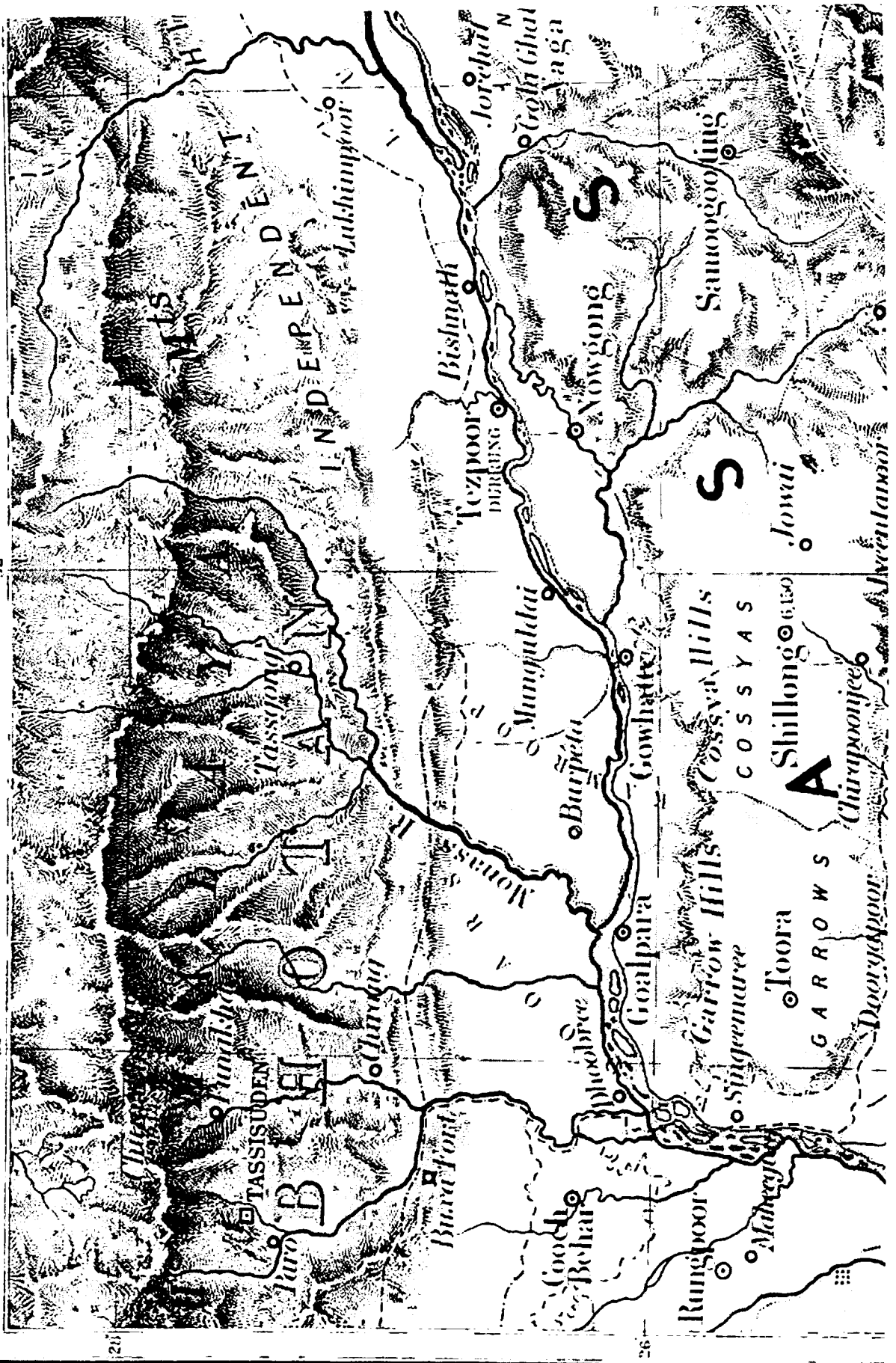
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

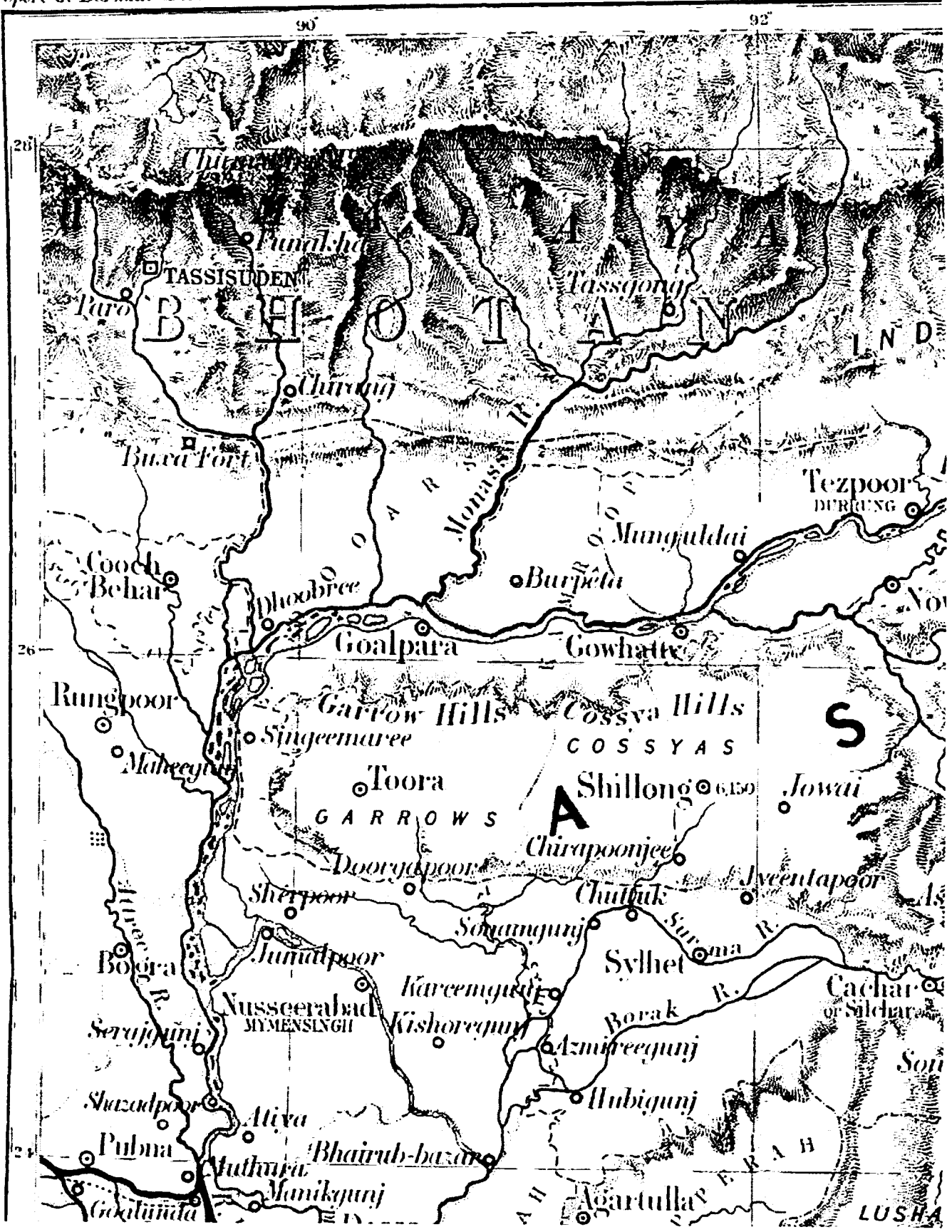
IN TWO VOLUMES.

*VOLUME II.*

LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.  
1879.







was my first attempt at this mode of killing game, and it will certainly be my last.

One day a Karen brought in the head of a two-horned rhinoceros, and as he said they were to be found on the mainland not far off, I agreed to go with him; but as everything had to be carried by men, and they were very scarce, I went in very light marching order. I don't know what his idea of a short distance was, but he took us at least fifty miles, right into the Arrakan mountains, towards Cape Negrais. The first day I shot a kakur, or barking-deer, and several pheasants. We went over small ranges of hills, and were nearly bitten to death by leeches, gadflies and mosquitoes. We camped out in the open and resumed our march; this day I got a bull bison, but lost a cow; saw eight bison in all and five sambur, and got two pheasants; we encamped at a Karen village. The next day we got to our destination—a valley between two high ranges with an extensive swamp in the middle. Here the man pointed out to me a heap of dung, two or three feet high, and assured me rhinoceros always deposit their ordure in the same spot; but I must say I did not then believe him, as I was new to rhinoceros and their ways. Whilst he set men to dig two pits, he and I crossed the swamp and went to the top of the hill; beyond this was pretty level, and there were many forms of sambur about. We went nearly to the end of this, and out of a patch of long grass a bull bison jumped up, ran twenty yards, and then faced me. Lang brought him down with one ball through the chest. We cut off his head and went on; the Karens came later up and removed the whole of the meat. We went down this hill into a sholah beyond, and I had three shots at sambur, but only succeeded in bagging one stag. We got back to the village in time to have a bathe and dine, before we went to the holes to sit up—such a night as I spent! I would not do it again to shoot a dozen rhinoceros, even if

each of them had four instead of two horns. It was a bright moonlight night, the rhinoceros came about eleven, and passing the Karen got the contents of one of my guns into it; in its fright it ran into a very boggy part of the swamp close to me, and I easily killed it with a shot behind the ear. We then went home, and next day cut off the head and made tracks homewards by a new route. We saw nothing the first day, but the second day came across a herd of elephants; I wounded a tuskier, lost it for the time, but the Karens, I heard afterwards, found it dead and boned the tusks. We put up that night in a small Karen village, and the men said if I would stop a day they would beat a ravine for me, in which there was generally a tiger, and they could also show me bison and sambur; as I was in no hurry I went with them next day, but instead of a tiger a panther passed the tree I was in, and I dropped it dead. It measured as it lay  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet to the tip of the tail. This beast had killed a good many cattle, but I fancy it had a mate with it, which did not show. After breakfast we went out stalking; I wounded a bison, lost it, but bagged a kakur and a doe sambur. The next day I reached Haingyee at dark, having seen nothing but a few jungle-fowl *en route*. At Haingyee itself I shot a couple of hog-deer. There are at times both elephants and buffaloes to be found here, but none visited it whilst I was there.

My last trip to the Cocos was rather a memorable one, as we were nearly starving. We expected to be relieved, as usual, not later than the 24th May, as the monsoon sets in early, and then vessels cannot approach these coasts. The schooner was laid up in Rangoon, and the steamer had gone to Calcutta, and was thus detained some time, and also meeting with rough weather did not reach the Cocos till towards the end of June, and then had to lie fully three miles off, and I had to transport not only the convicts, the free workmen and

times a cyclone commits sad havoc amongst these trees, and I have seen whole hillsides with every tree torn up by the roots; but one gets heartily sick of seeing nothing but these pines, and longs for a variety of other green foliage. From Jowai there is a road, or rather pathway, over the hills to Nowgong and Seebaugor, and along this I am told (I never travelled over it) that both the gaur and gyal, rhinoceros, sambur, and in the lower lands swamp-deer and buffalo, are to be found. Occasionally white tigers have been killed on these hills; and Mr. Shadwell has two skins in his possession, as before mentioned. The extract alluded to overleaf is from a very old number of the *India Sporting Magazine*, and is headed "An Extract from the Lives of the Lindsays." "The Gointeah (Jynteah) Rajah of the Cusseah, or Cossyah tribe, was my nearest frontier neighbour; he was by far the most powerful and the most civilised of the whole, holding large possessions both on the mountains and on the plains about fifty miles distant. When a younger man he had been misled by a false idea of his own powers, and he had in consequence been the aggressor by entering British territory in a hostile manner. A regiment of Sepoys easily drove him back and convinced him of his insignificance, and he was now endeavouring to convince me of his perfect attachment to our government. The Rajah proposed my giving him an interview in his own country, and to partake of a *chasse* he had prepared for me; and after arranging the preliminaries of meeting the day was fixed. By mutual agreement we were to be accompanied by a few attendants.

