

MY FIRST INTRODUCTION TO RHINOCEROS.

OUR Eastern possessions are famous for their field sports. The followers of St. Hubert have ample opportunities of exercising their skill in slaying the *ferus nature* found in the vast forests of India, but many of them, whose names are as familiar to most Indians as household words, have never seen a rhinoceros in its wild state, for it is now only found sparsely in the Nepal Terai, and one variety in the Soonderbunds, where it is anything but plentiful; but crossing the Ganges we find this monstrous pachyderm very plentiful in the Bhootan Dooras or Terai, throughout Assam and southwards to Malaya, and even to some of the larger islands of the Archipelago. There are three distinct varieties—the greater, the lesser, and the two-horned rhinoceros; these again are sometimes subdivided into one or more varieties. Their habits are much the same: they are found in the vast prairies at the foot of the higher mountain ranges; they are partial to swamps, and wallow for the greater part of the day in mud holes, marshes, or even in shallow water courses; they are pugnacious by nature, and fight a good deal amongst themselves, and are greatly dreaded by the elephant, which is much to be deplored, for they live in such dense and heavy jungles that they can only be hunted successfully off elephant back, and owing to the fear these docile and ponderous animals have of their enemy, the rhinoceros, it is very difficult to get near enough to drop one dead. This is an ungainly brute. It has a long, narrow, ugly head; the ears are large and fan-shaped, and often slightly fringed with longish hair; the eyes are small, with a vindictive expression; the upper lip is slightly elongated. The larger and smaller rhinoceros have but one horn apiece, which is but a conglomeration of hairs. It is seldom eighteen inches long—generally a good deal less—and is liable to get detached through injury or disease, and another one grows in its place. It is only used for grubbing up roots, and not for offensive purposes; the skin is very thick, but not impeneable, as many assert, whilst on the living animal. When detached and dressed it will turn a musket-ball. It is not the skin which makes the killing of this animal so difficult, but the immense mass of muscles, flesh, and huge bones which cover the vital parts. It is always much easier to kill than a wild buffalo. There is a deep fold at the setting on of the head, another behind the shoulder, and another in front of the thighs. Two large incisors in each jaw, with two small intermediate ones below, and two still smaller outside the upper incisors, not always present; general colour, dusky black. The two outer incisors in the lower jaw are used to rip with like the tusks of a wild boar, and they can inflict fearfully clean and deep gashes. I have seen an elephant's leg cut to the bone by a rip. As a rule, they are inoffensive, and as they inhabit such remote localities, they can do little or no harm, but if any grain be grown within reach of a day's journey, they will visit it nightly until they destroy the whole of it. As far as man is concerned the rhinoceros is a timid animal, more anxious, when attacked, to escape than to fight, but if closely pressed after being wounded, it will turn savagely to bay and charge and fight to the bitter end. In bulk, they rank after the elephant—but do not reach to the height of a gaur, or, as it is miscalled, the Indian bison. The largest I ever measured stood six feet two inches high; extreme length, twelve and a half feet; tail, two feet; horn, fourteen inches.

To kill these animals, they must be hit either in the centre of the shield over the shoulder, rather low down; the ball then penetrates the heart. If behind the shoulder, the lungs are perforated and the beast drops in a few minutes. A shot behind either ear will kill them instantaneously. Many sportsmen and writers recommend shells; I can only say, although I tried the best I could get—Forsyth's—I not only did not bag one with them, but lost upwards of thirty, which went away not much the worse for the wounds they received. Hardened sphericals, or steel-tipped conicals, are the best for them, driven with a moderate charge of powder—say from five to six drachms.

If a cow rhinoceros, accompanied by a little one, is killed, her calf can be easily captured. Though it will fight like a demon at first, it will soon quiet down, and become tame in a few weeks, and as they are in great demand, dealers, such as Jamrach, will pay from £60 to £120 apiece for them. Whenever a rhinoceros takes up its abode in a jungle, it visits daily one spot, generally near where it drinks. Pot hunters have only to dig a pit and to squat down in it within easy distance of this mound to get a certain shot. Their horns, though useless as trophies to the sportsman, are very valuable, and much prized by the natives, who will often give as much as 45 rupees (£4 10s.) per sur (2 lbs.) for them. They use them in their Nam-Ghurs, or temples, inverting them, and drinking water out of the cone which forms their base. For such an immense animal the noise they make when irritated or angry is very insignificant; it is a kind of squealing, bellowing noise, much dreaded by all elephants. When shot through the lungs, if the rhinoceros does not drop within sight, he makes a frightful gurgling noise when giving up the ghost, and this can be heard such a long way off, that his body is easily recoverable. Their feet are somewhat like an elephant's, longer, and they have only three toe-nails to each foot, whereas its rival has five. Their strength is immense, and they will crash their way through a reed forest, the stems of which are nearly as thick as a man's wrist, and often over twenty feet in height, and densely packed—even elephants can scarcely get through places where a rhinoceros gallops through; they can get through any quagmire by half-wading, half-swimming, and when found in a valley are un-get-at-able, owing to quaking bogs and quicksands. I had been a very successful and ardent sportsman, and during eighteen years service in India and Burmah I had not only slain much game, but had accumulated trophies of every animal found south of the Himalayas. I had been assisted to kill a double-horned rhinoceros near Cape Ingris, but it was at night time and did not count, as the poor brute was first wounded to death by a Karen sitting in a pit near the spot to which I have before alluded, as the only daily or nightly visitor; but unexpectedly I found myself transferred to Assam. I was loth to leave Burmah when I had served thirteen years and knew the people and country well, and had many friends; but knowing that the province I was transferred to was teeming with game, I was soon reconciled to the change. I found myself in charge of a district 400 miles long, and some 80 broad, which comprised the very best of the game localities. My work consisted principally of making roads on railway curves, with a view of their being utilised hereafter for an iron way, in surveying, levelling, constructing bridges and the like, besides building barracks and other public edifices—the country was so disliked that within twelve months previous to my arrival there had been thirteen executive engineers holding my appointment, and they all on various pretences, principally on account of ill-health, resigned or got transferred elsewhere. But the work just suited me; I had the constitution of a buffalo, was in the prime of life, and cared for no amount of hard work, provided it was of an outdoor nature—office work I detested—but, unfortunately, I was supposed to

