

## RECORDS OF SPORT IN ASSAM

(Continued from page 276.)

*April 25th.*—Moved camp to Kalegoun, a short march. We came across fresh marks of rhinos, but being tired of slaughtering them, did not follow them up. We crossed one fine river and several streams. Near our huts I hit a marsh deer which Jackson killed; he also shot a florikan. In the afternoon we went out for only an hour and Jackson killed a marsh deer. We saw several florikan about, but they get too wild to shoot towards evening. The heat and gadflies very trying; we did not exert ourselves much to-day to get sport.

*April 26th.*—Rain last night and early in the morning. Moved camp to Battabaru, but found the country very difficult to cross owing to the numerous nullahs and old irrigation channels. What a different country this must have been at some former period! It was probably as well populated and cultivated then as it is the very reverse now. We saw no game in particular; only a few deer and partridges; Jackson shot a buck marsh deer, and we killed a few partridges between us.

*April 26th.*—Went over the lime locality; there is a good deal of lime about, but so scattered, I doubt whether it would pay to work it. We saw a wild elephant and several deer, but could not get near the latter. Near home we came across a rhino and polished it off in no time:—they are certainly far easier to kill than "buffs," but as a rule elephants funk them more.

*April 27th.*—Moved to Pakamarah. Near every village there were numbers of cattle lying about dead—the cattle plague had again broken out. Near one stream a tiger had dragged away a dead cow, we followed up a short way, but not coming across our royal friend, resumed our journey. We saw about 20 florikan but could not get near one of them. Saw no deer about, though generally they are plentiful enough.

*April 29th.*—Marched to Tumblepore, a long march, so did not go out of our way in search of sport, the heat also was awful, and we were glad to get under shelter as soon as we could. The stream which used to supply the drinking water here has dried up, so we had great difficulty in getting water fit to drink.

*April 30th.*—To Rungeah. I shot a hog deer *en route* and between us several partridges; the peafowl though plentiful, were too wide awake. We could not get within shooting distance of them. The heat was dreadful to-day, and though we did "buffalo," the water we sat in, in the Rungeah river, it was tepid and not very

refreshing. We saw a few florikan too but could not get near them. Next day into Gowhatty.

Thus ended our trip of 15 days. Had we been masters of our own time, by halting a day or two longer at each place, we might have doubled our bag, and as it was we did not do badly. After our return to Gowhatty, Jackson having a few days of his leave to the good still, went out to Kookooreah, where he, Barry, and Gordon shot a fine rhino with a horn 13 inches long and weighing 2½ seers, besides wounding two others and bagging various other game.

I was fortunate enough to obtain lately various numbers of the *Sporting Magazine* from its commencement in 1833 up to a very recent date, the series is not complete, however, which I regret. In looking through the very first volume I came across the following recipe for snake-bites. As this subject has been lately attracting attention of such able men as Dr. Fayrer and others, I append it for what it is worth. It appears in page 585 of vol. I of the *Bengal Sporting Magazine* for 1833 :—

#### “DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THE MEDICINE.

Nousada (Ammonia, procurable in all bazars) ... 1 seer.

Chunam shell ... 1 ”

Boiling water ... 1 ”

“Pound the nousada and chunam very fine; first dissolve the nousada in the boiling water, then place that and the chunam in any glazed earthen jar, and instantly cork up and lute the mouth.

“For ten days shake the jar thoroughly morning and evening, keeping it in a shady place, and on the eleventh day leave it to settle.

“On the 15th day pour off the clear liquid from the sediment in which operation care must be taken not to disturb the sediment, and instantly shut it up in a ground glass stoppered bottle quite air tight, as the least evaporation weakens the power of the medicine.

#### DOSE.

If a full-grown man or woman { 1 teaspoonful of medicine.

If a child, half the above.— { 2 teaspoonsful of water.

#### TREATMENT.

“The moment a patient is brought, the first dose should be administered; and as deglutition is often impeded, however willing the patient may be to swallow the medicine, the introduction of a round piece of wood, or the butt end of an eau-de-Cologne bottle, will assist the operation. If after the lapse of five minutes the extremities are getting colder and the pulse weaker,

or even sooner if the symptoms are bad, the above dose must be repeated. If after a further lapse of 10 minutes or with the like discretion, the recovery remains doubtful, a stronger dose, viz.—

2 tea-spoonful of medicine.

