

# ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

MAY 1868.

Victrix fortunæ sapientia.—*Juvenal.*



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### CALCUTTA:

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with a general contempt for all panthers, we rushed off to the other, regretting that he was not as big as the one that was slain, that we might spear him too. The plucky pack, who had scarcely ceased barking from the time they first came on the ground, and who had done their utmost to get off after the first panther, were now held in leashes some twenty yards from the cage (No. 2). The door was opened in the same manner as the last had been, and the cart being violently shaken, the panther half jumped, half fell out, and the barking of the dogs started him off at once. These, on being loosed, pulled him down in a fine style, about five at once hanging on to each leg, and ten on to his head; he was tolerably powerless, and the crowd closed round in a ring some five yards in diameter, as though it were a bandicoot instead of a panther. The dogs having torn at him for about quarter of an hour, he gradually got weaker; but having seized one of the dogs in his jaws, a zealous native hit him with a stick to make him let go. One of the soldiers near, not looking on this as fair play, hit the native, and a scene ensued which might have had serious results, for many natives tried to seize the soldier, and other soldiers came to his rescue. There was a great scuffle round the panther. Half the dogs were bewildered, and let go, but luckily the other half held on; and when, with some difficulty, order was restored, the panther was nearly exhausted, and two stabs with a shikarry's knife by our Nimrod put an end to his struggles. Strange to say, no dog was killed, nor were any very severely hurt, though some were bitten and scratched.

It being now 6 p. m., everybody dispersed, feeling elated at the successful result of our

“SPORT.”

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## RECORDS OF SPORT IN BRITISH BURMAH AND IN LOWER ASSAM.

THOUGH the current year's numbers of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, already published, have not been sent to me, and my name not included in the list of subscribers, though I have paid my year's subscription in advance, I am glad to see that the Magazine is in good hands, and likely to become a permanency. By the merest chance, I saw the first two numbers at a friend's house, and then became aware of the change it had undergone, and its prospects for the future. Being a hard-worked individual, I have little time to spare to copy out old journals, or to record late sport, though I have plenty of both at hand; and if I thought my handwriting could be deciphered by the printer's devils, I would prefer to send the journals down to re-copying them. However, I continue to extract from journals kept in Burmah, and will also add an account now and then of sport in Assam.

*August 2nd, 1862.*—This was the height of the monsoon, and I thought it would be a good experiment to see whether any sport could be had in the higher ground, whilst the lower was all under water. I thus persuaded Hill to accompany me from Shoayghein to Myetchin. We hoped for a break in the monsoon, as there is one usually at this season of the year. We went in my little boat, and on the fourth day got into the *yehgyo*, or water-course, which ran from the river into a bheel, where there was a Karen village, and within two miles of our bungalow at Myetchin. The whole country was under water, and we just got ourselves comfortably settled in a Karen's house before dark. The mosquitoes were awful; so we had our dinner under the curtains. We heard the elephants had arrived, and would come for us at day-break. During the night heavy rain fell; and so far from a break, judging by appearances, the monsoon intended to set in heavier than ever. Early in the morning the elephants appeared, and we got our baggage and ourselves safely housed at Myetchin, but we could not do any shikar on account of the rain, which fell in torrents the whole day. We had to drag logs of timber under the house for the servants to cook upon, as there were six inches of water under it, and the whole country looked a lake. We were somewhat discouraged, but determined to persevere for a few days.

*August 3rd.*—A tiger kept prowling about the house all night, causing the elephants to keep up an incessant trumpeting, and banishing from us all sleep. We started at 6, notwithstanding that it was raining hard. We hunted for the tiger a good while, but saw no signs of him. As soon as we entered the tree forest, we kept putting up sambur and thamine; but the grass was so high, that we only heard their rush, but did not get a sight of one. After crossing two nullahs with difficulty, we got into higher ground, where the grass was less formidable. The rain also ceased. Hill immediately bowled over a sambur, which we padded. I then bagged one, after missing in the most disgraceful style two; but I was trying a new breech-loading rifle which Westley Richards had made to my order, and the truth is that I funked it. It was a beautiful weapon, with Whitworth's barrels (double), but the recoil was too great; and being to me a novel principle, I did not half like using it, though now I think of using nothing else. In 1862 breech-loaders were not as well known as they are now. I need say nothing of the great comfort they are to a sportsman, particularly to one who has to shoot out of a howdah: they are so easily cleaned, and so safe, that in time they must supersede the old muzzle-loader. We continued our sport, but shot infamously. The elephants were very unsteady, and kept slipping about so in the soft mud, that correct shooting was impossible. I actually missed a deer swimming along. We missed, I should say, to-day at least twenty animals; or if we hit some of them, we failed to bag. Near home we got a thamine between us.

