

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  
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MADRAS STAFF CORPS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

*VOLUME I.*

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## CHAPTER V.

Bear-shooting—Discover the wonderful big tree to be a *tope*—Fishing in the Monass—Keep guard over Wild Elephant—Mistaken notion in regard to size of Tigers—Bootan Dooars—Rhinoceros asleep—Get amongst a herd of them—Sport in boats over inundated country—Elephant catching.

BARRY, Butler, and I left Gowhatty on the 16th of January, 1869, on an inspection tour. I had to look out for limestone, and to see after road-work; Butler to verify reports made to him by his surveyors of a wonderful tree, said to cover an area of upwards of a mile square, and also of rivers flowing during the night which were perfectly dry during the day. We arrived at Kumblepore, thirty-six miles from Gowhatty, on the 18th. Barry and I shot our way across; we got pea-fowl, florikan, and black partridges, and reached camp late. About 4 P.M., just as we were going to bathe, a coolie came running up, saying he had seen a bear feeding in the open about three hundred yards off. We each took a rifle, and my overseer, Subroodeen, a plucky fellow, accompanied us. On reaching the place where the coolie said he had seen Bruin he was *non est*, but on going up to an isolated small clump of long grass we could see the marks of the claws of a bear, which had been scraping up white-ants. We stood round this clump in disorder, and with our rifles on the half-cock, talking and lamenting our bad luck, for though bears are very plentiful in Assam, they are very difficult to come across. Suddenly there was a movement in the grass. I stepped to the right and full-cocked my rifle. Barry went.

behind me, and Butler to the left, and out walked a good-sized bear within ten yards of me, and looking up at me like an idiot. Barry and I firing nearly together rolled her over in a heap, and another shot from me and two from Subroodeen did for her—for the bear proved to be an old female. She proved to be *Ursus labiatus*. Had she charged when we were unprepared for her she might have done us considerable damage.

From January 19th to 26th we were incessantly marching, and each day shot partridges, florikan, and deer, but met with no adventures. We examined the reputed big tree, and found it to consist of a clump of various trees about a mile square, in an extensive plain covered with high grass. The lines cut by the surveyors round this tope were plain enough, and the lazy wretches had contented themselves by showing this oasis in the desert as consisting of one tree, whereas we counted at least a dozen sorts, and all unconnected. We could not find out whether the reports about the nullahs being rivers during the night, but dry during the day, were true or not, but all the people assert it to be a positive fact.

On the 26th Barry and I killed some buffaloes and deer, and encamped at Mina Muttee; but I found I could not get Sookur, as he was in the employ of a mahajun, or native banker, catching wild elephants, and without him it is almost useless to go through these jungles, as careful tracking is required, and none of the Hindoostani mahouts are capable of following up an animal by its foot-marks.

*January 28th.*—We took things for a three days' trip, and started for the Monass in Bagh Dooar. It is a long march, but the country is generally very pretty, the scenery varied; and when close to the Bhootan Hills, out of which the Monass emerges, it is beautiful. To-day we saw marsh-deer in thousands, but as we all shot badly our bag was not a good one.

In the afternoon I went out fishing. I had caught a few fish in Burmah with the fly, but had not gone in regularly for it for I may say upwards of twenty years. I had some tackle, but most of it was very rotten. I had never seen a mahseer in my life, and I was anxious to catch one if I could. I had fished a good deal as a boy, and used to be very fond of it. As we had no boats, I got on to a rock projecting into the stream, and throwing out a small spoon began to troll. My very first cast hooked a large fish, but my line was so rotten that the fish walked off with thirty yards of line and my spoon; but I had one other left; throwing this well out into the stream, and allowing it to flow down some way before commencing to troll, I again hooked a fish, and succeeded in landing it after about twenty minutes' play. It was a beautiful fish of about 7 lbs. weight. As it was getting dark we went home to camp. It rained a good deal at night. A wild mucknah visited our camp, and stayed with our female elephants for upwards of two hours. Fearing he might do some damage to our male animals I stood on guard over him the whole time with the two-groove Lang in my hand, and not further than ten yards off him, and might have killed him easily, as the night turned out a very fine one after the rain ceased, with the moon near the full; but as he did no harm I would not fire at him, and was glad when he got our wind and stalked away, as it was cold work standing guard over him at night at this time of the year. He crossed over the Monass and disappeared on the other side.

29th.—Some Bhooteahs collecting india-rubber reported having seen four rhinoceros, but as it was raining I would not go after them, but went out fishing instead. I soon struck a fish, and lunded a mahseer about 8 or 9 lbs. in weight. I then hooked a very large fish that took away fully fifty yards of line. I played him for a long while, and

gradually reduced him to obedience, and drew him within sight, when he made another rush. I let him go, but the handle of the winch caught the sleeve of my jacket very slightly, almost imperceptibly, but the line was so rotten it broke in two, and the fish escaped with my last spoon. I tried artificial minnow, crystal bait, and flies, but without any result, so left off; and directly I reached camp wrote to Farlow for tackle, which arrived in time, and with which I killed lots of fish.

*January 30th to February 6th.*—We went to Gohine-Gourg; then to Bornugger, and on to Burpetah. Whilst there I had shots at a tiger, but failed to bag; we killed small game and deer every day; and at Baromah, Barry and I went to the Namuttee-bheel, and shot a lot of geese, and ducks, and teal; but owing to the police constantly molesting them, we found them very wild. This trip on the whole was an utter failure as far as the game bagged was concerned, but it enabled us to travel over new country, and to mark down likely spots for a future visit.

During March I was away to the west towards Dhoobree, passing through Luckeepore. Here the rajah showed me a mangoosteen tree, which he had imported from the Straits; it bore some fruit once every three or four years. I killed a lot of deer and small game *en route*; missed a tiger, owing to having the funky mahout with me; and I found Tikri Killah quite spoilt for sport, owing to the number of native shikarees allowed to go about and destroy game. I went as far as Singhamaree. On my return trip I got a tigress out of a chur, but as she fell to the first shell fired at her, she gave no sport. I got two rhinoceros about six miles from Tikri. I also wounded a very fine marsh-buck, and wishing to drive him out I set the jungles on fire, and found afterwards the poor brute had been burnt, but I fancy he had fallen dead before the fire reached him. I had some shooting here with a

Police officer, Floyd, and between us we killed many deer and one tiger, three rhinoceros, and four buffaloes. One of the latter alone charged, but was killed before he did any harm. In May I was out with Macdonald, when he was run away with by "Mainah," which has been described elsewhere. In July I shot a tiger close to Gowhatty, and missed another; and the Sepoys of the 43rd killed one or two more close to the station.

In January, 1870, General Blake, Ommanney of the 44th, Masters of the Police, and I started for the Monass. We had fair small-game and deer-shooting *en route*, and at the Monass we killed a good many fish, shot two rhinoceros, several buffaloes, many marsh and hog-deer, without any particular adventure till we were in sight of Burpetah. The General and Mrs. Blake were in one howdah, and were going towards the bungalow, as the sun was getting hot, when I proposed that we should try for florikan in ground a little to our right, and where we used frequently to go after them on foot. The grass was very low, and there were but a few hog-deer besides florikan to be found in it. We had scarcely turned into this, when a tiger jumped up and ran for his life. Campbell and I were on the fastest elephants, and we gave chase. Campbell fired and missed; I fired and hit it through the stomach. General Blake hearing our firing, turned back, and was in time to join our line, as we proceeded to beat for this tiger, which looked a very large one; but he must have lain *perdu* and allowed us to pass him, for we went to the end of the patch of long grass without seeing him. We turned back, and carefully retraced our footsteps, and on reaching the end of the grass we saw the tiger in the open, looking very seedy; both Masters and I fired at him, and one of us hit. He ran growling into the heaviest portion of the grass and pulled up. Blake, Ommanney, and I advanced up to him; the others stood a little way off. No sooner did we get near the tiger

than he came at us, with many an infernal growl, and sent our elephants flying. He always picked mine out, and once or twice very nearly made good his charge. He was close to the heels of my elephant once, but using the gun like a pistol and firing over the back of the howdah, I caught the tiger on the back of the head, and rolled him heels over head. He was then too much done to do much harm, but he kept growling and snarling, and not one of our elephants would budge an inch towards him. We kept in his front to attract his attention, and beckoned to Masters and Campbell to come up, which they did, and sighting the beast, they rolled him over dead. He was in bulk the very largest tiger I ever saw. It took fifteen men to lift him on to a pad. On reaching Campbell's bungalow, I measured our prize very carefully. He was just ten feet one inch; after being skinned twelve feet; and after being pegged out thirteen feet four inches, and broad in proportion; and it was curious afterwards to note what the different men present declared his size to be, some asserting twelve feet, others thirteen, all forgetting the ten feet one inch. But I had my pocket-book with me, and wrote down the measurements at the time, and am sure I am right as above stated. A tiger my overseer, Subrodeen, killed at Runjiah, was nine feet eight inches, but nothing like this in bulk. I have killed others between nine and ten feet—only two of the latter; but they were not to be compared to this monster, who must have weighed half as much again as any of them. I had the skin sent to Calcutta to be cured, but it was there stolen, and a mangy small skin sent me in its stead; and when I remonstrated, the tanners quietly said they had so many skins that doubtless some got changed, and were sent to the wrong people. The skull I sent to General Blake, but am not quite sure whether it ever reached him.

During February and March I had a little shooting, getting

several buffaloes, one rhinoceros, and two tigers, at Myung. One of the latter jumped on to a pad elephant, with all four feet off the ground, but as I was within a yard of it I killed it on the elephant's back. Two buffaloes also fought viciously, but were each time stopped before they closed. I got very good florikan, pea-fowl, partridge, and duck-shooting here. In one tank Reginald Bainbridge, Frank his cousin, and I, killed three buffaloes, and Frank made a clipping right and left and killing two buffaloes, which the villagers wanted him to pay for, as they swore they were tame ones! Jackson of the 43rd and I had long contemplated a shooting bout together in the Dooars, but various circumstances prevented our going out before the middle of April, 1870. On that day we started by boat for Bassahghat, *en route* to Burpetah. Our elephants had been sent on several days before, but we took our provisions and servants with us. We went in a large boat I had lately purchased, starting at 3 P.M. on the 15th April, and reached the ghat at 2 A.M., the fastest journey on record. The elephants had arrived, so at 7 A.M. on the 16th we started for Burpetah, and were most hospitably entertained by Mr. Campbell and his wife. The whole of this day was devoted by us to resorting and repacking our stores in portable boxes, arranging the loads for slinging on to different elephants, filling howdahs with ammunition, &c., and sorting our battery, with a view of starting early next day without any unnecessary delay.

