

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
OR
Monthly Calendar,
of the Transactions of
The Turf, The Chase,
AND
EVERY OTHER DIVERSION,
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure Enterprise & Spirit
VOL. 25, NEW SERIES.
or Vol. 75, Old Series.



Widgeon.

L O N D O N .

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Embellished with,

- I. Portrait of BETSY, a celebrated Fox-hound, the property of J. WARDE, Esq.
- II. SPRINGKELL.

REVIEW OF THE RACING SEASON 1829, AND MATTERS CONNECTED THEREWITH—No. II.

SIR,

THE Newmarket people, in the July Meeting, suffered a very unusual defeat for their crack Two-year-old Stakes, having had the shine taken out of them by a country nag, The Mummer. This horse was bred by Mr. Charles Day, of Northleach, and had a singular advantage as to age, and consequent forwardness, having been foaled on the 2d of January—at least that is the day *they own to*—and which just saved his distance: a few hours sooner and he would have been obliged to run as a three-year-old, instead of a two. His first appearance, how-

ever, at Ascot, shewed his superiority over his antagonists; and his race at Newmarket was won easily all the way: of the field which he contended against at either place I think very meanly; but there is no doubt he is a superior horse: and Sir Mark Wood, in putting him into his stable, at the price said to have been given, has a very cheap horse. The Newmarket people will not believe in him, which in course can be nothing but prejudice; but I would advise my friends not to be against him for the Derby, for if he keeps well he will be a dangerous horse.

H h

all petty jealousies, unknown to, and despised by, the "two Masters," are "sinking down wind;" and will soon be forgot in the zealous and laudable desire to shew sport for the honour of Linlithgowshire.—I am yours, &c.

NO WHERE.

December 20, 1829.

SKETCHES OF BENGAL, No. II.

BY A SPORTSMAN.

Voyage up the Hoogly—Barrackpore—Dandies in India—Stage-Coach to Calcutta—Bengal Shooting and Ornithology—Wild-fowl—Anecdote of Alligator—Dogs in India—Jungle and Snipe Shooting—Coursing—Jackal Shooting at Night.

SIR,

ON Sunday, Sept. 9th. 182—, I bade farewell to my Calcutta friends with a dark feeling of presentiment, which told me that most of us had parted to meet no more; and which foreboding time has but too well confirmed. But having to get all my things on board the budjrow, and arrange them for the voyage up the river, little time was allowed for moping meditation: and moreover, our fleet consisting of eight or ten budjrows, with a cooking-boat attached to each, I did not much apprehend that the trip would be a melancholy one.—Nine people out of ten know what a *budjrow* is; but, for the benefit of the tenth, I will describe it:—Imagine a nondescript sort of vessel, like Peter's fishing-boat, low before and high behind, with two capital apartments running from the stern to midships, and enclosed with green venetians; the roof flat, upon which the *manjee*, or steersman, is perched; the rudder resembling a pole, with a river-hatch tied to the

extremity: imagine a figure-head of Lord Clive, or Lord Amherst, in turban, red coat, and buckskin breeches; a bamboo mast, and paddles of the same tied to the gun-wale; and you have the budjrow complete. The cook-boat bears a great affinity to Noah's ark, being composed of ruder materials; and on board this we stowed away our servants, and stores of ducks, fowls, goats, &c. for the voyage; so that, what with the scolding of the men's wives, the shape of the vessel, and the cackling, grunting, screaming, bleating, and crowing of the various animals, each cook-boat was a perfect miniature resemblance of that in which the first Lord High Admiral, Noah, embarked.

The Gauges in many parts abounds in decoits, or pirates; but with such an imposing fleet as ours their reception would have been somewhat inhospitable. There were twelve officers besides myself, each of whom had, on an average, seven servants (I had the misfortune to muster twelve), besides a guard of Sepoys; and, although it was the Sabbath-day, such was the bustle in bringing on board stores of brandy, wine, coffee, sugar, and other luxuries, procurable only at European stations; in cleaning guns, punching cards, drying powder, casting balls, and making other preparations for the anticipated sport—that an European traveller would suppose that an expedition against the Burmbans or Maharattas was in contemplation, instead of a campaign against snipes and jungle fowl.

My destination was not very distant, being only to Dinapoore, in Bahar, a large central station, 500 miles from Calcutta by water;

and I sent a favourite Arab, in charge of two servants, overland, whilst a Persian hack accompanied me in the cook-boat—the sides of the boat being lined with bundles of rush, to prevent his heels from demolishing the crazy planks, and sending the whole concern to the bottom of the river.

Monday, 10th.—The commandant of our little fleet, Capt. P——, hoisted a silk pocket-handkerchief on his main-top at 1 P.M. as the signal for sailing; and when his heavy old budjrow heaved up her wooden anchor, and paddled slowly against the stream, we all fired a *feu-de-joie*, and followed in succession, like a brood of goslings following the parental goose.

