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contents of which went through the keel of one boat, and the instep of the skipper's other foot, and would you believe it, Booden Khan, the fellow had the impudence to sing out, "that he could not expect better luck, when he had the misfortune to have Irishmen (men of my own country) on board his ship."

Sahib, the affront was great, but the old adage—" *Kootha upnee gulle may sheyr hai*"—is very applicable to a *Nakhoo-dha*.

F. Y.

P. S.—To make the dialogue more distinct, I have made Booden Khan *Sahib* me very often, but in the jungle he was rarely guilty of such bad manners, and for the time all distinction was set aside on both parts. When an animal was rolled over, the jump and cheer he gave fully equalled mine, and would have gladdened the heart of any Irishman to see.

F. Y.

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## EASTWARD HO!

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AFTER a lapse of nearly fifteen years, I find myself once more fairly launched upon these waters and cruising about amongst the islands to the Eastward, though I fear with but little chance, owing to the season of the year and the state of the weather of doing much, if any thing, to add to the record of sporting "*res gestæ*" of former times. Great changes have of course occurred in that period, and what with the increase of cultivation, the alteration in the channels, the formation of new lands, and the breakage away by the rivers of old ones, the country is literally a new one to me. Nor perhaps am I less changed than all that I see around me, for a residence in Bengal during that number of years, tacked on to some few that had preceded them, is little likely to have been without its effects alike on the inward as on the outward man. "Friends depart" sings the poet, and when I sum up mentally all that have departed, most of them to "that bourne whence no traveller returns," during the time to which I am alluding,

I find myself involuntarily quoting from another of the beautiful ballads of the same author:—

“ When I remember all,  
 The friends, so link'd together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather.  
 I feel like one, who treads alone  
 Some banquet hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed ! ”

Regrets, however, are unavailing, so to leave the memories of the past for a time and treat of the present, I may commence by noticing a most villainous compound of smells by which my olfactories were assailed some mornings ago, and which, upon investigation, I found exhaled from a boat (Native of course) moored in my immediate vicinity. This was in the Sunderbuns. The boat was laden with dead deer in nearly every conceivable state of decomposition, stowed higgledy piggledy, one on the top of the other, as a well-known distinguished “militaire” said of his corps after trying to put them through some rather complicated evolutions. The carrion in question was destined for the Calcutta market, and on my expressing curiosity, mingled with wonder, as to what class of Ditch gourmands revelled in such offensive and poisonous luxury, I was informed it was much appreciated by the wealthy Calcutta Baboos, who rather preferred *green food*, or in other words, venison when in a state of decomposition. No wonder that cholera and other diseases stalk abroad unchecked by medical skill and municipal improvement. Here was a whole cargo of putrid meat *en route* for Calcutta consumption (even supposing the story as to the Baboos to be apocryphal), and this abomination (sufficient in itself to breed a pestilence in the “quartier” for which it was designed) would be landed, distributed and disposed of without let or hindrance on the part of the authorities. It is superfluous to ejaculate—“Can such things be?” Suffice it, that they *are* and that they would not be permitted in any other capital, laying claim for itself to even a state of demi-civilization. Perhaps the *Sporting Review* is scarcely the place in which to treat of such a subject, but it is apropos of game, and is as likely to attract public attention in the pages of this journal, as it would be if published elsewhere.

On the afternoon of the same day, my Sirdar brought to my notice that several alligators were disporting themselves round



about my bhauleah as we rowed leisurely along with a fair tide. Humph! said I, when I got on deck and saw no less than three, all within gun-shot—truly

“ Strange things come up to look at us,  
The monsters of the deep !”