My time was limited, thus we had to hurry on throughout our trip, and lost half the game we wounded because we could not afford time to halt to hunt for it. My companion had had a good deal of experience on foot, shooting in Central India, but was new to shooting out of a howdah. He was a capital shot, an ardent sportsman, and a right good fellow. We had everything any one could want in the way of provisions, &c., and set out on the 17th in good spirits, and



anticipating good sport. We generally took breakfast with us and one or two beating elephants; the rest we sent on with the servants along the native pathways to our proposed camp. Mr. Campbell, the Assistant-Commissioner of Burpetah, so often mentioned in these pages, was unable to accompany us, but aided us in every way in his power, and to him we were indebted for our supplies in localities remote from villages, when without his orders the native officials would have given us nothing. He had been kind enough also to get us huts built at different places where we proposed to halt. Sookur and his uncle Sectarauum also accompanied us. They knew the country we proposed to travel over, and, as before said, no one equalled Sookur as a tracker, and he often came with me in my shooting trips, though he would not take permanent employ with me, as he had a young and unruly wife, who would not leave her own village.

*Sunday, 17th.*—Sunday is always a lucky day with me for shooting, and this proved no exception. We started at half-past 5 A.M., making our way across the jungles straight for Baikée. We had scarcely crossed the river at Burpetah, and entered the short grass on the opposite bank, when Jackson got a shot at a hog-deer, but did not bag. I also missed one. We saw many buffaloes, but they were on the *qui vive*, and we would not be at the trouble of following them up. We then started a lot of marsh-deer, and in following them up got separated. Made a lucky shot with the express, and bowled over the big stag of the herd and wounded another, but lost it. Whilst I was quartering this deer (we had no spare elephants with us, and had thus to carry what we shot on our own elephants, slung on to the howdahs), Jackson joined me, having bagged a hog-deer. The stag I had killed had very fine horns—eight tips to each—but they were in velvet; but as the horns had just formed, we were enabled to preserve the head. This being our first march, we did not

wish to remain out long, so made for camp in as direct a line as we could. *En route*, Jackson killed a nice-sized boar for the pot, and a buck sambar—the first I have seen shot in the plains in Assam. As the latter was killed in a tope of trees close to camp, we left it and sent back men to bring it in, which they did. We reached Baikée at half-past 11 A.M.; our traps had only just arrived. We put up in a small hut, taking the precaution before going into it to knock down all the sides. In this hot weather all one wants is a good roof overhead, but any inclosures are a mistake, because they exclude the wind. As there was a nice breeze blowing, with a blazing sun overhead, we were soon *en deshabille* and comfortable enough. After breakfast we had a snooze, and when we woke up there was news of a tiger having killed a cow close by. We did not stir till 5 P.M.; we then got all our elephants in a line between us, Jackson on the left flank and I on the right; with the exception of the two elephants which we were riding, all the rest were bare-backed. We had not advanced three hundred yards from our camp, when, in front of us, but nearer Jackson than to me, out sprang a tiger, and ran along through the short grass. The shot was a long and difficult one, but Jackson let fly, and the tiger gave a roar and immediately pulled up. I called out, "Well done, Jackson—a good shot." With the exception of the patch of grass in which the tiger was, the country was open all round. We made the beating elephants form line touching one another, whilst we took up our positions in the open, one on the left and the other on the right. When the beaters got to within fifty or sixty yards of the tiger, he immediately charged them, roaring loudly; but as not one of them moved—in fact, being jammed, they could not—he swerved and came right at me. My elephant stood like a rock; I allowed him to come within ten yards, and a shell in the chest rolled him over dead. I fired one more shot into the chest to make

sure, but there was no need for it, as the tiger was quite dead. On carefully examining the tiger, we found only my two bullets, both shells, in him, and not the sign of a graze seen to account for his roaring and pulling up when Jackson fired at him, and it has been a puzzle to me ever since to account for it. I can only attribute his doing so to his having been on some previous occasion wounded; in fact, there was an old scar on his shoulder, the remains of an old gun-shot wound. He measured 9 feet 4 inches as he lay dead; height 2 feet 11 inches. We thus began luckily.

*April 18th.*—Started for Mina Muttee direct; fired at a deer and a pig, but got neither. We arrived at 11 A.M., and our traps at 12. Had great difficulty in getting food here for our camp, though the people ought to have known me well by this time, as I had not only supplied them on various occasions with quantities of rhinoceros and buffalo-meat gratis, but had paid with my own hands anything they had chosen to demand for the supplies they brought in. But there is a curious custom in Assam: the villagers will only sell either at the bazaars held weekly at some appointed place, or when they are ordered to do so by some native official. Sektaram and Sookur they knew well, yet we could get nothing without a fuss. As the stream here is always cool we did "buffalo" in it for some considerable time, and cooled our beer also in it.

*April 19th.*—We started very early for the Monass, for Matagoorie. I rode to-day a very old mucknah elephant belonging to the 43rd. He is a very steady brute, but so slow that it is heart-breaking being on him in chase of a wounded animal. I don't suppose he could go beyond two miles an hour however hard he might be pushed. After starting we changed our minds about going to the Monass to-day, and beat about the jungles in the vicinity of the village. We got on to the track of a rhinoceros, but he was

wide-awake, and gave Jackson a long shot only, and, though hard hit, got away. We saw many herds of marsh-deer, but as the bucks have no horns they are in hiding. I shot a couple of deer, and Jackson one, for camp use, and two pig for the Cacharies.

The game about here has been a good deal frightened away. There are several native shikarees about, who fire at everything with inadequate charges, slightly wound them, do not recover the game, and disturb the jungles to such an extent that there is no getting near anything.

*April 20th.*—We started definitely for Baghdooar to-day. I was on the mucknah again. We went a long way without seeing anything, but nearing a fine tope of trees, a sort of oasis in the surrounding grass expanse, Jackson fired at a marsh-buck, but missed. I then came upon two others, beckoned to Jackson, and killed them both. Their horns were in velvet and useless, as the bone or horn had not formed. Beyond this tope we came upon a rhinoceros' track, and following up carefully, after a long trudge we came upon it, fast asleep in the bed of a nullah, without even a blade of grass to screen it from the sun. The brute looked like a huge pig fast asleep, the head towards us, and in the position it was lying no vital spot was exposed. I was nearest to the brute, but hesitated to fire; at last Sookur had the sense to whistle, which awoke the sleeping beauty, and on its lifting its head Jackson and I let fly at its chest. It sprang up, and in its confusion it ran right towards us, making its peculiar noise, something between grunting and squealing; but it was dead in a few seconds, as our battery proved too much for it. We each had four heavy rifles in the howdah.

Shortly afterwards we came across a herd of buffaloes, killed two, and wounded several. We then breakfasted and rested for half an hour, and after that resumed our journey. Jackson made a good shot and killed a deer. We then went

a long way, and when within sight of Matagoorie I saw a huge rhinoceros standing under a large tree. Its head was protected by the trunk, but I could see its shoulder nicely. I got to within forty yards, and my first shot from the two-groove Lang knocked it down. I fired two more shots as it lay struggling on the ground, but the more I fired the more lively it got. It recovered its legs, and went off at a slow trot; and I went in chase, and kept firing as fast as I could load; but owing to the slowness of the elephant I could not get an inch nearer, and it kept some fifty yards ahead of me. The dense jungle was only a hundred yards in front of it, and once in that I was pretty certain to lose my quarry; but at this critical moment up came Jackson on a fast elephant, overhauled it, and killed it. This was one of the largest rhinoceros I have ever seen, and I got down and measured it. Extreme length from snout to tip of tail, 13 feet 4 inches; height at shoulder, 6 feet 2 inches; length of horn, 13 inches. Being close to camp I went straight to it, but Jackson went off to the right, and came upon another huge rhinoceros, fired seven shots at it, reduced it to a walk, but as it got into a tangled brake he lost it, and though we searched for it next day, we never recovered it. Jackson reached camp at 4 P.M. We then went down to the Monass and trolled for mahseer. Jackson caught the first fish—one about 6 lbs. in weight. I then caught three, weighing 19, 8, 25 lbs. each. The mahouts that went to bring in the head of the big rhinoceros I had killed came across a tiger eating a deer both going and coming back, and wanted us to go after it, but as it was all but dark we declined, but promised to look it up in the morning. We had pitched our tents too close to the Monass, and as it blew the usual tornado, we had several inches of sand over us and in our beds in the morning; so we moved our camp further back out of the influence of this deadly breeze.

*April 21st.*—Very foolishly, instead of going after the tiger first, I gave in to Jackson, and we went after his rhinoceros; but his mahout never succeeded in finding the tangled brake into which he had disappeared the previous evening. After wasting several hours in searching fruitlessly, we got on to fresh tracks and followed them up, but up to nine o'clock we saw nothing. Suddenly as we were passing a narrow strip of grass jungle, Jackson caught sight of a rhinoceros and fired into it. The wounded one began to spin round and round and to grunt and squeal in a manner peculiar to rhinoceros, and I should say a dozen others joined in the noise. I never heard such a pandemonium in my life, and this lasted fully five minutes; and whilst it was going on, not one of our elephants would stir a step forward. The grass was so dense and high, that even when the elephants were persuaded to go into it, I hesitated, because the risk of getting them cut was so great, and the rhinoceros appeared to be so numerous and frenzied that I fully expected a battle royal. Not to run any risks, we went some way off, and told some men to set the grass on fire and to burn towards us; but though the grass looked as dry as tinder, yet it would not burn; so we sat down to breakfast under a tree on a high piece of land close to where the rhinoceros had disappeared. Before we had half finished, a mahout ran up saying there was a rhinoceros as big as an elephant feeding close by. We left our meal, mounted our elephants, and went towards the point indicated. We soon saw an immense rhinoceros; he was so intent on feeding, we thought we could get up to him on our animals without being perceived. There was a nullah close by, into which we could have got, and by crawling along its bed we could have got within five yards of the monster feeding on its bank; but instead of doing so advanced together against our foe. We got to within sixty yards, when the rhinoceros looked up and immediately turned