get through not only field work which would have kept some half-a-dozen engineers at work for years, but also to prepare estimates and drawings, which I could have done well enough, but the accounts I never could or would tackle. So, although I got great *khobos* for my outdoor work, for which I was fit, I was always in hot water with the Control Department, because I would not judge my accounts, for which I was totally unfit. To move in Assam in those days without elephants was impossible; the sum sanctioned for their purchase was insufficient to procure good, useful animals, and my predecessors, not being sportsmen and not anxious to expose their lives to the supposed deadly malarial of the country, had taken no pains to procure any. There was only a cowardly brute belonging to the department when I joined. The superintending engineer, a very clever and upright man, who thoroughly realised what was required to develop the resources of the country, could give me no help, nor hold out hopes of an increase in the grant for purchase of cattle, but told me he had no objection to my trying at head quarters direct, but that I should probably be snubbed or wigged for my pains. Nothing venturing, nothing having, so I telegraphed to Government and badgered them until they gave a growling assent to my proposition, which was that I might purchase four elephants for 2,000 rupees each, instead of 1,500. I at once chose some good kooniks, or elephants which had been employed in running down and catching other elephants, as I knew they made the best shikaries. The cowardly elephant I exchanged for another, and by the time I had been six months in the province, I was ready to take the field. The monsoon breaks in June, and to go into the dooras at that season is looked upon as equivalent to committing suicide, but I had lived in the jungles all my life since I was sixteen, and was thoroughly acclimatised and seasoned, so in June, 18—, as I had to visit an outpost, I determined to make the acquaintance of the pachyderms, which all writers have agreed upon as being all but invulnerable.

I sent my kit on the elephants to wait my arrival, and I followed a few days afterwards by boat. My destination was Burpetch, where an assistant commissioner was stationed, and who reported that, owing to a change in the course of the river there, his house was perilously close to the water's edge, and the bank falling in every day. I was to see what could be done to retard its destruction. I need not state what steps were taken in an engineering point of view—the building was still standing and no nearer the water when I left, seven years afterwards, than it was on the occasion of my first visit.

Getting into a boat overnight I reached the ghat nearest to Burpetch at seven a.m. the next morning, but there was some delay owing to a misunderstanding, and I did not start until five a.m. the following morning. Taking two elephants with me, I determined to shoot my way across, and sent my traps by the other two to the station by the native paths. I had no local shikarie with me, but one of my mahouts had been here before, so I trusted to him to get to my destination. The country was pretty open, consisting, at first, of fallow paddy fields, then of a grass plain, the growth being between three to six feet high, except in marshy places, when it was often at an altitude of between twenty to thirty feet. In a very short while I hit off a broad trail. The light was still indistinct, and the mahout pronounced it that of a herd of buffaloes, as they were going much the same way as we. I told him to follow them. I had a famous battery—two two-grooved double rifles, No. 10 bore, made by J. Lang—a short double-barrelled No. 10 rifle breechloader, by Lyell; and a smooth bore breech-loader, also by Lang.

In Burmah and Assam, when beating across country, one never knows what may turn up—anything from an elephant to a quail! and generally after big game had been disposed of the smooth-bore was brought in requisition, and pea fowl, jungle fowl, occasionally pheasants and florikan and hares, and always black and marsh partridges, knocked over. There is not prettier shooting in the world than mixed small game shooting off elephants.

The dew was still on the ground, so tracking was easy, and we went on for an hour, when, coming to a marshy bit, we found we were following not buffaloes but a couple of rhinoceros. I was delighted. I had been looking forward to meeting these beasts in a fair field and with no favour to try conclusions with them, and to ascertain whether they were as impervious to powder and lead as they were said to be. The further we advanced the heavier the grass became and more marshy the ground. The elephant I was on began to show signs of fear, and hesitated to go on, and had to be urged by the driving hook. We were as silent as the grave, and went along as quietly as we could, but do what we could the splashing of the elephant's foot each time he put it down could be heard some distance off; but there was one consolation: we knew rhinoceros and elephants herded together, and hoped that the game in our front would not take the alarm. The wind was in our favour. We had advanced probably a quarter of a mile into the heavy grass when, in an open glade, we came across one of their mounds with fresh droppings, and knew our quarry could not be far off. The elephant got into a greater stew, and was kept from running away with the greatest difficulty. I was leaning forward in the howdah, eyes and ears on the *qui vive*, and every nerve strung to the highest pitch, when in front of me, looming through a patch of high grass, standing on the margin of a small sheet of water, was an immense rhinoceros. Listening intently to our movements. I don't think he had seen us, when, touching the mahout lightly on the head, he brought the animal he bestrode to a standstill, and I fired right and left into the mass. On the smoke clearing away I saw that the animal I had fired at had bounded forward, and taking up another rifle I fired at his shoulder. The ball told loudly with the peculiar thud so dear to every sportsman's ears. Gnashing his teeth and uttering a squealing sort of roar, he rushed at me, but got a couple more balls into his chest; this made him swerve, and I gave him one more bullet. Hitherto my elephant (she was not one of my new purchases but one I had borrowed from the Commissariat) had been paralysed and unable to move from fear, but no sooner did she see her enemy's quarter than she too broke away from the mahout and went off full scare, and could not be stopped for some time; but I heard a most peculiar noise which I rightly guessed to be the death rattle of the beast I had fired at, and I also saw a rhinoceros break away to the left. I went back to the bhul, and, taking up the trail, came upon the animal lying stone dead. He was my first, but also one of the largest I ever killed; his horn was only eight inches long but weighed all but four pounds. We got men from the nearest village, out off the head with some trouble, and taking it and the two shields with us went on our way, giving the meat and the rest of the hide to the villagers who had helped us. Now, it is a curious fact, that even the strictest and most orthodox Hindoos and Brahmins, who are strict vegetarians, welcome rhinoceros flesh, and will fight over a dead beast like so many vultures. Even the tough hide they cut into strips, roast over a charcoal fire, and eat as we do the cracking of a pig. Instead of going by the ordinary pathways I thought I might as well see whether I could not come across the second rhinoceros. After searching about for awhile I hit off the trail, and within an hour came upon the beast lying in a mud-hole with a calf playing about her. She stood up as soon as she saw us and gave me a capital shot

