

direction of the cover in which we bagged our first tigress. No sooner had we entered than G S sighted the well-known "striped jacket" sneaking through the burnt grass. He was up with his breech-loader, but no report followed the drop of his hammers, as the gun had no cartridges in it. By this time C A S viewed her and perforated her shoulder with a two-groove bullet. With a roar she ran on ahead, limping decidedly. We pursued for nearly half a mile, now and then coming upon small pools of blood. Having reached the open beyond the cover, we concluded she had been passed over, and we were right. "Back again!" was the cry, and ere we advanced 300 yards, Dr. F was charged by the roaring tigress. He fired several shots and eventually, when within a couple of yards of his elephant, made her bite the dust. After padding her we beat several fine-looking covers, but gave up at sunset with one buffalo, (killed after receiving some 50 bullets) four deer, and some partridges. One reaching D——e factory, we found F E chatting away with an old sportsman J H G, who had come over to hear the news of the shikar.

Our Calcutta friends had to leave us next day as F E was to sail on the 13th. On the 10th, therefore, J H G and G S returned to their factories, while H C and C A S accompanied the other two guests and saw them safely off at Carragolah the same morning.

Our total bag was four tigers, ten buffaloes, fifteen hog-deer, eight pigs, and some partridges.

PIPE.

PURNEAH: 24th July, 1871.

RECORDS OF SPORT IN ASSAM.

(Continued from page 357.)

January 25th.—It rained all day; so here we were at a standstill. We did nothing but read and sleep all day. I wrote to Lang for an express rifle to-day. I received it in due course of time and a handy little rifle it is.

January 26th.—Weather looked very threatening, but it did not actually rain; we made across country for Myna Muttee. The jungles for a long while had been well-burnt and we saw lots of marks of wild beasts. We saw two herds of buffaloes and a lot of deer. Barry wounded a buffalo badly, and I killed it with a shell behind the shoulder. I hit one buffalo on a horn with a shell, and it exploded and frightened the brute nicely. We could see it running as far as it remained in sight. Barry killed a hog-deer near the Baree Nuddee, got to camp at 2 P. M. I find I can't get Sookur, my old Cacharee mahout and tracker, and without him I can hope for no sport. I find he is with a beast of a mahajun, who won't let him go.

our first tigress. No
 well-known "striped"
 up with his breed
 mers, as the gun
 ed her and prefer
 a roar she ran on
 half a mile, now and
 reached the open
 over, and we were
 nced 300 yards, the
 eral shots and even
 t, made her bite the
 covers, but gave up
 wing some 50 bullets
 —e factory, we
 H G, who had once
 day as F E was
 d G S returned to
 the other two guns
 rning.
 s, fifteen hog-deer.

PIPE

SSAM.

were at a stand
 wrote to Lang
 of time and a la

but it did not
 e. The jungle
 of marks of
 t of deer. He
 behind the
 ploded and
 far as it rem
 lee, got to
 three mahout
 and he is

January 27th.—Halted to give the people rest, went out shooting but with horrible luck, failing to bag nearly everything we shot at. Barry bagged a hog-deer and that was the only thing brought to bag though we hit all sorts of birds, buffaloes and deer, but failed to induce them to remain. This bad luck stuck to me next day.

January 28th.—Took three days' things and went off to the morass in Bagh-Dooar. It is a long march, but the country generally is pretty and the scenery varied, and when close to the Bhootan Hills out of which the morass emerges, it is beautiful; a cold wind in a perfect tornado comes down this gorge every night, and it is as well to encamp out of its way, as it is very apt to give one deadly jungle fever. I don't think I ever shot with such bad luck in all my life. We saw deer, without exaggeration, in hundreds. As far as hitting went, I shot fairly two, but I failed to bag a single thing. I lost a florikan, five deer and a bull-buffalo, and must have fired some 25 shots in the day with no satisfactory result. We did not stop for breakfast *en route*, and as we did not get to camp till 2 P. M., we were ravenously hungry. In the afternoon I went out fishing, I may say, the first time for twenty years. I had once or twice caught a few fish in the Shoayghein river in Burmah, but had never had any opportunities of fishing for mahaseer or good-sized fish, though as a boy no one could have been fonder of it than I was. I had to cast out a spoon bait and to troll as we had no boats with us, and the water, owing to recent rain, was too dirty for fly-fishing. With my second cast I caught a large fish, but my line was rotten and I rusty, so the fish walked off with 30 yards of line and the spoon bait. I had one more left, so soon got it out and tried my luck again. This time I hooked a fish and succeeded in landing him after about 20 minutes' play. I had no means of weighing, but judging by fish I have since caught, I should say it was about 6lbs. It got now dark and we went back to camp. I was especially pleased, as the fish I caught was my first Mahaseer. At night it rained heavily and came through our tents and huts. A wild elephant visited our camp to-night and stayed with our female elephants upwards of two hours. I could have shot it easily as it allowed me to get within 10 yards of it several times, but as it was a Muckna and a superb brute standing some 10 ft. high, I spared it but stood guard over it to see that no damage was done; at last he passed our camp, and when he got our wind trumpeted a good deal and crossed over the morass.