*August 4th.*—We tried new ground to-day, but our progress was very slow. Several of the nullahs could not be crossed, and we went in a

zigzag in grass where an elephant could have safely hidden himself. We saw plenty of fresh marks of elephant, bison, and sine or wild cattle, but did not come across any. We each shot a sambur, but Hill was getting disgusted and losing loather.

*August 5th.*—As it was raining hard this morning, we waited in the hopes of its clearing up; but as it did not, Hill would not come out. So I went out alone after breakfast. I might just as well have followed Hill's example, for I only got a young buck thamine without horns. I certainly put up a lot of beasts, but I did not see one, and the one I got I shot close to home.

*August 6th.*—Still raining. Hill disgusted, and would not venture out again. So as soon as it cleared up a bit, we returned to the river. I went on to Tongho, and he back to Shoayghein. Thus ended our monsoon trip.

*February 16th.*—Colonel Fytche, Hill, and Lloyd went to Myetchin. I was to have gone too, but my subordinate had misbehaved at Shoayghein, and I had to remain behind and take charge till I could get down another man. They had pretty fair sport, killing some ten or twelve deer between them in three or four days.

*April 4th.*—I had gone to Shonyghein by water; and hearing that Lloyd and Turner, of the 68th, would be at Chowtyah on the 5th, I started my traps on the 3rd, and rode to Thaben on the 4th, getting there at 6 p. m.

*April 5th.*—Started to meet Lloyd and Turner at Chowtyah. Shot *en route*. The ground was in famous order for shooting, the grass having been nicely burnt. I fired very well to-day, and bagged one fine buck dalaël and two samburs, and lost one buck sambur; wounded and missed two does. Found Lloyd and Turner in camp; the former had shot a very large boar.

*April 6th.*—We went to the old ground to the south-east of Chowtyah, and found the game very plentiful. Almost at first starting I bagged a fine buck sambur. In quick succession Lloyd and Turner each bagged a sambur. I then got a pig, Lloyd another, and close to home I got another buck sambur, disgusting Lloyd with my luck. I astonished myself to-day. Two peafowl flew up into two trees. Turner got under one of them; and whilst he was trying to see where the bird was perched, I took a careful shot at it with the large rifle. I was about eighty yards off, and down fell the bird almost on the top of Turner. Having made one lucky shot, I thought I would try another, and with the left barrel fired at the other bird, which was a good hundred yards off, and, to my amazement, brought it down too. These were about two of the luckiest shots I ever made.

*April 7th.*—Turner left for Shoayghein, and Lloyd and I shot our way back to Myetchin. On the Koonchoury saw lots of marks of big game, and one of Lloyd's native officials came upon two bison; but we only saw deer and pig. Of these Lloyd got three deer and two pigs, whilst I got two samburs, one dalaël, and one pig.

*April 8th.*—Followed up elephants and bison, but did not come across them. Going home, Lloyd bagged a thamine and a dalaël, and I one small thamine.

*April 9th.*—Shot across to Tuen. We saw very little game. Lloyd got a sambur and a pig, and I a pig and a dalaël.

*April 9th.*—We could not remain out any longer, so shot our way to Monksedank, where we had horses waiting for us. We came to a patch of very high grass, the only bit not burnt for miles around. This was full of bison; but they were very difficult of approach, as we made such a noise going through the grass; and, moreover, owing to its height, we could only see the tips of the horns of the bison. I got two very fair shots. One I knocked down, but it got up and bolted. The other was badly wounded, but it too got away. Lloyd was equally unlucky. He hit one, but lost it too. We told the shikarries to keep a sharp look out, and that we would return in about ten days. We then went on to Monksedank, and thence to our homes in Tongho.