behind the shoulder. She was not more than thirty yards off, and fell dead to my right barrel without uttering a sound. "Sahib," said the mahout, "why not catch the calf?" "How is it to be done?" I said. "Easily," he replied; "the villagers have nets in which they frequently catch buffaloes; if Sahib will leave the female rhinoceros untouched the young one will remain with her, and we can return with men and nets from Burpetch and capture it." "Very well," I replied; and we hurried on and arrived at our destination about one p.m. Setaram, an old hunter, and his nephew, Sookur, a young phansic or mahout, of some renown already, though but a boy almost, were in Burpetch, and, hearing what was wanted, volunteered their services, of which I gladly availed myself. They went off about 3 p.m., taking nets, but trusting to the Cacharie village for men to assist. They returned at twelve at night; hearing a great hullabaloo, I went outside and a weird assembly met my gaze. In front were some six torch-bearers, and immediately behind them some twenty men, all but naked, staggered under some weight, which was attached to long poles, and which was violently struggling and squealing most piteously, enveloped in a net and tied with numerous ropes. This proved to be the young rhinoceros. A shallow trench just long enough for the young beast to stand in was dug, and the animal itself, after having ropes attached to its hind and front legs, round its body and neck, was relieved of its wraps, and, although it fought like a demon, deposited in its bed and secured to long pegs driven into the ground. I never saw a more savage monster, it went open mouthed at everybody, and had it got loose I have no doubt it would have flooded many of us before it could have been recaptured. It was dawn before our captive was safe, and we retired to snatch another hour's rest. My work detained me about ten days in Burpetch, during which I had ample leisure to watch my new acquisition. It was no use attempting to go near it for the first thirty-six hours, our approach only irritated it and made it struggle, but on the second day the poor brute was much exhausted from want of sleep, food, and water, and also from the exertions it had made to escape. Sookur now with a jug of water approached it, and poured some over its head; at first it threw its head about, but, a little water getting into its mouth, it became quieter, more water being poured over it, it opened its mouth and allowed the liquid to trickle down it. It was then fed with buffalo's milk, and then left undisturbed for another day. It had then mashed plaintains and milk given it, in three days it was unthorough and allowed to roam about in a little stockade which had been erected round it, in a week it would follow its keeper about everywhere. Leaving it in charge of Setaram I engaged Sookur as a mahout for the trip. He would not take permanent employment under me, as he had just married, and his young wife would not leave her village, which was about thirteen miles from Burpetch.

Sookur was a Cacharie, light-coloured and very much resembling in features a Burman. I believe the Cacharies were the aboriginal inhabitants of this province, and a cognate race to Burmese and other hill tribes to the East and South, but they are now but few in number, and the so-called Assamese are in truth debased Bengalees, bigoted, cowardly, treacherous, and filthy, not in person, but in habits; their language is a corrupt Bengalie, though some assert it is a distinct language, but I doubt it, for almost all Bengales can understand the Assamese, and these again can commune with the former, which they could not do if the dialects were distinct. Until of late years these aborigines had no caste and were merry, improvident creatures, but they are rapidly falling under the influence of the Brahmins, and losing the good qualities they possessed. They are yet given to over indulgence both in eating and drinking, and our pernicious laws which permit and encourage the establishment of grog and opium farms further tend to demoralise them, but even now they are as far superior to a Hindoo Assamese as an angel is to a man. They are without plucky, and make very fair mahouts and horse keepers, as well as bearers for palanquens. The head men are all Brahmins and do not press their own religionists for the carriage of baggage, &c., but oppress the poor Cacharies in every way.

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL GUN AND POLO CLUB.—At the meeting of this club, held in favourable weather on Tuesday, at Hendon, there was a large attendance. The chief events of the proceedings were a series of matches between Mr. Turner-Turner and Mr. W. J. Maas. They shot in all six matches, each of them being for £5 a side. The first, which was at nine birds each, 30 yards rise, was won by Mr. Turner-Turner, who killed eight, out of nine, and he was also successful in the second, bringing down eight out of ten. Mr. Maas, however, won the third, in which he grassed six out of seven. They subsequently shot three matches at double-rises, and again Mr. Turner-Turner won the first two, but was defeated in the third.

VISCOUNT HILL has resigned the mastership of the Shropshire Hounds, to the regret of all lovers of fox-hunting in the district. A meeting of landowners and others will be held at Shrewsbury on Saturday next to appoint a successor.

MIDLAND COUNTIES CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP ASSOCIATION.—The following are the entries for this race, which takes place on February 3rd, at Sutton, near Birmingham:—Vicarsage H., Edgbaston H., North Notts H., Warley Beagles, Hagley Hare and Hounds, Birchfield H., Aleester H., Holte H., Camp Hill H., Livingstone H. (Nottingham), Moseley H., Leamington H., and All Saints H.

WALSALL AND DISTRICT CHARITY CUP.—The third round of ties has been drawn, with the following result:—Birmingham Excelsior v. Walsall Swifts; Small Heath v. All Saints (Darlaston); Old Athletic v. Wolverhampton Wanderers; St. George's (a bye). The matches are to be played on or before the 27th inst.

THE Devon and Somerset Staghounds meet on Monday, January 15, at 10, at Hawkcombe Head; on Wednesday, January 17, at 10, at Mountsey Hill Gate; on Saturday, January 20, at 10, the Doones Valley, Badgeworthy.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AT TATTERSALL'S.—The fact of Prince Charlie being advertised for sale by auction at the Knightsbridge resort on Monday afternoon brought together a large company, but buyers were very scarce, and the majority of the animals belonging to the late Mr. F. Gretton only realised small prices, while there was little desire evinced to purchase the four yearlings by Isonomy. The bidding for Prince Charlie was confined to about three gentlemen, Mr. T. L. Reed eventually obtaining the son of Blair Athol and Eastern Empress for the low figure of 680 guineas. Of the other animals which changed hands, Sorceress (foaled in 1873) was purchased by Mr. Weatherby for 480 guineas, the same gentleman also giving 200 guineas for Choppe (foaled in 1875). Remorse (foaled in 1876) fell to the bid of Mr. H. J. Cartwright for 350 guineas, as also did a yearling colt by Isonomy—Remorse, for 250 guineas; Hester (foaled in 1867) was sold to Mr. C. Archer for 260 guineas; and Forager, a son of Adventurer and Cantiniere, was purchased by Mr. W. Smith for 410 guineas.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B.—The customs of magazines and papers differ so greatly that no strict answer can be given to your questions, especially as you do not say whether the publications in question are weekly or monthly. If no arrangement as to republication is made, the copyright of articles is generally understood to belong to the periodical in which they have been published. We ourselves have paid £5 for the right of republication in a book a short magazine story of some eight or nine pages. As a rule, high class publications pay for all contributions of any decent length, except when the articles appear in the form of letters. But it is always best to have a distinct understanding on these points.

D. K.—We will look after it as soon as possible.
HUGENOT.—Not till October.
SKIETS.—The former by all manner of means.

SUBSCRIBER.—Certainly, nothing under ten guineas, and then the Secretary may not send you a weekly list of the meetings.

J. H. B.—We are going to do so.
FOXHALL.—We endorse the term "cocktail," but have reasons for holding our hand at present.

P. R. E.—It was he. Was it too hot, though?
JULIET.—To inspire false hopes and tell untruths is not to be either kind or generous.

