

that during the fight, the tiger had been "down" and under the buff. The only bite was one on the small of the back, and it appeared as though the tiger had at last got hold there, and regularly chewed it, for the back-bone was fairly smashed. We then went and beat up some likely nullahs in the direction that the tiger had bolted, but did not come across him again. It was early in the day and cool, so he had, I expect, travelled some distance.

At breakfast under a tree near the scene of my adventure, I was roasted severely for my conduct. K., an impulsive cuss, said I should have fired slick in the brute's face as he stood looking at me. S., more deliberate, said I should under no circumstances have fired!

Had I seen the *gára* first, had I not gone into the swamp at all, had I not fired even when I did, or if S. or K. had been with me at that moment, we might have killed the tiger, but under the startling and unfavorable circumstances which I have related, I am able to comfort myself with the fact that it was more my misfortune than my fault that the brute was not bagged. Tigers at any time are not very amiable, and all that had just passed between him and the buff, and then my disturbing him, was highly calculated to utterly obliterate any trace of amiability that may have marked the character of this particular beast.

*November 20th, 1873.*

## WHAT A SELL !! OR SHOOTING NEAR THE KOOSEE.

BY MAORI.

I PROMISED to write you regarding sport in this my new district, but little thought I would be so soon able to fulfil my promise. We have just had as complete a disappointment as one could wish, and as the recital of events which led to it may amuse your readers for ten minutes, and give them some idea of the nature of this locality, I make no further apology but proceed at once to tell you how we were sold. This place, Lutchmeepore, is in the Bhaugulpore district, and is only about two miles from the banks of the Koosee, which is here broken up into several streams, very swift and treacherous, and abounding in quicksands. Fusseah, one of the outworks, lies between two of these streams, and is a famous place for tigers. Burgammah, the other outwork, lies on the other side, in the Purneah district, and is fourteen miles from here. The country for miles is covered with dense *nurkutt* and *jowah* jungles, the haunt of tigers, rhinoceros, leopards, wild buffaloes, pigs, deer, and all sorts of small game. The *dhaus* a network of sluggish, creep-

ing, slimy creeks and stagnant pools two miles broad, lies at the back of the factory, and is perfectly alive with all sorts of wild fowl, from the stately cyrus and snake bird down to the familiar pital and snipe-curlew, ibis (both black and white kinds), spoonbill, wild geese, plover of all sorts are here in myriads, besides many other species that I have never seen before, and don't even know the names of. Just now the jungles are very thick, and would be most difficult to beat, but in February and March after the annual burning down, splendid sport can be obtained, and I hope that some of our mutual friends may be induced to pay me a visit, when I will do what I can to procure sport for them.

Early on the morning of the 18th, F. and I started for Burgammah, taking our guns with us. We found the boat waiting for us at the ghat, and getting aboard we dropped downstream. The sandbanks in places were *literally* crowded with crocodiles, the long nosed species, and we had some practice at them, but not with much success. At one part nine magnificent wild geese came within range, but we had just reloaded with No. 7 shot for snipe and goggle-eyed plover, of which latter there were clouds, and though we blazed away at the geese it was no good. A little farther down we spied a perfect leviathan on the bank, taking his snooze in solitary state. A little bird was quietly pluming its feathers while perched on the monster's head. A bullet from F., which hit the huge brute in the neck, caused no little commotion, and made him flounder into the stream with a good deal more haste than dignity. We reached Burgammah about mid-day, and having finished our work rode over to Mirzapore and dined with T.S.H. The three of us started for Lutchmeepore next morning, and took H's pack with us as far as Burgammah. We put up nothing on the way, but surely there is no better place in India than where we were for a course. Rolling *maidans* with *nullahs* and jungly cover between extend far beyond the limits of the horizon in every direction. These were formerly thrown up by the Koosée, which, for I dare say centuries, seems to have been working its way to the west. At one time these *maidans* must have been the bare sandy flats of the river, such as are now seen where the Koosée actually is, but in course of time they have got covered with a short brown sward which affords the finest galloping ground I have ever seen. It's a light firm sward, sandy underneath, dry as a bone and not a hole in it. We had refreshments at Burgammah and started for Fussaah at mid-day.