to bolt. He got two barrels from each of us, rolled down the nullah side, picked himself up at the bottom, and ran away as lively as if he had not been touched. We followed some way, but seeing from the way the pachydarm was legging it that it was a hopeless task, we hurried back to the strip, where Jackson had wounded one before breakfast. In this we formed line and advanced very slowly and cautiously. Keeping the elephants well together, almost immediately a rhinoceros, followed by a butcha, charged Jackson, whose elephant swerved, but not before Jackson had fired two shots and turned the rhinoceros towards me. I also gave her two shots, and she ran about fifty yards and dropped dead. Going on I found myself in the midst of a whole herd of rhinoceros; there were probably ten or twelve rhinoceros in the grass and five or six immediately round me, all making their diabolical noises, at hearing which elephants generally go mad with funk, become ungovernable and bolt; but the old mucknah I was on never moved. Firing quickly, I wounded at least four, and had just time to reload my battery, when I had one brute charging me on the left, another on the right, and one in the rear, and several others making feints all round, and I fired as quickly as I could snatch up the rifles. I had four rifles and my smooth-bore with me, and I emptied every one before I was quit of my foes. One pertinacious devil did not give up the ghost until my very last shot, and the result was that two rhinoceros lay dead upon the ground, two more went away severely wounded, and several others were hit. Had my elephant not stood like a rock he must have come to grief, and as it was I had the greatest difficulty in restraining Sookur, who wanted to follow up the wounded before I was reloaded—indeed I had to threaten to punch his head before I could keep him within bounds. I have never seen such a lot of rhinoceros together before or since, nor heard such an infernal din as they created. Jackson

joined me just as the last of my foes was retiring, and he fired into two or three, but did not bring any down. We re-formed line, and beat the long strip of grass-jungle. We again came across several, and dropped one more, but the others got into a tree-jungle so interlaced with creepers that elephants could not go in after them, and they escaped us, but not the natives who were following us, as they got three. We then went back and took the horns of those we had killed, when suddenly a three-parts grown rhinoceros charged me. I turned him with two shots; he then bore down upon Jackson, whose elephant turned tail and bolted, followed in full chase by the rhinoceros. Jackson, owing to the pace at which his elephant was bolting, could not shoot straight, and after missing several times he dropped it, but not before it had closed with and struck his elephant; but fortunately the brute was too much done to use his tusks, and the elephant was uninjured. Jackson got cut and bruised about in the howdah and he must have had anything but a happy time of it whilst being chased. Wanting meat for the camp, *en route* back I killed a hog-deer and a pig. Jackson wounded a pig, but lost it.

In the evening we went out fishing; Jackson caught two mahseer weighing 20 and 12 lb. each; and I also caught two 19½ and 6 lb.; and on the whole we had a good day's sport.

*April 22nd.*—Jackson was very seedy all last night, so it was late before we started. We saw nothing till after crossing the Gatee nullah; we then saw a large rhinoceros, but he was too wide awake and escaped unscathed. Shortly afterwards we saw another, and stalked him beautifully; and as he entered a clump of trees, we went round and met him face to face, and killed him at once. This was a very large rhinoceros with a good horn, but the latter had been injured in some way, and the root of it was full of maggots, the stench dreadful, and in a few days the horn would have tumbled off



altogether, and in time a new one would have grown in its place. We went on to the Pohomarah river, and crossed it; but as it had little or no water, we gave up all idea of halting on its banks. In a clump of trees I saw a mithun, the Assamese appellation for a bison (*Bos Gaurus*), but they use the same word for the gyal as well. I fired two shots, and hit it hard; it left blood behind, but got into such a tangled forest that I could not follow it, and lost it. Going home we saw several sambur, but would not fire at them as they were docs. Jackson shot a hog-deer near camp. In the evening we went out fishing; Jackson caught two, 26, 7 lb. each. I caught two, 17, 9 lb. each. We each lost two fish.

*April 23rd.*—We moved camp to-day: slight rain during the night and early in the morning. We went a long way without seeing anything, but at last fired at a marsh-deer, and soon afterwards came across the marks of a rhinoceros: followed it up, came across it and hit it, but lost it in a patch of tree-jungle. As rhinoceros' tracks were plentiful we left the deer alone, though we saw lots of them, and amongst them several bucks, but with their horns in velvet. In following up fresh marks, we came upon a rhinoceros lying down in a river. I fired and hit hard; it ran up the bank towards us and we killed it without difficulty. I then came upon a bear and killed it with two shots. Jackson then wounded a rhinoceros, but it got away. I soon afterwards saw a rhinoceros in the bed of another nullah, and knocked it twice over, but it got away after all. It passed Jackson's orderly, a Goorkha, and received two shots, but got away from him also, and disappeared in the neighbouring long grass. We also came upon a fine mucknah elephant, but of course did not molest it. Jackson also hit a large bull buffalo, but lost it. Our servants came across two rhinoceros and a big elephant; the latter they had to fire at, as it seemed pugnaciously inclined. In the evening we again went out. We got a marsh-deer

and a cow buffalo; the latter with horns ten feet six inches round the curve. We halted at Basharee, where there is a deliciously cold stream.

*April 24th.*—It rained a good deal all night and in the early morning, and our sheds were swamped. We went out about 8, and sent Sectaram and the orderly to look up the wounded rhinoceros. Instead of doing so, they followed up fresh tracks and spoilt our day's sport by disturbing the country ahead of us. We saw to-day an immense herd of buffaloes, and amongst them some bulls with huge horns; but as the ground was quite open, we could not get anywhere near them. Whilst endeavouring to circumvent them, I came across a bear; rolled it over, but lost it. After trudging a long way, we came upon the fresh marks of a rhinoceros; Sookur followed them up. The heat was awful, and there was not the least shade or a cloud in the sky. As is usual, the rhinoceros had been feeding in a circle, so the task of hunting him to his lair was a tedious one. Jackson gave it up in disgust and got under a tree, whilst I went on, and in about half an hour came upon it lying down in a patch of long grass, and as it jumped up I killed it with two shots in the shoulder. We then came to a very heavy belt of jungle, and out of it ran a rhinoceros and its young. As we were anxious to catch the butcha, we killed the mother, but unfortunately one of Jackson's conicals ricocheted off the dead beast into its young one, and wounded it so badly that it had to be destroyed. Our men filled two bottles with the rhinoceros' milk, and I first tasted it. It was very weak and very sweet—very like, I should say, to a woman's milk in the earlier stage of nursing. Going home, looking down the narrow bed of a steep nullah, I saw a rhinoceros lying down at the bottom, with its feet in the air; and thinking it was dead and one of those we had lost yesterday, I called out to Jackson, "Here is one of our rhinoceros." No

sooner had I spoken than up jumped the rhinoceros and came up the bank straight at me. Fortunately, for the first time, the mucknah, to avoid the charge, spun round and escaped being cut. In another moment the rhinoceros was lying dead.

*April 25th.*—Moved camp to Kalugoun, a short march. We came across fresh marks of rhinoceros, but being tired of slaughtering them, did not follow them up. We crossed one fine river and several smaller streams. Near our huts we bagged a marsh-deer, and Jackson killed a florikan. In the evening we again went out, and Jackson killed another marsh-deer, and we saw many florikans, but they were so wild, we could not get within shot of them; but as the heat and gadflies were very trying, we did not exert ourselves much to-day to get sport.

*April 26th.*—Rain again during the night and morning. Moved camp to Battubaree: found the country very difficult to traverse owing to the numerous nullahs and water-courses we had to cross. There must have been very many years ago a large inhabited tract where now there is only a howling wilderness. The irrigation channels we came across were numerous and very difficult to get across. We saw some deer and partridges, and killed a few of each.

*April 27th.*—Went over the lime localities. There is a good deal of lime about, but it is very scattered, and will scarcely repay to collect it. We saw a wild elephant and many marsh-deer; and the people reported that wild cattle—a cross between the gyal and zebu—were in the vicinity, but we saw none. Near home we put up a large rhinoceros, and killed at the first discharge; and the result of our experience is, that although they are far easier to kill than buffaloes, yet the elephants funk them more.

*April 28th.*—Moved to Paka Marah. Near every village there were numbers of cattle lying about dead, a result of

the usual cattle plague so prevalent in Assam. Near one village a tiger had dragged away a dead carcass; we followed up a short way, but not coming across our royal foe, resumed our journey. We saw lots of florikan, but they were very wild, and we could not get within shot of them, but of deer we did not see one, though generally they were here in dozens.

*April 29th.*—We marched to Kumblepore. The stream which supplies this place with water had dried up, so we had great difficulty in getting water for ourselves, camp, and elephants.

*April 30th.*—We went to Rungiah, and we shot a deer and several partridges *en route*, but as the heat was awful, we were glad to get home and do "buffalo" early. Thus ended our trip of fifteen days. Had we been masters of our own time, by halting a day here and there we might have doubled our bag; but after all we did not do badly.

Jackson, having still a balance of time to the good, went out to Kookooriah, Barry's garden, where between them they killed a fine rhinoceros, with a horn 13 inches long, and weighing 2½ seers, besides wounding and losing two others, and bagging various deer and buffaloes.

I was out later in this bheel, and came across numerous dead buffaloes and bison lying about the bheel, victims of the cattle disease. I stalked two bison, but missed them both; and shot a few buffaloes and deer; and collecting the entire skeletons of two bison, and a bull and a cow buffalo and two rhinoceros and several marsh-deer, I sent them to the Calcutta Museum.

June found me again at Kookooriah in company with French, the superintendent of police, and Gordon, a neighbouring tea-planter. The first day only French and I went out. We killed two buffaloes; one charged me viciously, and though she got the full benefit of my heavy battery, she

never swerved, but struck my elephant on the forearm with only her forehead, the horns passing on either side, and inflicting no damage: two more shots killed her. Sitting in Barry's house, situated on a *teelah* or hill overlooking the swamp, we could see buffaloes, pigs, and deer feeding every day, and occasionally elephants, and now and then a tiger or bison. The next day we went to visit a deserted tea-garden, and on passing by a clump of grass a vicious old bull buffalo with *one* horn charged us, without any provocation on our part, but we killed it before it could do any harm.

The next day it rained a good deal, so Barry and I remained at home looking on, whilst Gordon and French went out. We could see everything quite distinctly from the verandah. They got into the midst of a herd of buffaloes and killed five, but one old bull stood at bay, charged French's elephant, which spun round and bolted, nearly throwing his rider out of the howdah. French fired a shot or two, but had to hold on to the howdah to prevent himself being pitched out, so the bull had it all his own way. He chased French for upwards of two hundred yards, giving the elephant an occasional prod behind to induce it to keep at its full pace, but inflicting no serious wounds. When the elephant reached an open piece of ground the bull buffalo pulled up and retreated, but French's elephant would not stop till it reached the foot of our hill, and nothing would induce her to go back: so the bull escaped, as he well deserved. To us, who were looking on, the scene was most ludicrous—French holding on like grim death, the elephant shrieking and bolting, and the bull prodding her behind! We laughed till we cried.