"It was during the season of the rains, the whole country being completely overflowed, and having the appearance of an extensive lake. I embarked on board a beautiful yacht of my own building, well manned and armed with eighteen swivels (guns), and arrived at the place of rendezvous at the appointed hour, when to my surprise I found advancing

## CHAPTER IV

### ASSAM.

*Its Mineral Wealth—Tea—Dishonesty in the Sale of Gardens—The Brahma-pootra—Climate—Habits necessary to combat with the same—Dress, &c.*

OF all our possessions in the East, Assam is probably the richest in natural resources, and, up to a very late period, also the most neglected and backward. It came into our possession at the conclusion of the Burmese War of 1824-26. The Burmese during their occupation had devastated it fearfully; they not only killed the male inhabitants, but walked off with the younger portion of the female in thousands. Although there are evidences that Assam at some remote period has enjoyed a fair share of civilisation, good government, and prosperity, there remained to us but ruins of cities, vast embankments, and dykes to prove that in a bygone generation Assam was not the deserted wilderness it was when it became ours. Very soon after our occupation Mr. Bruce discovered the indigenous tea-plant. The province was never popular with the higher officials of India. No Governor-general interested himself especially in that province, as did Lord Dalhousie in Burmah, or Lord Ellenborough in Sindh. It had no independent government, but was tacked on to Bengal, already an unwieldy lieutenant-governorship, but its patronage was valuable, and any contemplated separation

was strenuously opposed. It had a commissioner over it ; but he had little power, and was subordinate to all intents and purposes to the board of revenue, the members of which, clever civilians as they were, and well acquainted with Bengal, knew as much of Assam as the man in the moon. Thus the local authorities and this board were always at loggerheads ; the former knew the requirements of the province, but the latter did not, and cared less. They insisted it should be governed from Calcutta, 900 miles off. Occupying as he did such a subordinate position, for he had not even the control of the department of public works, is it any wonder that a commissioner soon became disgusted, and contented himself with drawing his salary and allowing the province to go to the devil.

Although Assam has fields of coal, petroleum, slate, and other minerals inferior to none in the world, I believe it would still have been steeped in the greatest misery had it not been for the English planter, who, sinking thousands and thousands of pounds in the tea trade, gradually but surely forced the government to introduce a better government. For very many years the legislation was entirely against the planter, and in favour of the Coaj, and matters are not altogether on a satisfactory footing yet. There is a good deal to be said on both sides. The European officials only saw the worst phase of the lower class of European planters ; the better class gave no trouble, and were overlooked. They judged of all by the few, who, constantly drunk, litigious, and disreputable, haunted their courts and gave the European planter a bad name all over the country.

The officials, moreover, had had no proper training, and were lamentably deficient in knowledge of law, the language and manners and customs alike of the European and the native. They were mostly officers, who, being attached to the

three local regiments, through interest, were pitched into the commission and were told to dispense justice, law, and equity. Many of them have spent a lifetime in the province without being out of it, and have imbibed rooted ideas, not the least being that the planter is a beast, who cruelly ill-treats the coolies he has spent thousands in procuring, and whose prosperity depends on the efficiency of the labour at his command.

The high dividends paid by the Assam and other companies drew the attention of the moneyed merchants in England to this industry, and the wildest, and in many cases the most dishonest, speculation took place, and led very near to the ruin of every tea planter.

For though amongst the planters there were many high-minded men as incapable of doing a dishonourable act as the best of the European officials, yet there were some capable of the grossest acts of downright dishonesty.

Directly the speculative mania set in, gardens were offered for sale which did not exist. Fictitious plans and reports were sent home, a company organised, a vast sum obtained, and then orders were sent out to make a garden! Young tea plants were purchased and planted in ground but partially cleared, at any distances and in any irregular manner, without a thought whether the plants would die or live. The new company, utterly ignorant of the management of a tea garden, hastened to provide for the various relations of the managers; and a large staff of young, and in many cases well-educated men were sent out, who had nothing to do on arrival. They neither knew the language nor a tea-plant when they saw one; and if any complaint was made that the garden did not answer to the description given at the time of sale it was all put down to the last season, which had proved a very bad one, and that the drought had killed the greater part of the plants. Immense tracks of land were taken up solely with a



view of selling to a company, and many very dishonest fortunes were made.

One garden notably, say of 500 acres, was sold as 1,000 acres, and after the sale a telegram was sent to the then manager to remove every alternate plant and replant elsewhere to double the acreage!

The young men having nothing to do took to drink and died by the dozen; and Assam, which had never had the best of reputations for salubrity, got to be looked upon as a golgotha. The officials had constant troubles, the companies, the growth of this speculative mania, failed one after the other. The coolies were largely in arrears, and in many cases starving, and had to be provided for; the life of an official became to him almost a burden, and the name of tea-planter stank in his nostrils. He confounded the good and the bad together, and unconsciously began to take the part of the cooly against his master, without weighing the evidence much. It was sufficient for a wretched, half-starved-looking cooly to come before him with a complaint, for him to decide in the labourer's favour, and nothing the planter said would be listened to. Things came to such a pass in 1865-66, that tea-planting very nearly collapsed. Gardens which had cost thousands of pounds were abandoned, their owners ruined and the property reverted to government, and any one applying for it, on rent paying pottah, might take it up. Gardens which in Kumroop might have been bought for a trifle, or taken up on pottah, are now again worth their proper value; but with the exception of a few knowing men, nobody in those days would have accepted a garden as a gift even. But things are gradually getting on a healthier footing and righting themselves; and the tea-planter and tea-planting is an institution in the land which cannot be any longer ignored.

Assam is a long narrow valley, bounded on one side by the

Bhootan, and on the other by the Cossyah Hills, and their continuations. It is intersected by the Brahmapootra river, one of the finest rivers of Asia. Its sources are not quite certain, but it is believed that it rises in Thibet, and after taking at first an easterly course it passes through the lower Himalayas, and reaching the Assam valley takes a westerly course and falls into the Bay of Bengal. There is scarcely a portion of this valley through which this mighty river has not at some time or other flowed. Sometimes approaching the Cossyah range to the south, and at others to the Bhootan Hills to the north, it has left deserted channels everywhere, and has at last settled down in the centre of the valley nearly equidistant from the two ranges, which have proved insurmountable barriers to its erratic course. Wherever this river has once flowed and receded it has left not only vast channels but huge hollows, which have formed into swamps, where the rhinoceros, elephant and buffalo thrive, and where they are unmolested, save by an occasional European hunter, who unheedful of the stories told him of the deadly malaria prevalent there, seeks them in their homes. Such was the reputation of Assam at one time for unhealthiness, that any one whose life was assured for any other part of the East, forfeited his policy if he visited Assam; but all I can say is that I travelled over the districts which had especially a bad name at all times of the year, and never suffered; and that some of the healthiest-looking men I have ever seen were some of the officials who had been resident in Assam more than thirty years.

Assam, like Burmah, is subject to a damp heat, totally unlike the hot dry climate of the greater part of India. One suits certain constitutions and the other others. Men who will thrive in the one won't in the other, and *vice versa*.

It does not do for a man in Assam to drink, or to be given to sedentary habits. He should wear flannel and be ordinarily

careful, and I believe he can go anywhere without running any great risk of fever. The one thing he must remember is, if he encamps near the foot of a range of hills, to avoid sleeping within the influence of the wind which nightly rushes down from the elevated plateau to take the place of the exhausted air of the plains, through one of the numerous gorges which abut on to the plains and through which generally a river flows.

After many years of misgovernment, Assam at last has been made into a Chief Commissionership and separated from Bengal. The head-quarters have been removed from Gowhatty, one of the most unhealthy spots in Assam, to Shillong, one of the finest climates in the world, though it has many drawbacks. A great improvement in the constitution of the commission has also taken place; thoroughly well-trained civilians have been introduced into the province, and the military civilian has no longer everything his own way; but if he wish to hold his own with the new element, he has to work doubly hard to keep pace with those better trained than himself in all the niceties of civil government. There are also many uncovenanted servants, who are amongst the most able of those employed in the province.

The telegraph is still wanting to Debrooghur, but it must be extended there ere long. Doubtless a railway will follow. The great crying evil of Assam was the want of communications. The country is so subject to inundation, that to make roads fit for traffic all the year round very heavy embankments are required. Until Capt. De Bourbel, R.E., became superintending engineer in Assam no regular system of road-making worthy of the name existed. It was a happy-go-lucky sort of thing, and based on very unreliable data. During his time and that of his successors, and whilst I was executive engineer, levels, plans, and estimates for trunk lines from Nowgong, in Central Assam, to Singhamaree, at the

extremity of Assam ; to Dewangiri, on the Bhootan frontier ; and a cart-road from Gowhatty to Shillong, were submitted, and are more or less in course of construction ; and as the head of the engineering department is one of the cleverest of the Bengal engineers, I have no doubt in a few years these undertakings will be completed, and the province thoroughly opened out.

But the Assamese element is a difficult one to work with or to control. Assam is divided into Upper, Central, Lower and Durrung, besides the Naga and the Cossyah and Jynteah Hills. Each has a Deputy Commissioner, and under him an Assistant and Extra-assistant Commissioner, and under them mouzadars. These latter are generally great rascals. They have obtained their appointments by heavy bribes to native officials about the Deputy Commissioner, and they screw and oppress the unfortunate ryots in every way, favouring the Hindoo element and bullying the Cacharee people. They are supposed to live in their mouzah, but seldom do so, preferring some large town for their residence. Nothing can be obtained in the district except through the mouzadar, and even if the traveller be possessed of a purwanah it is useless if the mouzadar cannot, as is generally the case, be found. One or two of the Deputy Commissioners have removed a mouzadar for disobedience of orders, and for refusing to assist government officers on circuit duty ; but it was worse than useless their doing so, for the men were generally reinstated on appeal.

Thus the sportsman or traveller has many difficulties to encounter. Elephants at one time were very plentiful and easily obtained in Assam, but since the Bhootan war they are a scarce commodity. The jungles teem with game, but it cannot be got at without elephants.

Although this work is more especially devoted to sport, I think it would be incomplete without a few words on

tea-planting. This industry has been more largely developed in Assam than in any other part of India, and undoubtedly the discovery of the indigenous plant gave it a fillip which was wanting elsewhere. The climate and soil are well suited for its cultivation, but I believe Burmah is superior in that respect, and will rival Assam yet in the growth of teas of the best description. The people of Burmah are so suited for this industry, and they are far nicer to deal with than the Assamese or the wretched Bengalee.