E. S. T.—We know nothing of the horse's condition, but shall be in a position to say something about it later on.
H. M.—We are not able to answer the other questions. She is married.
JEREMY.—The point of Mr. Anderson's letter was that his statement with regard to his horse had been discredited—not sarcastically, but because the editor in question seriously thought it incredible, and rarely said so. You and Mr. Anderson are in complete agreement otherwise. There is nothing "so very wonderful," but there is something exceptional in his instance; and doubtless the editor who disbelieved him was not "a personal authority" on horsemanship.

THE ILLUSTRATED**Sporting and Dramatic News.**

LONDON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1883.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE recent announcements of early arrivals of "little strangers" at various centres of thoroughbred production, remind us that we shall shortly be in "the thick" of the year's supply of foals, flowing forth continuously from the early days of January to the latter days of June, and bearing on its bosom, here and there, a coming courser of mark, together with more frequent specimens of the useful sort, and a heterogeneous mass of crocks and platers. Of the latter, it might justly be wished that the vast majority had never been born, so difficult is it to indicate the exact sphere of their usefulness in any capacity; but still, with breeders above all men, the old saying of *omne ignotum pro magnifico* holds good of their annual products, and there are few but can prate of a Derby winner *in posse* gambolling in their paddocks, and a whole host of winners waiting for an opportunity. But our object this week is not so much to assist in the reopening of the regularly recurring question, at this season of the year, concerning the desirability of early or late foals, and not so much to attempt to account for the undue proportion of failures to successes, as to take our readers behind the scenes; at least, so far as we consider it expedient to lead them, in order to expose the fallacies existing in the public mind on the subject of entering for the turf. To hear certain sanguine and enthusiastic scribes dilate in their inflated periods on financial triumphs achieved by those who have undertaken the supply of *matériel* for racing warfare, one would be apt to characterise the trade or profession of breeding, to put it vulgarly, as "all beer and skittles," and as a hobby to be taken up with the certain prospect of handsome returns for the money invested in stallions, brood mares, foals, and other accessories of the business at starting. We are sorry to be compelled to dispel the glowing illusions and disturb the sanguine dreams of those who regard the process of reproduction in the equine department of the animal kingdom as akin to brewing and baking, in which businesses certain causes are bound to produce certain results. Nothing can be more thoroughly taking to the experienced eye, more full of pleasing anticipation, than a string of blood yearlings paraded for show in the paddock, previous to each

taking his turn beneath the fateful hammer; and no thought is given, as regards the composition of that playful procession, to gaps in the ranks resulting from the chapter of accidents since the beginning of the preceding year. No account is taken or allowance made of or for the contingent of barren matrons, slipped foals, and the proportion of survivors prevented by accident, disease, or other *contretemps* from bearing a part in the "annual sale," so long and eagerly anticipated. But the troubles of the stud master, especially if he prosecutes his hobby in a large way of business, begin long before the fruits of his enterprise come to be tested by competition for the same among reputed good judges; and casual attendants at the ring-side are too apt to forget the many trials and disappointments experienced by sanguine spirits eager to figure as breeders of Derby winners. Fashionable stallions, held to be mines of wealth, do not invariably present this pleasing aspect to their owners, most of whom have to "stand the raquet" of bad debts, indifferent bargains with owners of mares crying for reductions of the advertised covering fees, and the numerous other contingencies constantly arising to take much of the gilt off the article in which they are dealing. But, inasmuch as rather a large proportion of breeders decline to avail themselves of a father of the stud of their own in the home paddocks, we may pass on to the consideration of the case of the possessors of half-a-dozen or more Belgravian mothers, who, for the reason above cited, are compelled to send away their mares from home, as each foaling season comes round. These favourites have therefore to stand the yearly risks of travel by road or rail, the inconveniences of strange places and strange hands, and the return to headquarters, mostly with foals at foot, under conditions peculiarly productive of accident and misadventure. Thus, there is plenty of peril and danger to be encountered before the time comes for bringing their young pledges into the world; and who can reckon up the casualties of paddock life while nosing the dam's udder, to say nothing of weaning troubles, and the frequent onslaughts of distemper of various kinds during the first "winter of their discontent"? All these drawbacks must be duly borne in mind and scrupulously weighed by those outsiders attempting the task of reckoning the profit or loss made on the yearling string by the average attained by them under the hammer; and who can tell what "weeding out" takes place before leaving home, and how many apparently worthless specimens are condemned and destroyed sooner than court public exposure? No breeder can hope to bring up more than a fairly representative team season after season, though he may enjoy even better fortune on exceptional occasions at which many of us have assisted; but a vast deal of the amount actually realised has to be discounted, and in these days it may be doubted whether the various "lots" dispersed at the well-known trysts return that profit to their producer which folks who do not care to enter into close calculations are apt to appraise far too highly for a correct notion of the actual state of things which prevails. Whether or not breeding for the turf is now, or is likely to be in the present temper of the times, such a lucrative operation as optimists would insist, is a question upon the delicate ground of which we should not care to trench, content with throwing out a few stray hints for the purpose of controverting the fallacies and miscalculations at present so rife. But there is another and far more pleasing aspect of the case in point, namely, the existence in this country of many of noble and gentle birth so deeply interested in breeding operations as to regard their remunerative properties as entirely subservient to the problems suggested to and worked out by their enterprise and liberality. We fully believe that a spirit of this description animates the vast majority of those loving the horse for his own sake, and irresistibly attracted to experimentalise in a field open to all, without restrictions as to the multitude of permutations and combinations presenting themselves in the absorbing search after the "first principles" of a subtle science. However this may be, the short sojourn "behind the scenes" we have induced our readers to make will serve to convince them of the generally exaggerated view taken by a large section of sporting writers of the profits accruing to those engaged in the production of blood stock, who must be heartily wearied of perpetual congratulations upon the financial success of their undertakings. It is not, of course, for them to alter the fair complexion put upon their transactions in the market; but from our remarks some idea of the actually existing situation may be formed, and sundry sceptics, perhaps, "convinced against their will."

THE BRITISH KENNEL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this association was held on Monday at the offices, 191, Fleet-street, under the presidency of Mr. M. Wootton, of Oxford. In their report the committee congratulated the members on the steady progress the association had made since its inauguration less than 12 months ago, and stated that their attention had been called to the fact of unregistered dogs winning prizes at shows held under Kennel Club rules. Formal objections were entered against four prize winners at the Hereford Show, and three at Cirencester Show, the result being that six of the dogs were disqualified, the record in the case of the seventh proving a printer's error. During the past year several communications have been received suggesting that the association should hold shows in different parts of the country, but the committee considered it advisable to postpone their first show until May next, when it would be held at the Aston Lower Grounds, near Birmingham. The report was adopted, together with the financial statement, which showed a balance in favour of the association of £157. A number of extra prizes for the Aston show were announced, and it was unanimously resolved that the Duke of Albany should be invited to become the first president of the association.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—CURE COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed-time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing, they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1/6, and 2s. 9d. each.—[ADV'T.]