When we got to the ghat, H's two mares refused to go into the boat, so they had to take to the water. It was a long swim and against a strong current, but they got over all right. We reached

Fusseah about 3 o'clock, had some chuppaties and milk, and started for Lutchmeepore about four in the afternoon. We ought to have had an elephant, and horses were to have been waiting at the other ghat for us, but the elephant had not put in an appearance, and F. knowing the sort of country before us, made us start while yet the sun was high. From Fusseah to the ghat is only four miles, but it was dark before we reached the river. The road lay through alternate belts of dense jungle and swamps of paddy, which is here a luxuriant crop, and there should be no fear of famine in this neighbourhood. When we arrived at the ghat, we found the boat on the far side, the boatmen gone home, and the dark, swift, silent river running like a millrace before us. There was no help for it. We were in a fix. We sent off a burkundaz and chowkeydar to another ghat higher up, to see if they could get a boat, and then proceeded to make the best of it. We were on a wet sandy spit, with the river in front and the jungle behind. Our horses were tired, and so were we, and a heavy dew was falling. We got some damp brushwood and wet sticks, and tried to get up a fire, the only result being an insufferable stench and smoky faces. What a miserable wait it was! but we had to grin and bear it until one in the morning, when at last the boat came to our relief. We heard two tigers calling in the jungle at intervals. Sometimes a chorus of jackalls would break out, or the plash of part of a falling bank would break the stillness. A cold wind was sweeping up the river bringing faint far village sounds with it. At times a Brahminee duck would call to its mate, or a flock of pintails would rustle swiftly past overhead, and there we cowered together hungry, sleepy, cold, and tired, cursing the Koossee and consigning the boatman to—well—not the celestial regions. Groping our way to the boat—for it was very dark—I got into a quicksand on my Cabool, but he made a desperate struggle, groaning like a good 'un, and got through it. Again H's horses refused to go in the boat, so we left them to be again swum across. When we reached the other side, we set fire to the ghatman's old hut to show the men the way across with the horses. The blaze threw a wild glare over the dark stream, and which is here fearfully swift, and it was as well there was this light, for the stream carried two poor brutes under the boat twice, and we thought they were drowned. The way the two poor animals struggled and snorted was fearful, and we could see their eyes glowing like balls of fire in the darkness beyond the glare, as they battled with the hungry stream for dear life. They got over at last, however, but had another weary struggle to get up the bank. They were perfectly exhausted, and we brought them up to the blaze and gave them a good rub down; and then once more plunged

into the jungle. We were fated to again miss the path, and after a weary tramp, once more found ourselves on the banks of the infernal river—not the Styx, but the Koosee. We did not get home till half past four in the morning. We were all perfectly knocked up, and therefore when, next morning, a ryot brought in *khubber* of a rhinoceros at a short distance from the factory, the servants did not like to wake us up, and this is how we were sold. I was first to awaken, and hearing the news immediately roused us up. Hastily swallowing *chota hazree* we sallied out, as the report was that the rhino was close to the factory among some paddy fields. Just as we started we heard a shot, then another, and our hearts sank within us. Our fears proved too true. A sporting young zemindar of Maungunj, Baboo Pareag Narain Singh had been earlier afoot than ourselves. He had got out his elephant and beaters, his ancestral musket, and an old No. 10 smooth bore—and with this deadly battery had laid the one-horned monster low. We just arrived in time to witness the dance of triumph round the prostrate carcase, and now can you wonder at my title “What a Sell”? This was the first time I had been out after large game here, and to be thus sold was very trying. I measured the animal as he lay. Dimensions were as follows.

	ft.	in.
Length of horn from apex to base in front ...	0	6½
Girth of forearm ... ..	2	11½
From toe to shoulder height ...	5	6½
Length from snout to end of tail ...	10	11½
Girth ... ..	11	3½

We have just received news that there are three more Rhins at Chattapore, a village close by; and there are certain news of a tigress and two cubs at Fusseah. We may have a slap at them on the 24th if the jungle can be beaten.

LUTCHMEPORE : }  
22nd November 1873. }

[Better luck next time, “Maori.” When you have, we shall be glad to hear again.—Eds.]

## POONA HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW.

THIS, the second of the kind, was opened by His Excellency Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor of Bombay. On the 1st October, a large number of ladies and gentlemen having assembled for the occasion, Mr. Havelock, Revenue and Police Commissioner, in an eloquent address to the Governor, detailed the history and the objects of these Shows, concluding with the request that His