There are three descriptions of plant grown. 1, Indigenous; 2, Hybrid; 3, China: and local climatic influences tend either to improve or deteriorate the flavour of the tea manufactured. The tea made of the Indigenous is the most valuable; it is used solely for flavouring inferior China and other weaker varieties. It does not make the best tea, as it is too astringent. The plant is delicate, requires shelter when young, and I would not advise a garden being stocked solely with it. The Hybrid is the hardiest and yields the best, and the tea made from it is delicious to drink. It is also largely used in flavouring other teas. The China is the least valuable, but that grown in Assam gives a better description of tea, than that grown in China even. When planted in rows between the indigenous it yields very valuable seed, and I think a certain quantity of it essential in every garden, and for making the best descriptions of drinking tea. It does not yield anything like the other two, but when the soil is favourable it has often an aroma which is wanting in the others. The Assam planter does not as a rule manufacture tea for drinking by itself, but generally for mixing with inferior teas, to give them flavour and strength—therefore the stronger his tea is, the better price it will fetch in the market.

Any one who likes a solitary life, and is fond of sport, and whose constitution is unimpaired, and who has a small

capital of about 2,000*l.*, ought in the course of fifteen years to realise a fortune. He should first go out as an assistant, learn the language and his work, and when quite *au fait*, look out for a good piece of land, where indigenous labour can be procured. Forest land is the best, but it is not easily procurable in Assam, though I think it could be in Burmah. This forest has to be felled, with the exception of a few trees, wide apart, which should be left to give shade to the young plants. These trees can always be afterwards killed by singeing the bark all round, and they are not then the least in the way; nothing is so bad for development of leaf as shade when the tea-trees arrive at maturity. For the man with a limited capital, I would advise him to begin with 100 acres under plant, and to keep that thoroughly clear, and to fill up all vacancies for at least two years. When this portion begins to yield in its third year, he might begin to extend gradually, in accordance with the labour at his command—but from twenty-five to fifty acres a year will be ample. The young plant should not be pruned for two years, and then be just tipped, the first real pruning taking place in its third year; the plants should then be moderately plucked; they should not be unduly taxed that season. In the fourth year the plant should repay all previous expenses; the forest trees after being felled should be cut up into lengths and stored for charcoal hereafter. The branches should be lopped off and burnt, and the ashes mixed with the soil when the ground is hoed. The seed, if Indigenous, should be planted five feet apart, two seeds at stake are generally enough. Hybrid four feet apart, and China from two and a half to three feet. The ground, after being hoed, should be staked out in regular rows; the pits at stake which receive the seed should be well dug, the soil loosened well to allow the top root to descend well into the soil, without which, though the plant may live, it will never thrive. Not more than an inch of

loose earth should be put over the seed. Tea grown at stake is far healthier and stronger than that grown in a nursery and afterwards transplanted. When all the clearances, &c., are completed, the planter should set to work to build tea houses, drying sheds, coolie lines, &c., and a bungalow for himself. Even amongst the Assamese local labour is the best; imported labour is very expensive, and very unsatisfactory. He should choose a site where there is water-carriage, not far from some ghat where steamers touch, to enable him to export his produce. If he can afford to buy a couple of elephants, he will always find them handy to bring out his own supplies, rations for his coolies, and also for recreation for himself, for shooting. There are few portions of Assam where game is not abundant; and for the first two or three years a planter will have plenty of leisure for following his bent, if it lies in shooting and fishing. I would advise no man to go in for a tea-garden unless he can look after it himself. The Assamese have learnt the art of making tea admirably, and I have no doubt the Burmese and Karens would take to it readily too, and plenty of men could be procured in Assam to instruct them. The European has really very little to say to the actual manufacture of the tea; it is done by his subordinates; but he must always be on the move, and whilst meddling as little as possible, see that all hands are suitably employed. Let him get up early, ring or strike his gong for all hands to assemble, and tell off the gangs with their head-men to their different tasks; let him have his chota-hazree, and then in about half an hour follow, and spend three to four hours prowling about his garden. Let him take his gun, as he is almost sure to see jungle-fowl, pheasants, perhaps deer, and occasionally bears, pig, and more rarely perhaps a tiger, leopard, elephant, bison or buffaloes—and although it is forbidden to shoot elephants in Assam, but little would be said to a

planter who killed one on his own estate in defence of his property or life.

I took two years' leave and tried tea-planting, and liked it immensely, but I could not afford to throw up the service to follow it permanently; and I would strongly advise men entering life, and possessed of some means, to look to tea-planting, whether in Assam or Burmah, as a means of obtaining a competency within a reasonable time. The great drawback to Assam is the people, who are a mongrel set, cowardly and treacherous, great opium-eaters, and very often drunkards. They keep their women secluded; many are very pretty when young, but owing to debauchery and vitiated habits, they rapidly age. Both sexes are very lascivious, and their priests' abodes are nests of prostitutes, who, whilst dispensing their favours indiscriminately, are yet supposed to be perpetual virgins. The most noted courtezans are from Hayoo, and they are really a well-made, handsome set, and though common amongst the natives, do not visit Europeans. So debased are the people, that during a certain festival, men and women get drunk and dance naked in public; it is not even thought wrong for a girl or married woman during this feast to have intercourse with any man, and nothing more is thought of it afterwards. The Bengal element prevails in the larger towns, and education has I think done more harm than good. The men are all adopting the Bhramoo Somaj faith, which gives them greater facilities for getting drunk, and for aping the vices of the Europeans. They are most litigious, and will swear to a lie much sooner than to the truth. A race who can indulge such practices is, I need scarcely say, almost beyond redemption. The Cacharees, who live far away from the larger towns, are a much pleasanter race, but they are gradually being Hindooized, and degenerating rapidly. Assamese marry when quite children, and it is not unusual to see a girl of twelve a mother



The Bhooteas are a fine-looking, largely-made race, but oh, so filthy! They are great beggars, and come down to Hayoo, bringing a small breed of dogs for sale; and using sheep as beasts of burden. They meet at Oodulghessy in Durrung once a year, and bring great numbers of ponies, &c., for sale. They have hybrids between the gyal and the common cattle, and though these answer in the hills they soon die when brought down to the plains.

The Cossyabs are very like the Karens in many ways, and wear the same kind of dress. They are a sturdy race, and can carry immense weights. They are intensely dirty in their habits as a rule, but their women, when they take service as ayahs, wash and keep themselves clean. They are well made, have good but large figures, wonderfully good arms, legs, and small feet and hands, and are not remarkable for virtue. No Cossyah, however heavy his load may be, will follow a winding road. He prefers going straight up the face of the hill. He burns his dead and erects cairns to their memory. Some of these cromlechs are huge granite slabs ranging as much as 29 feet high. The upright ones are erected in remembrance of a male—the flat for a female. It is surprising how they move these immense slabs. There is a bridge at Nurting, made of a single slab of granite of the following dimensions: length, 30 feet; width, 9 feet; depth, 2½ feet; and as there is no stone in the neighbourhood it must have been brought many miles.

The Jyntiahs are even a finer race than the Cossyabs, though closely allied. In former days they were possessed of great wealth and power, but successive rebellions and invasions of our territory have led to their ruin; and they have learnt such a lesson from the defeat and loss inflicted on them by our plucky little Goorkhas, that they are not likely to incur our wrath again. Their wealth consists in orange and betel-nut groves, limestone, coal and slate, and growing

potatoes. Gowhatty, till lately the capital of Assam, as seen from the river, is an exceedingly pretty place, but, alas! the whole back portion of it is a mass of putrid swamps, in which in the rains dead bodies float about, and fever, ague, small-pox, dysentery, and diseases of all sorts are always raging more or less. Whilst executive engineer there I received an insane order to plant a thick hedge of the fast-growing bamboo right round Gowhatty, including the river face, on the recommendation of a Colonel Somebody, who had once resided in Assam a short time, and who knew as much about the province as I do of the inhabitants of Jupiter. He talked of the hill tribes migrating down in the rains and encamping on the churs and sandbanks of the Brahmapootra, which at that time of the year are not in existence, and asserted that this belt of bamboo would keep out the malaria; quite forgetting if it did that it would keep it in too, as within the proposed belt vast swamps existed. Unhealthy as Gowhatty was, this belt would have put the last finishing touch to our lives; excluding the river air would alone have killed us. So I point-blank refused to carry it out and referred it to superior authority; and as I never heard anything more of it I presume this brilliant idea was not approved of. I then submitted a scheme for converting these swamps into large and shapely tanks, deepening them so that they should never dry up, and filling up the surrounding hollows with the earth taken out of their beds; but as it would be an expensive job I doubt whether it will ever be done; but that is the only thing to make Gowhatty salubrious.

Unhealthy as Gowhatty is, within fifty miles of it there are elevated plateaux rivalling Coonoor and Ootacamund in climate. For a long while Cherra was the chief hill station. It is situated on a ridge 4,000 feet high, rising abruptly out of the plains of Sylhet, and it receives the full force of the south-west monsoon, its average rainfall being 600 inches!

Notwithstanding this excessive rainfall Cherra was very healthy, its soil laterite and rock, and its drainage good. The rush of such an immense quantity of water cut the surrounding country into the most fearful fissures, and ravines, and chasms, some of them with a sheer perpendicular fall of 2,000 feet. As a hill station it had many advantages: at the foot of the hill, eight miles by the government road, there was water communication with Sylhet and Dacca; steamers plying once a week between Dacca and Chuttuck; so supplies were easily and cheaply obtained, because the thousands of Cossyahs who took down potatoes to ship to Bengal were only too glad to bring back return loads for a nominal sum. Fish, poultry, and all butcher's meat, were very cheap. The Terria Ghat river afforded capital fishing, and in its neighbourhood both small and large game were to be found, so the officers had some amusement to fall back upon. In the rains, when the plains were inundated, numerous tigers used to come up the hill, and it was not safe to go out after dark, and many people were killed by them. Beyond Terria Ghat, there were many other rivers like the Durrung, swarming with mahseer. Notwithstanding that the surface was so unfavourable for gardening, mould washed down from the heights gave the requisite soil, and all English flowers flourished wonderfully, and the neighbouring hills were covered with azaleas, rhododendrons, &c., which gave the country a home-like appearance. The Cossyahs are great adepts at building in rubble masonry, and in carpentry, and have a capital idea of constructing decent houses. The excellence of their workmanship is shown by the way in which many houses, though dismantled of their roofs and exposed to the fearful rainfall for many years past, are still standing. House-building was not dear in those days at Cherra, but still it cost something, and one day the fiat went forth that Cherra was to be deserted and Shillong formed into a station.

I do not know from whom the idea first emanated, but I presume from Colonel Rowlatt, one of the ablest officials in Assam. Disgusted with the rainfall of Cherra, in his wanderings he came across a plateau, with a northern aspect, between Mooflong and a Cossyah village, on the road to Jowai, called Laban. The rainfall was trifling, not above sixty inches, and the elevation between 5,000 and 6,000 feet, so he built himself a small hut (now the dak bungalow), intending that it should form the centre of the new Sanatorium, and urged on Government the adoption of his views. Now Col. Rowlatt knew the hills thoroughly, and he had a good knowledge of engineering and hill-road making, and he was a man whose word could be relied upon fully, but with the usual red-tapism in vogue in India, the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, concurring in a great measure with Col. Rowlatt, yet sent up a commission to report on the proposed site. Its president was an old distinguished soldier, who had spent the greater part of his life in the plains of India, and was used to the old Poorbeah Sepoy, likewise an inhabitant of the plains. The beautiful and cold climate of the chosen plateau struck him as far too cold for sepoys, forgetting that it was not proposed to locate ordinary sepoys of the plain there, but Goorkhas of the 44th regiment Native Infantry, men who came from the Nepal hills, whose home was in the vicinity of perpetual snow, and at an elevation certainly not less than 10,000 feet, and to whom the altitude of 5,000 feet (that chosen) would be, comparatively speaking, warm. He left this plateau, and descended into a hollow, called Laban, where the Cossyabs themselves would not live, and which they used for burning and burying their dead. They all asserted it was very sickly, and such has proved to a certain extent true, for cholera has frequently appeared there, and infantile and other diseases are seldom absent.

