

## THE BUFFALOE TAILS ELONGATED AND BROUGHT TO AN END.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As we were despairing of ever recovering further traces of the wounded buffalo, one of the men sung out he saw a rhinoceros. In an instant all were on the alert; the distance, two miles, was nothing, and nullahs which before, looked ‘Brahma Pootra’s,’ in earnest, diminished into gutters. As we got nearer, the rhinoceros turned into a mud-stained buffalo, and one of a large herd. Now had I in my mind’s eye, a howdah-full of tongues and horns, sufficient to supply all my numerous friends from Saugor Isle, aye, to Loodianah, who should stand in need, or be unprovided with such ‘Hornaments,’ before you could say ‘Stubbs,’ my elephant was a long side a cow (always pick out a female, wot’s got a calf; the calf is toothsome, and wont leave the ould one when down, therefore *is yours*, and vice versa.) and myself in the act of drawing the trigger, when a half man half monkey on a tree, made some strange outlandish noises, intended to signify his horror at my proceedings and further that the animals were tame!!! This was a regular floorer, but there was no help for it, so we returned, consoling ourselves that we had at least one prize safe; we were also very fortunate in falling in with a good many deer, but the sun getting hot, we pushed on, reached the ‘quarry,’ and commenced the work of decapitation in the midst of some hundreds of vultures. ‘Honesty,’ Mr. Editor, ‘is the best policy;’ or most indubitably I would ‘burke’ the remainder of this tail, having as I have, your ‘own Bull,’ before my eyes, (I’m no subscriber to John mind,) denouncing bitter wrath and punishment against persons who shall be guilty of diverse manifold offences termed unsportsman-like, had I not some hope that not being any ways singular, its being a first fault, and so forth, that for this once I may escape Scot free. Now having told you this much, pray favour me in one trifle more, &c. To suppose,—*merely* suppose,—your head to have been cut off and a violoncello placed on your shoulders instead thereof, or what is equally efficacious and much easier, take a *silver marrow spoon* and contemplate your frontispiece in the back of it. ‘Tis done; and ‘twas a handsome, considerably handsome, visage, eh? So we’ll resume the hair of our tail. I have already mentioned, that the decapitation had been commenced; well, we were rapidly progressing in the same, when a discovery was made, which, in an instant, elongated our fine circular physiognomies into ones like yours was just now, and in less time than ‘the twinkling of a pig’s whisker’ our honor and glory and all that sort of thing was, gone, Sir, gone. ‘Baugh, bother,’ you say, ‘the beast was not gone;’ I know that perfectly, but our shadows were unlike our faces diminished, and we had, low be it spoken, killed one tame cow, and severely wounded two more! The accursed



hole in the nostril stared us too full in the face to be got over; to say nothing of a crowd of natives who, rushing up, proclaimed aloud their masters loss of cow and ours of cash (the brute cost twenty rupees.) Now 'tis all over 'tis some satisfaction to a griff like me, to know that crack sportsmen like yourself, have done such things in both this country, and near Bareilly; and not many years are gone since a first rate shot, near Rungpoor, was so convinced from the size and ferocity of the animal he had killed, that it was a wild one, that till he had ocular demonstration that though it was no bull, it certainly was not a cow, could he be convinced of his error. After such a 'cowstrophe' we, as might be supposed, suddenly became altogether indifferent about the 'Spolia Opima,' and with tails looking downwards, made a rapid retreat from the scene of confusion.

March 13th, at sunset opposite Deergong, about one hundred and fifty miles East from Gowhatti, while peering about in search of these brutes, I got a glimpse of a single one quietly feeding near the edge of the river, a very short distance from my boat. To get out my gun and return was not more than the work of a minute, and the animal having in his grazing, approached nearer, I had only to raise my head above the bank to get two shots at his side, within thirty yards, both of which took effect, and he rushed off into a narrow strip of jungle, at a desperate pace. From having been so much concealed, when I fired, it appeared to me probable that he had not seen me, and would not go far; nor was I disappointed for on going round the end of the bit of jungle, I saw him about a hundred and fifty yards off with his head down, as if severely wounded. Losing no time I crept on till within about eighty yards when I again fired two barrels and had the satisfaction of hearing both balls strike; when the brute set off slowly, but commenced stopping every fifteen or twenty steps, evidently getting weaker. I now contented myself with following at a short distance, and at last saw him drop not more than two hundred paces from the place where he was fired at the second time. On going up I hamstrung him, but 'twas a needless precaution, he was dead with three balls in his side close to the shoulder, and one striking on his horn. I never beheld so huge a monster, he must have weighed upwards of two hundred stone, was thirty one years old by his horns, with not more than six or eight teeth in his mouth, and those quite loose. The next morning I succeeded, with difficulty, in cutting off his horns, a very fine pair, and which I keep as a specimen. Since that time I have only seen one other buffalo which escaped wounded. And now, having shewn how I do business by myself on foot, and hoping that some of your Gorruckpoor or other buffalo killing friends will give us griffs a hint or two as to how they manage matters, I shall here take my leave, though I don't expect to find many who have made more rapid work with these beasts than has

Your admirer,

SHIKAROPHILOS, C. B.