2 ditto of water.

“It is particularly to be kept in mind that this medicine has no effect unless the patient be simultaneously put in exercise. It is therefore absolutely necessary that from the first moment in which the first dose is administered two able-bodied persons, one on each side, carry their arms under those of the patient and cross their hands on his back, putting the arms of the patient round their own necks, and thus supporting him run him along; and although the patient be nearly insensible and his legs so powerless as to trail along the ground, still this indispensable treatment must be resorted to. Should the patient plead fatigue, wish to sit down, appear drowsy, or make any other excuse with a view to avoid this treatment, such is a certain sign that the lethargic tendency of the snake's poison is not overcome. The request must not be complied with. The treatment occupies from 10 to 20 minutes. Eau-de-Cologne freely given, where the patient appears to be sinking, is useful. If the medicine has ulcerated the throat, anything of an oily nature will gradually afford relief. When a decided improvement has taken place, when the pulse is good, the patient cheerful and he can walk and run without support, there is no further apprehension nor is there any relapse.”

The author of the above says he has tried it most successfully, and in the rains of 1831, it was the means under favor of the Almighty of curing 13 individuals, many of whom were brought in a dangerous state. He says it will cure the bites of the cobra. And the last time he used it occurred on the night of the 18th instant (whenever that may have been). “The wife of my cook was bitten on the foot by a coraite measuring 30½ inches, which was instantly killed and brought to me. When the medicine was given to her about three minutes after being bitten, she was very cold, and after the second dose she was relieved.” Let our medicos try and report on the above.

Referring to the old magazines, what a pity it is that few or none of the Madras and Bombay officers contribute to the present *Oriental Magazine* as they used to do in former years. Could not Michel, the great elephant shot of the Animullus, place his journals at the disposal of the editors? Where, oh where, are the famous shikarees, “Velvet foot” and his brother, another great sportsman,

now? has the former left bodily the hill ranges in that part of the country? Where are the contributions of J.N? What is Colonel Morgan about, who, in former days, used to be second to none as a shikaree. Who has got Colonel Nightingale's journals? I was glad to see a portion of his journal of bear spearing in 1849 published a short time ago, but the remaining portions would be a treat to the sporting world, as we know they are the truth and not imaginary sport as embodied in the works of \* \* \* \* who I believe never shot a thing in his life. There are dozens of men in the Southern and Western Presidencies, who have been devoted to sport for years and years back, who would confer a boon on the readers of the *Oriental* "if they would but publish their reminiscences of sport." How odd it seems to me now looking back on the past at the letters of "Vagus" and "Wanderer" in 1856 complaining of there being no game in Burmah! Poonghee had a glimmering of the truth when he asserted that game existed in plenty, but had not then been found. Since those days, what a quantity of game has been killed in Burmah! My records show but a portion of the game killed by myself and those who accompanied me, and forms but a fraction of the game killed in Burmah. General Blake alone could give a good account of elephants and other game killed by him, and I occasionally hear from my old haunts that the game is as plentiful as ever and its slaughter is equally successful. The shooting in Burmah and Assam is about on a par, on the whole I think I prefer the former to the latter. In Burmah we do not get rhinos, not that they are not to be found, but they infest ground of a different nature altogether to what their *confrères* in Assam do. But in lieu of these, we have many more "bison" (*Bos gaurus*), to be had in ground where they can be shot off elephants. In place of the marsh deer, we have the "braw antlered rusa," an equally handsome brute. As for sambur, for every one I have seen in Assam I have seen 500 in Burmah. Buffaloes are not quite as plentiful in Burmah as in Assam it is true, but they are so common in the latter country that they are seldom shot at unless possessed of unusual sized horns. Talking of horns, I had in my possession once—I gave them to the late Lord Mayo—the head of a buffalo cow the dimensions of which were as follows:—Round the curve, outer, 13ft. 6 inches, between the tips 6ft. 6in. I believe it is the largest head on record; a police sepoy shot it, I believe, at Nalbarry, and I got it in the Gowhatty bazaar. Although I have shot very many "buffs," I never succeeded in getting very large horns—10ft. 4in. was the largest bull, and 10ft. 8in. the largest cow; but they have been shot much larger,

of course. The very largest have, I suspect, been long since killed or we should come across a monster now and then. In fishing, Assam certainly beats Burmah, and probably the rest of India, fish of 60 or 80lbs. having been caught now and then beyond Suddyah, and all the streams which merge from the Bhootan, Cossyah, and Jynteah hills swarm with fish. The most successful fisherman in Assam I believe to be Colonel Cumber, who catches most of his fish with the fly in preference to the spoon. He has caught as much as 700lbs. of fish in a day, if I mistake not. I have had no experience of the upper Bramapeoter, but have caught a good many fish on the Sylhet side and a few in the Manass. I give the account of one fishing trip we had in 1869, starting from Shillong.