In July I had to go along the trunk road to note down the high water levels. The task was a very unpleasant one, as the country was flooded, and it poured with rain every day, and I had very little sport. At Luckeepore the rajah got together some boats, and we went out shooting in them across the

inundated country. The Assamese had only spears and dhaws. I took one rifle only, for fear of being upset. I did not interfere with their sport much, as I wished to see how it was conducted. These boats are propelled by a dozen men; they draw very little water. We went along till we reached small islets, covered with long grass; these were bits of land higher than the surrounding country, and though they looked dry they had actually a foot or so of water over them. As we approached one of them the men began to yell, and three marsh and two hog-deer ran out and began to swim for their lives, but were speedily killed one after the other.

We went on with various luck till some eight or nine deer had been killed; we then had a chase after three buffaloes, but as we passed the clump out of which they had started the old bull, who had remained behind, charged us. We were only in water about two feet deep, and that was no hindrance to him, so he came at us full pelt. The men tried to pull into the deep water, but he was too quick for them, and as he closed I fired and floored him close to us—so close that the boat was nearly swamped by the water which came in by the splash he made. But he was by no means dead; one of the Assamese speared him as we passed by, and I gave him another shot, but he was up again and after us. Before I could load, he struck the boat, nearly upsetting us. The men jumped out, but he took no notice of them, but prodded the boat again. I also jumped out, as shooting out of the rickety old boat was impossible. The water was not up to my waist, so I got a good shot at the infuriated beast's chest, which proved a sickener, as he turned and gave me a shoulder shot; he then ran back a little way and fell down to rise no more. Whilst this scrimmage was going on, the other boats were in full chase of the three other buffaloes. Of these they only killed one; the others got into shallow water and galloped away. We went on for several miles, beating all likely

looking spots, getting here a hog, in others a hog-deer, now and then a marsh-deer. One rhinoceros was started, but it got away. At last, about three o'clock, there was a yell, and several boats went in full chase of what proved to be a tiger. We were nearly the last, and I urged my men to pull, as I wanted to see a tiger speared in this way. All the Assamese boats were vying with one another and trying who should get up first, and yelling most discordantly. We were nearing fast, when a man in the leading boat threw a spear, which apparently missed; another was thrown which struck the tiger. It immediately roared or growled and turned towards the boat, but was greeted with a shower of spears which turned it. It was swimming in deep water, but not far ahead it was quite shallow, and the object of the men was to kill it before it could get there. They not only threw their spears, but using them as lances thrust away at its beautiful hide. Once it got hold of the side of the boat and nearly upset it, but got a blow from a dhaw that laid open the head and made it let go. Still the tiger, though covered with wounds and dyeing the water all round with its blood, swam strongly; but what with its roaring, growling, and now and then gurgling as it was thrust under water, and the yells and screams of its assailants, the scene was an exceedingly savage one. By this time I was close up; the tiger got to the shallow, ran a little way, and then charged at the prow of the boat. Fearing some injury, I thought it was now time for me to interfere, so I fired, but from the unsteadiness of my boat my first shot missed. By this time the tiger had seized the prow of the boat and was worrying it, taking no notice of the men. Telling my men to leave off rowing and to steady the boat, I put my second shot through the tiger's head, which killed it on the spot. It turned out to be a tigress, 8 feet 3 inches, but its skin was utterly ruined, owing to the numerous spear-wounds. We got home at five with thirteen deer, five pigs,

two buffaloes, and one tiger. I wanted to see this kind of sport once; I can't say I care for it, but it is very exciting whilst it lasts, and looks very dangerous, yet I believe very few accidents occur.

As the rajah was going to send his koonkies to catch elephants, he asked me whether I should like to go, and of course I said yes. We went beyond Tikri Killah towards Bengaligunge or Hât. My elephant had a pad on it, the rest had only ropes. This mode of sport has been described elsewhere. I was with them when they caught two elephants, but I believe they caught in all eight, of which two were strangled outright, and four others died of mortification afterwards.



## CHAPTER VI.

Axis (spotted deer).—Dancing-girls at Hazoo.—Old Burmese Fort.—Wild animals within the same.—Directions for obtaining good sport.—Tame elephant trying to escape.—Sporting baboo.—Dead tigress in swamp.—Buffaloes.—Rhinoceros, &c.

I HAD often heard rumours of spotted deer being found in Assam, but though I had travelled across the country more than most men, I had only come across one, on the banks of the Mouass near Matagoorie, and as I knew they were plentiful on the west bank of that river, I concluded that the one I shot on the east bank was a stray one, but as I had to go along the foot of the Bhootan Hills I thought I would look for them, and for the wild cattle said to be found at their base. I was not successful, but the country we travelled over was very interesting, and there were lots of deer and small game about, and we heard tigers calling to each other nearly every night, as this is their season for pairing.

Thomas, of the Police, accompanied me. We started on the 18th of February, and the first day went to Herraparah, where I was detained that and the next day on professional work. This neighbourhood is famous for florikan, partridge, buffaloes, deer, and occasionally tigers.

*February 20th.*—Marched to Hazoo, a very sacred spot, where Bhooteahs, Hindoos, and even Mussulmans go to worship nominally, but the real attraction is, I believe, the numerous gangs of dancing-girls, the only ones in Lower Assam. These are said to live in villages by themselves, no men being allowed to live with them. Like all dancing-girls these are

prostitutes, but confine themselves to visiting only natives. They are a fine, handsome race, the only good-looking, well-made women I have seen in Assam.

*En route* to our camp Thomas shot a teal, and missed a bird that looked to me very like a woodcock; I hunted for it everywhere, but could not flush it again. We pitched our camp outside the village, and in the evening the people came and asked us to shoot a tiger, which had killed a cow in a cane-brake in the midst of their village. We went out; there was the dead bullock, sure enough, just killed, but not a sign of the tiger, or more probably a panther, as I shot one here afterwards. We went on to an extensive bheel and saw another kill, but could not find the tiger. In this bheel I shot ten ducks and two birds very like ducks, differing in the bill only, but when flying they could not be distinguished from ducks. The Assamese said they were far better than ducks to eat, so we had them cooked. I thought them abominable, but my comrade ate his with relish: We saw thousands of geese, but could not get near them. We saw a lot of florikan as we were going home, but they were too wild to shoot.

*Feb. 21st.*—We had great difficulty in getting coolies to take our traps. Had news of a fresh kill in the village, and thoroughly searched the cane-brake, but saw nothing, nor did the elephants show any signs of fear. We then went to the bheel, and beat all the grass round its edges, but saw no marks of a tiger, though it must have been somewhere near, as the kill of last night had been entirely devoured. We had to go through water nearly the whole march. We saw thousands of geese and ducks. At one bheel I shot a florikan and a duck; further on we came to another bheel black with water-fowl, took advantage of a herd of cattle to stalk up to them, and with our four-barrels knocked over eight ducks, three of them being pin-tail, which are not very plentiful in Assam. During the

remainder of the day we got six or eight more ducks and teal, and came across the tamest batch of wild geese I have yet seen. They allowed the villagers to fish with baskets within twenty yards of them; they did not seem to mind us either, but we could not get within shot, except by wading up to our middles, and that we did not care to do. We reached Kumblepore at 3, after a fatiguing march of fifteen miles through water.

*Feb. 22nd.*—We beat over the ground where Baker and Masters of the Police shot two tigers last year, but saw nothing. As our elephants had undergone a hard day's work yesterday we gave them a rest for the greater part of the day.

*Feb. 23rd.*—To Rungiah: no shooting *en route*.

*Feb. 24th.*—To Kumblepore; we went off the road shooting. About two miles from Rungiah there is an old fortified town, which I strongly suspect the Burmese had constructed during their occupation of the country, as it is exactly built on the plans of their own towns; it is about two miles square, surrounded by high earthen ramparts; a river runs through the centre. This place when I first saw it in 1867 was quite deserted on account of man-eating tigers, but now several small villages had sprung up; but still there are numerous pea-fowl, deer, partridges, and occasionally buffaloes to be found within this inclosure. Nor had the tigers deserted it, as a tiger had killed early this morning no less than four bullocks; none of them had been eaten, and as there was not much jungle about, we beat for him a good three hours, but could not find him. The ground was unfavourable for elephants, consisting of a series of mounds thrown up by worms, over which elephants can only travel with great difficulty; but I have no doubt it was there all the while, but succeeded in dodging us amongst these mounds, as I killed one here on my next trip in very nearly the same spot. I got to-day six black partridges and Thomas two florikan and a hare.

*Feb. 25th.*—To Doorgagung—ten miles. Saw a lot of florikan and deer, but they were too wild to shoot. We came across a herd of marsh-deer, wounded several, but lost them all. I shot some partridges. Here there are three rivers: these join lower down and form the Rungiah river. Limestone is found here, but the difficulty is to transport it to Gowhatty.

*Feb. 26th.*—To Jargoan: went through frightful jungle, full of pitfalls. We fortunately took a guide with us or we might have come to grief. I killed a hog-deer, two hares, and five black partridges, and two marsh partridges; saw lots of florikan, but could not get near them. There are lots of bears in this vicinity, but we could not come across any. Here we ought to have turned off to go to the ground where spotted deer are found. The following are the directions sent to me by Mr. Driberg, in charge of this district for many years, and who was a very successful sportsman:—"From Gaibaree go straight across country to Atasikhat tea-gardens, eight miles off. Good hog-deer and small-game shooting the whole way, and every chance of a tiger along the river beds. There is a bungalow there. Thence go to Benbari; good road; twelve miles. There is a bungalow there. Thence beat straight up to Hatti Muttee Kochghar. If you go south of Bonguronghar you will get lots of marsh-deer. Leaving Benbari early, you will get to Hatti Muttee Kochghar by 2 P.M. Here there are spotted deer. No bungalow here, nor is there a village. It is on the Nonai River, where it debouches out of the hills into the plains. Get hold of Mattie Mouzadar of Benbari. He will be able to give a lot of information and to send shikarees with you. In Jargoan-mouzah, on the Boree Nuddee, there is good bird- and hare-shooting. If you cross the Maji Koochie, you will get first-rate hog-deer and florikan shooting." My time not being my own, I was reluctantly compelled to give up this programme

and to return to Gowhatty direct, shooting *en route* eight partridges, three hares, three florikan.

*March 25th* saw me at Luckeepore. I had shot a few deer *en route*, but had not delayed.