INDIA RUBBER STAMPS are now used for all business purposes, cricket and football clubs, monograms, crests, &c., marking linen, racing tickets, and other purposes to numerous to mention. Price lists free—S. D. BRADLEY, 6, Livery-street, Birmingham.—[ADV'T.]

MY FIRST INTRODUCTION TO RHINOCEROS.

(Continued.)

Sookur knew the country; he tried to dissuade me from penetrating into the Terai, because, he said, although we might get there, the difficulty would be getting back, for the mighty Manass and its ramifications often rose in a few hours, and then all retreat would be cut off; but I was determined to venture, so sending two elephants laden by the native paths to Sookur's village, Baikce, I, with two others, went across country. We had scarcely crossed the river and entered the grass jungle on the opposite side, when the elephants with me began to trumpet, to throw their trunks in the air, and to scent the jungle around. "Bagh, Sahib," said Sookur, but the grass was only about three feet high, where, often in after days, I have shot florikan or the lesser bustard on foot. So I doubted whether master stripes was present, though I had no doubt he had been there a short while before. We advanced steadily. I was leaning over the front of the howdah, my pet smooth bore in hand, when, without the slightest warning, a magnificent tiger sprang clear in the air, straight at the howdah. The elephant I was on was eight and a half feet high, probably nine feet to the top of the head, yet the brute made such a clean spring that he would have lighted right on to Sookur, had not my bullets struck it fairly between the eyes. It turned a somersault in the air, its body struck the mahout clean off the neck of the elephant, and broke a part of the front of the howdah, then toppled over almost on the top of the poor lad, Sookur. I was on Lutchmee, a koonkie I had exchanged the cowardly elephant for; she at times was very staunch, at others the very reverse, but she was very fast and easy in her paces, and I generally used her in preference to any of the other elephants, though one or two of them were more to be depended upon, but their paces were not so good; but the upsetting of her mahout and the falling of the dead tiger in a heap almost in front of her, proved too much for her nerves, and, giving a few loud shrieks, off she set at her best pace. This was a nice fix to be in—on a runaway beast and no means of stopping her. Fortunately I had plenty of practice in Burnah in riding elephants, so, though the task was not an easy one at any time, particularly when being shuffled along at the rate of some fifteen miles an hour, I crawled over the howdah and squatted on her neck. I knew elephant language, that is, all the phrases used by mahouts when talking to their charges and telling them what to do. The ankus or driving hook was still attached to the neck by a rope, so, seizing it, I belaboured Miss Lutchmee well over the forehead, and by sticking the point of the bill hook, as it were, well into her forehead and drawing it towards me with all my might I succeeded in stopping her and taking her back to the scene of conflict. Poor Sookur had a bloody nose, his lips were cut, and two of his front teeth loosened, but otherwise was unhurt; the tiger lay in a heap as he fell. He measured ten feet two inches in length, and so immense was his weight that a dozen men could not lift him to a pad, so, as the bungalow at Burpettah was in sight, I sent back an elephant and the Assistant Commissioner sent a boat and a lot of men. I thought it better to leave the tiger at Burpettah where the skin could be looked after than to take it on with me, and this was accordingly done; but all this caused a delay, and although I had started originally at five a.m. it was eight before I made a fresh start again. It is always best to get over your first march as quickly as possible to get things straight, so I told Sookur not to mind looking for tracks but to make his way as fast as he could to his village. But we were doomed to disappointment as far as getting over the ground went. The marsh deers were just getting their new horns, and I could not resist firing at one or two beauties which got up in front of me. I killed a couple of very fine stags. The antlers were still slightly in velvet, but the horn had formed, so, when the outer covering should peel off, they would be at their very best. We padded these; they were rolling in fat; when struck the fat actually came out in a lump out of the bullet holes, and they were as sleek and shiny as the best fed and groomed horse could have been. The meat was particularly juicy and tender, and fit for a gourmand to make his meal off. We saw plenty of rhinoceros marks, but knew they had retired to their fastnesses, so did not look for them.

We had crossed a nullah and were ascending the opposite bank when a bull buffalo charged and struck Lutchmee full on the shoulder; his horns somehow passed under her, one on each side of her front leg. I was not prepared for such an assault, and had not a gun or rifle in hand. Before I could seize one, Lutchmee turned viciously, and, in her turn, gave the bull such a butt that she rolled him down the steep bank. Nothing daunted, the brute picked himself up again, and ran up the bank. I was ready, and a couple of shots sent him down again; but he was not to be got rid of so easily, up he came at me again. This time I fired at his forehead, which was thrown back. The bullet made only a furrow along, and passed harmless into space; and, before I could fire again, he had given Lutchmee a severe prod behind, and sent her reeling forward. But my second bullet caught him at the junction of the neck and head, and he fell to rise no more. My elephant after all was not much hurt; the two places where the tips of the horns penetrated to a depth of several inches looked angry and suppurated a good deal, but she was not incapacitated from work. Entering a sal forest, I shot a stag, Samhur deer, the only one I ever found so far from the hills in Assam, though in Burmah they are common enough. Here an enterprising Paddy from the Emerald Isle had essayed a tea-garden; but, after three or four years toil, had abandoned it in despair. Beyond this forest and Baikce, I laid aside the rifles, and took up my smooth-bore, and had ample employment for it, for the pea fowl—jungle fowl—were in myriads, black and marsh partridges fairly plentiful, and in an hour I shot enough to feed the whole camp without the venison already obtained. Close to the camp I killed a young hog-deer for my own use; these are very good eating indeed.

I reached the hut prepared for me about two, and found everything arranged as only native servants know how to do. My cot was prepared, the table laid out, beer and wine, enveloped in wet padded jackets, were suspended to the rafters, where, in half an hour, thanks to rapid evaporation and constant wetting, they would be deliciously cool. A quantity of chatties, or earthenware pots, filled with sparkling water, were arranged in a small adjacent hut, which was to do duty for a bath-room. I undressed, and, after pouring some dozen pots of water over my head, I was soon in the Indian dishabille, ready for my lunch. Breakfast I always took with me, but to-day had not partaken of it; so I sat down, with the proverbial hunter's appetite, and did full justice to the good things prepared for me. After lunch I read awhile, then a snooze for an hour or so, then a stroll through the village, back to the hut, another bath, dinner, and then to bed, to be stirring again next day at 4 a.m. Such is the usual routine of a hunter's life in the wilds of Assam or Burmah.