*October 26th, 1869.*—We started after breakfast for Jawai. We tried a short cut, and a horrible trudge we had of it. After riding for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours we reached Pombarrh, 22 miles by the Government road, but only 12 or 13 by the road we went. In the evening, General Blake, Ommanny, and I went out shooting. A partridge got up in front of G., General B. and I firing at it together, knocked it to pieces. The general went up a steep hill and shot a young barking deer, and uncommonly good it was to eat too—he also bagged a quail and a dove—we got nothing. Very nice and cold at this place.

*October 27th.*—We went along the Jowan road for about nine miles and then turned off to Nurting; the road or path was merely a Cossyah one and anything but nice to travel over, one bad nullah we came to, had only a fallen tree over it to serve as a bridge. Ommanny was miff enough to intend trying to ride his horse over it, but luckily for him, we dissuaded him; he went over first, leading his old Caboola. When half way across, the horse fell over, one hind leg catching in a fork of the tree, and the rest of the horse hanging over the bed of the nullah; the branch he was hanging on to fortunately broke and the horse fell down amongst the rocks, and wonderful to say, was not hurt seriously. After this mishap we sent our tats on by a safer crossing and continued our road to our destination. When near the village I left the road, and climbing over the hills got to the dāk bungalow first, but found a missionary, his wife and children in it, so had to look for quarters elsewhere. We went down into the village and put up in the village school-room. A more vile place than this Nurting I never came across. Pigs loose in hundreds, nothing but marshes, filth and water in every part of the village, stench awful. Our things came up very late. We went out after duck and teal; there are two or three tanks here full of them;

the General bagged two teal and three snipe. Ommany shot three teal and three snipe, but lost one of the teal ; I got two large ducks, and one fell where I could not get it—two teal and three snipe.

(To be continued.)

## OUR TIGER FIGHT AT CHITTAGONG.

BY SNOOKS.

MY conscience reproaches me with the non-fulfilment of a very long outstanding promise, to recount for the benefit of your *Magazine* the details of a scrimmage that took place here some time ago with a hopeful young specimen of the genus *bāgh*. Having just now a few spare moments I will at least make a beginning of my tale, trusting to the chapter of accidents to finish it in the course of time.

The morning of the 24th October 1871 did *not* dawn auspiciously : it was nasty, dull cloudy weather, as if the clerk thereof were holding himself in readiness for something especially unpleasant. We were moreover slowly recovering from the effects of a severe bachelors' picnic at the "Gol Pahar" (scene of many a pleasant gathering in days gone by), and the Doorga Pooja holidays were drawing to a close. So on the whole the prospect was not very enlivening. Truth to tell, I was in such a misanthropic frame of mind, that I had determined to victimise my unlucky *omlah* on that day (notwithstanding that it was one of those sacred holidays authorised by the august majesty of the "Board") and fetch up sundry arrears of work that should have been done before ; but—the Fates had decreed it otherwise.

I had just discussed *chota haziri* and descended my hill, *en route* for the sudder ghat where I had an early engagement, when an excited and somewhat incoherent native rushed up and began telling a wonderful story about some precious animal that had appeared in his village, and committed terrible havoc. As far as we could make out, he had swallowed several of the orator's nearest and dearest connexions, scratched a fair percentage of the population, and frightened all the old women into fits. What the creature was, it was impossible to tell ; as our Aryan brethren are given to economising predicates, and use the word *bāgh* in a very wide and uncertain sense,—sometimes indicating a wild cat, wolf, or hyæna, and sometimes a leopard, or the *real article*.

The man being so pressing, it would have been impolite to decline to honor the village with our presence, so I assured him that some of us would not fail to come.

At the sudder ghat I met G——, who was in command of a detachment of native infantry then in the station. Being generally