*March 26th and 27th.*—I was busy with work, and on the 28th marched to Doobree. When we reached the chur opposite, as we were beating along with eleven elephants in line, we saw another line of ten elephants advancing towards us. On meeting we found the opposition party consisted of a sporting baboo from Malwa, with elephants borrowed from the Moorshedabad Rajah; he had been out six weeks, and had beaten the churs from Bugwah and Singhamaree to Doobree and had bagged some seven or eight tigers; one of them was described as a very savage one, charging prior to being shot at. He had had a shot that morning at a tiger, but had missed. We joined and formed line, keeping the elephants not more than five yards apart, and in fair line. The baboo took the centre of the line; I was on the right, and Smart, my assistant, on the left. The baboo talked English; he was dressed in regular Bengalee-baboo style, half English, half native. He had a pith helmet on. He had a large battery, but no two guns or rifles of the same bore. Of course he had a man behind him to load. We beat to the end of the chur without seeing anything except a few pigs. We then right-about faced and beat back. We had gone but a short way when the baboo fired at and killed a boar. We went on beating, but as there appeared no prospect of our coming across tigers, and wishing to try the effects of a shell from the express, I fired at a boar; it fell to the shot, but picked itself up and went off on three legs. We were thinking of following when there was a cry of a tiger having broken back.

As I have said before, the elephants were in excellent line, and not above five yards apart, yet they had passed this

tiger lying down and not one had trumpeted! We faced about at once, and instead of beating back steadily off went the baboo and Smart in full chase, breaking the line and firing at distances varying from 500 to 600 yards! I yelled at them till I was hoarse and then gave up, perfectly disgusted. Of course the tiger escaped, and when these two ardent sportsmen (?) were heartily tired they pulled up, and it took us half-an-hour more to collect the elephants together and to re-form line. The heat was awful, and directly we came to a piece of water every man and beast was busy drinking, bathing, and cooling himself. I got tired of this, and going up the bank met a large tiger face to face. As he turned to bolt I gave him a shell in the side from the express and called out to the others to form line as I had wounded a tiger. This, after a while was done. We had not advanced twenty paces when the tiger staggered up quite stupidly to Smart, who put a couple of bullets into his head, on which he subsided. On measurement as he lay dead he was 9 feet 4 inches, but a high, balky brute. The baboo wanted to make out this was the one he and Smart had chased, and wanted to claim it, but even his own mahouts laughed at his pretensions, so he did not insist on his claim. Whilst we were padding this tiger, one of my elephants, which I had lately purchased, walked off and made for the hills, and Smart and I had to leave off shooting and go after him, and after a weary chase we recaptured it. Its mahout, contrary to orders, had got off its back, and it had sneaked away whilst we were busy with the tiger, and did its best to escape. One of our elephants, a tusker, had our breakfast on his back, and its mahout, finding a brother of his with the baboo, quietly left us and followed the baboo to his camp, six or seven miles away from us, taking our breakfast with him. We got back to our camp at three, and had nothing to eat till four, and our missing mahout with his elephant did not turn up till

next day, when we gave him something to teach him better behaviour in future.

*March 29th.*—This morning we again visited the chur, and beat up to the baboo's encampment, which was at the very extremity of the chur, without seeing anything. The baboo was not present, as he had crossed over to Doobree to see the Gairapore Rajah. We ascertained that after we had left him yesterday in chase of our runaway elephant, that he had come across two tigers, and had killed one, a tigress, with one ball, and we also saw the skins of those he had killed before meeting us. We breakfasted there and beat back. About half-way back, at the very water I had shot the tiger at yesterday, I saw a large tiger get out of the water and walk slowly along. I halted the line and gave him time to settle down. There was not much jungle, so I knew he would not go far. We then formed line, beat backwards and forwards, then in circles, yet for a long while we could not come across our friend. At last I saw the grass moving in front of me, and beckoning to Smart to wheel up, we got the tiger well within a horse-shoe, the open portion of the horse-shoe being free of jungle; so he must either cross that and give us good shots, or charge through our line. This latter he apparently preferred doing, and charged down upon me. As he showed himself, I gave him both barrels from the express, flooring him, and he rolled over under one of the most cowardly of our elephants, who, however, did not move or show any signs of fear. Before the smoke cleared away, the tiger picked himself up, and broke back. I gave him a parting shot as he disappeared, but though we beat for him for hours, we never saw him again. The place was full of ruts and pretty high grass, though it did not extend very far. The whole country had recently been burnt, and though we went round this patch of grass, we could not see any foot-marks to warrant us in supposing it had got away; but

whether it died or whether it hid in one of the ruts I cannot say ; but we did not bag him.

*March 30th.*—Marched to Chow Rewah. After we had gone some two miles *en route*, some villagers asked us to shoot a tiger, which had killed three cows the evening before. So we went with them, a long way out of our line, saw the kills, but despaired of finding the tigers in such ground, as there was but a strip of long grass, bordering a jeel, which was a quaking bog and impenetrable to our elephants ; and I thought it, from its very swampy nature, an unlikely place for a tiger to take up its abode, but as the kills were there, we thought it as well to try for their slayer. So forming line, we went through the grassy patch, and reached the very edge of the quagmire, without seeing or hearing anything of the tiger, and were just turning back, when the silly tigress, as it turned out to be, charged me, coming through the quagmire on the top of the tangled grass, without apparently sinking in. I fired two shots. When hit by the first she spun round, but on the second catching her in the side she came at us, but she was so well received that she beat a retreat into the swamp. As we could not see her, I fired at the moving grass, and suddenly all movement ceased. I did not know whether the animal was dead or only lying *perdu*, but knew she had not got away, as, with the exception of this swamp, the country was quite open all round ; and though we took the guddee off an elephant and tried to force it into the swamp, it could not go, but sank at once, and we had great difficulty in extricating it from its dangerous position. We took an occasional shot in the hopes of inducing the tigress to move and show us her position, but all was still as death. At last we got long bamboos from the village, and laid them down on the reeds in the swamp, forming a sort of floating bridge ; and along this, strongly against my wishes and even orders, a Mussulman mahout ventured, beating the jungle



down in front and on either side of him as he advanced with a bamboo. My heart was in my mouth, and I had the gun full cock, covering him, and expecting every moment to hear a rush and see him attacked, but fortunately the tigress was stone-dead, half buried in the water and mud. Tying a rope to one of her legs, my elephant dragged her to shore, and we soon padded her, and continued our route, and reached our camp at 2. Found all our traps had gone to a wrong village, and we had to send for them. In the evening and early next day, we beat about for two tigers, that had been killing cattle in the vicinity, but did not succeed in finding them; and the next day we went on to Goalparah, where we had work to attend to.

In Burmah May is the best month for shooting, but in Assam I think April or March, especially for tigers. The grass in Assam is burnt earlier, and the rains set in also earlier. So by May the new grass is nearly as high as the old which has been burnt.

*May 8th.*—Barry, Anley (superintendent of police), and myself started for the Monass. The elephants gave us a good deal of trouble at starting, some refusing to cross the river, and others swimming back after they had reached the opposite bank. Marching steadily along we reached Bogalir on the 12th. Here Anley and I had a long swim in the river, and after we had finished, Campbell, the Assistant Commissioner, told us a child had been carried away and a woman injured by an alligator a few days before at that identical spot. We did not bathe in that river again.

*May 13th.*—From Bogalir to Battabarie we shot a few deer *en route*. The next day we were very busy, and only shot a pig and a hog-deer for the pot. We saw florikan, but they were very wild.

*May 15th.*—Moved to Kalleegoung, over the worst country I ever saw—a frightful swamp nearly the whole way. Before

we reached the swamp, we heard a marsh-deer call, and I went after it. I saw two marks parallel to each other in the grass, and pointing them out to Campbell, thinking they were deer marks, I went on. I did not come across my deer, but Campbell, following up the tracks, put up a couple of bears. He fired several shots at them, but did not bag either. I could render no assistance, as I was too far away. The bears escaped. The gadflies to-day were very bad.

*May 16th.*—Moved to Kumlabaree. When we were about halfway saw rhinoceros' tracks, and on following them up heard a splashing in the bed of a nullah, and on looking down saw a fine large rhinoceros. The banks were very steep, so he was caught in a regular trap. We all fired, and in a few seconds he was dead. As this was the first rhinoceros Anley had ever fired at or seen, we gave him the horn, a very fine one, 12 inches long,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  seers in weight. We saw very little game. The grass was very high, and the gadflies nearly drove us mad, and made our elephants very unsteady. At the Poho-Marah Campbell killed a cow buffalo with horns 10 feet 4 inches. We reached camp early. Anley and I breakfasted sitting in the nullah with umbrellas over our heads. We found that much cooler and pleasanter than the tent. Campbell went out again in the evening, and brought home a hog-deer.

*May 17th.*—Barry and Campbell went one way, Anley and I another. We started very early—before 5.30 A.M. Not far from camp Anley fired at and hit a bear. We hunted it for some time; it made several charges at us, and funk'd our elephants thoroughly, and eventually escaped. I do not know what the cause was, but our elephants behaved disgracefully all this trip. I think the excessive heat and the gadflies had something to say to it, but we lost nearly every animal we wounded. Further on we came upon a rhinoceros, and both our elephants bolted. One went one way, and mine,

bolting along the rhinoceros' path, was followed by him, and in his fright nearly fell into a deep pit with me. I fired at it as it was running behind us and hit it, but it swerved, got into very heavy grass, and we lost it. We followed up numerous other tracks, but all the beasts had retired into very heavy jungle, into which it was no use going. Leaving this, we followed the course of the Poho-Marah river, and came upon a rhinoceros, with only his head above water. He jumped up when he saw us, but was killed almost instantaneously. We saw seven buffaloes and a lot of deer, but got none. Campbell and Barry came across three rhinoceros, and killed one with a fair horn.

*May 18th.*—We moved to the Monass to-day, and, odd to say, got nothing to shoot at.

*May 19th.*—We started together, but on reaching fresh tracks separated. Anley and I went outside the edge of a tree-jungle, whilst Campbell and Barry went through and on to a plain beyond; there they came upon three rhinoceros and a buffalo lying together in the same pool. They hit the buffalo and one rhinoceros, but got neither. It was useless our trying to shoot, the elephants were so unsteady; they kept bolting at the least noise; the gadflies were on them in thousands, sucking the very life-blood from them, and they, I fancy, like ourselves, were nearly driven mad. After crossing through a belt of heavy tree-jungle I came upon a rhinoceros, followed by a *butcha*. I got two unsteady shots at it about fifteen yards off, but it got away. Nearer home I came upon another rhinoceros, knocked it down, but my elephant skedaddled, and when I succeeded in stopping it, and going back, found the rhinoceros gone. I am sure we saw to-day at least eight rhinoceros, but could not shoot them owing to the unsteadiness of our elephants. Campbell and Barry brought home a buffalo and a marsh-deer; they also saw a fine bison, but could not get near enough to shoot it.

*May 20th.*—Rain this morning. In the afternoon Anley and I came across at least twelve rhinoceros at different times, but did not kill one through the unsteadiness of our elephants.

