

## Recollections of Rungpore.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Your map of Rungpore has brought back so many recollections of olden times, and those dear delightful animals, the hogs—for many a stiff old grunter have I touched up in the bristle in that district—that I must try and scratch you off a line or two. The mere remembrance of those days makes my breast heave, to think they are gone for ever.—What a rum thing time is ! !—Few of the districts in that neighbourhood have escaped my visits in by-gone days, and my remembrance is quite fresh on this point, that no district from Kishnaghur to Malda—and I have hunted them all—owns such clipping hogs as Rungpore. The Nattore ones were certainly pretty good, but for pluck and strength, Rungpore hogs against all India. There used to be some pretty finds, too, and usually good ground. Some place, about five miles from Tingnamaree, in the Chowra direction, afforded us excellent sport and often too, and rare hogs have I been at the death of there. But my own choice beat was Thakoörgunge,—a small village, if I recollect right, about eight coss north of Debedoba. There was a large broad sheet of land and grass under it; the bed of a nullah, overflown in the rains, and in other parts of the year, afforded light shelter for hogs, with heavy wood jungle, not five miles off, to retreat to. Again, all round Thakoörgunge, there used to be patches of heavy grass,\* in which hogs were invariably found, and one, about half a mile, on the Rungpore side of the village, a never failing find.—This bit of grass brings to my recollection a ludicrous scene, that occurred to a man who was out with me. He was a vaunting, hectoring chap, that had never seen a hog, and spoke, in language light, of the easy way in which he would dispose of such a small, insignificant vermin of the earth. By way of leading him on in his opinion, I purposely selected a good-sized sow—(excuse it, 'ye of the true stuff; it was only for an occasion!)—for his amusement, and she was of course soon settled. Off we now trotted to my own pet find, and sure enough, out got a rasper, fresh enough and vigorous;—in fact, 'twas a sight to make one's blood tingle again,—mine does even now, though twenty years have passed since we met. The gent under consideration was mounted

on a quiet, apathetic kind of a chesnut galloway, and whether or no the hog had an intuitive knowledge of character, I can't pretend to say; but certain it is, that when about thirty or forty yards in the open, he called a dead halt, and after casting his peepers about, and whetting his teeth with a chop! chop! you could have heard a mile off, he went slap-dash at the galloway:—(just fancy such a hog on lovely ground, ye my brethren of the spear!!) I had no time to see, but I had reason to believe, that the gent's phisog underwent immediate change, for it never recovered from the milk-and-water hue for a whole week. He clapped spurs to the tough sides of the galloway, held on like grim death, and, like Pelham, screamed for assistance. The scene was altogether so ludicrous, that, for the life of me, I could not move; but observing the hog's nose rather too familiar with the little nag's tail, I thought it time to be 'up, and at him,'—and, with no great difficulty, succeeded in attracting the attention of one so pugnacious. Now then came a rare fine tussle for superiority—and I consider I never killed a hog that, take him all in all, afforded me such fun and sport as this one did.—His teeth have long since graced one of the finest private museums in old England.—When I had time to look about me, the valiant R— was perceptible about a mile off, securely fixed on the elephant, and it was only after much persuasion he could be induced to dismount, and take a nearer look at his fallen foe. To imitate a hog's charging grunt was torture to him for many a long day afterwards, and, if any of your readers wish to find him out, that's the way; for I am convinced he'd start at it, if on his deathbed. Need I add he never rode at another hog?—Not far from 'Thakoorgunge,—N—was a brushwood jungle, known then as the Song,he,sur Jhar; cultivation had made deep inroads into it, and had, when I first saw it, cut it up into detached pieces, and I dare say, it has by this time entirely disappeared before the plough. These pieces of jungle were full of bears, with a fair sprinkling of hogs: of the latter we never killed half a dozen, for we could only get them by making a dash at them between the pieces of brushwood, and the biggest and finest was, I remember, floored dead by a single chance spear on the small of the loins, just as he had his nose in the edge of the cover—there must be one or more people alive, who remember this case. My old and much esteemed friend, Mr. McDowall of Kissoregunge, was, I think, one;—at any rate, he cannot fail to recall many of the incidents I relate, if he be, as I

