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RECORDS OF SPORT IN ASSAM.

(Continued from page 450.)

October 28th.—I took out my India-rubber boat for the first time to-day and recovered the duck I had shot yesterday, but the rest of the duck and teal were so wild I could not get within shot of any of them, so joined the General, who had bagged two teal and three snipe. We beat about for snipe and the General shot well all day; he shot to-day a solitary snipe, the first I have seen. We got to-day 11½ couple of snipes, one pair teal, and one duck, the latter shot on the Jowai road. We reached Jowai at 3 P.M. We had a delicious swim in a river, the Monton, *en route*; the whole country very pretty, and places where I am sure later woodcock are to be found. By the bye, Mirting is good for woodcock, pheasants, partridges, duck and teal, and if you are away from the filthy village it is all right; but the tanks are so circumscribed that after the first day, you have not a chance of getting any duck or teal. If they see you 200 yards off even, they get up in a body and fly away to other regions. A good number of barking deer about, but beaters are required to drive them out of the woods. There is a wonderful Cossyah bridge here, consisting of *one stone*: in length 30 feet, in breadth 9 feet, in depth 2½ feet, how it was here brought and then placed in position is to me a marvel. Many of the upright stones which the Cossyahs erect in memory of their dead are very large; there is one more than 27 feet high, and many others from 16 to 24 feet! There must have been giants in those days.

October 29th.—On a former trip to Jowai I had noticed a stream which was literally alive with fish. It was called the sacred stream, and off we went to try our luck at it. There was not a fish to be seen, and though we beat the water for a couple of hours, we had not a single rise. The following year when I went there again without tackle, the place was as full as ever! what had become of them on this occasion I can't imagine. The sepoy's of

the 44th used to catch very large fish there, but the Cossyals did not like their doing so, as they looked on the spot as sacred.

October 30th.—We started to-day *en route* to the Durrung, a river which flows out of the Jynteah Hills and through Sylhet, through the famous limestone quarries. Our march to-day was over some of the most beautiful scenery possible—high table-land 5,300 feet high, well wooded and with three rivers passing through it. The sholas reminded me of the Neilgherries very much. One place we came to would have made a far better station than Shillong, it had a river front and rear, nearly flat and with space for about two or three regiments. Within 20 miles of water communication from the Sylhet side, where coolies are plentiful, and up the river, close to Jeynteepore, steamers could ply with ease during the rains, and at other times with difficulty. The great drawback to Shillong is its isolation and the difficulty of getting to it; the distance to it from Terreah Ghat being 44 miles, and from Gowhatty 63, whilst the spot I allude to is only 20 miles from water communication, and 500 feet higher than Shillong. We were all in love with the spot. We saw numerous mahseer and trout, or a fish like a trout, in the rivers we crossed, and put up one woodcock, the first I have seen in India. We halted for the night at Jarain, where there is a fine bungalow. - Very cold at night.

October 31st.—Started very early, the distance to the Durrung being a good 16 miles, and the road any thing but easy travelling. Soon after starting we came to such a bad bit that we sent back our ponies and trudged it on foot, and a nice day's fag we had of it. When we wanted water could not find it, but every thing must have an end, and about 3 P.M. we came to a village called Sankar overlooking the Durrung, but our destination was not reached yet. We had to go down a very nearly precipitous descent by means of cut steps, or by springing from rock to rock; though the distance could not have exceeded half or three-quarter of a mile it took us an hour to do it. The hut which had been built for us was found in the midst of the village, so would have nothing to say to it, but went down to a cliff overlooking the river, and got a place rigged up with boughs overhead and made it our camp. We were about 50 feet above the clear beautiful stream, and in it we could see thousands of mahseer of all sizes which promised well for our sport on the morrow. We had brought our fishing tackle with us, and as our people, with the exception of one servant mine, did not put in an appearance, and as we had nothing to do we got hold of three boats and went out. Neither General Blal or I caught a single fish, but Ommanney, who knew the water, caught three mahseer, weighing 7 and 4lbs. and one 1lb. By the

evening the coolies had brought our traps, but only two servants had turned up; the rest we found out afterwards had got drunk in some Cossyah village and did not turn up till next day. However, we set to work and arranged our beds. Found a flatish spot in the open for our table and chairs, and in due time my one solitary servant gave us as good a dinner as I can wish to eat; this washed down with deliciously cooled beer, and preceded by a header into the stream, which was fully 20 feet deep, repaid us for our day's toil, and we retired to bed and slept the sleep of the weary.

November 1st.—We were all up betimes. A swim and *chota hazree* made us game for any amount of hard work, and we set out in three boats, each having one to himself. I had a capital man whom I christened "Wind up." It seemed to be the only bit of English he knew, and whenever we came to a rapid or I struck a fish, it was always a case of "Wind up." He had been in the habit of fishing with Mr. Hind and others, and had learnt so much of English and no more. The river here is divided into rapids with deep still pools between them, the scenery exceedingly grand, and one portion of the stream, just before it left the hills, was very deep, probably nowhere less than 60 feet, and probably a good deal more in places, with steep perpendicular banks from 150 to 250 height. General Blake made some very pretty sketches of this and other portions of the river scenery. The Cossyah boats are very light, broad on the beam, and have a false keel very safe and easily propelled. I went up stream first as far as I could get without a run, but coming down I caught my first fish, a silvery trout 2lbs. weight. It gave no play as I struck it on the top of a rapid, and by the time I got to the end it was more than half drowned.

