

who has an Arab stallion and four Arab mares, all of pure blood in England, but their foals, even in the first generation, are losing their Arab peculiarities.

CASTOR.

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EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL IN THE DOOARS.

By T. A. Deane.

FEBRUARY 14TH 1865.—A hard day's work was before me to-day. I had heard of a place called Pátlákhawah, where our *weissagers* were going to establish a military cantonment, and as I expected I should be located there too, I wished to take a look at it, and had fixed on to-day to go over there. It was a few miles east of the Torsah river. The ghaut or ford, where I had to cross the Torsah, was about 4 miles north-east of my camp at Fálákátah. I started from my camp at about 7 A. M., and made straight for the ghaut. The water of the Torsah was beautifully clear—clear as cristal, and sparkling like champagne. It looked delicious, and I had all the empty bottles in the howdah filled, or rather I poured out all the water that I had brought in the “empty bottles” from Fálákátah, and re-filled them with the delicious water of the Torsah.

I found on crossing over to the east-side of the Torsah, a very great change in the aspect of the country. On the west-side it was a fine, high, open, undulating district, and as dry as a chip, with no jungle to speak of obtruding itself to notice. On the east, it was low and swampy, and literally covered with jungle except in such places where fire had passed through it. It looked wild and desolate in the extreme. Doubtless, there is both good and bad in this country, as there is everywhere else—but there is generally a strange fatality attending such matters—it somehow almost invariably happens that the good is rejected and the bad selected; and so it happened on the present occasion. There are numberless instances, on record, of places hastily and unadvisedly selected, being subsequently condemned after an incalculable amount of evil has resulted both to human life and public property. Every body has heard of Pátlákhawah, and of the mortality there amongst our soldiers and camp-followers, who died like rotten sheep. The *weissagers* aforesaid, who selected that spot, were—would you believe it?—medical men! They could not have selected a worse place as a location for troops if they had been paid to do so.

As I went along, I stared about in all directions, taking in more and more of the characteristic aspects of the country at every glance. It had the most uninviting appearance imaginable, without a single redeeming feature, except that it will, in all probability, turn out a

good rice-producing country. There were large dense forests of the Simal tree (*Bombax heptaphyllum*), and very dense wild cardamum jungles. Some of the latter had, however, been burnt down; and everywhere were nasty, ugly ravines, literally choked with rotting jungle. The whole country looked fever and dysentery, and every other "ill that flesh is heir to."

I was pre-occupied with scanning the predominant ugly features of the country, that for some time I did not think of shooting.

"*Khodawand*, wont you load the guns?" said my *attaché* in the howdah behind me. "They say, there are herds of rhinoceros over on this side of the Torsah, and lots of *harin* too, and who knows but that we may turn up a tiger or two."

"And there are many buffaloes and bears," said my *māhout*, as an assenting correlative to what my *chupprassy* had just enunciated.

I took this pretty broad hint, and loaded my battery carefully. The contemplative mood was passed and "Richard was himself again!"

"Put the elephants into that ravine," said I to the *māhout*, "and beat up towards me."

I was on "Sher Afgan"\* to-day, and he being faster than any of the other elephants, I had got some seventy yards or so in advance of them near the head of the ravine, they being near the tail-end of it. The drivers put the elephants in, while I stood patiently rifle in hand, waiting for them. They had hardly advanced a dozen yards towards me, when a devil of a scrimmage took place inside among the elephants; they trumpeting, and something else roaring in two voices, bass and tenor. I did not know what to make of it, thinking some strange *janwar* (animal) would turn up, and I called to the *māhouts* to tell me what it was? But they, instead of answering me, were punishing the elephants. Again I called to them to tell me what it was.

"*Bolo you budzats ! kyahie ?*" (speak you, rascals ! what is it ?).

"*Bhāndi ! Bhāndi !*" said half a-dozen voices in chorus (Bear ! Bear !), and they pointed away to the west. I looked in that direction and saw a large black mis-shapen mass that might have been the foul fiend himself, for what I knew, going away, or as it appeared *rolling* away, across the open towards the west. When I saw it, it was a hundred and fifty yards distant from me. I fired one or two ill-directed shots at the thing without touching it. I then spoke to my *māhout*, and he made "Sher Afgan" take a spirt in pursuit. After a chase of two or three hundred yards, I pulled up and sent a couple more shots at the black rolling mass on ahead, and saw some of the wool fly, but apparently without wounding "the thing." It turned however, and then I made out that it was old Mrs. Bruin with two of her young hopefuls on her back !!! That was what gave her such a mis-shapen figure, I wonder if she knew of it! At any rate I

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\* A *shikari* elephant of mine.

felt a strong desire to capture and kidnap the two olive branches, and I made my máhout urge "Sher Afgan" on at his best pace, and just as he started off, I heard the máhouts behind me yelling like fiends! I turned to see what they were singing out for like that, and behold! a wopping big rhinoceros with a large horn on his snout, shaped like the thin gum-bob of a sundial! A "gnomon," I think, you call it, and if you do, it's not a nice-sounding name at all.