sincerely trust, in the Land of the Living. Talking of this Jhar, reminds me of rather a selfish operation I once performed upon a native, but I hope my readers will admit, that self-preservation is the first instinct of human nature. I had been knocking about these patches of jungle, to try and shoot a bear, and had succeeded in breaking the fore-leg of one, and had driven him behind a heavy bush in the open. Some 100 or 150 villagers had come out to see the fun, and were congregated around me. Here I dismounted, with the intention of finishing bruin on foot, and with a few, who stuck rather closer to me than the rest, I advanced upon him in the bush: when we got within eight or ten yards of him, he sallied forth at a pace quite astonishing, and after missing my shot, I ran for it as hard as I was able. Bruin gained fast upon me, and I gained equally upon some of the niggers, and when our shaggy foe was within a yard of me, to save myself, I put out my foot, over which fell as fine a young nigger as you'd wish to see. Bruin put his mark on him by one gripe in the thigh, then turned around and made off. A chance shot, administered in the rear, disabled him, and he never reached his home, wife, and little ones again. The nigger's wound was examined, five rupees worth of salve administered, and he was my constant attendant, after a week's *chootee*, all the time I remained in that neighbourhood,—and I have no doubt would willingly have earned other five rupees in the same manner. About Chapperhat, I used to get an occasional goodish hog, but bamboos and jungle are rather too thick there, to be sure if any hog may ride. Besides, heavy cover near at hand, will always spoil a hog for fighting and showing good spirit. There used to be some fair hunting about twelve miles on the Dinâgpore road, to the left, but the cover was rather too heavy.

All these allusions are to places round and near the station; but I have also been up to the far north, and as it was so long ago as 1820, and under the extraordinary circumstances of being with a Civilian, accompanied by his wife and eldest child in a carriage, and—*three*. I'll just give your readers an idea of the how and whereabouts. We started from Rungpore—tents, elephants, and horses—with the intention of getting some *shikar* within a range of some forty or fifty miles of the station; but those who remember John Campbell, and his wayward disposition in some things, will not be surprized to hear that we ended our wanderings in the saul forest beyond Bykunt-pore! We started, as I have said, in a carriage driven by two stout tan-

guns,—a piebald and a bay—with a grey Arab, very bad with the glanders,—leader, and, your's to command, *Pilot*,—husband, wife, and first-born inside. How the deuce we managed, I know not, for such work as I had to keep the two varmint quiet, I never shall forget. Their heads were kept apart by a strap rove through a hollow bamboo, but their heels were loose, and their mouths like wood. Luckily, the Arab was quiet, and took their occasional rushes and bites at his *peechee*—behind—quite coolly, and if he ever felt annoyed, he only repaid the attention by kick in the chest or jaw; but they did them all the good imaginable. Next to the cantankerous spirit of the two tanguns, the innumerable nullahs and pieces of water we had to cross, annoyed us most. Over some there were bridges—over others there were none, and a Rungpore bridge is of a construction not met with, I suspect, any where else,—usually with a large hole in it, and a wisp of straw stuck in by way of repairs. I remember well, we were first brought up, by one of these—a deuced high-backed chap, at which I was forced to charge with a swing, or the three would have been unable to drag the lumbering affair to the summit. When slap up, what was my horror to see the near wheeler slip through both forelegs!—I'll not attempt to recall the measures resorted to, to extricate the *concern*, but some how it was managed, and we went on gaily afterwards. On another occasion, we were brought up by a second, suspicious-looking structure, which, on examination, was pronounced impracticable, and through the water was the word. Thinking it all as smooth as oil, we took to it slick, but in five seconds we were all back—the mud was too deep, and the cattle too tired; and as the tents were close ahead, the insides were hoisted out, and they and spongy left me to the pleasant task of extrication. How that was managed, again, I can't tell—but I believe it was by putting up two syces on the tanguns, and mounting the Arab myself, when by dint of double handing, they were induced to pull. This I found an effectual plan in aftertimes, for by degrees the tanguns grew sulky, as their shoulders grew sore;—the Arab, poor beast, pulled till his nose bled.