The rainfall is in reality only from sixty to seventy inches

in the year, but a regular downpour is rare; it is a perpetual drizzle, which is just as unpleasant, and which soaks one to the skin, and renders the roads slippery and nearly impassable; so after all, I don't think any great advantage has been gained over Cherra, where, when it did rain, it came down in buckets. The views of the snowy Himalayas from Shillong in October and November are beautiful; but the great drawback is its distance from a navigable river. Gowhatty is sixty-three miles off, and the road is very deadly at times. No labour is procurable along it, and coolies have to be impressed in the plains to take goods from Gowhatty to Nongpoh, thirty-two miles; and as they seldom got paid, though the money had to be lodged in court before any attempt to procure labour was made, the men used to sham ill, throw down their loads in the jungle, and bolt. From Nongpoh to Shillong, the Deputy Commissioner had to impress coolies all over the hills, and it was a case of perpetual driving to get anything up, and then at a great cost of money for actual coolie hire, and loss owing to breakage. The Cossyahs for themselves, and even for us, till some idiot of a Deputy Commissioner put them up to other tricks, would carry always a maund, or 84 lbs., but this bright old woman ruled that 40 lbs. was ample, and beyond that, for the future, they would not carry an ounce. Each coolie cost three to four rupees between Gowhatty and Shillong, and they were probably a week or more on the way. Coolies at Shillong cost one rupee a maund, at Cherra four annas. To bring things up from Cherra to Shillong was nearly as expensive, for though the Cossyahs would take up a load for four annas to Cherra, further they would not go, as they were afraid of getting ill, if they went to their Golgotha—Laban, or the present Shillong.

Col. Briggs, who had been employed under Col. Kennedy in the construction of the Thibet road, laid out with his usual skill a capital hill cart-road, but it was eighty-four miles

to Mooflong; and after several lacs of rupees had been spent, Col. Rowlatt's line, *via* the Oomean-Nongpoh and Burneyhat, was chosen, and it is now the road used, and along which I marked out a cart-road. Opposite to Moriflong, twenty miles nearer Gowhatty than Shillong, there is a beautiful plateau as like Ootacamund as it can be, and 6,000 feet high; but for some reason it was not even inspected by the commission appointed to choose a site in preference to Cherra.

As it was a part of my work to travel over the hills and plains in search of the best routes for road-making, I soon came to know the greater part of the country, and certainly the best site for a station I have seen was a plateau 5,500 feet high, fifteen miles from Jynteapoor on the Jowai road, almost level, and with ample accommodation for a couple of regiments and a battery of artillery, flanked on two sides by lovely mountain streams, swarming with trout and mahseer, and with fair small game shooting about; and as steamers can ply to Jynteapoor in the rains and within three to four miles of it at all seasons, surely that would have been preferable to the present Sanatorium. At Shillong there is literally no amusement for the European officers. Cricket was the only game we could indulge in. Shooting and fishing there were none within a day's reach, and it is very expensive moving about on the hills.

Jowai is the head-quarters of the Jynteah hills, where an Assistant Commissioner is stationed.

Of game there is not much on the hills themselves. Bears, sambar, and barking-deer, with a few tigers and a great many leopards, are those principally met with; but on the lower slopes towards Gowhatty there are numbers of bison and elephants. In the season woodcock, solitary, common, and jack-snipe visit the hills; and the derrick pheasant, jungle-fowl, black partridge, and the red-necked partridge, are found, but in no great numbers. Travelling from Jynte-

poor over the hills direct to Nowgong, rhinoceros, the gyal, and marsh-deer are met with. The Cossyals report the existence of a red bear, but that I doubt. Though the serow is met with on the tops of the hills near Gowhatty, I have not heard of its existence on either of the principal ranges. Most of the game found in Burmah exists also in Assam. The brow-antlered deer, so plentiful in Burmah, extending to Munnipore, is not found in Assam, but it is replaced by even a handsomer variety of deer, viz., the marsh or bara singah deer. The gyal wanting in Burmah is found in Assam. The two-horned rhinoceros found in Burmah is wanting in Assam.

The spotted-deer and antelope are unknown in Burmah, but are found in a few localities alone in Assam. The wild cattle of Burmah are not found in Assam, but a large variety of tame cattle, or hybrids, between the gyal and the ordinary cattle of the country, have run wild, and are found in the Terai at the foot of the Bhooteah range. The gour is plentiful in all the hill ranges, and I have seen some splendid heads brought down from the Naga and Mishmee hills. The sambur is not nearly as plentiful in Assam as it is in Burmah, but the specimens I have seen reminded me more of the kind found on the Neilgherry hills than in the plains of Pegu. Elephants are very plentiful everywhere, as are also the larger single-horned and the lesser single-horned rhinoceros. Buffaloes are in hundreds wherever there are swamps and surrounding high grass. In the Mishmee hills is found the takin, a beast which much resembles in appearance the gnu of Africa. In the Terai also is found the pigmy hog, a very curious variety of the wild boar. There is very fair small game shooting in Assam. The Indian pea-fowl, the jungle-fowl, pheasant, black and marsh partridge, quail, and florikan are plentiful. Two species of the hare, the common and the hispid, are found, but are only plentiful towards Doobree. Tigers and bears are very numerous, the latter more

The villagers were glad enough to feast off the game killed, but they would supply rice and paddy only on compulsion, and after living on us perhaps for a week or more. When we wanted to move a few miles further off, the village would be deserted, and not a coolie obtainable! I took care that they were paid daily for everything we got from them, at their own prices; but the idea of supplying Europeans, even when that leads to their own profit, is repugnant to an Assamese. They all hate us, for we have been much too kind to them, and they do not understand that, and put it down to weakness. Very few speak Hindoostani. Their language is a corruption of Bengalee, so a new comer has to learn a new language before he can hope to go about the country and learn the whereabouts of game. Shikarees there are none. A class of men go wandering about with poisoned arrows, killing numbers of tigers and leopards, and picking up the horns of rhinoceros, who have died of their wounds, and which the sportsman has not had time to follow up. Such rascals are they that they took to manufacturing tigers' heads for the reward, but were discovered by Mr. Campbell, the able Assistant Commissioner of Burpetah.

I arrived at Gowhatty early in December 1866, and but for the kindness of Mr. Campbell, personal assistant to the Commissioner, who placed half his house at my disposal, I should not have known what to do, for every house was full; but, thanks to him, in a few days I was enabled to settle down and look about me. Of course after thirteen years of Burmah I found myself all abroad in Assam, where the language and people were so different. Captain De Bourbel was absent, but returned in a few days, and we soon got on capitally together. He was anxious to push on the trunk roads, but as he had had some eleven executive engineers in one year or eighteen months, not much had been done. I had to learn the work required, and got together my old servants from



Wynaad jungles in Southern India all fear of malaria ceases after a certain amount of rainfall, and I see no reason why the Terai should be different. I therefore sent on my traps and elephants, and proceeded myself by boat to Tarah-baru Ghat *en route* to Burpetah and the Dooars, where I arrived on the 10th of June at 7 A.M.; but I found no elephants there, though I had sent them on in ample time to have got there. Thinking they might be at Burpetah, I sent a note to Boyd, the Assistant Commissioner, and he very kindly sent me out a palanqueen, but as the elephants turned up in the course of the afternoon, I sent it back and halted where I was for the day.

*June 11th.*—Stirred the people up at 4 A.M., and got off soon after 5 A.M. I took a couple of elephants, riding one of them, with me across country, and sent the baggage round by the road. The villagers said there were many tigers about, but I did not see the ghost of one. The country at first was quite open, over paddy-field and then low grass jungle. In this I hit off a broad trail, but could not tell what it was caused by; but thinking it was a herd of buffa, and as they were going my way, I thought I'd see whether there were any decent horns amongst them; but when we came to a marshy piece, we found we were following one if not two rhinoceros. I had a good battery—two two-groove double rifles (muzzle-loaders) by Iang, a double No. 10 breech-loading rifle by Lyell of Aberdeen, and two smooth-bores, both breech-loaders. I soon came upon the fresh deposit on the mound, where rhinos usually drop their ordure, and knew the beast could not be far off, and my elephant began to show decided signs of funk, and tried to bolt several times, but the mahout kept it straight. At last in front of me, looming through a patch of high grass, and on the borders of a small bheel, I distinguished the body of a rhino, intently listening to the noise we were making. Neither the mahout nor the elephant

saw it, so I touched the mahout on the head, and he at once stopped the *hathec*. I could see nothing distinctly, but fired into the mass in front of me; on the smoke clearing away I saw a very large rhinoceros bolt into the *bheel*, and gave him a shot in the shoulder. He pulled up and faced me, looking vicious; I dropped the *Lycell* and took the *Lang*, and as he charged, gave him a couple of shots in the chest. On receiving them, he swerved and bolted, squealing awfully. Not till then had my elephant moved, but this noise was too much for it, and it broke away from the mahout and went in an opposite direction to that taken by the rhinoceros, and could not be stopped for some time; and I saw what I believed to be the rhinoceros go away to the left, and as soon as the elephant was under control again I followed up, but could find no trace anywhere, so went back to the *bheel* and took up the trail, and came upon the rhinoceros stone-dead. This was my first rhinoceros in Assam. It was a very large animal; one of the largest I ever killed. Its horn was massive, but not long, only eight inches, but  $1\frac{7}{8}$  seers in weight. We got men from the nearest village, cut off the shields and head, and gave the people the meat, and made our way as straight as we could for *Burpetah*, where I got about twelve, and put up with *Boyd* for the day, and arranged all my traps for a move on the morrow.

*June 12th.*—Started very early for *Bornugger*, sending my things along the native track, and going across country myself in search of game. I soon struck off the fresh trail of a rhinoceros, and followed it up, but I was rather too late, and it had got into its lair, where I could not follow. I could hear it feeding distinctly, probably not more than fifteen yards off, but could neither go on foot—owing to the boggy nature of the soil and the depth of water—nor could the elephant force its way in, owing to the tangled nature of the jungle surrounding its stronghold; so most reluctantly I

had to leave it. In a heavy bit of grass jungle, near Barry's deserted garden, I came upon seven buffaloes. I could see them, but they could not see me; and one of them, a large bull, hearing the noise my elephant made in forcing its way through the jungle, threw up his head and trotted towards me, so I killed it with three shots. This disturbed and frightened away the herd, excepting one young bull, who did not seem to think it needful to run more than a few yards, and then faced me. He had a singular pair of horns, about three feet each, but so regularly curved as to meet at the points, and with the forehead forming very nearly a circle, and as he gave me a good chest shot, and as I wanted his head as a curiosity, I killed him. The Lyell rifle I generally used; it had very short barrels, was well balanced, and suited me exactly. Though it was ten-bore and carried a three-ounce conical, I could make very quick and accurate shooting with it, and killed a heap of game, but it got loosened at the breech, so I had to part with it.

I reached Barry's deserted bungalow about 2 P.M., and sent for his old mahout, still quite a lad almost, and the best tracker and mahout I ever met with, and engaged him. He knew the jungles thoroughly, and had been present with Barry and Mackenzie at the death of many a rhinoceros and other beasts, and I placed myself entirely under his guidance.