January 29th.—Got news of four rhinos having been seen by some Bhooliahs, but as it was raining, did not go after them. I went out fishing instead; I soon caught a mahaseer about 8 lbs. weight and very soon after hooked a monster that took out about 50 yards of line at once. As I was slowly winding up the reel and bringing the fish to shore, he suddenly went off; I let the reel go, but the handle caught my sleeve and though the check was scarcely perceptible, yet the rotten line broke in two, and off the fish went with full 40 yards of

line and my only spoon bait. I tried artificial minnow crystal baits and flies, but without any result; so left off and directly I got home, wrote to Farlow for decent tackle, which I got in good time and have made good use of since. The tackle furnished is first-rate, barring the hooks which are useless as they break in fish of 5 and 8 lbs., but the maker has promised to send out stronger. Since the first attempt above described, I have caught 40 lbs fish and others of a less size, and their capture shall be duly chronicled. In the evening we went out after the rhinos, got caught in heavy rain and came to the camp half drowned, not having seen a beast of any sort. We are much too early in the season for sport.

January 30th.—Went to Gohim-goun to-day. Saw no rhinos but lots of deer. I shot two marsh-deer and one hog-deer and wounded one buffalo and several deer, but they got off.

January 31st.—We marched to Bar Nugger or Baikee; *en route* I shot three partridges and Barry one. We also saw florikan but could not get near them.

February 1st.—To-day we went through awful Jarrah jungle. The marks of rhinos were plentiful, but we did not see the beasts themselves. I shot four ducks out of a Bheel. Barry and Butler went home direct. I beat my way thro' the jungle, but saw next to nothing. I killed a hog-deer and got to Burpeteah about 2 p. m.

February 2nd.—Whilst busy with office work, people came in and reported a kill by a tiger across the river. We were too busy to go out then but started about 2 p. m., and no sooner had we crossed the river than I saw a small tiger trying to sneak away. I gave full chase, but my mahout is a noted coward and kept pulling up his elephant after making it run about 10 or 12 yards, so I had to hammer him well to get him take the *hattee* on at all, but finding I was losing ground I took two steady shots. The first went over and the second seemed to strike. The tiger slackened his pace and pulled up in a bush at which I went, but I never saw the brute again; whether we passed over him or not I can't say. Whilst looking for this tiger which we did for a good two hours, we put up lots of blacks, but when we gave up all hopes of getting the tiger, laid aside our rifles and took up shot guns, we seldom flushed a single bird. I got however three birds, two being killed right and left.

February 3rd.—Started for Bhowanipore. Kept to the road for a considerable part of the way, and where we hoped to find ducks and teals in hundreds did not see one. I put up seven florikan and got good shots at four but missed every one. Pretty shooting! As we reached Bhowanipore rather early, we went on to Bagalee *en route*. I again missed pea-fowl and black partridges, but succeeded in murdering two unfortunate green pigeons. We did not reach our camp till 5½ p. m.

February 4th.—Sent our camp on to Baromah. Barry and I went the Namuttee Bheel after wild fowl. We were rather too late the birds had been greatly disturbed by the Police stationed at Bagalee. We saw thousands of geese, ducks, and teals, but to get within shot was no easy task. I fired fully 60 shots during the day and only bagged two grey geese, three ducks and seven teals. Barry got four headed geese, two Brahminee ducks, one shoveller, and one teal. This year owing to a break in the Bund, the Bheel was nearly dry.