*May 21st.*—We again saw a lot of rhinoceros, but it was useless trying to shoot them; so, getting disgusted, we gave it up as a bad job, and went back to Burpetah; thence I crossed over to Goalparah, and marched to Gowhatty, wounding a tiger, but losing it in a patch of jungle full of rattans and creepers; it charged once or twice, but odd to say, though the elephants only a week before were so unsteady that we could shoot nothing off their backs, they were quite staunch now, and had the jungle been favourable I must have got the tiger. I picked up a few deer, florikan, and black partridges. Near Gowhatty, about twelve miles down the river on the opposite side, at a place called Loo-al-choochi, we used to get very good small game shooting, and now and then pig, deer, and buffaloes. Fisher and I had some very fair sport here, getting florikau, ducks, teal, pea-fowl, black and marsh partridges and hares. One day we shot some buffaloes, a deer, and some pig. One of them (a pig) I had slung behind my howdah; it got loose, and hung half way down the elephant's thigh, and he began to kick it up into the air; down it would come with a flop, when up would go the elephant's hind leg, sending the pig flying, and nearly pitching me out of the howdah, and it was some time before the mahout could force the elephant to kneel down, and enable us to cut loose the pig. Fisher could not help laughing heartily, whilst I was being thrown about. I got all the skin taken off the backs of my hands, and my guns were sent flying, and myself considerably bruised. Sometimes we used to get up pic-nic parties there, and shoot for a few days, and return again to headquarters.

In *March*, 1872, I was again at Singhamaree; I had only

five elephants, but for the first time beat that chur. On the 13th I got three marsh-deer; I put up first one tiger, which I wounded; it ran only a little way and pulled up; it charged me when I came near; but though I hit it, it closed, stood up and caught hold of the guddee, but putting the left barrel to its head I blew it to pieces with a shell. The elephant was not injured in the least, and behaved very well. The tiger was just nine feet one inch in length. A little further on I put up the tigress; missed with the first barrel, but hit with the second. I lost the animal for the while, but it was found dead the next day. I started another tiger, but did not get a shot. I might have shot any number of wild boars, as they were very plentiful, but as they were in beautiful riding ground I let them go.

On the 14th I beat over the same ground, and found the tigress dead; but saw nothing but deer and pig to-day; so in the afternoon moved camp to the further end of the chur. Here there were a few huts and sheds in which buffaloes and cattle are kept. I heard of a kill, and went out very early, taking a villager with me to show me the jungles. I came to the kill, but there was very little of it left. I beat backwards and forwards several times, but not the ghost of a tiger to be seen. Getting tired, I turned towards camp, and going through a very thin strip of long grass two tigers ran away, one to the right and the other to the left; the latter crossed an open bit, and gave me the better shot, so I fired twice at it with the express, but it showed no signs of being hit, disappeared over a ridge of sand, and I then took up the other tracks. After going due north some way they turned west, passed the sheds, and entered a very heavy patch of grass. Directly I got into this the grass in front of me moved. I fired and something rushed on; I fired again, but whatever the animal was it ran some way ahead, and then turned to the right. I followed as well as I could judge the

direction in which it had gone. Again something rushed ahead, and again I took a snap-shot at the grass; down fell something, and I thought I had got my tiger, but my disgust may be imagined when I found only a hog-deer struggling on the ground. I went back, and beat everywhere for the tiger, but could not come across it; so, as the huts were close by, I went there and took it easy. Went out in the evening in the direction in which the first tiger had bolted; met a herd of buffaloes feeding, towards home; as they entered a patch of grass there was a great commotion, the buffaloes rushed forward in a body, and trying to toss something in front of them. Some of the buffaloes ran out and began to paw up the sand, and to snort and show signs of great excitement; the Gwallas seemed also excited, and on going to the spot we found the tiger, a small one I had shot at, dead, trampled into the ground and considerably gored by their horns, and so excited were the buffaloes that their attendant had great trouble, and ran some risk, in driving them off. We padded the tiger, which was barely eight feet long.

15th.—Marched back towards Doobree; put up in a hut near a tea-garden belonging to the Gaerapore rajah.

16th.—Went to the chur opposite the telegraph-office. The assistant in charge told me there were several tigers about, and that he could hear them every night, sometimes close to his house. I pitched my camp and went out in the evening, but only saw hog-deer and pig, but would not fire at them.

17th.—Out very early, but beat to the end of the chur along the south face without seeing the signs of a tiger. I went back along the north face, and saw nothing till I had gone more than half-way, when a tiger jumped up, and I was lucky enough to break its back with my first shot, and a shell fired out of the express did for him. He was a very large tiger, just ten feet long.

18th. — I put up another tiger to-day, but lost it, and I could not waste more time to sport, so hurried back to Gowhatti, inspecting roads, &c., *en route*.

April 3rd.—I had to go to Dewangeri: rode to Rungiah the first day, going through the fortified town two miles to the north. I got a tiger which had just killed two cows. It ran about 100 yards after receiving the shell, and then fell dead. This was close on ten feet in length.

April 5th.—I reached Demoo Nuddie, shooting seven partridges, and three florikan *en route*. In the afternoon went out shooting; got a good rhinoceros, with horn fourteen inches long and two-and-a-half seers in weight, and wounded another, which I lost. I also shot a hog-deer.

April 6th.—Walked up to Dewangeri, a stiff pull. The place is favourably situated for a good defence, as the approach to it is very precipitous and very tortuous. Its inhabitants were a few wretched Bhootiahs, who complained that they had to pay us taxes and the Bhootiahs as well. Each house is taxed by us one rupee, whilst the Bhootiahs make the unfortunate men pay two rupees. The place is supposed to be ours, and though ceded to us the Bhootiah rajahs still claim it. I walked back in the evening.

April 7th.—Sending my traps on to Kumblepore I had a beat along the Demoo Nuddie. I saw nothing, and then turned along one part of the Bhootan range; saw two elephants, but would not molest them. I then came across five buffaloes, but as none of them had fine horns I let them go. I then further on put up two rhinoceros, but lost them both. I then turned back, and took a long circuit. I came across what looked like the ruins of old forts, but they were so overgrown I could not be sure. Out of a patch of long grass near one a bear scrambled away, but my first shot, a shell, caught it in the neck and killed it outright. I then beat back to my camp, without seeing anything more than

two doe sambur. *En route* to Kumblepore I shot several partridges and two hog-deer. In the evening I went to a bheel about three miles off, and shot two buffaloes. In this place a sad accident occurred one year. French, the Superintendent of Police left, as he thought, a buffalo dead, and some of his policemen and villagers went to get the meat, but on their approaching the spot the supposed defunct animal jumped up and killed two or three men.

The next day I rode back to Gowhatty.

*April 16th, 1872,* found me with Comber and Cornish at Raha Jannah. We beat our way to Mina Muttee. Soon after starting I got two black partridges and a hispid hare, the first I have killed, though I have known many others killed by other sportsmen. I afterwards shot a pig and a pea-fowl.

*April 17th.*—We started pretty early for the Monass, but we only saw a few deer until we sat down to breakfast. No sooner had we settled down than something rushed by, and the mahouts called out, "A rhinoceros!" We climbed up into our howdahs, but the brute had got clean away; so we went back, finished our breakfast, and then set the jungle on fire, and soon had a glorious blaze, which must have made it a little too hot for our friend the rhinoceros. Cornish wounded a sambur, but lost it; I only got a partridge. Reaching the Monass at one, we got out our fishing-tackle and tried to troll where Jackson and I had been so lucky. Cornish went in one boat, and Comber and I in another. Our men could not propel the boat against the stream, and wound up by upsetting us. Fortunately it was not deep, and we escaped with a ducking. Our traps arrived at 3 P.M., and the men declared they had come across elephants and rhinoceros standing in some churs or islands in the bed of the Monass. There were a few policemen here, and they had been shooting all over the country, instead of looking after contraband india-rubber collecting.



*April 18th.*—Comber stopped to fish, so Cornish and I went together. We wanted to shoot only big game, so when Cornish came upon a deer lying down he asked me whether he should shoot it or not; before I could reply the deer got up and bolted. We then came across several deer, and let them go; but suddenly seeing a spotted deer, the first forty-eight years, I could not resist the temptation, and killed it. I knew they were on the other bank of the Monass, but not on this. Whilst we were padding this deer up came two rhinoceros. I fired at the largest, brought it down on its knees, but it got up and bolted. Cornish fired two shots at the other, but it too escaped. We then formed line, and came upon two rhinoceros; Cornish hit one badly, but my elephant bolted. After following for some time we got the one Cornish had hit, and found it had a *butcha* with it, so left it alone, intending to catch the young one on the morrow. We then went along the Poho marsh, and out of a thicket rushed two rhinoceros, the larger pretending to charge, but I made a good right and left, and killed them both. We saw various other rhinoceros and buffaloes, but the wind blew a perfect gale, and it came on to rain cats and dogs, and we got soaking wet. Cornish shot a pig near camp. Comber had caught two nice-sized mahseer.

*April 19th.*—As it was raining in the morning I tried fishing, but caught nothing, and after breakfast Cornish and I went back to the dead rhinoceros to try and catch its young one. We found the poor little thing lying down by its dead mother's side. We tried to catch it, but the nets had not arrived, and after a while it ran away and I believe joined another rhinoceros, which came up as we were trying to catch it. We then went through very high grass; in this I came upon a large rhinoceros; wounded it; got charged, but my elephant spun round and escaped, as did the rhino-

ceros likewise. I shot one deer, and Cornish an iguana about six feet long. Got to camp about three, and crossed over the Monass.