*June 13th.*—Sent my traps by the road to Dowkagoung, Barry's second deserted garden, and went across country myself. The season was too far advanced, and the new grass had sprung up to almost the height of the old, so though we disturbed a lot of game, including tigers, rhinoceros, bison, and buffaloes, I did not get a shot till close to a village called Mina Muttee. There, in a bheel, I came upon a herd of buffaloes, and as a bull and a cow had particularly good horns I let them have it right and left; the cow rolled over,

the bull fell on his knees, but speedily recovered and bolted with the herd. As I passed the cow a ball through her head put her out of pain. I also soon came upon the bull and floored him, and feeling blood-thirstily inclined, killed another young bull, and wounded several others. Going back for the heads I could find the bull nowhere, but the cow's head was a fine one and I secured it. The horns measured 10 feet 8 inches. I told the villagers at Mina Muttee of the kills, and they immediately went out in a body for the flesh. They found the big bull dead, and the next day picked up two more, but none of the heads excepting that of the cow were worth keeping, so I left them all behind me. At Mina Muttee there is a very nice stream, full of nice-sized mahseer and a trout-like fish, and it is more central for shooting than Dowkagoung. I got to Barry's bungalow about 2 P.M., but my traps did not arrive till half-past 4 P.M. I fancy the people had stopped and cooked on the road. The Cacharees don't milk their cows, so I had great difficulty in getting milk; the head-man was a drunken old brute, and would give me nothing till I lost patience and tied him up to a post in the verandah, when, as if by magic, everything I wanted was forthcoming.

*June 14th.*—I had the devil's own luck to-day, wounding and losing three rhinoceros. There were so many about, their tracks so numerous and so intricate, that although Sookur was a splendid tracker, we kept, in our eagerness, getting on to the wrong ones, and not discovering our error till we had gone sometimes several miles. We started soon after daybreak; and just beyond the remains of the tea-garden I saw rather a fine buck marsh-deer, and as it seemed to have fine horns I tried to kill it, but could get nowhere near it, and losing patience I fired and missed. I then crossed rather a difficult nullah, and came upon fresh rhinoceros tracks; Sookur took up the trail beautifully, and in a

very short while I came upon one and wounded it severely ; in following up I came upon its mate and hit that, but it too bolted, making the peculiar noise rhinoceros do when badly wounded. We followed full score, but the fresh marks were so plentiful that in our anxiety we pushed on a little too fast and got on to wrong trails, and did not discover our error till we reached the banks of the Boree Nuddee, a good five miles off. We then went back, and more carefully took up the first spoor, and soon came upon one of the wounded ones, looking very seedy, and again hit it twice, but off it went as if it bore a charmed life. We again followed, and tracked by blood, but it got into tarra or wild cardamom jungle, and there we lost it in the multitude of other tracks. We then got into very heavy grass jungle, where there were a lot of mud-holes, in which rhinoceros delight. Here I came upon another, hit and lost that, but it was evident it was one of my bad days, and I could kill nothing. It was fearfully hot, and being a long way from camp, I made for home. I was close to the base of the Bhootan range, and though it was raining incessantly a few miles from me not a drop of rain fell where I was, though I would have given the world for a downpour. Near a dry bed of a river I got a shot at a marsh-deer, staring at me, but a good 150 yards off. My ball fell short. Sookur put down my ill-success to want of powder, but I had  $5\frac{1}{2}$  drachms, and that is enough to kill anything ; but there are days in the life of every sportsman, in which, let him have ever so many chances, he can kill nothing, and this was my case to-day. The villagers were all assembled with knives, &c., ready to cut up the game they had heard me fire at, and were much disgusted at my ill-success when they saw me come back empty-handed.

*June 15th.*—Though I started early I did not come upon fresh tracks for a long time ; the scrimmages of yesterday had evidently disturbed the jungles about here, so I went off to

the right and came upon a fresh track ; put up a rhinoceros, but could not get a shot ; the jungle was so heavy that though several times I could hear his grunting within a few yards of me I could never get a sight of him, and he eventually dodged us. Sookur then took me a good long way off, where he said there were many mud-holes, but not seeing any fresh marks he was not as careful as he might have been, and when approaching a large mud-hole fringed with heavy grass, instead of going into it by what appeared an old track, he passed by it, and suddenly to my left there was such a rush and a splashing as two rhinoceros bolted out of it for their lives. Had he gone into it I must have come upon them lying down in the mud and water, and have got two capital shots ; as it was I did not get a shot at either. These two I followed for miles, but the jungle was too heavy ; and though I put them up again and again, I did not get a shot, and eventually lost them. Going homewards, I put up another in the bed of a small stream, but never saw it. I was at least a month too late ; but I deserved bad luck for having made a mess of the rhinoceros on the 14th inst. I have killed forty-four since, and never had better chances. Sookur said the rivers were filling fast, and advised me to move back, or our retreat might be rendered impracticable.

*June 16th.*—So we moved back to Bornugger, shooting nothing *en route*.

*June 17th.*—I had heard a good deal of a place called Pakah, and I was told it was not far from Bhawanipoor, and that there were vast herds of marsh-deer there ; and where they are tigers always abound. So I thought I would march back that way ; and therefore instead of going to Burpetah I turned off, and with great difficulty crossed over the Boree Nuddee and got on to a road leading to Bhawanipoor, and asked my way ; but nobody seemed to know where Pakah was. Now I afterwards found out Pakah was the name of a sub-division, and

no village in particular was called Pakah, though some dozen in the mouzah went by that name occasionally. Two of my servants, instead of sticking to the elephants, or asking me where we were to encamp, marched straight into Burpetah, miles out of their way, and I had to send an elephant after them. Every nullah we came to was out of our depth, each elephant had to be unloaded, and to swim over, and we had to search for boats to take our traps across; our progress accordingly was exceedingly slow and very fatiguing. After thus crossing five streams, about 2 P.M. I pulled up and put up in a shed in a nominal Mussulman village; but so debased were they, that to propitiate the Hindoos, who swarmed round them, they had actually a namghur with a Hindoo idol in it! They could talk no Hindoostani, only Assamese and Bengalee. For the first time I saw nets used for catching wild buffaloes. They were constructed of cord as thick as my middle finger; and directly a buffalo got entangled in one he was speedily speared to death! My servants did not arrive till twelve at night, so it was just as well I halted when I did.

*June 18th.*—In search of Pakah. We had again to cross several swollen streams, unloading and reloading the elephants each time. The more we inquired, the less the people seemed to know where we should go to find Pakah. The whole country was a sheet of water, and progress very, very slow. At last I got on to a plain rather higher than the surrounding country, and covered with short fine grass, and a florikan got up. Although I never eat these birds I always shoot them. In going after it I put up a couple of marsh-deer, both does; at which I did not fire. Immediately afterwards I flushed and missed the florikan, and the report started a fine buck, which I followed and killed. A lot of villagers came up and said there were many deer about, and wanted me to shoot some for them; but I did not know

where I should encamp, so could not afford the time to go with them ; but a doe springing up gave me a good shot, and I killed and left her for the people, and went on till about 4 P.M., when, coming to a deserted namghur, I pulled up and waited for my followers, who did not arrive till dark. As the people and animals were very tired, I determined to make a short march on the morrow and beat about for game.

*June 19th.*—I beat back to yesterday's ground, and met villagers going out with nets after deer. They destroy a great many this way, and also kill tigers, panthers, and bears in them. I had to go a long way before I saw a single deer, and the first shot I had was at a doe, which I hit, but lost. I then put up a splendid buck and two does. Made a capital shot at the former at a good 200 yards off, and after an exciting chase brought him to bay. I also saw buffs, but they would not let me get near them. I then turned back, and found my chappassie had taken my traps to a village surrounded on three sides by deep water, to which I could only get by retracing my footsteps several miles, so I called out to him to reload the elephants and to go to a village further on, where there was a ford and where I went myself. As usual I put up in a namghur, but the Hindoo priests objected ; but I had taken care to ascertain that any traveller had the right to put up in them, whatever his caste or creed might be ; so I refused to budge, and this nearly led to a row, as the people turned out. But at the sight of my battery they thought better of it, and did not molest me, sending a humble petition that I would not eat inside, to which I readily agreed, as it was my custom always to have my meals in the open, only using the shed for shelter during the heat of the day, in case of rain, and also to sleep in. These Hindoos will always presume if they be permitted, where a European is concerned. They would not have said a word had I been a Mussulman, or a Cacharee ; yet either is as



abominable as a Christian to them and their creed. With the greatest difficulty I got back to Gowhatty on the 22nd, travelling incessantly, and all the old residents thought I was mad to have ventured into the Terai at this time of the year, and prophesied that within ten days I should get the dreaded Terai fever, from which few recovered ; but I did not get it.

Round about Gowhatty we had many a day's sport. Game there was in plenty, but hills covered with bamboo interfered with us ; as most animals were knowing enough to make for them and to take shelter therein when they heard us approaching.

In July 1867 I visited Shillong. There was no road worthy of the name then, and the coolies we had to carry up our stores, &c., threw them about the jungles and bolted, and inflicted great loss on us. As I had work to do on the plains, I left my family there and returned to Gowhatty, not very favourably impressed with the place, for I thought it was not worth the bother and expense we were put to to get there.

The Lower Assam Tea Company had a bungalow in the station, where their manager and assistants put up, and just behind it there was a good deal of jungle. On two occasions Fisher had shots, once at a tiger, and once at a panther, in broad daylight, out of the back verandah ; and I have known several panthers caught there in traps. In the season Assam is a capital place for duck and geese-shooting ; but the bheels are so immense, and are so surrounded by dense grass-jungle, that it is almost impossible, and exceedingly dangerous, to shoot on foot. The best plan is to get a couple of "dug-outs," fasten them together, and with a screen in front and a man poling behind, to go out into the bheel, and very fair bags can be made this way. In the season Fisher and I killed a good number of snipe. Near his garden at Moirapore there was very good ground ; but the best is five miles

from Gowhatty, on the Beltolah Road. We shot lots of jungle-fowl, pea-fowl, and a few florikan; and he and I together had very fair sport at Chunderpore, a tea-garden belonging to the Bainbridge brothers; and at Myung, where we got buffaloes, hares, deer, florikan, and very pretty partridge-shooting. Altogether, in 1866-67, I killed twenty-two buffaloes, hit one tiger—which was picked up dead afterwards—many deer, one rhinoceros, and lots of florikan and other small game. In January 1868 Bowie of the police, Barry a tea-planter, and I, went down by boat to Baisah Ghat, *en route* for Hurpetah. We started on the 8th; the elephants preceded us on the 2nd. At this time of the year we have very heavy fogs in Assam. Both Bowie and I had work to attend to, and Barry, who accompanied us, had tried his hand for some three years at tea-planting in the Terai, but finding it did not pay, had thrown his gardens up; but he knew the language, and the part of the country we wished to visit, which was, in fact, the same as that I had gone to in June 1867. The Assistant Commissioner had reported that there were no less than five man-eating tigers depopulating the country about Baisah, so we went there in preference to Tarrahbaree. We went all night in the boat, but the men were afraid we might overshoot our ghat; so about 4 A.M. we pulled up. But the fog would not clear up, so after a bathe and our chota-haziree, we went along, just drifting, for no one knew where we were exactly; but we expected to reach the ghat in an hour or two. About nine it cleared up for half an hour or so, and we then ascertained we were a long way off our destination, so the crew got to work to pull again. We were going along very quietly, and presently we saw a buffalo on a sandbank, and he very conveniently walked into the water and lay down. We got to within some eighty yards without disturbing him; he then heard us and stood up, so for something to do we opened fire. The first round

every one missed, but my second barrel caught it in the hip and down it went. We jumped ashore and soon killed it, and then found it was a poor emaciated beast, which had already been previously wounded, and could not have lived long. It was a mercy to put the poor thing out of its misery. It had a good head, which we cut off. We did not reach the ghat till 3 P.M. I sent to find out news of tigers, but could hear nothing of them. We halted that day, sleeping in the boat at night; for although we could get no news of the tigers, their feet-marks were plentiful enough along the sandbanks.

