

and, oh ye Gods! that flavour exhaling softly from each little mound, those moments of silent waiting and mouth-watering; that oft repeated question "well Tommy don't you think they'll do now"? Tommys as oft reiterated reply, "scarcely yet boss,"—all these memories throng before me, and I fancy I yet see Bristol, with a "well I'm jiggered if I can stand it any longer," rise from his recumbent position, and disinterring one of his fowls, slice a large morsel from the breast, pop it into his eager maw,—and then, *that look!* Oh! there was notwithstanding *that!* Bristol's half closed eyes, his soft murmured "Um-m-m!" as the delicious process of mastication went on before our eyes, put the last finishing stroke to our wavering resolution, and though Tommy implored for, "jist one minnit more," it was not to be—and five pairs of greasy jaws were quickly moving in friendly union and perfect contentment. Next day we skirted the north end of the lagoon, and reached the shingle bar from that direction; two taking that side, while the remaining couple shot along the side nearest the bush. Not having much ammunition, we were forced to content ourselves with two days' sport, but never were two days better enjoyed. The far, hollow, boom of the surf, and the soft rustle of the myriad tongued forest, broken every now and again by the sharp bang of our guns, while the little white puff curled slowly above the flax jungle; the "Yah ha" of Tommy paddling along on his frail craft, as he picked up each bird, and the loud, hearty hail at intervals of Dick or O'Keefe, as we got separated among the dense growth of flax, were sounds never heard before on that part of the coast, and though you may think, that after all, it was but tame sport, yet I never enjoyed a day's shooting more in my life, and had you only seen those twenty miles of bush we struggled through to get at it, you would have said, we certainly deserved to enjoy it, as we did.

• MAORI.

CHAMPARUN, 7th November, 1868.

SPORT ON THE BERHAMPOOTER CHURS.

IMAGINE all the difficulties of a 120-mile journey, with a jibbing horse on one dâk, a kicker on another, a third not to be found anywhere; a bridge wanting here, and a hole big enough to take in horse and cart in another, then imagine all these over, and three of us, S., B. and myself comfortably seated in our tent, on one of the coldest days I ever experienced in India, in the beginning of February 1866.

Our line was the Berhampooter Churs, but lower down than is generally shot; and now, without farther preface, I at once refer to my diary.

Saturday 3rd February.—Went out about 10 A. M., with a line

of 22 elephants, and beat Muddier Chur, where there was said to be a tiger, but saw nothing except hundreds of hares and some florican. Beat on to Madar Chur and found nothing. In returning we passed a small patch of "Bish-katal," all round which a large herd of cows was grazing. S. put the elephants into it, but without much hope of seeing anything. S. was in the centre, B. on his right, and I on some high ground to the left and outside the cover. B. and S. had not beat ten yards, when a tigress got up before S., and came straight at his elephant. She was well received by a couple of bullets, and changing her mind turned tail. Beyond the Bish-katal were a few scattered jao-bushes, extending about 150 yards, and beyond them a large stretch of open sand. She went to the very last jao-bush, stood there for a moment undecided, and then made up her mind that it was better to charge us than have a long run over hot sand, and lose the dinner she had evidently determined to have off one of the herd close by. There was no more indecision now; she started at top pace, and as straight as an arrow came down on the centre elephants. Neither S. or B. fired till she was about 30 yards off, and then both did so simultaneously. The tigress rolled over, biting hard at her wounds, and although she still tried to crawl towards the elephants, a few more bullets finished her. From my position on the high ground I could see the whole charge perfectly, and although quite out of the scrimmage, I enjoyed the sight most thoroughly. All the tigers I had been in at the death of before, had been killed in thick low jungle, where, however good the charge might be, waving grass was the only sign of it, and already I began to appreciate the Berhampooter Churs. After this, we beat on to Chur Hari Chandi, but saw no big game. On the way back we did a little quiet hunting, and got four hares, a florican, and a huge jungle cat. The beating all day was very easy, the jungle being very light, and the elephants behaved remarkably well.

Sunday 4th February.—Beat Markar Chur, but found it far too heavy. When partly cultivated this Chur is likely to give good sport. Day very wet. Bag, four hares shot while coming home. Moved camp to Kuraibari; saw nine florican on the way.

5th.—Started for Kahori-para, *via* Bayher Chur. To south of Bayher Chur came across a tiger asleep on a grass Chur, full of cattle. He awoke before any of the *howdahs* got near him, and went straight away at the end of a grove, roaring as he went. We fired at the moving grass as he went, but he was not touched. He stopped in some jao some 300 yards ahead, and my *mahout* pointed him out, under a bush where he had lain down. I gave him a bullet in the side as he lay, and he at once went at the elephant on my left, who bolted; as he charged I got another shot, and I believe I hit again. He now got away a little distance, and again lay down. As we went up, she charged straight at my elephant, but S. turned her charge, and she went at the next elephant instead. A second bullet from S., however, brought her down finally, biting her legs hard. B. was very unlucky with this tigress never having got a shot.