So I got a rifle loaded, and directing my attention to one scaly brute, who just then showed evident intention of retiring under the bushes that fringed the bank, for the purpose of taking his afternoon's siesta on the mud beneath, I let him ensconce himself comfortably, and then fired point blank at his head. A series of tremendous plunges followed, developing his entire length, which must have measured full twenty feet, and then he floundered into the water and sank. Had I taken a double-barrel gun instead of a single rifle, he had assuredly been mine at once, for another bullet well put in at the distance, would have disabled him from any more tempting the perils of the deep. As it was, I loaded again, and drifting slowly along, kept a good look out, and not without success, for presently he rose again and tried to make the opposite bank, which he no sooner reached than I bowled away at his head a second time and down he went, lashing the water into foam with his tail. I thought he was done for, but as we could not feel him with the poles, I continued to drift along as before: my tactics were perfectly successful, for very shortly he rose to the surface for the third time, scudding along at a great rate, as if aware that I was in full chase after him. This, however, could not last long, and again he was about to try the mud and the friendly cover of the rank jungle it generates, when I sent a third rifle-ball straight to its destination, and with one mighty effort he toppled over and fell back head first and belly uppermost into the deep water. We had no difficulty in feeling him with the pole now and stirring him up with the same, but as he could not, or would not move, I was fain to leave him alone to breathe out his brief remainder of existence undisturbed; for though one of my boatmen, more excited than discreet, volunteered to dive with a slip noose to fasten round him, I of course would not risk it, for though this, my own particular alligator, might be dead as the salt-fish, with which history says Queen Cleopatra baited Mark Anthony's hook, there was no knowing how many of his tribe including the two before seen, might chance to be in the immediate vicinity, therefore I negatived the proposal and wended on my way rejoicing, leaving the "spolia opima" as a probable trophy for the next comer at low water.

With the exception of an occasional alligator, the sportsman passing through the Upper Sunderbuns, in the direct track between Calcutta and Culneah, will find little or no exercise for his gun, though at a couple of tides distance from the latter place, large game of all sorts is said to be plenty. A gentleman whom I met there told me, that, while out after deer a short time before, his party was followed by a rather small tigress, whose propinquity he detected by the regular foot fall (pit-pat) as they passed through the jungle: he being well aware that no other animal could be following their trail in that stealthy manner, turned suddenly upon the pursuer, and slew her out-right by the first discharge of a gun of large calibre, heavily charged with large slugs. A fortunate result of his daring, which saved either his own life or that of one of the natives with him. Rhinoceros are by no means scarce, and as, in one way and other, the fortunate killer of one of these brutes realises from twenty-five to thirty-five rupees by his deed of "derring-do," the native shikarries display more than usual courage and recklessness in the chase. A remarkably fine young man, as described to me, had recently been killed by one that he had fired at and wounded; the rhinoceros charged and the shikarries took to the nearest trees; but the unlucky marksman was too late, or his "arbor" of refuge was too low for safety, for with one rip which laid the thigh bare to the bone from the knee to the groin, the rhinoceros brought him to the ground and then grouted (if I may be allowed the expression, and I know no other that so well conveys my meaning) his chest open, killing him on the spot and leaving him a fearful spectacle for men and gods. Each rhinoceros hide yields three valuable shields, and this, added to the presents bestowed by the grantees as well as the wealthy natives, by whom the flesh is much esteemed as an article of luxury and who pay well for the same, makes the value of the quarry, when obtained, amount to what I have put it down at.

• Tigers, buffaloes and spotted deer are plentiful on the Burrisaul churs, as well as pigs, chikore and other small game; but elephants are not in vogue in that district, so the game is not often disturbed by the European sportsman, though a gentleman in whom I believe I recognise the LEATHER-STOCKINGS of this *Review*, occasionally takes the field, and with success, against the common enemy. Tigers and leopards too are by no means scarce about the villages on the main land, and one of the latter, by no means a bad specimen of the spotted pard, was shot by the gentleman in question a few weeks back. He may possibly communicate details himself, as well as of the



death of a stray rhinoceros which he recently shot on foot. The latter must have wandered up from the Sunderbuns and was brought to his notice, when he was out in the district, by the Armenian Superintendant of a Zemindary. In the course of the skirmish that ensued, the latter gent was charged by the rhinoceros (wounded), knocked down and *nosed* by him, but whether it was that the unwieldy brute approved not the smell or was too busy with his own affairs to bestow more than a slight rub of recognition "*en passant*," the legend sayeth not; certain it is that he left him a good deal more frightened than hurt, and receiving a couple more bullets from Mr. R., laid himself down to die in an adjacent patch of jungles, while the Superintendant lives to rejoice over his narrow escape and to tell how, like the renowned Sibthorpius, he kept the bridge (pass) "in the brave days of old," and he may do so with more justice than many stringers together of sentences who profess to edify their hearers with tales of greater pretension; for according to all accounts he stood the charge most manfully, fired at the rhinoceros in his rush, and, failing to stop it, was knocked fairly and forcibly over, falling with his back to the earth and his feet to the foe, stunned and insensible, waking afterwards to the agreeable conviction of safety and of succour, and it is the lot of few men to pass unscathed through such an ordeal.