We had not enough elephants for our party, so had to engage coolies; and only those who have been forced to adopt this mode of conveyance can know the amount of trouble and bother there is in procuring coolies in Assam. The mouzadars, Hindoos themselves, will not impress the Hindoo ryots, but send miles and miles away, and forcibly seize Cacharees and bring them to do the work which their own villagers ought to do. There is the usual protest by every man, that the load set apart for him is too heavy, that he is ill and unable to walk, that he has not had food for twenty-four hours (too often too true in the case of Cacharees who have been forcibly seized and brought perhaps from a distance of twenty miles). For an hour there is nothing but wrangling and fighting, and it is no use to leave camp till each coolie has departed with his load, or the chances are it will be left behind. I would advise no one to go on a shooting-trip into Assam who cannot muster enough elephants to be altogether independent of manual labour. It is heart-breaking to have anything to say to the wretched inhabitants. How I do wish that either the Russians, Prussians, Yankees, or French could occupy Bengal and Assam in particular for a few years, just to teach the people a lesson. It is absurd to put these savages on an equality with ourselves. If

we are all equal, we have no business in the country. If we hold it as conquerors, we should treat them as the conquered, and force them to treat us as their masters. The present philanthropical dodge is at least a thousand years too far ahead. The people don't understand such treatment themselves, and despise us for it, and put it down to weakness.

Well, at last we got off. We found the villagers, to get rid of the tigers, had burnt every scrap of jungle; so, the country being bare, we saw little or no game. We fired at and missed a deer and wounded several buffaloes; but as they ran back towards the river we did not follow them up, but made straight for Burpetah, getting there at half-past 2 P.M. We shot a few duck, teal, and partridges *en route*.

*January 11th.*—Halted to-day, as we had work to attend to. In the afternoon went after florikan, but did not see one. Can't think where they can have gone. Shot some black partridges.

*January 12th.*—After the usual trouble and bother with the coolies, who did not assemble till eight, we got our traps off. An Assamese is of no use before eight or nine in the morning, by which time he has slept off the fumes of opium and the effects of drink and debauchery. Barry not being very well, went along the road, whilst Bowie and I went across country. We got nothing but small game, though we saw thousands of marks of rhinoceros, elephants, and buffaloes; but a savage cow-buffalo charged Barry without the least provocation; but he was equal to the occasion, killed her, and boned her calf. In the evening we all went out to Bornugger after small game. Walking through the mustard-fields, we did not see much. The florikan we could not get near. Bowie shot a pea-fowl and a black; I got a couple of blacks and a jungle-fowl.

*January 13th.*—The coolies assembled late, and after a great deal of row we got them despatched, but did not start ourselves till half-past 9 A.M. I re-engaged Sookur, and his uncle Seetaram accompanied us. *En route*, passing a likely-looking piece of grass for florikan, we entered it, and put up at once four florikan and several blacks. After a great deal of trouble—as the birds were very wild—I killed one florikan and two blacks; none of the others got anything. We saw but very little game, and reached Mina Muttee at 4 P.M., our traps not arriving for an hour later. No huts had been built, though ordered long ago; however, we had tents, but had to pitch them ourselves, as tent lascars are not procurable in Assam. We succeeded in making ourselves comfortable just before dark. The stream here is always deliciously cold, and we did “buffalo” in it for a considerable time, and cooled our beer in it.

*January 14th.*—Bitterly cold and very foggy this morning. We started very early, but could only see a few yards in front of us. The country seemed well burnt, and we soon hit off the trail of a rhinoceros; but unfortunately one of the elephants trumpeted, and although we did not see our quarry, we heard it bolt. In about an hour Sookur struck upon a fresh trail, and with his usual sagacity followed it up; but the animals had the start of us, and had got into jungle some fifteen or twenty feet high, into which we followed. A rhinoceros just in front of me grunted, and my elephant halted, and all the others bolted. Sookur hammered mine well about the head, and made him go into the grass with a rush. The rhinoceros bolted, and I got two shots as it crossed an open piece. It then went into grass thirty feet high, and I did not like to go in after it, for fear of getting the elephant cut, so tried what I could do by skirting it; but the rhinoceros would not leave his refuge. So there being nothing for it, in I went, the elephant in an awful funk, but

kept straight by Sookur. Barry came up, but Bowie's elephant would only make tracks to the rear. As I advanced the rhinoceros retreated, and at last, as it was crossing over the dry end of a narrow nullah, I put two more balls into it: it ran up the opposite bank loudly screaming, and I followed at my elephant's best pace. The rhinoceros then attempted to charge; but a right and left turned it, and three more shots killed it—a very large cow, with horn thirteen inches long, and weighing  $1\frac{1}{2}$  seer. We then breakfasted. Barry being unwell went back to camp, and Bowie and I went on. We soon hit off another track, and in a dense tree-jungle up jumped two rhinoceros, and one came towards me; the Lyell went off before it was fairly up to my shoulder, and the ball striking the animal behind the ear, killed it dead. Sookur kept calling out "Shanah, shanah," and pointing in the direction in which the other rhinoceros had bolted; and I, not knowing Assamese, thought he was urging me to fire, so I let drive, and by the worst luck possible brought the animal down, as it proved a half-grown one; and Sookur's anxiety was that we should not kill it, but spare it, and have it caught; and its death was to us a loss of from 500 to 1,000 rupees. Bowie's elephant behaved a little better, as it did not bolt. She used to be a very staunch one, but her mahout is away, and only the grass-cutter acting as mahout, and she does not care for him a bit. This turned out a female with a good horn. We got home soon after twelve, and in the evening went after florikan, and killed two.

*January 15th.*—As I did not want to keep all the shooting to myself, I put Bowie on my elephant, with Sookur as mahout, and got on to his. Limestone is very scarce in Assam, so whilst out I determined to hunt for it, in the beds of the different rivers flowing out of the Bhootan range. I got on to the Booree Nuddee, and soon picked up a lot; but it is so intermixed with other stones, that it requires great

care and intelligence to separate the real limestone from the rubbish which much resembles it. Having satisfied myself that limestone did exist, and that it was brought down during the rains from the higher hills, and that it ought to be sought higher up to get it in any quantities, I crossed over this river and made for another. I saw lots of marsh and hog-deer, and soon came upon the fresh trail of a rhinoceros, which I followed. It had got into very heavy grass-jungle, and soon I heard it, a short distance ahead. Directly my elephant knew it was ahead, she refused to budge, and all she would do was to make tracks for the rear. I was within twenty yards several times, but the dense nature of the jungle prevented my seeing anything; and I got so disgusted I gave the rhinoceros up and made for home. I recrossed the Booree Nuddee, and on nearing a tope of trees I heard two shots, and going up found Barry had disturbed a panther, which ran up the trunk of a tree; Barry cleverly brought it down; but it fell in such a tangled mass of fallen trees, creepers, &c., we could not get at it, and so lost it. Barry—who was still very unwell—and I made for home, and came upon several very fresh trails of rhinoceros; but it was too late to follow, as during the day they betake themselves to such fearfully heavy grass-jungle, there is no seeing them. *En route* I killed a pea-fowl and knocked down two blacks, but they both escaped. Near the camp a florikan got up, and I was just going after it when Bowie appeared in sight, so I waited for him. He told me he had come across a huge rhinoceros, and had floored but lost it. Sookur said it was a very large one, with a splendid horn; but a tangled jungle close by enabled it to get inside and escape, though the chances are it died there. We went after the florikan; I got the shot and killed it, and in the evening we shot two more.

*January 16th.*—Barry being too seedy to go out, Bowie and I went together, and almost in sight of our tents found a

very large rhinoceros. I got the shots, and hit twice with the Lyell. Bowie got one shot, and then his elephant bolted. Luckily for me the wounded rhinoceros ran in a circle, so I was able to cut him off, and a few more shots brought him to a standstill; but it took time to kill him outright, as my elephant would not go close up. He had a splendid horn, weighing 4 lbs., and 13 inches long. The Kyahs often offered me 90 Rs., or £9 for it; but I kept it for several years, and then gave it to the military secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, Colonel Dillon. Directly the villagers heard our shots they assembled like so many vultures and cut up the rhinoceros, not leaving a scrap. Even the hide, which is from two to three inches thick, and as tough as lead, they cut up into slices, roast over the fire and eat, much in the same way as we do the crackling of a pig.

We had gone but a little way when Sookur hit off the trail of two more rhinoceros, and the way he followed was quite an art. They had been feeding in circles, and had crossed and recrossed their own footmarks; but Sookur never deviated an inch, and though in about an hour we were heartily tired of the progress made, he would not desist, but eventually took us up to two rhinoceros standing together. The larger of the two Bowie killed with a ball behind the ear, and the other one charged us viciously several times, but was met by such a fire, she had no chance, and speedily succumbed. Scarcely was the life out of these animals than more vultures in the shape of villagers appeared and cut them up. The meat of these three rhinoceros alone was worth £15 to them; that of the day before £10. We paid cash for everything they brought us, at their own price; yet, next day, when we wanted to move camp, the village was deserted, and we could not procure a single coolie to carry our traps, so we had to send out miles to get people to enable us to move. So much for Assamese gratitude. I will not



give further details of this trip, as although we killed a lot of deer and small game, we had no further adventures. In some parts of this Terai we saw herds of deer, amounting to five hundred and more at a time; but all the old bucks were in hiding, having shed their horns. We also shot some buffaloes, but seldom kept account of them. At Rungiah, my overseer, Subroodeen, shot an immense tiger, on foot, in the most plucky manner. It was one of the largest I ever saw, yet the vultures cleaned his bones, and did not leave a scrap on them in ten minutes after the carcass was thrown out to them.

In February, 1868, I had to march up to Deopani, some eighty miles beyond Mewgong, and the extreme limit of my division, which in those days extended close upon four hundred miles. I had three military and three civil stations besides out-stations and sub-divisions under me, with but two assistant engineers to help me; and I had to see that correct surveys, estimates, levels, &c., for the whole of the roads contemplated, and the various buildings, were prepared and submitted, and that the works were correctly executed. I was forced to keep up two complete establishments, one to leave behind with my family, and one to take about with me into the district. I had to keep four ponies, each of which cost me £40, for my jungle work, besides a pair for the station. The staff-pay of the D. P. W. in India is ridiculously small for the work a man has to do. A Brigade Major, who has no money responsibility, has 400 Rs. staff a month; whilst in those days an Executive Engineer, spending lacs a month, and on whose efficiency depended the waste or utility of hundreds of thousands of pounds in the year, if he were of the fourth class, got but 300 Rs. staff; and now that consolidated pay has been introduced it is even less. I know that all the years I was in the department I was invariably out of pocket; but, as I had money in those days, was of a restless

disposition, and liked exploring and leading an independent life, I remained in the department because it suited me ; but it is a thankless and underpaid one, and the control department worries a man's life out. Why it is not subdivided into two classes, as in England—one the executive and the other the control—I know not. The former should be answerable for all the estimates and correct construction, but should have nothing to do with compiling accounts, or paying coolies or contractors ; but the control department does all that on an estimate being approved and sanctioned. The control department should advertise for tenders, and when they are submitted choose one, and forward the papers to the Executive Engineer for his guidance, who should once a month measure up the work, and forward the same with report through the Superintending Engineer to the control department, and he should have nothing more to say to any money transactions, either disbursing, or compiling, or accounting for them. You will seldom meet a man who is a thoroughly good engineer who is an accountant too, and hitherto promotion has gone by the reports on office work, and not in accordance with the excellence of the outdoor work, and the result has been scandals like the Saugor barracks, and other large works, where lacs upon lacs were wasted. Yet the officers in charge of those works were periodically promoted, because they fudged their accounts so as to give little or no trouble to the almighty control department, although they did not know how to lay one brick upon another ; hence these gigantic failures and the bad name the D. P. W. has all over India. Until there is a total separation of the two branches—the executive and the control—things cannot be placed on a proper footing. An Executive Engineer has an uphill game whilst payments are made through his office. Every subordinate peculates fearfully, and they are hand-in-hand with the contractors ; but all this would cease if the payments were dependent on a separate

office, and if made but once a month on measured work sent through the Superintending Engineer, who could every now and then, before sending them on, remeasure the work, and convince himself of the accuracy, or otherwise, of the reports and receipts sent him. Such are my ideas after twenty-one years' experience of the department.