In this way, with a variety of small incidents not necessary to detail could I remember them, we went on, shooting here—hunting there—two or three days at a time, as the humour and the sport prompted us, until we came to the branch of the Teestah, which leaves that river above Kasseabarce. To cross this there was no

boat—to ford it seemed dangerous—to remain on its banks, unpleasant ; and night coming on, with three miles of unknown road to travel to the tents. Our dilemma was complete, and a pretty considerable difficulty for a man to be placed in with the woman of his heart and the first pledge of affection, under his fire and consideration ! No assistance at hand, we made a virtue of necessity, and at it we went ; but how the carriage was saved from destruction by the descent to the water. I know not. In the river we found less water than we expected, but ~~was~~ sand, and to mount the Arab myself and the syces on the Tanguns ; was the thought of a moment and the work of two,—and lucky it was that quick was the word, and sharp the motion, for five minutes would have fixed the coach beyond the power of human or horse flesh. Eventually to the tents we got, where every thing was forgotten by the aid of Hodgson (alas ! that we should never now-a-days get the real Stingo !) until next morning, when bright Phœbus, &c. &c., jocund morn, &c. &c., and all that—Our next march was to Julpigoree, where we found a Rajah, and a tiger in a cage, two dead elephants, with sundry other causes for stench and disgust. At this place we left the coach, and right glad I was to get rid of it and the Tanguns, whose cursed cantankerous crotchets have had, I am satisfied, a bad effect on my otherwise delightful temper to this day. But I learnt with them, a trick or two on the management of brute beasts, that I have never forgotten. From Julpigoree we took on the tents, and got three or four of the Rajah's elephants, and as if we were doomed to adventure, the following occurred in passing the Teestah, not a foot deep, to our tents. We were both on one elephant, the lady and baby gone on in a *palkee*, when all of a sudden, to our utter astonishment, the elephant went souse !—completely under water. The shades of evening were at hand and the water cold, and on reaching the tents close at hand, we found that barring the tents themselves, not a thing of any kind had arrived, so that our discomfort was complete—nor did any servant or article of furniture arrive till long past midnight. What impressed this occasion more particularly upon my memory was, that we undressed ourselves, and were rolled up in the kunnâts of the tent, and as from the nature of the covering we could not use our hands or feet, we were laid at our length near a blazing fire, and enjoyed ourselves as we best could—The lady and babby had the *palkee* to comfort them. The cause of our ducking was a large and deep koond, formed by

the river flowing over an abrupt ledge of rock. At this ground we hunted about a good deal, but got nothing: tigers were talked of, and rhinoceros also, but we never found any—and hogs even we never got a fair mile run at; and owing to the impossible nature of the cover, we only killed one or two. The Rajah joined us at this place, and in my life I never saw so dead a shot. 'Wo jata!' he'd say—'Kca?' asked we—'Soor!' he'd reply—bang! and to a certainty he'd knock him over. He was a young man, and goodish looking, and if I think right, got quodded in the Rungpore Fouzdaree Jail, for only doing that which all his ancestors had done before him,—stretching a fellow's neck for some act richly deserving it. Finding no sport here, the lady and babby aforesaid being sent back to Julpigoree, we two whites determined to push on beyond Bykunt-pore, and besides losing ourselves in the saul forest, met with no adventure and no sport. After being in the forest all night, and wandering about in a bit of a funk the best part of next day, we came luckily upon the river, which we traced down stream till we got into parts familiar, and made all haste to Julpigoree, the wife and piccaninny. Hearing at this place of the wonders of Julpesh, and that a fair was to be held, we resolved to take a trip over to see it. Two of the Rajah's tanguns being sent across the Teestah, we proceeded accordingly—mounted, and rode away. The Durlah was fordable where we crossed it, and if I fail not in memory, it was at this point a particularly pretty stream. Arrived at Julpesh, we looked through the fair, but I remember nothing particular, except the numbers of hill and half-hill faces. It was, I believe, not in our territories. At Julpesh there was a small rivulet that trickled out of a cavern which was reported to run right away under the Himalya mountains, and I am sure I can't assert that it did not, for we only went a few hundred yards into it, and the only peculiarity I remember, was a tree or two, growing out of the clefts in the rock, which had no natural light, and yet the leaves were green;—the people wanted to make us pay for entrance into so holy a place, which was objected to. After strolling about a while longer, we turned homewards. Missing our path, for road there was none, taking a line of our own, led us through the tobacco field of a sturdy hill fellow, who, in no slightly vociferous terms, bid us get out of that, and on our taking it very coolly, drew his long knife, and picked up his heels after us at no small pace: gaining upon us, we being un-