*April 20th*—As Comber was pressed for time we could not make any stay here; so sending most fortunately some of our traps by boats to a place called Bargoan, we, with the remainder of the things, started on elephants to shoot our way there. We went over some of the most beautiful country, either for sport or scenery, I ever saw. Marks of bison, and other game plentiful, and lovely forests for stalking. The country an elevated plateau, but cut up by deep ravines. Here we saw herds of spotted deer, and Cornish got off to stalk a buck, but the ground was too open, and they all made off. In the numerous dried-up channels of the Monass in the short grass hog-deer were very numerous: Cornish shot two and Comber one. We saw a herd of about fifteen buffaloes; they took no notice of our shots, but when they got our wind they bolted fast enough. We went up a steep incline to a bit of high table-land, where Campbell had taken some friends last year, and had killed several rhinoceros. The marks of every sort of game most numerous; but the country very dangerous for elephants, as it is a mass of deep ravines, with perpendicular sides two to three hundred feet deep; and if an elephant bolted here the result would be almost certain death. We went some way and saw nothing but the same herd of buffaloes. One had a good head, so I opened fire; a shell burst in front of them, and they turned back and ran the gauntlet between Comber and myself. Comber killed the big one, and between us we rolled over four others. Cornish was a good 500 or 600 yards away, yet he emptied his battery, more to our danger than that of the buffaloes, as his bullets were flying about our ears. The big buffalo had horns nine feet ten inches long. In following up the herd we started a rhinoceros, followed by a

young one, and after a long chase killed the mother, but where the young one went to I do not know. As no one knew exactly where Bargoan was, we had to leave this happy hunting-ground, the best I have seen in Assam. We had great difficulty in getting through this country; on every side nullahs with perpendicular sides from 150 to 300 feet high. What an immense river the Monass must be in the height of the rains! Whilst following up one of these nullahs in the hopes of finding an outlet, I came upon a rhinoceros within ten yards of me; two shots from me, followed by two from Cornish, laid him low where he stood—a large male with small horn. In this ravine we also came across a buffalo and a pig, but they got away. We had the greatest difficulty in getting on at all to-day. No sooner had we surmounted the banks of one nullah than we came upon another with equally impracticable banks; so we wandered about all day, making but little progress, and not having an idea where Bargoan was. We saw two other rhinoceros, about seventy to eighty buffaloes, and I should say several thousands of marsh-deer. The whole country, some 150 to 200 feet above the Monass, and with a gradual slope from the foot of the Bhootan range, covered with grass not more than four feet high, and with numerous mud-holes. Marks of every sort of game abundant, but we could not stop to hunt; "onwards" was the cry. At last darkness set in, and we got into a marsh with great reed-jungle, averaging from twenty to thirty feet high. Which way to go we did not know. The nullahs we came to were quagmires, through which the elephants could scarcely struggle. Cornish and I got separated from Comber. We were bitten to death by mosquitoes, and altogether we were in a nice fix. The elephants had to crash their way the best way they could in a pitchy dark night, and after about three hours' floundering about in this impenetrable jungle we got to a piece

somewhat less heavy. We then went to work to fire off our guns to attract C.'s attention. After waiting about an hour, we were glad to hear shots in return, and at last C. joined us. One of our mahouts had an idea we could not be far from our destination, and he knew the general direction; so we continued to force our way through the jungle, and at last were cheered by coming to some open ground and a little cultivation. Here we had the good luck to get hold of a couple of people who guided us to our huts, where we found our servants with the things that had been sent down by boat. Where our elephants with the rest of the baggage were we did not know in the least. Our hut was a miserable one, but we were lucky enough to get any shelter at all, and, after a hasty dinner, we gladly turned into our beds.

*April 21st.*—We had to halt here, and to send off our elephants in search of our baggage animals, which turned up at 1 P.M. I found that most of my traps, including my ammunition-box, my fishing-tackle, india-rubber boat, &c., had been left behind in the jungles by a rascally mahout, who said his elephant was too done up to bring them on. So we sent him back for them.

*April 22nd.*—The rascally mahout returned, saying he could not recognize the place where he had left my traps; so nice for me! So he got a thrashing, and we sent him back with Sookur, and went on to Biznee.

*April 23rd.*—Cornish returned to Goalparah; we halted here, and in the evening my missing traps turned up. We went on to Sidlee in the hopes of getting antelope, but the weather changed, and it came on to rain; so, after a day or two's miserable work, we got back to Goalparah. So ended this wretched trip. It was too hurried altogether for sport or comfort, though it showed us where splendid shooting ground was to be found which as yet had never been hunted over.

*April 15th, 1873.*—Started in the *Punjab* steamer for

Baiswah ghat. We had a gale last night, and the flat had to cast off; so we had to go off with our traps in boats. We got off at half-past 7 A.M., and got to within a mile of the ghat by 12. The captain very kindly sent us his boats, and we landed at the ghat at 1 P.M. Started for Burpetah at half-past 2, and got there at 6. Saw a deer *en route*, and our servants came across a tiger. Barry accompanied us.

*April 16th.*—Busy all day getting traps ready for our trip. Found that the large tusker had an awful back, but Campbell kindly lent me his big mucknah: Barry on an elephant belonging to the Biznee rajah.

*April 17th.*—Got off about 8 o'clock: Barry and I through the jungle and our traps by the pathway. We saw several herds of buffaloes, wounded three, but only bagged one. We saw several deer, but got none. Got to camp about two.

*April 18th.*—Started for Kadur Ghoree, near Sonapilly—a hard day's work. I shot a buck hog-deer to begin with, and tied it behind my howdah. We then went on to within sight of Sonapilly without seeing a thing. The villagers where we breakfasted offered to show us lots of marsh-deer; so Barry and I separated. He went one way and shot five marsh-deer; I shot two. Near the place MacDonald and I were charged by five buffaloes without provocation on our parts. I saw a fine solitary bull buffalo. I fired my muzzle-loader at him, and wounded him. He ran about fifty yards and pulled up in the open. The ground was as smooth as a bowling-green, and covered with feathery grass about eighteen inches high. I did not take the trouble to reload, but went towards the buffalo, who stood facing me. When I got within sixty or seventy paces, he shook his head and came straight at me. I was told the elephant I was on was a perfectly staunch one, so I did not hurry myself to fire. When the beast was within some twenty paces I put up my rifle to fire. It was difficult to know where to aim, as the buffalo

charged with his head well in the air, and his horns thrown back. Whilst I hesitated, and just as I touched the trigger, the elephant spun round, the gun went off, and in one second the buffalo had his head down, and closed with the impetuosity of a steam-engine. I had just time to turn round and plant a shell in the small of its back, between the hip-joints, and down fell the buffalo; but in the scrimmage the hog-deer got loose, and hung down the elephant's hindquarter. He, thinking it was the buffalo driving it into him, got ungovernable, and bolted at least a mile before we could pull him up. I tried to haul the deer into the howdah, but having only one hand (as I had to hold on by the other, and the deer was a full-grown one), I could not manage it, and after a great deal of trouble, I cut it loose. The buffalo picked himself up and followed a short way at a walk, looking the picture of all that was savage. I never saw a more splendid beast. The horns were not long, but very thick, and his bulk enormous. At last we got the elephant round, and he went back with the greatest reluctance, ready to bolt from his own shadow. The ground was quite open all around, except in a slight hollow, where there was high grass enough to hide a buffalo. I knew the beast was too hard hit to have bolted, so made towards this cover; but the elephant, as soon as he reached the place where he had been charged, refused to budge an inch, and when driven to do so stood still and shook himself, and nearly sent howdah, myself, and guns flying. So I had to do the best I could, and after peering about some time saw the buffalo standing broadside on, but looking very seedy. I gave him a couple of shells in the side; he at once charged; the bathee legged it, and nearly pitched me backwards off the howdah. The buffalo only charged for twenty yards and then lay down, and I knew it was all up with him. But nothing would induce the elephant to go back; so I had reluctantly to leave him, and

to trudge to our camp at last, three miles off. We should have camped at my old place, Sonapilly, and not at Kadar Ghoorie, as all the game is found near the former place; so each day we had to go and come back three or four miles each way, uselessly tiring ourselves and our animals. On arrival at camp found Barry had got there some time before me.

*April 19th.*—We started early, and saw heaps of jungle-fowl; but as the village—an immense one—is Hindoo, and the jungle-fowl live in and about it in a semi-wild, semi-tame state and act as scavengers, we would have nothing to say to them. On arriving at the place where I had the fight yesterday, found the buffalo lying dead. He had never moved. He had knelt down on his fore-knees, his nose rested on the ground, and his hind-legs were doubled up under him; he looked for all the world as if he was kneeling down to receive a load. The breadth of his back was immense. We separated, and I came across a rhinoceros, but he would only give me long shots; he was badly hit, but he got across a river and into stuff where he was quite safe. In chasing him I saw two other rhinoceros, and presently heard Barry fire several shots. On reaching him, found he had killed one of the rhinoceroses and wounded the other—this latter we followed up and killed. Neither animals had good horns. We saw fresh marks of elephants, and numerous marks of buffaloes and rhinoceros. We lost a good deal of time in following up rhinoceros, but the firing had evidently disturbed them, and they were *non est*. During the day Barry shot a hog-deer, a marsh-deer, and a partridge. I got a hog-deer only, and missed some very easy shots.

*April 20th.*—To-day we had bad luck. The shooting-ground is too far from our camp. We saw numerous marks of rhinoceros, but could not come across the beasts them-

selves. I shot two black partridges right and left, then a pig, then a hog-deer, then a buck marsh-deer. Barry broke the leg of a marsh-buck, but it gave us a long chase, and I am sure we fired at least fifty shots at it before we bagged it. I hunted for the rhinoceros I hit yesterday, but could not find it.

*April 21st.*—We heard a tiger calling last night; went out early, moving camp to Humlabaree. We saw soon after starting a herd of about thirty buffaloes, but let them go. We then came upon four or five, and amongst them a very large bull, which we polished off. We then chased two rhinoceros for about three or four hours; but never got up to them—how they dodged us I can't think. I shot a hog-deer for the pot; and near Gatee, Barry came across a herd of buffaloes, and a cow with a calf, threatening to charge him, got killed. We reached camp at 2 P.M.

*April 22nd.*—Went out at 5 A.M., and had bad luck all day. We went at least five miles before coming on any fresh tracks of rhinoceros, and then we followed up through fearfully heavy jungle, and never saw them after all. Not far from home, *en route* back, we saw a herd of buffaloes. Two bulls that brought up the rear on seeing us charged right down upon us from a distance of 300 yards. We remained perfectly quiet until the leading one was about fifty yards off; then we opened fire, killed one and badly hit the other, but it got away. I hit another buffalo, and though we followed up a long way by the blood, the brute escaped. I hit a fine marsh-buck with a shell, but it got away. Reached camp at half-past 2 P.M.

*April 23rd.*—Rain all last night and half of to-day; our huts flooded; nasty, cold, wet day. Did nothing; found our servants had been stealing our beer and wines, so counted and repacked everything. Intend to move camp to Matta-goorie to-morrow.



*April 24th.*—Rain again last night; moved camp; got a dak just as we were starting. We put up two fine marsh-bucks, and missed them both. We got on to fresh rhinoceros tracks, and followed them up a long way: came upon four in very heavy grass. I could have had good shots had the elephant been steady, but he swerved just as I was about to fire, and all four escaped, not even fired at. We shortly afterwards came upon another one, and hit it hard. On following it up, came across another and hit that, but they both got into heavy grass, and we overshot them. We went back and came upon the one we had first hit, and emptied all our guns into him; but he too got into the infernal grass jungle and escaped. Our camp being a long way off, we had to leave these animals and make the best of our way homewards.