Captain De Bourbel having left, a new Superintending Engineer had been appointed. He had gone to Debrooghur to take over charge from his brother, then the senior Executive Engineer in the province, who was officiating as Superintending Engineer. I had a splendid game country to go through, and anticipated much sport, but did not get much after all. I give extracts from the journal as a guide to those who are likely to travel over this route, which is really first-rate; but there is luck in shooting as in everything else.

I sent on my traps ahead, and started on the 11th February and rode to Chunderpore tea-gardens on the banks of the Kullung. I shot a few ducks, teal, and snipe *en route*.

*February 12th.*—Marched to Myung, a considerable village close to the Kullung, and about eight miles from Chunderpore. I had many parties out, cutting traces, and employed in surveying and levelling, so had not much time to shoot, or rather to look for game. I had always my howdah elephant and battery with me, and if I came across anything worth the slaying I did so; but if I did not, I did not go out of my way to search for it. I put up a tiger and many buffaloes; the first sneaked away, and the latter I did not fire at. I got a fair sprinkling of small game, and amongst them three florikans; and these latter I sent into the station, as I never eat them; but many people think them the *ne plus ultra* of good eating.

*February 14th.*—I moved to-day to Cachareegoung, twelve miles. I shot some pea-fowl, partridges, and duck, and green

pigeon *en route*. In the afternoon I went out after a tiger, but did not find it.

*February 15th.*—Moved through Bogra Hill to Basabghat, shooting three pea-fowl, and a lot of duck and teal, *en route*.

*February 16th to 20th inclusive.*—Marched to Nawgong, inspecting works, and thence to the Rupai river. On the 20th left Rupai for Loquaghat, where there was a good deal of game generally to be found. Last year I had a few days' fair shooting there, and hoped to get better this year. After crossing the river I struck off to the left towards the bheel, where Sir C. Reed had lost a very large rhinoceros last year. I came across a large buffalo facing me, and though I do not often shoot at them, yet as it appeared inclined to dispute the right of way I fired into its chest. It turned, and ran for about thirty yards, then fell dead. As the head was rather large I padded it. I then went through null, where there were the marks of elephants, rhinoceros, tigers, and buffaloes, but came across nothing; and I could not afford time to follow up any particular trail, especially as I had not Sookur with me. These jungles are never shot over or disturbed, so where the game can have gone to is a puzzle. The bheels were full of duck and teal, but they were wild as hawks, and there was no getting near them. Leaving the null-jungle, before me lay a large plain, and about half-way through this was a herd of buffaloes feeding, some of them looking very large, and apparently with big horns. I also thought it would be a good opportunity to shoot some and leave the carcasses, with a view of attracting tigers. Deer were also scattered about in threes and fours, feeding on the young shoots, where the grass had been burnt earlier than usual. The wind being favourable, I, by going through the long unburnt grass, easily got within fifty yards of several buffaloes. I made a good right and left, and floored two buffaloes. One got up and charged, but was easily stopped

and killed. The other also picked itself up and bolted ; but I followed up, came up to it and killed it, and got into a herd and wounded two more, but had not time to follow up. I cut off the heads of the two killed, and padded them, and then made for Loquaghat. I missed several deer by the way, but bagged one, and three black partridges, and reached the bungalow at 3 P.M.

*February 21st.*—Very heavy rain in the night and early morning. I did not therefore get out till past eight, but soon struck off the trail of a rhinoceros; but it went into such infernal country, cut up with watercourses, that I soon left it and struck off to the right into more favourable ground. I again hit off a track, and on following it up came upon a rhinoceros in a hollow, facing me. I had the funky mahout with me, a Mussulmanised Hindoo, and he never could be depended upon; but the elephant Lutchmee was not only very fast, but, as a rule, staunch. I got a good shot at the chest, and again as the beast spun round, at the shoulder; but, though hard hit, I had failed to reach a mortal spot, and the rhinoceros went off at score, with Lutchmee after him. The rhinoceros had the best of the race, and got into the long grass, with two more bullets in him. I got on to his track, but there were so many, I had to order a man down to follow on foot, as my mahout was a bad hand at tracking, and could not be depended upon. We came to a place where the path divided. One seemed well used, and the other not. The elephant hesitated to go along the latter, and this ought to have told me it was the right one to follow; but I, in my eagerness, took the wrong turn, and went all day without seeing a single thing; but, going homewards, as I had to pass the place where I lost the rhinoceros, I again took up the tracks and followed them more carefully, and on coming to the spot where the two paths divided, the guide pointed to the one we had not followed, and called out. "This

is the right way." Hardly had he spoken when up jumped the rhinoceros, close to him, and bolted. He had been lying in a pool of blood, and had allowed us to pass him in the morning. I followed a short way, but the tracks were so numerous, that to follow the right one was not only very difficult, but very slow work; and as it was getting on towards evening I had to desist and go homewards. I got a deer close to camp. I had shot here before, but had not seen the large marsh-deer. I discovered to-day that their haunts lay to the right of the marsh, where there was high ground, and where they were in dozens.

*February 22nd.*—I went back to the ground where I had shot the buffaloes the day before yesterday, in the hope of coming across tigers, which might have been attracted by the carcasses; but I was disappointed, the bodies remained untouched, and though there were thousands of vultures about, they had not been able to get through the tough hides, and were biding their time till decomposition should render their task easier. I searched everywhere for rhinoceros: their fresh marks were plentiful enough, but the beasts themselves could not be found.

I came across several herds of buffaloes, and amongst them some bulls with very large horns, and though I got some very good shots, and brought two or three down on their knees, I failed to kill one; thus the conceit was soon knocked out of me, and I have ever found buffaloes harder than any other animal to kill. In the evening, having work at Tezpore, I crossed over, and returned to Langlea on the evening of the 24th. I had told my mahouts to look about for the rhinoceros wounded on the 21st, but they had no news to give me, though I cannot believe he could have recovered from the wounds inflicted on him at such close quarters, with such heavy weapons as mine.

*February 25th.*—I went all round the bheel again to-day.

Two rhinoceros had been seen by some fishermen about an hour before I got there, and though I followed up their trail I failed to find them. Considering the number of rhinoceros that infest this bheel, my luck in not finding them is excessively bad. I then went on to the high land and came upon herds of marsh-deer; the bucks were in hiding, but as the camp wanted meat I shot a deer, and tried to cut off another herd. The jungle had been well burnt, and there were just enough clumps of high grass left to afford shelter to different wild beasts that frequent the locality. In rounding a patch of unburnt grass, just in front of me, and about fifty yards off, I saw the heads of three tigers, close together. Neither the mahout nor the elephant perceived them, nor did they know the tigers were there; so, patting the mahout on the head, I got him to stop the elephant, and took a deliberate shot at the nearest tiger, guessing for the shoulder. At the report of the gun, I saw through the smoke a very large tigress bounding along, away from me, whilst a smaller one crossed to the right. What became of the third I did not see. The tigress was growling and roaring as she bounded along, and I thought she was the wounded one, so took another shot at her and rolled her right over; but she picked herself up, and with a magnificent bound disappeared into the long grass. There were a lot of villagers returning from fishing, and I had to get them out of the way before following up such a dangerous beast as a wounded tiger. This delayed me a little while, and I then followed up the trail; but though I searched for an hour I could not find the slightest clue to her whereabouts, and I thought she had sneaked away along the bed of a nullah, which was close by. I was in such a rage. It is not often that one comes upon three tigers standing quietly together to be shot, and to think I had not killed one! I began to abuse the mahout, and told him to go back and take up the trail afresh; but he said, "Sahib, you have killed

one; the last you fired at is another, and that has escaped; but one is lying dead." I did not believe him; he was the funky mahout. So after calling him all the abusive names I could think of I told him to take up the last tiger's tracks. Of course he dodged me and took me up to the spot I had fired from at first, and sure enough there lay a tiger stone-dead. He had fallen so suddenly, and my attention being attracted by the other two, I had not noticed that he was killed by my first shot; and by the noise the tigress made I made sure she was the one I had fired at. I measured him; he was only eight feet long, evidently the elder of the two with the tigress. In front of the tiger lay a small marsh-deer, and on my mahout getting down to secure it, it bounded away unhurt, till a shot from me laid it low. My own idea is that the tigress and elder brother were giving the hopeful of the flock a lesson in providing its own food, and that the deer had been felled by the smallest of the tigers, and that all three were standing over it, admiring the little one's dexterity, when I interrupted them. I did not look any longer for the tigress, as I thought she had escaped.

*February 26th.*—I hunted the whole country after rhinoceros, particularly after the wounded one, but did not see a single one. I could not go a quarter of a mile in any direction without striking the fresh trail of one; but follow it up as long as I might I could not track the brute to its lair. I got into the midst of several herds of marsh-deer, and killed seven, and lost two in a very stupid way. One I left for dead, but it was gone when I came back for it an hour afterwards. Another had apparently its back broken, and could only roll head over heels; but it fell into the dry bed of a nullah, and when I got there it had disappeared.

*February 27th.*—I started for Koliabar to-day, and thought I'd try for deer *en route*. I made straight for where I had



seen the tigers the day before, and on nearing the spot up flew a lot of vultures out of a patch of long grass. I went up expecting to find the wounded rhinoceros dead, but found it was the tigress; she had never moved after the last bound she gave, and I had passed within a few yards of her, never thinking she was lying there dead. Her skin was spoilt, but I secured the head; so I had not done so badly after all, as I had killed two out of the three, each with one ball. *En route* I shot a couple of deer. I saw lots of buffaloes, but did not fire at them. Reached Koliabar and put up with Tye, a tea-planter.

*February 28th.*—Halted to-day and went out with Tye, who had shot many tigers here, and had also been very successful with other game. He had some fine bison heads hanging up, which he had killed in his own garden. We had news of several kills, and went to them, but could not find the tigers. We then went in for general shooting; Tye made some capital shots, killing two hog-deer and a buffalo. I only killed one buffalo. We tried for rhinoceros, and though their marks were plentiful enough we could not find them.

*February 29th.*—Tye and I went out again this afternoon after rhinoceros. We came to where they had been feeding the night before, but they were *non est*; where they can have gone to I can't imagine. Tye and I separated, the latter to beat over a larger extent of ground. I was away at least six miles from any village, in a dense grass-jungle, and I came across a large herd of buffaloes. My attendant, an inhabitant of these parts, wanted me to fire at the nearest; but fortunately I am not very keen about killing buffaloes, so waited behind a clump of grass till they were close to me. Some sat down in pools, and I did not like their looks, so without firing, I pushed my elephant right into their midst, and not a buffalo moved. They were a herd of tame cows, turned out by the villagers to be covered by the wild bulls, and there was

nobody looking after them. Going home I came across a wild herd and killed two. I also shot some small game. I bought Tye's two elephants; one was a beauty, and very staunch, but had a young one with her. The other had been a fair elephant in its day, but its tail had been wrenched off by a wild elephant, and it had been severely cut by a rhinoceros when it was out shooting with Tye's assistant, with whom, odd to say, I had gone home in 1866, and who gave me a map of this part of the country, when I never expected to be sent to Assam. This elephant was very good for baggage, but no use for shooting.