The Rhino and Mrs. Bruin were making for the same jungle about a quarter of a mile on a head; and I followed now more leisurely, as I knew that if they entered that jungle I should at least have a good chance of bagging the Rhino. They entered the jungle at two different points; the place was a ravine, running into a nullah, and the jungle in it was anything but thick or heavy.

I first hunted for Mrs. Bruin and her young hopefuls, but could not find either her or them. She must have got into some cave or other. I next beat up for old Rhino, and was not long in finding *him*. He turned up grunting like a whole drone of pigs, and I fired a couple of shots into him that made him grunt still more. He cut along through the inequalities of the ground with astonishing speed and surefootedness for such a large and apparently unwieldy beast, a horse would have fallen and broken his neck as sure as fate. I followed Rhino up, but lost him for a short time in the broken ground. He was put up again after a little more search, and this time he came charging down at me uncomfortably close. I fired and hit him two shots hard from the "Bonesmasher," but he still came doggedly on, and I feared "Sher Afgan" would feel the brute's horn, and I fired two more shots into him at *very* close quarters, and fortunately turned him. He slewed round when he was within a yard and a half of "Sher Afgan" without coming into actual contact with the latter. "Sher Afgan" was not, however, in the least afraid of the old Rhino. On the contrary, he looked defiantly at him, and I am certain, if the beast had come within reach of, or in contact with, him, "Sher Afgan" would have sent him sprawling.

After receiving my two last shots, old Rhino took across country, which was a low, open, flat plain of several miles in extent. He galloped along for about a mile, and then broke into a long steady trot, which he kept up, for, I don't know how much further. I could see him plainly all along, and I followed at the best pace of my elephant, but we were distanced in the first mile, and had it not been that the Rhinoceros was going in the direction I wished him to go in, that is to say, towards Pátlákhawah, I would have given up the chase in despair. He was more than a mile ahead of me when he slackened his pace to a walk, and then as my elephant walked faster than he, I gradually gained on him, and saw him at length enter a sort of natural basin overgrown with wild cardamum jungle. The natives call this jungle "*Tarah*," and I shall do so too in future as the English name is too long and inconvenient to use frequently.

As I said, I saw the old Rhino enter the *Tarah* jungle in the low ground; there was not much of it and no heavy jungle anywhere near in sight. So I too slackened my pace to give my elephant time to recover his breath, as I was quite sure I should find "the enemy" where I saw him enter. As I approached closer and closer, and glanced eagerly over the surface of the *Tarah*, I at length spied him out, there he was "standing at ease," and I now entered the *Tarah* myself, and old Rhino did not move till I got to within sixty or seventy yards of him. He then moved on, but as his stern was towards me I could not fire at him. He continued walking leisurely ahead of me, while I followed him as leisurely, and so he walked out of the jungle into the high open ground beyond, where he turned his full broadside towards me, and didn't he look a monster! He was about fifty or sixty yards from me, and I could see that he was bleeding at the mouth. I hesitated a moment as to which part of his broad carcase I should aim at, and then decided on—behind the shoulder for a ducat!

I aimed and fired, and the Rhino was hit very hard. He grunted tremendously and actually bucked all fours off the ground, and blind with rage, he put his head down and went like a thousand of bricks at a new hut, which some "niggers" had just erected close by, and who were engaged at the time doing something to it. Before I fired they saw neither me nor the Rhino, as they were all busy about the hut, but on hearing the loud report of the "Bonesmasher" they turned and saw the Rhino, charging head down and at full speed at the hut. What he did that for, I don't know, but the "niggers" aforesaid bolted like men, and as old Rhino's broad side was still towards me, and not knowing what mischief the brute meant, I fired at him again aiming about six inches in front of his horn. I caught him somewhere about the head on awful crack. He shook his head grunting furiously, and stopping for a moment, whistled, and then I poured two more shots into him which set him off again at a gallop, and as he went, I heard him blowing like a grampus and whistling. I followed him up quickly into some reed grass jungle just high enough in some parts to conceal him, though it did not grow thick. I lost sight of him for a few minutes, while I was re-loading my battery, and then, when I was ready, I suddenly saw what I thought the same Rhinoceros standing within fifty yards of me. "Pull up," said I to my máhout, "there he is," and bang! bang! went both barrels of my rifle. The brute I fired at staggered, grunted furiously, and dropped, but at the same instant four or five more got up!

"There are more! there are more!" said my máhout pointing eagerly at them.

"Yes!—yes!—I see them, but stop, you beggar, and let me re-load!"