Starting at daylight just across the Baikce river, I put up a lot of florikan, but they were very wild and I only got a couple. These birds have been pronounced the prince of game birds for table. I could never see it. They were far too gamey to please

me, and although I tried them in every shape—roasted, boiled, in stews, and in various other ways—I could never eat one, which, no doubt, showed very bad taste on my part, but I always shot them, and if near any Europeans, gave them away, or if in camp kept the wings to adorn ladies' hats, and gave the rest away to my servants or to anybody else who would eat them. I marched to Dowkagown. I ought to have gone to Maina Mutee, a far superior place for game, but this was my first visit, and I knew not the ground in those days, but did as Sookur advised me. He had been in the habit of shooting here with the aforesaid Irishman, who had also opened out and deserted a garden here. Dowkagown is a considerable village. I sent my chapprassee for the head man. He came in time, three parts drunk, a hoary old sinner, a large, powerful man; I asked him for rice for the followers, paddy for the elephants, milk and fowls for myself; the old man declared his village produced nothing; I showed him a handful of rupees and small coin; no earthly use, he said there was nothing, so I could have nothing. I pointed out that there were hundreds of cows; true, but they gave no milk (I was new to the people and did not believe the old man, though what he stated as far as regards the cows was quite true, for the Cacharies, like Buddhists, do not milk their kine). "There are plenty of fowl, anyhow," I said. "They cannot be caught," was the reply. Seeing that he was determined to be disagreeable, I too lost my temper, and, ordering the man to be seized, I had him tied to a post of the bungalow (one deserted by my Irish friend). His attendants hurried off, and in an hour I had all I required. The milk they had procured from a Hindoo village some distance off. I then paid for everything whatever was demanded, then releasing my ancient friend I gave him a lot of grog, which won his heart completely, and I had no further trouble at his village as far as rations went, and in return I gave them plenty of meat.

I had hitherto been very successful in my first encounters with these pachyderms, and I never for a moment anticipated a turn of luck, for I had confidence in my own shooting. I had had immense practice, and knew that my weapons were the best that money could procure; and provided I could get within a reasonable distance, I never doubted being able to account for these thick-skinned animals, but I was soon to be undeceived.

At daylight next morning I was mounted and away. Marks were very plentiful, but we did not come across a rhinoceros until about eight, when Sookur took me within ten yards of two monsters standing together in some long grass, at the edge of a bheel. I had beautiful shots. I ought to have hit a penny piece at that distance. I was perfectly cool and collected. The elephant did not move; I seldom dwell on an aim; in fact I shoot much better—snap—so I let fly right and left. A loud bellowing and both rushed past, close enough almost to touch my elephant. Seizing another rifle, I gave them two more balls, but they disappeared screeching into the interminable long grass, and Lutchmee after them at her best pace, but they outstripped her in a few minutes, and so numerous were the tracks made by these beasts, that in his hurry Sookur followed a wrong one, and did not discover his mistake until we had gone fully three miles. We then retraced our footsteps; again he took me up to one of the wounded animals; again I fired two more shots; away went the beast; Sookur, disgusted, declared I had not enough powder. I knew better, for I had five and a half drachms, quite enough to drive a ball through and through any rhinoceros. Off we went again, everywhere followed by the greater part of the village, to whom a rhinoceros is a *bonne bouche*, and as my chapprassee had told them I was a mighty Nimrod, their disgust was about equal to Sookur's, who began to lose faith in his new master. I, too, was getting savage; it was my first appearance in these parts, and I knew that I must look very small in the eyes of these people, for a former Assistant Commissioner at Burpethal had been a most successful sportsman, and seldom failed to bag what he fired at. We came across another rhinoceros. I again fired into it within fifteen paces; it was one of my unlucky days, so I need not say it too went away. I was ashamed of myself; Sookur got sulky, would take no interest, and did not take me up to any more pachyderms, but as the plain abounded in marsh deer, I shot several for the villagers, who took the meat sullenly, looking upon it as very poor substitute for their dearly beloved rhinoceros flesh. I went back to the hut, and did not go out again that day on elephants, but contented myself with shooting black partridges and jungle fowl, both of which were plentiful close by. The stream here is a branch of the Manass; its waters are so cold, that wine or beer placed in bottles in it are deliciously cool in a few minutes. Fish closely resembling trout, of four or five pounds weight, were swimming about in it. I had no tackle with me, but the mahouts, with a net, caught a quantity in a very short time, and very good they were, too, to eat.

I gave Sookur and the head man some grog in the evening, to compensate them for the disappointments of the day, and also to keep them in good temper, for without the hearty co-operation of your mahout a sportsman has but a poor chance of getting game.

The next day I was again out at daylight, but as the neighbouring jungles had been disturbed I made for Maina Mutee, a village about four miles off. Within a quarter of a mile I came upon a rhinoceros and killed it the first shot, and these villagers scrambled and fought for the flesh a few minutes after the breath had left its body. Going towards the Boora Nuddee, on four different occasions I came across rhinoceros; two cows, who charged me, I killed right and left, and also secured another bull with a couple of shots. Sookur looked pleased. He knew the Government reward was five rupees for each, and as I had slain four he would get twenty rupees, which, to him, was equivalent to two months' pay. All these rhinoceros fell to the people of Maina Mutee, for the disgusted Dowkagownites had not followed me to-day, having given me up as a bad bargain.

Next day they again followed, but I did not get a shot, so they were again disappointed. My chapprassee whispered, it was their fate—punishment for the bad reception they had given me on my arrival—that my God was angry, and that they would never taste rhinoceros meat of my shooting, which turned out, to a certain extent, true, for I never did kill a rhinoceros near their village, though I did plenty some distance off, but pitying them I did reserve two or three for them. I shot a couple of buffaloes and fine pig for them, which they prize after rhinoceros flesh, so they had ample to eat, but not what their souls hungered and thirsted after.

The next day I went towards the Manass. It was as well I did so, for the river was rapidly rising, and I knew it was time to retrace my steps if I did not wish to be shut up during the whole monsoon in these dooars. I killed three rhinoceros to-day, but had only adventure with one, which I will relate.