*March 1st.*—Rode to Deopani, expecting to meet the Superintending Engineer and his brother, but there was no news of them. This is a beastly hole; very little clearance, and any amount of ticks and mosquitoes, and bad water.

*March 2nd.*—So returned to a nice open spot on a river, five miles on the Koliabar side of Gotemguh. I was kept waiting here a whole week, and went out after rhinoceros every day, to a marsh close by. I put up one or two of them, but did not see one the whole time,—the grass was too high and thick. Marks of elephants were also very plentiful. After the jungles have been burnt, this must be a good place for sport. At last the Superintending Engineer arrived, and we marched back to Gowhatty. Near Nawgong I killed three buffaloes and one alligator. I had work south, and the 27th April found me at Luckeepore, in company with the Superintending Engineer and Colonel Comber, the Deputy Commissioner. We shot a few duck, partridges, and pea-fowl, *en route*. The zemindar, or rajah, as he is more commonly called, of this place, is a very enlightened native for this part of the world. He is very obliging, and has built two or three bungalows for the use of travellers. His palace is a regular curiosity-shop, which he is very fond of showing to passers-by. He has a large shed of elephants, amongst

them the one tusker "Mainah," already mentioned. His son, a lad of twenty, has been very successful as a sportsman, having cleared the country all round of rhinoceros and buffaloes and tigers; but he is a bit of a poacher for all that. Mounted on Mainah, and armed with a single-barreled cannon, carrying a 6-oz. ball, he goes out on moonlight nights, when the rhinoceros are feeding, and do not suspect danger, and firing into one, he does not follow it up if it be only wounded, but leaves it to his shikarees to retrieve hereafter, which they generally do. In this way, in about six weeks he killed, I believe, thirty-four rhinoceros and ten tigers, besides other game, and has depopulated these jungles as far as game is concerned. Only a few years ago Captains Cocks and Bunbury had, in a month's trip in these jungles, killed no end of rhinoceros, tigers, and elephants; but you may hunt for a month now and get nothing. The rajah has some fine rhinoceros horns and elephant tusks, all killed by his son. He killed one very fine tusker, a good hundred yards off, with his single-barrel cannon, by a shot behind the shoulder. This mode of shooting has ruined these jungles. One wounded beast allowed to roam about does more harm than a dozen killed outright; and animals either desert that part of the country, or are so wide awake that it is impossible to approach them. A few months before our arrival "Mainah," the one-tusker, had, single-handed, overcome a magnificent mucknah; he was the handsomest beast I ever saw, and close upon eleven feet in height. He was already sufficiently docile to kneel down, but the poor brute was very weak, as they had been starving him to render him docile, and I fear had overdone it. The poor thing's legs were a mass of sores from ropes, with which he had been fastened. The rajah had been offered 5,000 Rs. for it, but unfortunately for himself he refused, as the animal died some two months after we left. Talking of this reminds me that there was an elephant in the Burpettah district so

famous as a shikaree and koonkie, that Jung Bahadoor sent a captain and a party of men to buy him for the Duke of Edinburgh's shooting trip, and they only succeeded in doing so after paying 18,000 Rs. for him, the highest price, I fancy, ever paid for one elephant. Comber got the loan of "Mainah." I stuck to Lutchmee, but had the funky mahout with me; and although the man could behave at times uncommonly well, yet he was never to be depended upon, and I never took him if I expected to find either rhinoceros or tigers; but as I could not get Sookur I had to put up with him.

On the 29th April Comber and I went out, intending to shoot anything we came across. The country had been rather overburnt. About a mile from the village, in the open marshy ground, we came upon a boar, and Comber made some pretty shots at it; but, though hard hit, we lost it. We then saw a marsh-deer with a broken leg, and whilst we were consulting together whether we should go after it and shoot it, my elephant began to trumpet in a peculiarly pitiful manner, and I knew she smelt a tiger. She was as good as a pointer in some respects. I called out to Comber to look out. We immediately formed line, and beat carefully forward, and one elephant after the other began to trumpet, and were very backward in advancing. Although the grass had been well burnt, the stalks of the long grass had only been charred, and were still standing, and through them we saw a tiger stealing away. I took a snap-shot, but missed; it then bounded along, and Comber fired, but also missed. It then ran down a nullah and up the other side; we got a glimpse now and then; I then fired and hit it through the thigh; she gave a roar and disappeared. We formed line and crossed the nullah, the elephants wonderfully steady. We beat along very carefully, and had not gone far when the tigress, as she proved to be, charged us viciously, picking out Mainah, the

largest elephant, as the object of attack. Comber and I reserved our fire till she was within a few paces, then, firing together, we rolled her over. Not an elephant moved. She picked herself up as quick as lightning, ran back a few yards, and then came at us again. This time she singled out my elephant, but a right and left from me, and a shot from Comber, sent her to the right-about. She ran down the bank of the nullah, swam the river, and as she ascended the opposite bank I rolled her over. She was a small beast, only eight feet long. The scrimmage, whilst it lasted, was a very pretty one, and every elephant behaved admirably. We padded her and sent her home. We then continued our beat, and disturbed nothing but hog-deer; but the grass was so heavy we never got fair shots at them. We then came across a herd of buffaloes, but as there was not a decent horn amongst them we let them go unmolested. Further on Comber floored a marsh-deer; but she picked herself up and ran towards me, and when about twenty yards off stood still looking at me. I raised my heavy No. 10 Lang rifle, and aiming between her eyes, fired. The only result of my shot was a white seam on the deer's head, extending along the whole scalp. The poor beast never moved, so, firing the second barrel at the chest, I killed her; but why the first shot did not kill, or at least stun her, has ever been a puzzle to me. We then breakfasted, and afterwards went off to the rhinoceros ground. It was a great pity the jungles had been burnt to the extent they were. There was one unburnt patch surrounded on three sides by a nasty deep treacherous nullah, over which we had great difficulty in getting. On ascending the bank, in a bit of open ground, we saw a rhinoceros, but it too had seen us, and was off before we could fire. It ran across the river, and recrossed it further up, and got into the densest part of the cover. We followed up, and were nearly coming to grief in the bed of the river, which was all but a

quagmire; but after struggling till our howdahs were nearly shaken off, we got on to the other side. Here a rhinoceros dodged us, by hiding till we had passed, and then charging Tye's elephant without a tail, which, as has been already said, had formerly been severely cut by a rhinoceros. This sent the elephant flying, and it went head foremost into the nullah, where it stuck some time before it could extricate itself, and where it screeched all the while. It now began to rain in torrents, and Comber and I got soaking wet. We tried several dodges to force the rhinoceros to break, but they knew better, and kept dodging backwards and forwards in grass twenty feet high. Once we made sure we had got one of them, as we heard an animal cross the nullah and come towards us; but it turned out to be a bull buffalo with fair horns; and we let him go. We were getting cold and cramped, and finding it hopeless to induce the rhinoceros to break, we left them and hurried home.

*April 30th.*—It rained incessantly all day, so we stopped at home and cleaned the locks of our guns.

*May 1st.*—Comber and I went across country to Dhobree, whilst our comrade went by the road. We put up lots of deer, but did not bag one. We got into rhinoceros ground at Tikri Killah; one got up before me, but in such heavy grass I did not see it. Comber came across one and rolled it over dead, and called out to me to look out, as there was another coming my way. As I saw some beast rushing through the grass I fired a haphazard shot, and killed a three-parts grown rhinoceros, for which I was very sorry, as it was of a nice size to catch. We had not gone half a mile when I heard a rhinoceros grunting. Going towards the noise, I came upon a huge animal, so large that, thinking it might be an elephant, I hesitated to fire; but on the noise being repeated I fired a right and left into the mass, which fell on its knees, then recovered itself, and went off screeching, and I full pelt

after him. But, fast as my elephant is, I had not a chance, and one of the largest rhinoceros I ever saw soon distanced me, and as it was going in the opposite direction to our camp I could not afford the time to go on searching for it. We saw only hog-deer and partridges after this, and near camp I killed a florikan. We found our tents pitched near a nice tank, on high ground, and beautiful open country all round; quite different from other parts of Assam. Comber got a deer and a few partridges to-day; I only the florikan and a peacock.

*May 2nd.*—Comber and I as usual shot our way across country.—The whole country lovely for riding; but we had neither horses nor spears with us; indeed this was my first trip this way. The pigs were very numerous, lying out in the open, and very pugnacious. We wanted food for our Cacharees, so shot a couple of boars. We should not have done so had we not wanted food, and had no means of riding these pigs; but I never saw such riding ground in all my life. We left this and got into heavy grass, and Comber put up two rhinoceros out of a mud-hole. He followed one, and I cut off the other; fairly ran it down on Lutchmee, and killed it with two shots. Comber's escaped. We saw lots of marsh-deer to-day.

On reaching the river's bank, we got on to a chur, or island, and a villager told us a tiger had killed a cow that morning near a tank. He took us to the spot, and sure enough there were the remains of a cow but recently killed; but where could the tiger be? as, with the exception of a fringe of long grass round the tank, there was not any cover where a cat could hide; so we made sure of getting this tiger, which had been fired at once or twice previously. We thought we had him in a trap. We most carefully beat all the grass round the tank, to the very end, without seeing anything, and thinking the tiger had crossed over to some neighbouring

chur, and just then a deer getting up, I fired two shots at it. My first went through its ear, the next floored it, and whilst we were clustered round it, Comber's mahout called out "the tiger!" We all looked up, and bounding along, in the perfect open, was a magnificent tiger; but he disappeared down the bank and was out of shot before we could pick a rifle up! He had been lying under a solitary bush, in the open, watching a herd of cattle feeding towards him, and had allowed us to pass him within fifty yards without moving, and only bounded away on hearing my shots and our talking together over the fallen deer. We hunted him everywhere, but did not see him again. We shot some florikan and two small deer to-day, and reached Dhoobree just before dark, and returned to Gowhatty by steamer.

Towards the end of the month I was out on an inspection tour on the north bank at a place called Kumblepore, where there was not much jungle. The villagers came and asked me to kill some buffaloes, that had taken possession of a cane-brake in the midst of their village, and had gored several people. I was disinclined to go out, as I don't care for buffalo-shooting, and I had cut my middle finger nearly to the bone firing heavy charges at rhinoceros and buffaloes, and funk'd pulling a trigger; but the people were so earnest that I went out. Before I reached their village, in an open bheel, I came across the first bull buffalo; he did not seem to mind me a bit, but let me get within sixty yards, and then walked towards me shaking his head. I let him come to within forty yards, then floored him with a shot in the chest, but he picked himself up and ran across me all abroad. I made a good shot and rolled him over dead. They then took me to a cane-brake, with a village on either side. This was a horrible place, very marshy, and full of not only long grass, but the rattan-creeper, through which it is almost impossible for an elephant to go. In this



I saw two buffaloes. After a short chase, during which my howdah twice nearly came to grief, owing to the rattans catching it across the front, I killed one and wounded the other very severely ; but it could get through the cane-brake faster than I could, and went across the plain, and eventually into grass twenty feet high, where I left it.