

in Dublin with ribald verses and caricatures, otherwise I could have told of a lion in a tent, a doctor in a game-pit and "many things worthy of memory which now must die in oblivion."

F. E. LAWRENCE.

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## SIXTEEN DAYS' SHOOTING IN COOCH BEHAR.

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Having heard much of the shooting in Kuch Behar, before arriving in India, from that world-renowned Shikari "Jack Mansel" (who, amongst other exploits, is well remembered by the Maharajah as having burnt seven miles of his jungle), I was very pleased to receive an invitation to go and shoot there last February. After many changes and innumerable crossings of rivers, I found our party, which combined various members of both sexes, settled in a most comfortable camp on the banks of a small stream, in the heart of an excellent shooting district.

Everything having been arranged before we arrived, and we having been told off to our respective elephants, of which there were 68, we started off early the next morning on our first shoot. This, however, turned out an unfortunate day, as, although we saw fresh signs of rhino, and saw two buffaloes in the distance, nobody got a shot. All the shooting and beating in Kuch Behar is done on elephants, as the elephant grass grows to a great height, and is utterly impossible to walk through on foot.

Returning home in the evenings, it is always the

custom to form a line of all the elephants, and shoot everything that may get up, from a rhino to a snipe; on our way back the first evening, I managed to get a good bara singh. The last two miles into camp was very exciting, as it got very dark, our guide lost his way, and we had to cross two very nasty boggy streams and some steep nullas, which made the ladies wish themselves anywhere but in their present position. Next morning I was introduced to my first tiger, who gave us two exciting hours in a thick jungle, and was finally killed, making a splendid charge at one of the elephants. This turned out to be the biggest we got. Length, 9ft. 10in.; weight 512lbs.

We had to miss a day now owing to pouring rain; then came an excellent buffalo day, getting four good heads, and coming home in the evening we got several small deer.

The following day was noticeable, as while beating a rhino jungle, we turned out some wild elephants, one of which charged the line and was turned by two .450 Express bullets in his head, after which he charged us, who were acting as stops; however, two eight-bore bullets in the fleshy part of him behind, made him think better of it, and sent him flying off after his companions.

After this, though we had very good sport, there was nothing very exciting until our first rhino day, when Billy Lambton shot his first rhino. This turned out to be a splendid animal  $18\frac{1}{2}$  hands at the shoulder. Four others broke back through the line, owing to one of the beater's elephants misbehaving in going for some of the smaller elephants, and so breaking the line, and then bolting himself. He, however, was fetched back, and received his punishment from the Maharajah's own fighting elephant, who soon cowed him by repeated prods.

Next day was quite a red-letter one; one tiger, one



tigress, two rhino, and several deer. We also saw a bison, but it slipped away without being fired at. The tigress was a splendid animal 9 feet  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and laid extraordinarily close, only showing at the last tuft of grass, and then springing clean out on to some stones on the bank of the River Raidak, thereby causing considerable consternation to about fifty aborigines, who had come to look on, and who legged it into the deep water in a second.

She was shot through the head, dead, by one of two gentlemen, who both claimed her, as she was actually springing.

After this, we moved our camp to a most delightful place on the Sankos River, which added Mahseer fishing to our other sport, but otherwise, was not quite so good for big game, owing partly to extensive jungle fires. After three days here my leave came to an end, and I had to say "Good-bye" to my kind host and hostess, and wend my way back to Calcutta, having had a most ripping sixteen days' shooting, and thoroughly enjoyed the great hospitality of the Maharajah and Maharanee of Kuch Behar. Our bag consisted during the time I was there, of five tigers, five buffalo, four rhino, two leopards, two sambhur, six bara singh, three hog-deer, four pig, and quantities of florican, pea-fowl, partridges, &c.

A. E. JENKINS.

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