I was again ready in a jiffy, and as the fools of Rhinos had stood stupidly staring at me while I was re-loading my battery, I soon

astonished them pretty considerably. I first picked out the largest, and gave him both barrels of the Bonesmasher; he bolted like a shot grunting his displeasure; the other fools still stood within tempting distance, and I went on firing at them, one after another, like a fool as I was myself, and sent them scampering away in all directions. By this time the beater elephants came up, and I set one of them to guard the beast I had floored; and with the others in link I beat through the reeds; and now the cry of the máhouts was, "Here's one, Khodawand!" "Here is another, Khodawand!" "Oh Khodawand! here are two more!" Bad luck to the brutes, how they did bother me! I had got into a large herd of them. They were of all sizes, some with horns, and some without; and I fired indiscriminately at all, hitting every one I fired at without however knocking over any. "This won't do," I at last said, "I have wasted, Heaven knows, how much powder and lead already without bowling over more than one. I shall now pick out a good one and stick to him till I bag him." This I did, and after chasing one big begger about hither and thither through the jungle, and across a nasty ponky nullah, and back again, I bowled him over at last with a good shot behind the point of the elbow; down he went never to rise again. The one I had set a beater elephant to guard was not dead yet, so I went and polished him off too.

I was pretty well done up by this time—awfully thirsty—and I halted to take a drink of something. My "empty bottles" of Torsah water, I found, had got quite hot, the beer was ditto, so I sent one of the beater máhouts to the nearest hamlet to fetch me a gourd full of cold water. I wanted it to cool my beer with. The hamlet was about a quarter of a mile distant from the spot where I had just "polished off" the Rhino.

The máhout cut along with his elephant for the water, but he had scarcely got over one-half the distance, when I heard his elephant give a loud trumpet, and saw her coming back towards me with her trunk raised as fast as her four legs could move. Her máhout was urging her on too I saw. I bowled out to him, and asked what was the matter?

"Oh! Khodawand!" said he, "such a monster of a Rhinoceros with a horn a full cubit in length! he was lying in the grass there right in my way to the *bustee*."

"Is he there still?" I asked.

"No Khodawand, he is gone towards those long reeds there."

"Well, let's go and look after him," I said, "and hark you!—You go to the *bustee* yonder for the water."

Away we all then went into the long reeds pointed out by the máhout. A line of the elephants was formed and we began beating through, but we had not penetrated fifty yards into the jungle when a row began which beggars all description! If all the devils in the infernal regions had got loose, they could not have made a greater row, and I was several times in imminent danger—till now I had had only child's play. This time I had got into another herd of Rhinos—but these

were all fighting devils, and of gigantic size. One amongst them, more fierce than any of the others, was an old, tolerably large female. She either had a young one somewhere there, or it may be, that it was the rutting season, and she would come heading a herd of five or six big male brutes with awful-looking pointed horns, charging determinedly down at us. She got well peppered too for it, but she took a devil of a lot of lead before she dropt.

The brutes had several times regularly surrounded me shaking their big ugly heads viciously at "Sher Afgan." He stood it all wonderfully well and with perfect *non chalance*, till in one of the many scimmages I had with them, one Rhino thinking it a capital Joke (he had not had a dose of lead yet) came capering up to "Sher Afgan" when I hadn't a single barrel loaded. As soon as he came within reach, "Sher afgan" went at him a rammer, and sent him rolling over and over for about ten yards. My Elephant would have gone and trampled on him as his blood was now up, had the máhout allowed him, and it was as much as the máhout could do to keep him out of mischief. When I saw the Rhino coming at me, and having no gun loaded, I called to my máhout to get the elephant out of the jungle sharp, but he could not get him to move, and in a moment the Rhino closed with us and got what he hadn't bargained for.

After bowling over the vicious female I was allowed a little breathing time; though even after that I was repeatedly charged by the others. It was seldom one came charging singly, a herd of four or five would come charging down like a battery of Horse Artillery, and it was as much come as I could do to keep them off. My project of sticking to one until I had bagged him, was all knocked on the head by these brutes. They had regularly turned the tables on me, and I was obliged to fire at them indiscriminately in self-defence, and if one got knocked over by a shot in a vital part, it was by chance and the fortune of war.

All the brutes in this second herd I found to be unaccountably frisky! —and now that I think over it, I believe that all the beggars did was more out of frolic than vice, *except when they got hit*, and then they were earnest enough. One beast, I remember, on this occasion (I believe it was the fellow whom "Sher Afgan" had knocked over that time), got very ryled after being hit several times. He would not leave the ground, but seemed determined to drive me off it. He came charging at me several times, and the last time he charged, I fired a shot that hit him in the head somewhere, and he went down on his knees. I fired again, and he got up very groggy and went staggering a few paces, till he came on to the body of the defunct vicious female lying there. She was lying dead on her side, and as he saw her he went at her with tooth and horn and actually turned her over on her back. Whilst he was thus doing his wicked will on her, I crept up to within a few yards of him, and sent a bullet crashing through his brain that rolled him over beside the dead female.