6th and 7th.—Moved steadily north; saw several kills on the 6th, and tiger tracks on the 7th, but no tiger.

8th.—Only S. and I out; started meaning to go to Chira Kaman, *i. e.*, east, but were met and turned by news of a fresh kill to the north. We found the kill perfectly fresh, and the villagers all said there had been continuous roaring all night. Beat for sometime without success, till at last the *mahout* next me saw the tiger asleep and beckoned to me. After some time, I could manage to distinguish the stripes through the thick grass and fired. There was not the faintest motion of any kind, and I thought I must have mistaken something else for the skin, but no—a little clearing showed it was undeniably stripes, so I put in another bullet to make sure. S. came up, and we made the place he cleared. Imagine our disgust at finding merely the head and fore-quarters of a tiger about a year old. He had been killed that night, and the rest was eaten. His death accounted for the heavy roaring the villagers had heard, and proves clearly that tigers are cannibals on occasions. There was not a vulture or jackal to be seen, so nothing else could have eaten him.

9th.—Moved to Lolamari. Found on the way to Chuliar Chur, a perfect pathway of tiger marks, and beating on cane across six kills, all within two hundred yards of each other. When we got to the edge of the jungle, we found quite fresh prints going across the sand to a small detached piece of jungle about half a mile off; followed the track, and thought we were sure of him. Beat all the small Chur, and were very much disgusted to find he had only walked through it, and had gone back to the big Chur, to which we re-tracked him. We were now told there had been a fresh kill to the south, and went back, but it was 2 or 3 days old, so we turned and went in the direction of our camp, N.E. Just as we were leaving the jungle at its extreme N. E. corner, I saw two crows behaving in a very extraordinary way; they were chattering continually, and occasionally making a rapid descent from the jao bushes they were perched on, and altogether seemed in a great state of excitement. Thinking it was worth while seeing what it was, I went to them, and found a fresh kill about half eaten. I at once called the others and they came up. I had not seen the tiger, but S. shouted to me, and on looking round I saw him run away south over the open country. He ran straight through a herd of cows, and as there were men with them we could not fire. S. says he broke close by me, but I was looking west and he went south. We could not find him again.

10th.—Beat for Rhinoceros at Putimari, but saw nothing, the grass was far above our heads. Rain came on in torrents when we were a long seven miles from home, which we at last reached without having fired a shot, and wet to the skin.

11th.—Still rain.

12th.—Started on khubber which had been brought the previous evening, but on getting to the place, found by the tracks on the wet soil, that the tiger had gone. Beat north, after this, through some

very likely-looking country. While beating through some thick rose bushes something black came at S.'s elephant. He called out that a pig had charged him, and gave it a charge of shot. It turned on this, and had not got far when he saw it was a bear. He gave her a bullet which made her break on my side. When she came out she had a cub looking like a huge abscess on her back. She went away over the open, at a great pace, and we followed. I tried firing at her but the pace was too good for anything like a good shot. Luckily the cub found the shaking too much and dropped off, and as it could not keep up with the mother, and as she would not leave it, we soon began to gain. I was on the fastest elephant so was leading, and when I got to about forty yards I fired. I suppose it hit her, for she at once charged. Another bullet rolled her over, but she got up and went away as hard as ever, the cub following her. Thinking she would stop as before for the cub, I gave it a bullet, and in doing so my gun burst; the bullet must have slipped in the hurry of loading. I was not conscious it was burst till I took it up to re-load. Maiming the cub, however, did no good, as the mother never so much as looked round for it again. We found what we thought was her hole and tried smoking out, but without success. We then beat on along the side of a *nullah*, and quite unexpectedly came on a fine tiger. B. had three shots, but without doing any damage, the brushwood being very thick. I then had two shots with a similar result, but a third hit, and S. at the same time put in another. We had a better chance—three shots as he was charging—the charge was stopped by these shots, and he broke back along the side of the *nullah*. A little further on, we found marks of his having crossed, and S. and I did the same. B. remained on the same side as before. We had not gone far, when B. fired two shots. On our crossing he said he had not hit him, so we beat on; we turned him up again and got several glimpses of him, but discovered afterwards that only one shot had touched him in the ribs. We again lost him, but he give us the line by growling, and S. went at him. The tiger now charged, but a bullet in the neck from S. dropped her (for it was a tigress), stone dead. This was not the one we had first come across, for that one we found out from the villagers had gone straight away, and this one had no wound except the graze on the ribs, and the killing wound. The tigress was scarcely dead and still on the ground, when the bear again showed itself and caught an elephant. We failed however to beat it up. The tiger died within 20 yards of where we had tried to smoke the bear out, so it was probably the same one. The cub was secured alive, but he died soon after and we had him stuffed. It was too dark to go after the other tiger so we went home.

13th. Beat for the yesterday's tiger, but failed to come across him. Found a *butcha* just where we had killed the tigress, and S. bagged it.