*April 25th.*—Rain all night and early in the morning. We went out after breakfast, but trudged a long way without seeing anything. I then came upon one rhinoceros and had four good shots at him, but he got into tree-jungle, and escaped. We shortly afterwards came upon fresh tracks, and saw a rhinoceros get up, but before I could get the gun up to the shoulder he disappeared into the heavy grass; but another one took his place. At this we both fired; it fell down, but picked itself up and bolted. Then another appeared, and this one got well peppered too, but that, too, bolted. In following up came across one dead—no signs of the other two. We took across country, and got into heavy grass and tree-jungle; and, after going a long way, came across a rhinoceros. My rifle missed fire, but Barry hit hard. We followed, and put the brute up four times, and hit hard each time, but it seemed to bear a charmed life. At last it got into very heavy jungle, and I followed, whilst Barry stood on one side in the open. I came upon it; my right barrel missed fire, and my left hit as the rhinoceros charged savagely. My

hathee bolted, with the rhinoceros at his heels, gnashing his teeth, and not above six inches off. The way my hathee hooked it “was a caution to snakes, I guess.” I got hold of my muzzle-loading Lang and made a lucky shot between the ears, dropping master rhinoceros as dead as dead could be. Another second and the elephant would have been badly cut. Got home rather late.

*April 26th.*—A dull, threatening day; so we stayed in the hut till after breakfast, and then went after deer along the bed and banks of the Monass. Barry shot three hog-deer, and I one hog-deer and one marsh-deer; at the latter I made some very decent shooting. We saw rhinoceros marks, but did not see the beasts.

*April 27th.*—We started pretty early this morning, and went through the forest along the base of the hills. Marks of bison and bears plentiful. We must have disturbed a herd of the former, as their scent was perceptible, and their droppings quite fresh. We followed up two rhinoceros, but they had gone up the dry bed of a nullah, where we could not follow. We then went towards the plains, and came up to two rhinoceros and a buffalo in one mud-hole. Killed one rhinoceros and hit the other badly. We followed up, but soon lost the tracks of our beast in that of numerous others. The whole place at times must be full of rhinoceros, but they have been so molested that at early morn they betake themselves to the tree-jungle, where they are quite safe from us. Presently we came near the spot where we had killed the first rhinoceros on the 25th. The smell was so abominable that I kept to windward, and though passing within a few yards of it, took no particular notice of it, until I heard Barry call out, “Look out—tiger!” I spun round in the howdah, and had just time to see an animal bound from the rhinoceros, and make tracks. He was going away straight from me, tail on end. I had one

of the heavy No. 10 rifles in hand, with heavy charges for rhinoceros, and a steel-tipped bullet. I took a snap-shot, and shot the tiger through the hip, doubling him up and making him roar lustily. There was a deep nullah close at hand densely covered with long grass from 15 to 20 feet high; into this the tiger crawled, and we knew not what to do. Going into the nullah was absurd, as we could not see a yard, and how to get the brute out we knew not. I would have given something for fireworks just then. However we trampled down the grass all round, the tiger snarling and pretending to charge us the while, until we had a pretty clear space. We then fired shot after shot to drive him out of his lair, but budge beyond a few feet he would not, and all our hathees were in a precious funk. At last a shell must have burst near his nose, for he partially ran up the opposite bank. We fired at the moving grass, and a lucky shell taking him behind the shoulder did for him. He turned out a fine male ten feet long. To drive out this tiger and to kill him had taken us at least two hours; had we had fireworks, five minutes would have done it. We then breakfasted, and went along the base of numerous ghars, and came upon a good-sized rhinoceros, killed him outright, and afterwards hit another, but lost it. The tiger was sitting on the carcass of the rhinoceros, eating away at the shoulder, whence we had removed the shield the day we killed it. If there were no other instances on record, this one would be sufficient to prove that tigers are not particular in what they eat, and that the theory of their eating only what they themselves kill is a fallacy.

*April 28th.*—As it threatened to rain all the morning, we did not go out till afternoon; and then along the dry bed of a portion of the Monass in one hour we shot seven hog-deer and one marsh-deer. I got five out of eight.

*April 29th.*—We were to make a move inland along the

base of the hills, but gave it up at the last moment, as we could not get enough coolies to take our traps along, and all the people funked going where we wanted them to follow us. We, however, went some way through the forest along the foot of the hills. Marks of bison and bears again most plentiful. We must have been close to them several times, but they hid themselves most effectually. Presently up jumped a herd of about thirty spotted deer, and amongst them some superb bucks. I called out to Barry, who was nearest to them, to fire, but as he did not, I took a shot at one of the bucks, but am sorry to say missed it. In one second they had scattered, and though we jumped off the elephant and tried to follow them, it was no use, and all we saw was an occasional glimpse of a spotted hide bounding along. Though I had shot a spotted deer near this last year, I thought it was one that had wandered from the other side of the Monass. I had no idea that they were to be found in such numbers on this bank. What beautiful creatures the spotted deer or axis are to be sure! We followed up the fresh track of a rhinoceros; came upon it in a mud-hole at the edge of a ghar, and hit it four or five times; but it got into the entangled jungle, and we could not go after it. We sent Sookur on a small pad elephant with one of my rifles, but though he saw it several times, the beast had enough life to keep out of shot, and soon got into such jungle that neither man on foot nor the small pad elephant could follow. In the open plain out of a mud-hole up jumped a huge buffalo with one horn only, but that was an immense one. He meant mischief, but Barry broke the hind-leg, and I one of the fore ones; so there was nothing for the poor devil but to stand still and glare at us till a well-placed shot laid it low. I never saw a bigger buffalo. It was a pity it only had one horn; had the head been perfect it would have been worth having; as it was we left it. Going homewards, near

where we killed the tiger I came upon a rhinoceros, and gave it two shots; it ran 500 yards, and then fell dead. Barry shot a hog-deer and hit a marsh-deer fairly in the shoulder, but he had not enough powder, and the ball did no great harm. We saw several other buffaloes, but they would not let us get within shot.

*April 30th.*—A blank day. We went round the way we came home yesterday, but the country had been disturbed too much, and we saw no large game at all. I bagged a barking deer—the first for some years past—and I also rolled over a buck sambur; but the cartridges were badly made, there was not enough penetration, and the poor brute, though hard hit, got away. We had no time to waste in following him up. All we saw during the day was one herd of buffaloes, and they were too chary to let us get within shot. We saw no spotted deer either.

*May 1st.*—Went straight to Dankagoun. I shot two hog-deer *en route*; got there at 12. In the evening Barry had a dance with two old women, and uncommonly well he got through his part too. I laughed till I cried. A good deal of rain about.

*May 2nd.*—Rain all night and throughout the day. I got on to a pad elephant, went straight into Burpetah, and got there by 12. Barry came on by easy marches.

*May 3rd.*—Barry came in, having shot a boar and three sucking-pigs *en route*. I had to return to Gowhatty, so went off.

*May 30th.*—Got back to Burpetah for a few days, and went out this morning with Barry. He had two good shots at marsh-deer, but missed. It came on to pour with rain—I never saw heavier in my life; so we turned homewards. I unloaded all my rifles and covered them over with water-proof. Barry came upon two or three buffaloes lying in a bheel, and hit one. We took up the tracks, but as they led

from home we left them. Scarcely had we gone 100 yards when a bull buffalo charged down on me; he missed me, however, and as he passed I gave him a shot in the shoulder. He pulled up, and my hathee spun round, giving him a tempting invitation to charge, which he took advantage of. Down he came, but I put the contents of the left barrel into his neck, on which he pulled up; the hathee still continued to bolt. I seized the only rifle I had loaded, when down the buffalo came again. Down I dropped him again; he picked himself up and came at me once more. My last shot caught him in the neck and stopped him for one second, but the next he closed, and sent my hathee flying. Before I could reload he turned off and went very groggily into heavy grass-jungle, into which my elephant would not follow alone, and my comrade would not back me up. So we had to leave this plucky brute; but although I never heard anything more of it, I fancy he could not have lived, as the four bullets he got from me at close quarters were all Forsyth's shells. I should have liked to have got the animal, as he seemed to have very fine horns. He did not injure my elephant after all.

*June 1st.*—Hunted up the buffalo; saw heaps of blood where he had been lying down, but did not find him, as I had fully expected. Got to Baikee and breakfasted there. In the evening Barry and Campbell went home by the road, I through the jungle. Followed rhinoceros tracks, but lost the beasts themselves; saw where they had been lying, but they had wandered away. Came upon buffaloes and hit one, but my elephant right-about-faced and bolted. I got a fine marsh-buck just as it was dark. Reached Burpetah at 8 P.M.

*June 2nd.*—Busy all day preparing for a start for the Monass, though it is rather late in the season to do so.

*June 3rd.*—Started for Baikee: got there at 3 P.M. Saw nothing *en route*.

*June 4th.*—Started about 9 A.M., after an early breakfast. Got to Daukagoun at 4 P.M.; rain almost all the way. Got a pea-fowl only *en route*. Halt here, as the people report heaps of rhinoceros about.

*June 5th.*—Beat up to the Mairu Monass; lots of fresh marks, but no rhinoceros. Shot three marsh-deer; saw some buffaloes, but could not get near them. The whole country getting flooded.

*June 6th.*—Started for Matagoorie; fortunately took some tins and beer with me. I had to cross about a dozen rivers, and a branch of the Monass itself, which I did with the greatest difficulty; all the streams full, and every appearance of the monsoon having set in. Yet in 1867 I was in these very Dooars till the 22nd June, and saw nothing like the present flood. I got to camp with one servant by the evening, but none of my other traps turned up till midday of the 7th.

*June 7th.*—I went over the old ground, and came across a rhinoceros, but no sooner was my elephant within 200 yards of it than it bolted through the forest, and would not stop under half-a-mile. My mahout Sookur had warned me the beast was unsafe to ride, but I did not believe him. I again came upon another rhinoceros, and a similar bolt was the result. I got three hog-deer near the camp, but as for shooting rhinoceros it was absurd, and I gave it up.

*June 8th.*—The branch of the Monass all but unfordable. I went into the churs and shot five hog-deer, and one marsh-deer, and one of the pigmy hog; and I am very sorry now I did not preserve its skin and skeleton, as it is the only one I ever saw or killed. It is a perfect boar with well-developed tusks, but not larger than a sucking-pig.

*June 9th.*—Found a stray boat; left in her at 8 A.M., and got to Burpetah at 8 P.M.; rain all day, and I had to sit in a pool of water all day. Thus ended my shooting-trip in 1873.