*April 20th.*—Rode out to Tuen, Lloyd and Tongue, of the 60th Rifles, having gone on ahead. On my arrival there I was glad to find that two out of the three bison wounded by us on the 9th had been picked up dead, and that the third had been seen that morning on the point of death with a broken shoulder blade. The two heads were nothing much: one much larger than the other. This Lloyd claimed; so I took the other.

*April 21st.*—We started towards the jungle where the wounded bison had been seen. No sooner had we got into it, than we saw several hundred vultures congregated together on every tree they could find in the plain; so we guessed what had happened; and on going to where they were, we found a magnificent bull bison just dead. He was far the finest of the three; and as Lloyd had wounded only one, and had claimed one of the heads already found, I took possession of this. The bullet had struck it rather high up, but right in the centre of the shoulder blade, breaking it and passing into the intestines. He was very emaciated, full of maggots, and the poor creature appeared to have died in great agony; but he was a very fine specimen of his kind. We beat for bison all day, but the shikarries had over-done the burning, and the bison were in the jungle full of creepers, through which we could not go; and though we saw three to-day, we did not get a shot. Lloyd bagged two deer, Tongue one, and I one.

*April 22nd.*—Out again this morning, saw two very fine bison; but the jungle having been burnt too much, they had no cover, and we could not get near them. I got two sambur to-day, Lloyd two, and Tongue one. Having lots to do in Tongho, we determined, as the bison ground had been spoilt by over-burning, to return the next day, which we did.

*May 3rd.*—Rode out to Zaoogom, on the Puechoing, about 38

miles from Tongho. I got there about two, and the shikarries turned up in the evening. This evening, whilst seated outside the house, I felt distinctly the shock of an earthquake.

*May 4th.*—Made for Myetchin across country. We had gone but a very short way, when we put up a tiger. I got a snap-shot at it, but missed. I then attempted to stalk a thamine, but he objected to being shot. I then got on the *hathi*, and just as I had passed through the tree jungle, up got two sambur, a very fine buck with good horns, and a doe. The buck I shot through the rump as he was running away, and the doe I shot dead with the left barrel. I left her where she fell, and hunted for the buck. I soon found him standing under a tree very sick, and had no difficulty in accounting for him. This buck was the finest I bagged in Burmah; but, comparing it with the sambur of the Neilgherry Hills, it was a very poor one. I saw lots of marks of bison, buffalo, and sine, and hope to find them in a day or two. I got to the hut at Myetchin at 12, having only seen one dalaèl, *en route*, and missing him, after bagging the two sambur, I went out again at 5, and soon came across thamine. I got within sixty yards of them, and then disgracefully missed them, firing right over them. I went on to the open *quirc*, and saw a lot of dalaèl in the dry bed of a hool; got to within hundred yards of them; made a capital shot at a buck, and rolled him over dead with a ball behind the shoulder. Ho was the best I ever got. I then tried to stalk various thamine in the open, but could not get within shot.

*May 5th.*—Came across numerous sambur dead. On enquiry, I find they are dying, by the dozen, of small-pox. Water too is very scarce. I started very early, determined to shoot at nothing but big game. Of course passed very many sambur, thamine, and dalaèl, several within easy shot. They stopped to look at me, as if they were cognizant of my intentions. I felt very much tempted to fire once or twice. Indeed, had I come across one with a fine head, I should doubtless have been tempted; but as those I did see were not worth shooting, I let them go. I made straight for the Nga Eine; and if I had shot all the big game I saw this day, I should have been in luck. Besides deer and pig, I put up seven bison, three buffaloes, and one tiger. Before I entered the tree jungle, and close to home, I did fire at a dalaèl, and hit it very fairly as it was bolting. It picked itself up, and stood quite still, whilst I took pot shots at it at about sixty yards off. I missed it clean each time; and after the third shot it ran away, and I lost it, as I well deserved.