Near the Manass the grass was only short generally, with here and there heavy patches. In one of these I lit a very large tiger; he bounded into the patch of heavy grass in front of him and immediately there was commotion enough to frighten the devil. Lutchmee was pushed in, and, as far as I could make out, the tiger in his bound had lit upon one of the rhinoceros I had wounded, who immediately tossed him to a great distance, ripping him open at the same time. No sooner did the

pachyderm discern Lutchmee than he charged her, but she spun round, and ran for her life, the rhinoceros close to her heels, champing his tusks, and with blood—that of the tiger—all over its hideous head and face. When he was all but touching my steed's quarter, a shot from the two-belted rifle dropped him, and he lay bellowing on his back. Going back, I found the tiger in the last gasp, quite disembowelled; no boar could have made a cleaner cut. On examining the dead rhinoceros, we found three of my bullets in him. They had passed right through his body, sticking in the skin opposite, and were cut out with a penknife. I asked Sookur if he thought it was the fault of the powder, now, that the brutes escaped the first day? He said it was *nuseeb* (fate), not the fault of the rifles. The bullets had missed the vital spots by only an inch or two. I have no doubt that every one hit that day met with a lingering and painful death, which is much to be deplored in shooting. But every man will have his good and bad days, and I have had mine, many times over.

The next day we had packed up everything, and made a retrograde movement. The little run at Dowkagown had become a considerable stream, and no time was to be lost if we wished to get back to "home and beauty."

We had no considerable stream to cross until after passing Baikie. Instead of going on to Burpethal, I determined to go on to a place called Pakah, where I had been told game abounded. I had great difficulty in crossing the Boreenuddee, as it was all but out of the elephant's depth, but at last I got on the road leading to Bhowanipoor. No one seemed to know where Pakah was. It was, in truth, a district, and though doubtless a dozen small hamlets might be called by that name, no large village was so known. The whole country was flooded, and every nullah we came to was out of our depth. This necessitated the unloading of the elephants, as they had to swim across; the baggage had to be taken across in dug-outs, which were not always procurable, so our progress was not only very slow but very fatiguing. I need not enumerate all the difficulties we encountered; for three days we were wading across an inundated country, intersected by numerous nullahs all full to the top, and all without a single ford. The hardships we underwent were excessive; at night we put up in some miserable namghur. No one, except such as have been placed in similar circumstances, can conceive what we underwent, attacked by millions of mosquitoes by night, and leeches and gaddies by day. At last I came to a plain somewhat more elevated than the surrounded country, and this literally swarmed with game. I got three tigers in one day, and as for deer, I might have shot them by the dozen. The villagers told me they were going to have a grand shikar with nets, and, as I had not seen it as yet, I halted a day. Early at dawn each village had sent its contingent of men and nets, and going to the plain I have mentioned the nets were quickly placed in a semi-circle. They are not more than seven to eight feet high, and are supported by bamboo posts which fall on an animal rushing into the nets. About a couple of hundred men beat the neighbouring thickets and long grass. Even buffaloes are caught in nets, but of a different description from those in use on this occasion. If sligher nets are used, and buffaloes appear, they are lowered and the bovines are allowed to pass through generally, but on this occasion, as I was present, the people were inclined to be foolhardy. I alone had my weapons; the other sportsmen were armed with spears and dhaws. Within an hour after the beat commenced the diameter of the semi-circle was considerably curtailed. No sooner is a beast entangled in the meshes than several men rush forward and speedily spear it to death. I saw some thirty deer and five boars thus speared and killed, when there was a great hullabaloo and an immense bull buffalo bore down to where we were standing. A cry went forth to lower the nets and to let the kine pass, but the Cachares near me, thinking to show off, kept them standing. The rush was magnificent, and totally unfitted as they were for such monsters, the nets were made of such elastic material that the buffalo fell entangled and was carried some distance. The men rushed in without hesitation and stabbed the monster all over. But the combat was an unequal one. In a few minutes the huge brute tumbled asunder the cords, and though pierced with a hundred wounds had plenty of life left to kill a dozen men. Its eyes were starting out of its head; it was foaming at the mouth and uttering short angry bellows. When too late the men turned to run; he caught up one, threw him to a great height, and then, without pausing, chased another who ran towards me. I, too, ran forward, but was almost too late for the man fell, and the buffalo would have been on him had I not fired a shot at his forehead as he lowered his head; the ball passed through his brain and he fell dead over the man without touching him. The man tossed had also escaped better than could have been expected. The gap made was rapidly closed and the fun went on. A bear got in and gave a good deal of trouble to kill; his antics and cries were so absurd and pitiful the men could scarcely use their spears with effect for laughing. A panther gave no trouble, being killed with the first spear thrust. A tiger, tigress, and two cubs were the last to appear; the three latter fell ignominiously, but the former I had to shoot as he all but got clear of the net, and, being badly wounded, might have killed several men. Thus ended this novel mode of killing some of the most dangerous game. Cowardly as are the Assamese, so used are they to this kind of hunting they think nothing of it, and although a few are killed now and then, it does not deter the others from following a mode of shikar which has been in vogue in the country for generations past.

My trip was coming to an end; I was within two days' of Gowhattie, and had put up as usual in a namghur, near a large village, when the Hindoo priests somewhat insolently told me to turn out. Now, I do not like to run counter to the religious opinions of any people; but before leaving the Sudder station, Gowhattie, I had ascertained that these buildings are erected not only as shrines for their gods, but also as resting places for the weary. Having the right on my side, I refused to budge, and this nearly led to a row, the people turning out at the instigation of their priests; but as my two chapprassees, both stalwart up-country Mussulmans, and I stood with a battery of six double rifles and guns, to say nothing of sundry tulwars and spears, ready to show fight, they thought better of it, and submitted a petition instead, that I would not eat inside the building. Now, as my table was ready laid for dinner outside, and as I never took a meal in a stuffy house if I could get it in the open air under the shade of a tree by day or quite in the open by night, I had no objection to granting them their request, and, I may here say, I was never molested or threatened again. Had I given in on this occasion I should not only have lost caste but would have been forced to march with tents, as all namghurs they can go with impunity in insulting or imposing on a European, and it behoves him, if not for his own sake, for that of others who may follow in his wake, not only not to do anything contrary to the religion or prejudices of the people amongst whom his lot is cast, but also not to give in an inch if he has right on his side. I wandered over these jungles for seven consecutive years, and had the very best of sport, and was always welcomed by the people, but I shall never forget my first introduction to the rhinoceros of Assam, nor the trip I

made to the dooars on that occasion. On my return my kind friends gave me a fortnight to live, and advised me to make my will and order my coffin, for die I must after having spent ten days in the Terai during the commencement of the monsoon, but to their amazement, and also somewhat to their disgust as would-be prophets, I did not have a day's illness; indeed, I never enjoyed better health than I did whilst combining work and pleasure in the swamps and highlands of Assam.

