

The Italian Greyhound stands this climate well, and is without exception the handsomest little animal, and the most beautifully proportioned of all dogs; the warmth of this climate appears to agree with him; he should weigh about six or eight pounds, and, of whatever colour, should have no white hairs on chest, feet, or tail. He is essentially a lady's dog, but does not possess nearly so much intelligence, and is more delicate in constitution than the Black and Tan English Terrier mentioned above.

Of the Greyhound it is not necessary to say much. There are not many here, and what are to be found, are not of the best type for sporting purposes; he is well replaced by the Kangaroo-hound which I believe to be nothing more than a descendant of the Scotch Deer-hound and the English Greyhound; on this point I am not certain, and should feel obliged if any of the readers of your *Sporting Magazine* would enlighten me on the subject if I am wrong. Many of those dogs that are imported from Australia show signs of crossing with much heavier dogs, "having the Mastiff or Bloodhound breed in them," and such dogs, when not *too* heavy, are the best for jackal-hunting.

In more particularly mentioning the above dogs, it is simply because I know from experience that they will, with ordinary care, stand the climate, but I do not wish in the least to depreciate such dogs as the Newfoundland, Retriever, Spaniel, Scotch or Skye-Terriers, Dandy Dinmonts, the pretty little Maltese Poodle, or in fact any other long-haired dogs. I simply say, in Bengal during the *hot* months or the *rains*, no amount of care will always keep them in health; they will harbour ticks, fleas, and other vermin; and they rarely escape the mange or some skin disease; not to mention their unpleasant smell, which renders it more a nuisance than a pleasure keeping them.

I have not mentioned the "Pug," a dog very much appreciated and much thought of especially by ladies. I have not had a dog of this breed, therefore cannot give an opinion respecting the climate agreeing with him or not.

(To be continued.)

THE RHINOCEROS OF THE SOONDERBUNS.

(BY YOUNG NIMROD.)

LAT.—*Rhinoceros Sondaicus*. LOCAL NAME.—*Gárrár*.

APART from the double-horned rhinoceros, (*R. Sumatrensis*), a female member of which family, dubbed *Begum*, was caught by Captain F. H. Hood in Chittagong in November 1867, (vide *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, No. 75, N. S.,) and is now a happy and contented inmate of the Zoo in England, we have two distinct species of the single-horned rhinoceros in India, *viz.*, *R. Indicus*, and the one about to

be here described, *R. Sondaicus*, for Z of *Land and Water*, (our old Indian Zoologist Blyth,) says that the species to be found in the Soonderbuns, etc, is identical with that of Java, and to whose opinions in such matters, we must perforce, as a general rule, bow with due submission.* Though these two species closely resemble one another, they can be readily distinguished by the fold of skin about the neck; in the former it falls backward, and in the latter it takes a forward direction.

The rhinoceros of the Soonderbuns attains, I think, a height of 13 hands; and its horn reaches, I believe, a length exceeding 1 foot: the latter is much prized by the Brahmins, who preserve it in their temples.

These animals are to be found in forests bordering on streams, and their whereabouts is indicated by the trees being stripped of their branches and leaves, on which they feed. Occasionally, or rather rarely, they are seen in rice-fields adjoining forests, when they commit a deal of depredation, for they are not easily scared away at such times by yells, however loud and discordant.

In years gone by, when I made my *debut* as a sportsman of the Soonderbuns, and had slain my first tiger, I was eager to go in quest of rhinoceros; so I secured the services of a veteran and staunch *shikaree*: he told me, that he would like to judge of the worth of my guns before we ventured after such dangerous sport, and wished to see them tried. Taking a small-sized leaf he pinned it with a thorn on the trunk of a tamarind tree, (*tamarindus Indica*,) and placing me some eighty yards distant in front of it, asked me to fire at it. The rifle by me was loaded with a spherical *leaden* bullet, and I fired with it at the mark, striking it about the centre; but, strange to say, the ball instead of being embedded in the tree, had repounded a yard or two, almost flattened to a pan-cake. The *shikaree* highly applauded the accuracy of the shot, having thus adroitly tested my aim, but he said, unless bullets were sufficiently hard as to be able to lodge in the trunk of a tamarind tree, they could not effectually penetrate the hide of a rhinoceros, at least so much so as to injure the animal: he then recommended bullets being made of lead and tin, (solder,) which answered the purpose admirably.

* On the sound principle inculcated in our boyish days, *exceptio probat regulam*, I append this note. Mr. Blyth is, evidently, wrong when he states that the Burmese one-horned rhinoceros is one-third smaller than those of Assam, for, according to a writer in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine*, O. S., (Vol. II, No. 2, page 35, *quod vide*,) whose lucubrations unfortunately appear without a *nom de plume*, but who appears to be a thorough sportsman and no mean naturalist, both the Indian species (*R. Indicus* et *R. Sondaicus*,) are found in Burmah. *En passant*, this same writer further states that the so-called Bisons (*Bas gaurus*,) too has its *habitat* in Burmah, and that this animal does not correspond with the *Gayal* of Chittagong, &c., (Vol. II, No. 3, page 35, of the *Magazine* afore-quoted,) as Mr. Blyth describes it in *Land and Water*.—Y. N.

The native *shikaree*, with consummate patience and perseverance, follows the trail of the rhinoceros, sometimes for several consecutive days (only returning to his boats for food and sleep), until he can get unperceived within a few paces of the animal, when a steady pot is leisurely taken at the vital vulnerable part just behind the shoulder,* and it is generally bagged with this single-shot. The *shikaree* is obliged to be very cautious and wary indeed, for if he does not manage to place the rhinoceros *hors de combat* with his first shot, the enraged animal usually kills him, as it becomes dreadfully ferocious when provoked. I am told by native *shikarees* that the animal does not attack with its horn, as generally supposed, but with its incisors, ripping open in the same manner as a hog does with his tusks.

There must undoubtedly be a large number of rhinoceroses abounding in the Soonderbuns, nevertheless few (European) sportsmen have been so fortunate as to bag even a single one, as they are extremely difficult to get at. Once a young sporting friend of mine, then a mere novice in shikar, but now said to be an accomplished member of the famous community of sportsmen of Behar, was singularly lucky in meeting a rhinoceros swimming across a rather wide river: he was in a yacht, provided with a gun or guns, which he freely resorted to, but nevertheless failed to secure the monstrous quarry.

The flesh of the rhinoceros is decidedly too good to be cast away: it is much esteemed by the inhabitants of the Soonderbuns as food. I can assure brother sportsmen, that rhinoceros-steak is not to be despised, and should be allowed to grace the hunter's board, but this is a pure matter of taste, and as the French wisely say, *Chacun à son goût*.

KHULNA'.

NOTES ON SPORT AT CAWNPORE.

At the beginning of the pig-sticking season at Cawnpore the very few kills we had were hardly worth recording. The grass was uncommonly high and the pigs were all able to beat even time for the half mile that was rarely exceeded between the covers. Most of us, too, were new hands at the work; in fact the three regiments stationed here came in the spring by the last relief, and their contingent had hardly got into the swing of the thing.

On Saturday, the 25th ultimo, the Tent Club met near Sumbulpore, the tent being pitched in a "tope" near the large "Kutree" by the side of the river. The Club generally musters in force here, as there

* It is perfectly useless, in fact absurd, to direct one to aim at the eye, so that the ball may pass unobstructed to the brain. Let no tyro-gunner be so far deluded as to adopt this sage advice in practice, but he should forfeit his life in the experiment.—Y. N.