From the edge of the jungle to beyond the Nga Eine, I refrained from firing at deer, and it was not till I got to Zelookee that I came across bison. The first one got up in front of my spare elephant carrying my breakfast, and a long way from me. I tried to get a shot at it, but could not. When near the entangled jungle, I saw two bison—a bull and a cow—make for a clump of trees, and stand under them. I jumped off the elephant and followed on foot, Mong Wine, the shikarry, leading the way. We had an awful sweat of it,

the thorny creepers impeding our movements and cutting us badly ; but by great perseverance we made what I imagined to be a capital stalk ; and on looking up to see where our quarries were, lo ! and behold ! they were gone. On looking about, I soon ascertained the cause. The head shikarry, Shoaygah, finding the stalking so difficult, had quietly mounted my elephant, sat down in my howdah, and followed close behind us, and of course had frightened the bison off. I abused him like a pick-pocket, and made him trudge on foot after us a good long way to teach him better manners. I don't suppose we had gone a mile further when up got another bison ; but he took good care never to get within range. It was fearfully hot. I was in a beastly rage and altogether disgusted, but very blood-thirsty. About 12 o'clock, just as I had crossed over a nullah, I met a huge bison face to face. He was not more than ten yards off and looking up at me ; I aimed right between his eyes, but he threw his head up as I fired ; and as he passed me, I gave him the left barrel behind the shoulder. He ran about ten yards and then lay down. On my going up to him, he jumped up and ran across me again. I fired right and left into him with the breech-loader, and he fell dead. On examination, he proved a splendid fellow, standing twenty hands one and a half inch to the top of the dorsal ridge. On inspecting him carefully, I was puzzled to think what had become of my first shot. I could see no signs of the bullet anywhere on the head. The shikarries declared I had missed, but I did not think so, as I had the Lang sight well between the eyes when I pulled the trigger. Seeing blood pouring through his mouth, I opened out the jaws and discovered that when he threw up his head, the bullet had gone clean in through the right nostril, cutting the palate all along, and sticking in the throat at the junction of the head. I then breakfasted, got under shelter, and dried my shirt in the sun, and it was wet through with perspiration ; cut up the bison, and went on again. After trudging a long way, and seeing no signs of bison, I was idiot enough to fire at a huge boar whose ivories I counted. It was the easiest shot possible, but I missed clean, firing over. No sooner had I fired, than up sprang a bison, and was soon lost to view. How I swore at myself and the pig to be sure ! Presently up got three buffaloes. The mahout did not see them, and would not stop the elephant ; so I had to take snap-shots. With the first barrel I missed, with the second broke the hind leg of a cow, and followed them up as fast as I could. I put them up frequently, but could not get a second shot. Whilst I was intent on following up these brutes on the edge of a nasty tree jungle, and with a steep nullah behind me, right in front, with a roar, sprung an immense tiger. My elephant spun round, and tried to bolt into the tree jungle, where I must have been swept off, howdah and all, to a certainty ; and although the tiger passed me at a full gallop through an open space, giving me a clear view of him for a good thirty yards, I thought discretion the better part of valour, and let him go without

the usual salute. The elephant was so unsteady, that I was afraid to fire. The day was so fearfully hot that I could not stand the sun any longer, and I told the mahout to go home, and gave up all idea of sport. Not far from our shed another bison loomed in the distance. I was doubtful whether to get off and stalk, or to keep on the elephant, but the bison saved me the trouble of deciding by walking into a clump of high grass; and having a large bush most conveniently right between us, I pushed on. At last, when I judged I was close enough, I made the mahout take the elephant on one side, and there was a noble bison standing broadside on within fifty yards. A right and left from Lang made him reel, but he ran on. I soon came up with him again, and three more shots from the breech-loader did for him. In bulk he was even larger than the bull killed in the morning, but not so tall, nor had he so fine a head. To the top of the dorsal ridge he measured nineteen and a half hands. I cut off his head, and then went home. Next day moved to Kyankoe, and next to Shoayghien.