I am constrained to admit, that the weather just at present (the last week in June) is any thing but pleasant, and that travelling by boat in these localities at this season, conveys any thing but an easy and agreeable sensation. It has been blowing the better part of a gale of wind, with a proportionate sea on, and as the rain has been almost incessant and the tides exceedingly high, I presume that the look out has been rather a more distressing one to the Indigo Planters of Dacca, Furreedpore and Mymensing, than it has been even to the writer, who, after being detained a day and night in a small creek at Kakra chur, took advantage of a lull and succeeded in reaching his haven and is now safely moored, "'midst heavy rain and thunder" in a particularly swampy part of the country. Thus does the true peripatetic philosopher console himself for the evils he suffers with the reflection, that by comparison with the state of many of his friends and contemporaries, he has really very little to complain of. How I am to get back again is another matter, any such retrograde motion being entirely out of the question, till we are blessed with a change of weather, as I fear is also the arrival of any dawd letters or newspapers, but "*sufficient unto the day, &c., &c.*," and in the mean time I have the *Sporting Review* to write for, *Marshman's Guide to*



*the Civil Law* for light reading, a little practice as an amateur physician, and a wide expanse of water (somewhat muddy be it remarked) on which to look out; therefore, possessed of these advantages, including the additional and inestimable one of being entirely free from the possibility of receiving any palatial communications, whether of an agreeable or troublesome nature, am I determined not being *a sage*, "to be happy the best way I can" as Tom Moore advises, and very good advice it is too for those whom circumstances and a happy facility of natural temperament will permit to follow it.

I mentioned having been delayed a day at Kakra chur. The place is now almost entirely under cultivation, but it was in what was then (in the cold weather) little better than a nullah, dividing that chur from Kishenpoora, that my boat's crew were kept awake and obliged to burn fire-pots nearly all night on account of the tigers, in days of yore. At Kakra too it was that I had that severe *mélée*, single-handed, with a solitary male buffalo (and on foot), of which the tale has remained untold till the present time. The facts were as follows. I went on shore in the morning rather early, carrying a light deer-stalking rifle, and accompanied by the Sarang of my schooner and my Sicklighur. Our purpose was to make our way to the sheds, where the tame buffaloes bivouacked at night, and to satisfy ourselves on sundry points, but especially as to the probability of getting a little shooting without incurring serious danger, for the tiger serenade of the previous night had, I hesitate not to admit, materially cooled my ardour for the pursuit of sport under difficulties. The tame buffaloes were scattered at various distances round about the sheds, and through them did we essay to pass. As well might we have sought an entrée to the select circles of Calcutta without proper introductions; as well might a certain River Steam Navigation Company seek gratuitous admission for its half-yearly reports in the columns of *some* Ditch diurnals; as well might honest merit look for Government employ, backed by no other interest than qualification for office carries with it—as we to reach the longed-for goal. A bull—the bull—stood in our way, and for such as we, passage there was none. Dodge and double as we would, he met us at every turn, and sometimes in such unpleasant propinquity, that I believe we were indebted mainly to the cows, which we took care to keep between him and us, for our safety. This sort of thing could not last long—to be barred one's way upon one's own land, as I had been taught to consider it, and to be thus bullied by a bull, was almost too much for flesh and blood to bear; still I could not hope to make