He was the fourth I had that day disposed off effectually ; and I had hardly re-loaded my battery, when another big thundering male, with a long sharp-pointed horn, came charging at me from somewhere. I fired several shots into him at close quarters and turned him, and he disappeared in the jungle. I then stopped to re-load and when I had done so, I followed him. After going some sixty or seventy yards, to my astonishment, I saw him and another ; his very counterpart ; standing face to face ; their noses about a foot apart, in a little open space. They seemed to be threatening each other. The one, I had wounded, was bleeding at the mouth and shaking his head threateningly at the other, and that other was looking at him steadily with a "do if you dare" sort of expression in his face. I thought I'd polish off the wounded one first, and do the other one's job after ; so I fired one more shot at the wounded fellow. The two Rhinos then separated and disappeared a few yards further on in the jungle. I again re-loaded the barrel of the "Bonesmasher" which I had just fired, and hurried on in the direction the two huge beasts had gone in, and soon came up with one of them ; which one, I could not tell at the time. I fired two shots at him and he dropt at once, and *his* hash was settled. But I found it was "the other one ;" he had a splendid horn which I have got still. I then went and hunted for the big fellow, his counterpart, whom I had wounded before, but I could find him nowhere, and while hunting for him it became very late. The sun had set for sometime and I was obliged to give over ; but I had bagged five Rhinos in that one day, and had wounded at least five-times five more, a good many of which must have died. At the finish a tiger was put up, at which I fired one shot only, and I lost him. I was too much done up to look for him, my hands blistered and bleeding with loading, and I had broken two ramrods. I must have fired at least a hundred shots that day, and hundred times that day I wished another sportsman had been with me in another Howdah. We might jointly have bagged treble the number of Rhinos. The place literally swarmed with them. I had of course no opportunity on this occasion of seeing that Golgotha Pátlákhawah, and I returned to camp very late at night dreadfully fatigued.

The "Bonesmasher," so often mentioned in this narrative, was a breach-loader 12-bore double-barrelled rifle that I had just got out from Perth, made by Mr. Edward Paton of that city. I have it still and have found it to be the truest, hardest hitting weapon I have ever used. I liked it so much that I ordered another double-barrelled rifle of the same size, and also a smooth-bore shot gun ;—both breach loaders, on the central fire principle. This new rifle I have not yet received, but I have had the smooth-bore in use during the past season,\*

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\* Between two of us, we bagged, in a week's shooting in February last, five large tigers, three half-grown ditto, a tiger cub, and a large leopard ; of which my companion said, he would send you an account, but as it has not appeared, I suppose, he has not had time to write it.—Only one of the tigers (it was a tigress) showed any real fight.

and have been exceedingly well pleased with it both as a shot and a ball gun. The workmanship and high finish of these guns cannot, I believe, be surpassed; and they shoot with wonderful precision and strength. Mr. Paton had the honor of being gun-maker to His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and well he deserved it; for I believe him to be one of the best makers in the United Kingdom, and I can confidently recommend him to all our Indian sportsmen requiring first-class guns, moderately priced. Mr. Paton is, I believe, hardly known in India. He never lets a double-barrelled rifle out of his hands till he has so correctly adjusted the barrels as to make them throw both bullets into the same hole.

I shall be glad to send you extracts from my Bhootan Journal from time to time as I find opportunity of having them copied, that is to say, if you think the present one worthy of a place in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*.

T. A. D.

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### SCRAPS.

SIR,—If you think that the following scraps will be interesting to the readers of the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, I shall be glad to place them at your service;—

TRAVELLING, towards the close of the past year, through the forests along the foot of the Himalayas, I came to the entrance of one of the principal passes leading into Bhotan, and wishing to visit some fine orange gardens on the side of the hills there, I set out next morning, taking a pony and syce, but without any gun, knowing that at this time of year, when the fruit is gathered and exported, I should find the path well trodden. Now where these forest paths cross the bed of a river it is always more or less difficult, without a guide, to hit upon the continuation on the opposite bank, which may be half a mile higher up or lower down, and so it happened that we lost the track, and followed up a watercourse until it ended in a narrow ravine between two steep rocks not easily passable for the pony. Leaving the syce with the pony there, I turned up this ravine alone in hopes still of picking up the track; but after going on for about two hundred yards, I gave up the idea, and determined to return; but first finding myself in a very solitary place I sat down to contemplate; taking care to be in such a position as to keep a good look-out ahead. When on the point of rising to go, I observed the bushes, on the opposite side of the ravine, about twenty yards higher up, moving, and from out of them appeared the head and shoulders of a tiger. We "spotted" each other, fortunately for me, at the same instant, and he stopped with his eyes fixed on me, with a