*May 12th.*—I persuaded Hill to come back with me to Myetchin. We determined to go *vid* Thabud and Chowtyah. Like a fool, I tried short cuts, and the consequence was I did nothing, but lose the road the whole day; and at last, when we did reach Thabun, we had gone many more miles than there was any necessity for, had I stuck to the beaten pathway. We got to the Zyat, a tumbled-down place, at half-past one, and had just time to get it made somewhat waterproof by the villagers, when the rain came down in torrents; such a Godsend.

*May 13th.*—We started for the elephant jungle, and agreed, if we saw a *kathi*, to get off our own, and to meet him on foot. As there were lots of trees about, it was quite safe shooting. We also agreed to fire at large game only. Before we got to our shooting ground, I saw three porcupines, and not having seen one for many years past, I was dolt enough to fire at one, and of course missed it. Hill then, following my bad example, fired at a sambur, and in so doing disturbed a bison. As Hill had never bagged a bison, I was anxious he should get the shot, and told him to follow the trail closely, whilst I kept on one side. Presently, in magnificent tree jungle, free of all undergrowth, an immense bull elephant, with long, straight tusks, came right up to Hill, who got so excited, that he forgot our agreement; and although I was hurrying up to his assistance as fast as I could, he could not resist the temptation, and let fly at the hardest part of the elephant's head, who thereupon wheeled about and went off, with tail in air, trumpeting like mad, but not the least injured. Of course we never saw him again. We lost the bison too. All day we hunted for bison; but, although they are evidently very numerous, we did not come across them. The country is cut up by ravines, and there are very fine forests here, in which it is plain elephant's line. We gave up all ideas of sport, and were making for our encampment, when in front of us, in an open quire, we saw the much-coveted wild cattle or sine. We drew the elephants back into the tree jungle. Fortunately we had not been twiggled. We made a long detour to get to the wind-



ward of them, and after a careful stalk got to within hundred yards of the only big bull we could see. We fired as nearly together as possible, and heard the balls tell pat, pat. Hill shot it through the stomach, and I broke the hip-joint, but, to our great disgust, it bolted, dragging its hind leg behind it. We followed after it as fast as we could get over the ground, and came upon it under the half-mile. It was standing under a tree facing us; and it was a pretty sight to see it paw the ground, hear it snort, and then advance towards us preparatory to charging. We were quite safe. There were lots of trees about, and all we had to do was to jump behind one if the need arose. As it was, we advanced together on him and opened fire. Hill, after firing right and left with his Nock, took my breech-loader, whilst I fired two double-barrel Lang's No. 10 bore into him. In a couple of minutes the brute was down; he had no chance against us. Here I first learnt to appreciate a breech-loading rifle, though I had long been a convert to the gun. The bull we had killed was a very handsome animal, a bright red, with white rump, stockings, and belly, and white rings round the eyes. It too had a dorsal ridge, but less than that of the buffalo even. The head was very game-like, and he stood about sixteen hands; they grow up to seventeen hands, I believe. They are very difficult of approach, living in the open as they do, and being wary, shy animals. We were delighted at getting this brute, and went to our camp quite happy.

(*To be continued.*)

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## ELEPHANTS AND ELEPHANT-CATCHING.

MY DEAR W.,—You ask for an account of elephant-catching. The following is a short sketch of the method adopted in the Government Kheddas under my charge in the Cuttack Tributary Mehals.

I left the Central Provinces on the 1st September, 1867, leaving my establishment to follow after me on the 1st October. Towards the end of October, I reached a place called Manghur Ghattee, in the Mohurbunge territory, which I fixed on as my head-quarters, and stayed there a few days. Having made arrangements for the building of godowns, &c., and supply of grain and coolies, I proceeded to Midnapore *en route* for the Sonapore Fair, where I had to purchase elephants for the Central Provinces Government.

I returned to Manghur Ghattee on the 1st December with forty trained Chittagong men to teach the coolies their duty, and I may here mention that the Chittagong men are the best suited of all for Khedda work, as it seems to come to them naturally, which is hardly to be wondered at when their hundred years' experience is

taken into consideration, and this has always rendered Khedda operations in Chittagong and the neighbouring districts comparatively easy.