much impression upon such an opponent with a single rifle (bore 18 to the pound), and that he would allow me a chance of re-loading appeared exceedingly problematical—when up came one of the herdsmen, seated on a tame cow, and urgently begged us to be gone out of that, for that the bull before us was a fiend incarnate who had already killed and wounded several people and would assuredly do as much by us. This not exactly suiting my views, matters were compromised, I agreeing to retire to my boat and prepare my full battery and the Gwallas promising to drive the herd, bull and all, down to the bank of the nullah, where I might avail myself of vantage ground: but here a fresh difficulty arose. The tame cows took to the water readily enough, at least the majority of them, but not so the wild male, who, with several recusant females, retired a short distance from the bank in evident distrust, and would by no means be persuaded or driven in the direction of the schooner. Finding this no go, I landed again with my full battery, ammunition and, this time, some half-dozen followers, and poking my head over the top of the bank and resting my left elbow thereon, I blazed away steadily a couple of barrels from a bone-breaker, that has since stood me in good stead on more than one occasion of danger. Both shots told with effect, and separating himself from the cows before mentioned, mine enemy commenced slowly retiring in the direction of the heavy null jungle at the back of the sheds. The intermediate plain was studded here and there by hillocks, the vestiges and results of salt manufacture, and over this did I and my followers take, as soon as we had scrambled up the bank, at racing (foot) pace, I occasionally pausing to get a shot. At last he neared the friendly covert, and almost in despair, I stopped by one of the hillocks aforesaid, and aiming steadily at the shoulder, brought him up sharp. By this time a number of natives, even some women and children, had joined the chase, and a cluster of these latter had taken up a position on a hillock a little in advance and some fifty yards to the right of where I was; the buffalo, as he turned to my last shot, catching sight of them, bore straight down on the motley assemblage. We shouted and we roared, but to no purpose; the majority appeared perfectly paralysed by their danger, and the bull held his way straight on to them. I almost despaired and the *almost* was changed to literal certainty, when my next shot was an undeniable, an unmistakeable miss. The bullet fell short; still, undismayed by the report as by our shouting, the buffalo held on his headlong way; he had almost made good his charge, when throwing the gun rapidly to my shoulder, I, at the



same instant, pulled the trigger and had the satisfaction of beholding the huge brute pause suddenly, stagger and topple over on his side,

“Then burst the cry of women shrill ;”

as released from fear and the temporary paralysis it had occasioned, they took to their heels, dragging their nearest responsibilities after them and shouting to the more distant to follow, nor without cause, for my guns were all empty by this time, and while I was yet loading, the buffalo, after an effort, regained his feet and stood for a time looking irresolutely about him. I think he could not but have seen me and my party, but, be that as it may, he sought not to molest us, and presently set off at a very slow pace (which however quickened as he went) for the null jungle. Having re-loaded, I followed at my leisure, expecting to see him fall every moment, which hope proving delusive, I refreshed his memory as to who was in his wake with another shot, which had the effect of causing him to stop as he gained the jungle edge. A second shot sent him crashing headlong into it, and left me nothing for it but to call in the aid of the tame buffaloes once more, which being rendered available, after considerable delay we succeeded in finding him in a dying state, and presently, as the lawyers say, “reduced him into possession.” He was a very large animal, with horns in proportion, and very full of fight, but my two first shots, one in the shoulder and the other in the stomach, must have sickened him. So much for my first buffalo on foot, which I had nearly forgotten all about till finding myself at the “locus in quo,” the adventure was forcibly recalled to my mind.

I have got my dawd at last, and the very first paragraph that met my eye on opening one of the many papers, was the following :\*—

● DELHI.—Maharajah Baboo Hindoo Rao Bahadoor has returned to Delhi, from his hunting excursion, after killing and shooting 8,824 animals and birds, of different kinds, and has brought one tiger living.

The following is a detail of the quadrupeds and birds shot by him :—  
Tigers, 40 ; bears, 7 ; hog-deer, 804 ; deer, 11 ; black partridge, 615 ; grey partridge, 352 ; boa-constrictor, 2 ; alligators, 8 ; hare, 725 ; quails, 1,525 ; cheetah, 325 ; jungly fowl, 715 ; wild cats, 14 ; wild boar, 418 ; wolf, 7 ; koolung, 68 ; nullung, 25, and many others.—*Delhi Gazette, June 15.*

Truly a goodly list and enough to make the mouths of the

\* This subject was alluded to slightly in “The Editor’s Note Book,” the last number, but as the above was written weeks before I had an opportunity of seeing No. 22 of the *Review*, I have not considered it necessary to cancel my remarks.

sporting inhabitants of the plains water as they peruse it; but though specific in some matters, it is sadly deficient in detail as to others of at least equal importance, if it is to be considered in the light of any thing better than an advertisement of wonderful destruction of animals and birds by the agency of the sporting Maharajah in question, fit to rank with the miraculous cures effected through the medium of Morrison's Pills, Holloway's Ointment and other quacks and quackeries, and with nothing better. Cannot the Maharajah persuade OUTSIDER to favor us with a description of how it was all managed? "What drugs, what charms, what conjuration, and what mighty magic" were employed, even if the arrangements were after the approved snobbish grand "battue" fashion, in which the eminent individual, under whose auspices and patronage the abomination is got up and takes place, has probably less to do with the slaughter than any body else of the party. The statement says the quadrupeds and birds were shot by *him* (the Maharajah Baboo), but *that* I take to be a penny-a-liner's "façon de parler" and about as veritable as a certain German Princesses feats in a similar line (recorded in *Egan's Book of Sports*), who shooting eight hours per diem, must have killed an animal or bird per minute during the entire time (with a considerable fraction over) to make up the score. I confess to a curiosity as to how long Hindoo Rao Bahadour was out on his hunting excursion, the extent of his field force, what amount of game was snared, what shot, under what circumstances, and by whom, &c. &c; and by way of setting a good example, I will detail my own success as a fisherman, in the form of a newspaper paragraph:—