I then passed the village, and over four beautiful rapids and to the end of the gorge where there was a weir without a single run, but on my way back near the lower rapid I caught two mahseer, one $3\frac{1}{2}$ and the other $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. In the gorge itself, whilst fishing very deep, having heavily weighted my line for that purpose (I was using a large spoon bait and treble gut spinning tackle), I hooked a very large fish. It took me an hour to land, and as it was during the last half hour in shallow water, I could note all its movements, it did all it could by lying on its side and rubbing its head and mouth into the sand, to get the hooks off but it did not succeed; at one time a fish every bit as big approached and it went at him like a tiger. General Blake joined me, and after a hard fight I brought the fish safe into the boat. He weighed between 28 and 30lbs., our fish scale that trip only showed up to 20lbs., so we had to cut the fish in half

to ascertain its weight, and thus it lost somewhat by loss blood, entrails, &c., but the two pieces turned the scale at 28lb. We always weighed our fish either as soon as caught or when met at the camp and noted down the weight of each. We then went to breakfast. In the afternoon in the rapids I caught two 4½lbs. and one ½lb. I then went beyond the weir and climbed under it and caught another whopper 40lbs. It did not give nearly much play as the 28lbs., nor was it so handsome a fish, but much larger, of course. Ommanney had bad luck, losing several fish and bagging only one mahseer 2½lbs., and 13 small fish weighing altogether 9lbs., with the fly. General Blake caught two mahseers 4 and 4½lbs. each, and several pike-like fish; the name I can't just recall to mind, but they are very common, and have a long snout full of sharp teeth. They rush at any thing, even the very large spoons, and are a perfect nuisance, because they often get on to a spoon without the angler knowing it, and whilst no other fish will either take them or come near the spoon. We got in before dark, bathed again—our third that day—dined and went to bed.

November 2nd.—To-day I had again all the luck and bagged the following fish:—

1 Mahseer	4 lbs.
1 "	1½ "
1 "	35 "
1 "	5½ "
1 "	3½ "

The large one was caught very near where I caught the 40lb. yesterday. I also lost a fish about 8lbs. I had exhausted it, told the steersman to spear it, but he missed it, knocked the hook out of its mouth, and in rebounding they went well into his thigh, and I had to cut them out. The hooks Falcon supplied those days were not to be depended upon, but they are first-class now; Wilson of the Artillery and Lightfoot of the 44th joined us to-day. The former caught one mahseer 9½lbs. and several small fish, the latter some 50 small fish with the fly. General Blake caught a mahseer 18lbs. and a lot of small fish: Ommanney had bad luck and only caught a lot of small fish with the fly. In the evening we had a jolly party of five of us; how we got all our beds under the temporary shed we had erected I don't know, but they were all touching, and we had to get in from the top or bottom, there being no moving room elsewhere.

November 3rd.—This being our last day we went out early, but I had again all the luck—but with most indifferent result. My hooks kept breaking; one immense fish I hooked got away by the hook straightening out and two others breaking. I got on

huge scale and a piece of its mouth for my pains after playing him for upwards of an hour. I lost three others. I caught one 6½ lbs. weight. Wilson caught one 2lbs., whilst neither the General or Ommanney had any luck. In the afternoon we moved camp to Joplong *en route* to Jayntepore, where we had sent our ponies. Whilst bathing in a stream here came across numbers of a small fish which on being taken out of the water blows itself into a balloon* shape ; it bites horridly. Burmese name Nga Boodeen.

November 4th.—We had to walk about two miles to get to a ruin *en route* to Jayntepore ; we had small boats without covering, and I don't think I ever felt the heat more in my life. What with the constrained position in the boat, the sun overhead, and our tedious journey poling up the banks, we were heartily sick of our trip by the evening, we then found Jayntepore about three miles off and the branch of the river which used to pass it, dried up. In the main channel there seemed to be 6 and 7 feet of water. We put up in a *namghur* on the river bank, and sent in to Jayntepore for coolies for the next morning.

November 5th.—We walked to Jayntepore, an odd old place. Saw several old cannon which used to be on the ramparts of the place years ago, lying about. The people are Mussulmen Sylhetiahs, as ruffianly a set as you meet anywhere in India. Had great difficulty in getting coolies, so did not get off till late, and then had to halt half way up the hill in a spot where it was reported man-eaters abounded. I saw a peacock pheasant here. Our coolies had huge fires and kept awake all night, and at one time there was a cry of a tiger ; and Lightfoot fired his carbine off, and we were not again disturbed ; whether the alarm was a false or a true one I know not. General Blake suffered tortures through a tick getting on him.

November 6th.—Next day we passed Jarain and put up in some old huts belonging to the Survey party. Next day, *en route* to Jowai, we beat for woodcock, put up two or three but did not get a shot. Next day to Shillong.

(To be continued.)

TIGER SHOOTING.

(From a Seven Years' Diary in Purneah.)

BY PIPE.

ON looking over the pages of my Sporting Journal which dates back as far as March 1866, I find I have had the extraordinary

* We were not aware that these fish are to be found in fresh water. We have caught them in the sea off the coast of Chittagong.—ED.