Well, I reached Manghur Ghattce on December 1st, and found my house and godowns, &c., built, and that the elephants had arrived from Bolaspore. Coolies alone were not forthcoming, as the dhan was not all cut. I however sent out parties of *Jasooses* in all directions to search for elephants. I must now tell you of what my establishment consists. First, there is a *Khedda Jemadar* and *Gomashita* at the head, with a *Naib Jemadar* as assistant. Then comes a "*Sirdar Jasoos*" and twenty "*Jasooses*." It is the special duty of these men to find the elephants, go the rounds at night, and finally drive them into the stockade.

After those come a *Sirdar* and four *shikarries*. These men assist the *Jasooses* and tie the legs of the wild elephants. Next come a *Sirdar* and twenty-four musketeers, whose duty it is to keep watch at night and prevent the elephants breaking. Lastly, three hundred and twenty coolies with forty-two *Sirdars*, technically termed *manjees* and *mate manjees*.

By making every exertion, I collected two hundred coolies by the 12th December, and having received intelligence of a herd, I sent the party off under the Khedda Jemadar, and on the 17th had the satisfaction of hearing that a herd had been surrounded two days previously. I immediately sent off letters to certain friends who had kindly promised to come out, and starting late in the evening, arrived at the *juggutheer*, as the space in which the elephants are enclosed is termed, at 10 P.M.

My tents not being up, I slept in a shed of leaves which the *Khedda Jemadar* had constructed, waking, however, every hour as the *Jasooses* arrived with intelligence that all was well.

As I dare say you do not know what a *juggutheer* is, I may as well tell you.

When the elephants are found, the coolies are placed in pairs, a party of from fourteen to twenty being under a *manjee*, and are made to form a circle round the herd, the circle being from a mile and a half to six miles in circumference. The men, two together at intervals, immediately light fires, and the musketeers are distributed among the parties. A path is cut through the jungle, so that the men may see one another, and a light bamboo railing is thrown up, which serves to frighten the elephants, who fear a trap; and, if they do break, it serves to show the place where they broke. The whole of this is called the *juggutheer*.

I woke early in the morning after my arrival, and after directing that a space should be cleared for my tent, went round to inspect the posts.

The road was rather impracticable, and went over hills eight hundred feet high, with almost perpendicular sides, and down into romantic dells, and it was good two hours, though I walked fast

before I returned to the starting point. From this I conclude that the circuit was about four miles. After fixing on a site for the stockade, and setting men to work, I went to breakfast.

The stockade is generally about a hundred and fifty yards in circumference, and made of logs of wood fifteen feet long, and about nine inches to a foot in thickness, let into the ground three feet, and bound together with fibre to three rows of bars, which are strengthened by three rows of supports, the supports, in each row, being about three feet apart. From each side of the entrance run long walls forming a funnel-shaped entrance, called the *arnee*, down which the elephants are driven.

On the night of the 22nd all was ready; the entrance well concealed by branches of trees; dry fuel collected; and we all waiting with anxiety for the coming day. This last night was an anxious one, as the elephants made a desperate attempt to break through the line, and many shots were fired, but morning broke at last, and I was relieved from my anxiety when the *Khedda Jemadar* came to report that the elephants were still safe within the *jug-gutheer*. I went to the stockade to see that all was right, and then gave orders that all the men should eat and make themselves ready. I loaded my guns with nine drachms and an ounce of powder respectively, dried the cartridges and caps, and having had breakfast, mounted a *koonkee* elephant, and proceeded to the stockade where the men were assembled. The driving party consisted of from sixty to eighty men, including those placed in rear of the *arnee* and stockade to light the fires. All the remainder were at their posts, where large fires were lighted, in case the elephants should attempt to break instead of moving down the *arnee*. I gave out ten blank cartridges and fifteen caps to each musketeer, and warned the men to be active; they saluted me, and asked me to pray for them, and went to their places. I took mine with seven elephants at the entrance to the *arnee* on the left side, the *Khedda Jemadar* with eight elephants taking up a similar position on the opposite side. Further out on either side were placed squads of men to hedge in the elephants, and last of all the *ooruntce* men, or drivers, went out from either side, so as to beat the whole jungle, and meet opposite the mouth of the *arnee* at a distance of about four hundred yards.

(To be continued.)

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