armed, were forced to clap on more steam, and even then, for a while, I had my doubts, as a 'Tangun is not an Arab. We eventually got clear off—arrived at the 'Teestah—and no people to hold the nags, they were blind-folded, and both put into the same boat; but as it was too small to keep them sufficiently asunder, they commenced fighting, and one floundered over the side, and swam and waded away, making for a sand bank close at hand, scarcely six inches above the water. Here he floundered and fell; in a few minutes he disappeared; and we never saw any more of him from that day to this. He was a particular favorite of the Rajah's, and though my friend made him a handsome and adequate present, I am sure he would have preferred his pony. From this we returned to the station via 'Tingnamaree, taking an occasional hog where practicable—more frequently as we approached our old grounds. At Tingnamaree we left off. Many pleasureable recollections spring up, when I think of this place;—its raised bungalow—the little hostess—the big host—the long garden—and the untellable number of pine-apples and peaches. Who that is alive of the parts, will not bring to mind the harnessing of the worthy Doctor's grey 'Tangun mare, when at the old hunting ground beyond 'Tingnamaree; her bolting with the empty buggy to the factory; and the extraordinary fact of her falling, buggy and all, over the factory bridge; then somehow managing to drag the vehicle out of the nullah to the factory—no part of the concern seriously hurt; and that night foaling a fine filly, when no one knew or suspected she was in the family way? This will be remembered by some, I am sure: certainly by the Doctor himself—Jas. Morton, I refer to you, if fever and ague has left you alive to answer.

From 'Tingnamaree we went to Kissoregunge, and, as usual, enjoyed ourselves there, then into the station—(what's become of the nullah under Kissoregunge? Your map has it not!) The carriage, when entrusted to the syces along a bund, rolled down its sides, and was brought in piece meal. The Arab died of the strangles, and the two 'Tanguns were not a bit better friends after all the reading they had out of the same book, and I suspect were quite as fond of me as I was of them.

My yarn is spun—print or not as you like; perhaps the relation of a trip to such wild regions, under such queer circumstances, may be new and interesting to some, if not all your readers, in which case, assisted with much favor and consideration, I may pass in a

crowd. I would gladly give you a helping hand, but all I have to write about are tales of the olden time, and young hands think old ones fools, and perhaps this axiom of their's holds good in sport also. Alas! that I should be wasting my days in dull kutcherry—while there are so many hogs and buffaloes to kill!

CHARLES.

 We shall be very glad to hear from 'CHARLES' again.—ED.

## The Rifle.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In continuation of my last, I forward an extract from *Bell's Life* of the 7th of July, giving an account of a rifle-shooting match in Scotland, on the terms of the Acrotormentarian Society of London; viz. a target of thirty-six inches, and distance two hundred yards off hand, where the shooting appears considerably better than any performance at Chalk Farm that I have read of in *Bell's Life* for some years past.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—MATCH AT DOONSIDE.—A rifle match came off on Saturday week, on the shooting grounds of Mr. Crawford, of Doonside, for a cutter yacht, the Reynard, valued at 25 guineas, the stakes 10s. 6d. each, and the subscribers fifty in number. The regulations in shooting were distance 200 yards, without rest, target 3 feet diameter, with bull's eye of 6 inches, 10 shots each stake, the greatest number of hits to win, and in the event of equality, the preference to be given to those nearest the centre of target. The match excited great interest, many hundreds of people being assembled on the ground, including, amongst other crack shots, Mr. Crawford, of Doonside; Mr. M'Cririck, gun-maker, Ayr; Mr. Kennedy, gun-maker, Kilmarnock; Mr. Black, of Glasgow, &c. &c. Unfortunately the day proved in the early part unfavourable, being wet and windy, but towards the afternoon it became calm and dry, and the sport proceeded with great spirit. The prize was won by Mr. Cririck, gun-maker, Ayr, the following being the state of the marking at the close:—The nearest ten shots of one stake was 93½ inches, by Mr. M'Cririck, gun-maker, Ayr; second, 99½ inches, also by Mr. M'Cririck; third, 112½ inches, by Mr. Kennedy, gun-maker, Kilmarnock. The winner, Mr. M'Cririck, hit the target 23 times in succession, 32 times with only one miss, and 60 times with six misses. We are informed that Mr. Kennedy, who