F. T. P.

CRICKET, ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &c.

On the 13th, the English cricketers in Australia defeated an Eighteen of Hobart Town with 110 and 68 for three wickets to 82 and 95.

A large number of well-known athletes attended the banquet given by the Moseley Harriers at the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, on Saturday, in honour of Mr. W. G. George's return from America. Mr. A. Sylvester occupied the chair, and in very happy terms proposed the health of Mr. George, who, in reply, expressed the gratitude he felt for the kindness which had always been shown him by the members of the Moseley Harriers.

A Five Miles Open Steeplechase of the North Middlesex Harriers was decided on Saturday, when, out of a large field, G. E. L. de Haviland (4min 10sec) was first, his net time being 32min 55sec. J. B. Foreman made the best time—31min 5sec.

The new Challenge Cup of the Hampton Court Hare and Hounds was also contested on Saturday, when eleven started. G. F. Garry (6min) was first; net time, 34min 10sec. W. Miles (scratch) covered the distance in 31min.

The executive of the Bicycle Union have passed a resolution thanking the Provost of Dumfries, by whose instrumentality a clause founded upon that recommended by the Bicycle Union has been inserted in the proposed bill which will affect bicycles and tricycles in Scotland.

On Saturday the Scottish Counties played an Association match against Lancashire at Darwen, when each scored three goals. The game was vigorously contested, and it was by a grand effort that the Scotchmen at the last moment made the result a tie. The players were:—Lancashire: W. Woolfall (goal), R. Young, F. Suter, T. Gibson, G. Howarth, G. Avery, J. Hargreaves, J. Brown, H. Ashton, T. Rostron, and T. Strachan. Scotch Counties: T. Turner (goal), A. M'Intyre, J. Forbes, P. Miller, W. Graham, J. Brown, R. Brown, J. Friel, R. Gilmore, R. M'Pherson, and W. M'Kinnon.

The fourth round of ties in the London Association Cup contests was decided on Saturday, when Hendon beat the Old Brightonians by four goals to one—the result is protested. Upton Park beat Hotspur by five goals to nil. The Old Foresters beat the Somersetts by four goals to nil. The semifinal tie should be played at the Oval on Saturday, February 10th, between the Old Foresters and Hendon, the victor to meet Upton Park at the same place in the final on Saturday, March 3.

In the Football Association Cup contests, Sheffield Wednesday beat Notts Forest, on Saturday, by three goals to two in the third round. The ties in the fourth round have been drawn: Sheffield Wednesday v. Notts County, Aston Villa v. Walsall Town, Church or Darwen v. Blackburn Olympic, Eagley v. Druids or Bolton Wanderers, Clapham Rovers a bye, Swifts v. Old Etonians, Royal Engineers v. Old Carthusians, Great Marlow v. Hendon; to be completed by 3rd prox.

In the Welsh Association Challenge Cup contests, a match, Northwich Victoria v. Berwyn Rangers, on Saturday, was drawn.

In the Sheffield Association Challenge Cup contests, on Saturday, Lockwood Brothers beat Heeley by five goals to one, and Attercliffe beat Staveley by two goals to one.

In the Liverpool Association Cup contests, Everton beat the Town, on Saturday, by eight goals to nil.

In the Lancashire Association Challenge Cup contests, a match in the third round between the Livesey Grasshoppers and Darwen St. Johns was drawn on Saturday. The clubs had already met, with a similar result. In the same contests, Darwen beat Irwell Springs by two goals to nil.

The third round of the Lincolnshire Association Challenge Cup contests has closed as follows:—No. 1 District.—Brigg Town beat Brigg Ancholme by ten goals to one, Grimsby Town beat Grimsby M.S. and L. Steamship Department by two goals to one, Gainsborough Trinity (a bye). No. 2 District.—Horncastle beat Grantham Victoria by five goals to one, Lincoln Rovers beat Lincoln Lindum by two goals to nil, Spilsby (a bye).

The second round of the Berks and Bucks Challenge Cup contests has closed as follows:—Swifts beat Maidenhead by three goals to nil, Marlow beat Windsor by three goals to one, Reading beat Maidenhead Excelsior by three goals to nil, Wycombe Alexandra (a bye).

The annual Association Match between teams from the North and from the South of England respectively, took place at the Aston grounds, Birmingham, on Monday. The North made a good fight, especially Holden, Rostron, Cursham, and Mosforth; but the South played brilliantly together, and were ultimately winners by four goals to nil. The sides were:—North: C. Matthews, Aston Unity (sub., goal), H. Moore, Notts, and H. Wilkinson, Sheffield Wednesday (backs), J. Hudson, Sheffield Wednesday, and A. T. Chapman, Notts (half-backs), G. H. Holden, Wednesday Old Athletics, and T. Rostron, Darwen (right wing), J. Hargreaves, Blackburn Rovers, and W. Mosforth, Sheffield Wednesday (left wing), J. Brown, Blackburn Rovers, and H. A. Cursham, Notts (centre) (forwards). South: H. A. Swepstone, Pilgrims (goal), P. J. de Paravicini, Old Etonians, and J. E. Vincent, Clapham Rovers (backs), N. C. Bailey, Clapham Rovers, and H. Nichols, Swifts (half-backs), H. H. Barnet, Royal Engineers, and W. N. Cobbold, Cambridge (left), H. C. Goodhart, Old Etonians and N. Leete, Old Brightonians (centre), and A. L. Bambridge, Swifts, and A. T. B. Dunn, Old Etonians (right) (forwards). Results of previous matches: 1878-79, Sheffield, abandoned owing to continued frost; 1879-80, Oval, drawn, nothing to either side; 1880-81, Sheffield, North won by two goals to one; and 1881-82, Oval, South won by three goals to one.

In matches on Saturday the Notts Club beat the Wednesday Old Athletics by six goals to one. St. Mirren's (Paisley) were defeated by the Bolton Wanderers by eight goals to two. Padiham beat Great Harwood by three goals to one. The Pilgrims beat the Olympians by six goals to one. Spilsby beat Grimsby by three goals to nil. A return match, Witton v. Halliwell, was drawn. Brentwood beat Old Westminster by four goals to one. Walsall Town beat Great Lever by two goals to one. Church beat Blackpool by four goals to nil. Crewe Alexandra beat Macclesfield by four goals to one. Denbigh and Ruthen played a draw. The Long Eaton Rangers beat Derby Midland by three goals to nil. Brigg Town beat Hull Town by one goal to nil. Banbury beat Oxford Falcoun by three goals to one.

On Wednesday the Blackburn Rovers beat St. Mirren's (Paisley) by three goals to two.