14th and 15th.—No sport. On the 14th we crossed the river to a Chur on the opposite bank, where we found tracks but no tiger, although the report was there had been 10 kills within three days. On the 15th, we simply moved camp to Singamari.

16th.—Early in the morning a man came in, saying he had seen a tiger that morning on the Chur near his house. It was out of our way, but after questioning him, we made up our minds to try, though B. was still sceptical, and until we actually saw the tiger, believed the man merely wanted us to see if the Chur was safe to set his cattle out on. When we got to the Chur, we put up a herd of one male, seven female, and four calf buffaloes. We let them go, but not putting up the tiger, B. fired at the buffaloes, and killed a cow and calf. S. still believed in the tiger, so leaving them lying, we beat back over the same ground, and were rewarded by S.'s, elephant putting up a tiger. The grass on this Chur was very thick and long, so we had missed him at first. After putting him up, we beat on, but the long grass again was too much for us, and we got back to our original starting point, without seeing him. We turned once more, and he was put up nearly in front of me on the extreme left. He went parallel with the line till he got to the centre, when he twice tried to charge, but each time a ball from S. stopped him. He then came charging down to the left of the line again, roaring hard. As he passed me I fired but missed. The effect of a second and more successful shot, was to bring him down on the elephant next me. She turned and ran, and as he followed her, I got another shot which broke his spine near the loins, paralysing his hind quarters.

He was quite hidden from us, and it was some time before we could get an elephant to face the roaring, which he had never stopped since S. turned him, nor did he till he died. B., as usual, was out of luck, and only got up at the end; he, however, and some of the *mahouts* also said there was another, and S., too, said the one he first saw was redder than this (which was a remarkably light one), so we again beat to where the buffaloes were lying, and not 30 yards from where the villagers were cutting up the bigger one, B. put up the tigress; she went off at once to a small Chur about 100 yards, through which we rattled her four or five times, but without being able to get a shot at her owing to the long grass. At East, owing to the stupidity of the *mahouts* placed to prevent her getting to the big Chur again, she managed to break back, and we had again to go over our old beat. We missed her the first time, but on returning she got up before S. It was some time before he got a shot at her, but when he did he tickled her so that she turned, and came straight at him with a roar. This was more than Lukhyi could stand after the experience of the tiger just before killed, so she fairly turned tail, and paid for it by getting her hind leg rather badly scratched and bitten.

In the scrimmage S. was very nearly thrown out of his *howdah*. The tiger showed no signs of leaving the elephant, so B. fired at her, and made her drop her pursuit. She went and stood under a heavy clump of grass, giving me an easy pot-shot. She rolled over, but got up again, and S., whose elephant had been brought round beautifully by little Sandayur, was in time to give her the *coup de grace*. We then beat north, and came across the buffaloe again, and a

number of pig, some of them very large. We fired at the buffaloe, and were under the impression none were touched. However we were wrong, for on the fourth day after, on returning, we came across the carcase of the bull. He must have been killed on the spot, for he had died on his knees; the smell was so bad we could not take his horns.

S. and I then got on our horses to go to Rajaballa-hát; B. preferred an elephant. On the way we found a pig in a good *maidan*, and rode him to a standstill. Not having spears, we thought discretion the more advisable course, and left him at bay in the middle of the *maidan*.

17th.—Moving camp all day to Boaliya; no shooting.

18th.—Out after a tiger said to live at Baghjapa, but saw nothing of him or anything else. W. of Doobree joined us in the evening.

19th.—Beat west to Chur. Darogha Alji saw a Bara singha doe, but a long way off; bagged one buffaloe out of the same herd we had before killed out of. Home early. In the afternoon we took five or six elephants to try and get a pig. Knocked out a very fast one, off which S. got the spear, and afterwards two more of which S. got one, and I the other. I was not so well mounted so did not come in for a first. However, our attempt at pig-sticking in Assam had the effect of making W. vow he would never shoot a pig again, and would do what he could to stop it in others. I wonder if he has acted up to his resolutions.

20th.—A determined attempt to get a rhinoceros under W's pilotage. We were all day in huge Tkár grass, and did not see a sign of rhinoceri. I believe we were too early. We came across no tracks of this season, and could hear of none being down, while a month latter, the "Thane" and his party came across several rhinoceri. We were now close to Bengal *Katta*, and had not got the sport we expected, so we made up our minds to turn, and try the lower Churs. From the 21st to 25th we were marching steadily south to Dewangunge. On the way, we merely did a little pot hunting.

ALL HAIL!

" 'Hoops,' 'Cherry,' and 'Blue'
" Will be One, Three, and Two,
" Says C. A.—"

At least so my dear Triumvirate (or "Try 'em ferret," as my good kind old friend, *Joe Muggin's Dog*, would have called you in *The Era*, in times past) said C. A., when he wrote to you some 13 months ago of the Derby, which was then still in the future. And he could only have improved upon it by transposing the "Three," and the