"We understand that 'Asmodeus' has been eminently successful in his fishing excursion so far as he has yet had an opportunity of indulging in that, *his favorite pursuit!* Our informant writes us, that, up to the date of his letter, the well-known sportsman in question had succeeded in taking no less than eleven rhooes, varying in weight from 12 to 25 lbs., three cutla and a meefgha, besides smaller fry. 'On one afternoon, he was lucky enough to succeed in landing three rhooes, a cutla weighing 31 lbs., and *the meergha.* We understand he has also got several live deer, &c. &c.!"

Now I protest that this is a perfectly true report, though my esteemed friend BEPPO *may* curve his eye-brows in derision on perusing it; for though I have had every one of the fish enumerated taken, *in nets*, from tanks, and the deer have been given me, I have not included certain very excellent bekhtee, &c. &c., which I have purchased and paid for, as



an honest man should do, in the course of my travels, nor the salt-water mullet, which I yet live in hope of seeing smoking upon my board. Would I could add the prefix of hospitable to the last word, but unfortunately there is no one to entertain in these waters, and if there were, one lacks the means and appliances of doing it, as the thing should be done, in the true and O'Gorman Birch style. Let us then hope that "le-bon temps viendra," and in the meanwhile as we journey through life, be content to live by the way, as we best can.

Noacolly or Bulloah is very little known as a sporting district, though the churs and even the main land abound with game. Tigers, buffaloes, deer and hogs are plentiful as are, in the proper season, nearly the whole tribe of water-fowl. Wild cattle, as they are termed, may be shot on chur Assiddy and afford good sport on foot, the jungle being perfectly practicable and free from tigers. The wild cattle however were, I fear, originally tame ones, though wild and savage enough now. The hogs down here are particularly savage and do more mischief and cause more loss of life than the tigers and buffaloes united. There is good pig-sticking ground on some parts of Shabajpore, and good, really good shooting might be got almost every where in the cold weather, if a man could afford to keep elephants and an establishment of boats to cross them from chur to chur; but the tightness of the revenue screw has rendered that out of the question for any but the revenue officers and such magnates of the land, one of whom some years ago had several fine elephants and got excellent sport. I have heard of his party killing as many as forty hog-deer in one day on one chur, and being on other occasions equally successful with buffaloes and proportionately so with tigers. Leopards may be shot in the vicinity of the station and on the main land, but they are unknown on the churs, even at Shabajpore, and, strange to say, though the spotted deer are numerous in the Burrisaul district and on its churs, they do not extend so far as this, while on the other hand the hog-deer are here in great numbers. Hares, partridges, &c. &c., may be put down as very scarce, if not altogether absent, and snipes, quails, &c. &c. are only to be met with in certain localities and, of course, in the proper season. It were perhaps out of place here to enter into a detail of the advantages offered to the European settler (could he be induced to locate on any of the numerous islands or churs), to the people themselves, and to the Government, for such an arrangement, not suiting the book of the powers that for the present rule the destinies of our Eastern empire, is not likely to meet with any thing short of discouragement; so,