February 5th.—Marched to Rungrish. Sent the court peon with the purwannah to the mouzadar for supplies, but he refused to give any, saying the Deputy Commissioner might do what he pleased, but he would not obey his purwannah nor assist Europeans, though they might be Government Officials—the usual state of things in Assam. Reported the man to the Deputy Commissioner, but his powerful relatives got him off, but I dare say he had to pay them handsomely for it.

February 6th.—Got back to Gowhatty. The trip, on the whole, was an utter failure as far as sport went, but it enabled me to see the country and to judge when I should go another time.

On the 10th March I started for Gowalparah and westwards. As I got very little sport, I won't inflict a day diary on the reader, but merely mention the best localities for game and the few things I shot. I had a great deal to do and had little leisure for shooting. Luckeepore is a very flourishing place. The Rajah is the most intelligent as well as the most civil native in these parts. This zemindar comes under the old Perpetual Settlement, so he has few taxes to pay. He is building quite a palatial residence for himself and has a son who is very fond of shooting, and who has killed an immense number of rhinos, buffaloes, tigers, and elephants in his day, though I don't suppose he is twenty-two years of age. He has also many elephants, amongst them a one-tusker, Mainah, a famous shikaree who feared in those days nothing, and owing to whose steadiness the Rajah's son had had such luck in shikar. Near this Rajbaree there is a mangoosteen tree, an odd plant to meet with in these parts. It is full-grown but rarely bears fruit. The Rajah's place is quite a curiosity shop and well worth seeing; he has also many kinds of birds and beasts in confinement.

On the 14th March, after inspecting certain works, I was making the best of my way home, when very near the spot where Comber and I shot the tigress last year, I saw a tiger walking slowly along about 40 yards ahead. There were two large white ant nests, and in the direction he was going he must get behind these, so I made for them as fast as I could. I had the funky mahout, and he went on with me much in the same way as he did at Burpetah a couple of months back. The consequence was, the tiger reached the ant-hills before I did, looked up, saw me and bolted for his life. I got a snap shot between the two hillocks and missed. Was I not in a rage! I never saw the tiger again.

On the 15th I went to Sikri Killah, where Comber and I saw so many rhinos last year. The place was quite deserted by them, and though I remained there three days, I only saw one, three parts grown one, and though I hit him very hard, he got away. I saw no fresh tracks whatever. On the 16th I shot four marsh-deer; my people saw a tiger, but I did not.

On the 17th, I shot four marsh-deer and one hog-deer; and a splendid buck which was wounded very badly, went into a heavy patch of grass and on our setting it on fire to drive him out, he got burnt to death. I marched down to Singamain opposite Bugwah, but got no game. I saw a fresh kill, but as I was out alone on one elephant on a pad I could not beat out the tiger, so it escaped. Round Sikri Killah, as a general rule, there are lots of game to be found. This season it had nearly disappeared owing to a lot of Mussulmen having taken to what they call shikar, that is sitting in holes and potting any sized buffalo and rhinos that approach them, and as they wound many more than they kill, they soon destroy the locality they hunt in, for game. Rifles and guns and powder are sold openly in the bazaar at Gawalparah, and very many of these find their way into the Garrow Hills, and they will one day be used against us. From the 29th April to the 6th May, my comrade Major McDonald and myself were constantly marching, and though we traversed some 150 miles, we only saw some buffaloes near Burpillah, but could not get near them.

(To be continued.)

SHOOTING IN CHANG CHEUMO AND ADJACENT DISTRICTS IN 1870.

A WRITER in a late copy of *The Field* having observed that, notwithstanding the number of sportsmen who annually visit Thibet, intending travellers to that region are, as a rule, unacquainted with the sport that may there be obtained owing to the reticence of those who have previously been to the happy hunting-grounds; perhaps the following account of a trip in 1870, may not be unacceptable to some of your readers:—

Having obtained six months' leave with the intention of hunting for wild yak and Thibetan antelope in Chang Cheumo, I started from Bhimber on the 18th April, 1870, and after enjoying some very pretty fishing in the Tawi river below Rajaori, camped for a week on the Pir Panjal range in hopes of finding markhor. In common with several other sportsmen, I was unsuccessful. These animals are every year becoming rarer, and it is a matter of regret to all who seek for large game in the Himalayas, that this noble species of goat must soon be exterminated, (unless a close season is appointed) owing to the