though the ryots, bad as they are represented to be, are easily enough managed when fairly dealt with, and the land is sufficiently facile of cultivation, were the terms on which it is offered to speculators not so oppressive as to act as a literal prohibition to all but greedy court harpies, destitute alike of character and capital, vast tracts are now the feeding ground and refuge of what were erst denominated the denizens of the forest; albeit, forest there is none, though jungle in plenty; so, I say, these lands must be literally a nullity, a thing of non-existence for years to come to Her Gracious Majesty's faithful subjects born and reared in East India till the "gay gude time" which is coming, and which will come despite all the *Friends of India* that may be issued from the Serampore repository and all the bureaucratic influence that impedes the liberal measures of enlightened men, in order that clique power may rule paramount and unquestioned. This may not be exactly a land of milk and honey, but it might not improperly be termed one of milk and oil, for the name of cocoanut is legion, and as for luxuries the betel rears its tall length, intercepting the view of the horizon from all quarters, while pawn, paddy, and crops of the usual Bengal produce flourish extensively. There is no scarcity of any of the necessities of life—to say nothing of oranges, plantains, pine apples, shaddocks, and so forth. A man might very reasonably and properly live, flourish and die here, with all his family about him (if he were only allowed to do so,) and never trouble his brains about the green fields and babbling brooks of fatherland, which he probably knows better by tradition than from any personal recollection or affection. Absenteeism is the curse of the soil here as elsewhere in Bengal, and also in Ireland. Middlemen, collectors, and the whole tribe of subordinate leeches are fattened on a rotten carcass (system.) "Young Bengal" flourishes in academic groves at a very considerable distance from the hive whence the honey that ministers to his support and classical studies, is periodically remitted, and little indeed does he trouble himself as to how the bees are cared for, though erudite and energetic enough in all matters of theory thereon, when interloping is threatened; and Government fosters the system to the top of its bent, and Civilian ability; and that too to the detriment of all Her Majesty's equally faithful subjects, born in this country and who look not beyond it for fortune or favor, but whose heritage at present threatens to be a deprivation of their natural laws, rights, and privileges, with the wide field of clerkdom and its rich remunerations graciously, but not exclusively, left open to their ambition,—and nothing else!



To return however from the airy clouds of mental speculation to the stern realities of life, it may or may not be generally known that Shabajpore enjoys the advantage of a Deputy Magistrate, (uncovenanted) but exercising the full powers, as it is technically termed, being located upon it. This gentleman himself narrated to me, how a tiger having been discovered asleep in the jungle, contiguous to a village some half a mile distant from the magisterial bungalow, a rude maichaun was hastily erected in a tree and the huzoor invited to mount and slay the intruder; accordingly, up got the Deputy, and sure enough there was the tiger fast asleep beneath him, but partially hidden by the brush-wood. My friend took a shot at what he saw, and the immediate but unlooked-for consequence was that the tiger charged the tree and made desperate efforts to reach the maichaun. Holy mother of Moses! Here was a go! To go out hunting and to be treed and blockaded by your proposed game! At this phase of the story, I interrupted the narrator by enquiring why he did not use his second barrel. He replied that he never once thought of it; but said he, "the tiger, soon got tired and went off growling to another jungle a short distance off. I then got down from the maichaun, and collecting some men, re-loaded and went after him, when my sweeper armed with a pistol, clambered up a bamboo and dislodged the brute out of that by a shot, and at us he came; we all ran right and left and I tumbled head over heels in a paddy-field; instinctively I faced about on one knee, with my gun pointed at the tiger, then within a dozen yards of me and standing looking me in the face; this might have lasted half a minute, when he turned and trotted back to the jungle growling." My friend had no doubt a very narrow escape, which he attributes to his coolness in not firing; less modest men might be inclined to think that the narrow escape was on the tiger's part and have felt disposed to say with that hard-riding attorney, Mr. Coates, when he found himself face to face with Dick Turpin and was called upon to pay his bet, "then by — I'll have a snap at you!" The Deputy however explained that he had doubts as to whether his gun would go off, as the paddy-field he tumbled into was very swampy, and if the tiger had rejoined in Dick Turpin's words done into choice feline lingo—"And I at you," it is doubtful which would have had the best of it.

I had no opportunity of enjoying any sport on account of the unfavorable state of the weather, but on my return, I killed a sixteen and-a-half feet alligator in shallow water on a chur in the Ballissa river, with a single bullet, sixteen to the pound,

from an ordinary double gun. The ball entered the forehead and came out at the eye, and in five minutes after the shot, he was on board my boat, dead as any alligator need be. I got a fair shot too at the head of another, a huge beast, on a mud bank in the Sunderbuns, but he toppled over into deep water and was no more seen.

I am promised full particulars of a Rhinoceros Hunt on foot on the banks of the Goggut, in which Capt. G., single-handed, killed the largest brute of the genus ever seen in Rungpore. Should it reach me in time for this number, I will send it, Mr. East, as a postscript to this letter, which you will probably think requires a little more bread to balance the intolerable quantity of sack I have presented to your readers.

ASMODEUS.

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