Soon lost sight of Calcutta, and the taper flag-staff of Fort William; but at a sudden turn of the river the current became so strong as to induce our lazy dandies to halt early in the evening. We were all of us, except the Captain, freshmen, or, in the Anglo-Indian tongue, *griffs*, (perhaps so called from our similarity to fiery griffins, in our new red flaming jackets,) and thought tigers in Bengal were necessarily as plentiful as peppercorns: so on shore we went at twilight, Ensign S—— and myself making for a beautiful woodland on our right. After beating till dark, without finding any thing but a few turtle-doves and jungle-crows, we espied a Bangalow (a snug kind of thatched villa, belonging to *mofussil*, i.e. country residents), and near it the owner taking a quiet stroll on the lawn. Supposing that no man in his senses could live in so lonely a place, and one so *gamish* in appearance, without being a sportsman, we made our salaam to him, and inquired what part he would

recommend for our morning's sport. I shall never forget the frigid look of the Missionary, as he answered, "Sir! I never indulge in *such* recreations!" We bowed to the earth and decamped, wishing that we had brought a bottle of claret with us, for that gelid tone would have cooled it far better than could any saltpetre.

Tuesday, 11th.—The current was so strong, it being just at the close of the rains, that we did not reach Barrackpore, sixteen miles from Calcutta, till noon. Here we gave our dandies permission to halt for a day, to lay in a stock of rice for the voyage; they being able to procure it cheaper here than at the Presidency. By-the-bye, *dandy*, in India, has a somewhat different meaning to our usual application of the word: in the East it signifies a hard-working boatman; in the West, an useless vagabond. I should like to catch a few dozens of the monkey breed in Hyde Park, and transplant them to the banks of the Ganges: I believe that they would speedily relinquish their claims to the honours of *dandyism*. From sun-rise to sun-set, with a burning sun above his head, and a heavy vessel to drag against the stream, in this manner,



the poor Indian dandy *lounges* away his life. Continually immersed in water up to his chin, he becomes subject to spleen and liver; actual cautery relieves him for a time; but his is, indeed, a short life and a sad one—to be pitied even by a hackney-coach horse.

Wednesday, 12th.—Stayed all day at Barrackpore. *Jemmy G—*,

resolved on sport, loaded himself and two doriyas (dog-keepers) with ammunition—viz. powder, shot, brandy, and cheroots, and went ashore; where he entered the sacred purlieus of the Governor General's park—popped away at some tame antelopes—maimed a gold pheasant for life—and at last narrowly escaped being ripped up by the nasal horn of Lord Amherst's pet rhinoceros. Luckily for Jemmy, before he had committed much devastation amongst this forbidden game, a native sentry caught sight of the intruder, and fired a ball-cartridge over his head. Jemmy took the hint, faced to the right about, and was slinking quietly back to his boat, when, as the Devil, or Sheittaun, would have it, his blood-thirsty eye caught sight of a tall and stately adjutant, (not a spurred *militaire*, but a bird of the crane kind, six feet high,) and, without delay, he saluted it with both barrels, ball and buck-shot. The bird dropped dead, and poor Jemmy revelled in glory, and had to pay fifty rupees for destroying it—that being the fine for the death of this useful scavenger. The Governor has a good menagerie at his country-residence near Barrackpore. I saw the lions, tigers, bears, gluttons, &c. devouring their mess at night, and, oddly enough, could not help thinking of the Court of Directors and the City of London Tavern! The Government grounds slope down to the brink of the Hoogly with the beautiful appearance of an English park; the lines and cantonments are very agreeable—the country excellent for jackal-hunting; and, altogether, it is to Calcutta what Windsor or Richmond is to London.

Some time since they started a

four-horse coach from Barrackpore to Calcutta, the first ever attempted in India; but it failed from the scrupulosity of the Hindoos with respect to *caste*; it being contamination for a Brahmin to touch a Mihtur, or a Mihtur a Pariah. Rum Johnny would not sit alongside Ram-Sammee; Ram-Sammee abominated the vile sect of Chuny Punt; and Bajee Saheb, the fat baboo, almost burst his bilious blubber with horror at being associated in the same *vehicle* with Purseram Row, that dog of dogs! Four-in-hand is a science wherein England excels every other nation; but it is a science which can never be brought into play on Indian soil. The thermometer 98° in the shade may be refreshing to a salamander, but it will not agree with a coachman or team at nine and a half miles per hour. Imagine to yourself, oh, reader! Jack Peer seized with cholera morbus on his coach-box, or his near leader carried off by a tiger, like a mouse by a cat!

Thursday, 13th. — Got under weigh a little before sun-rise, that most lovely period of a tropical day, which we enjoy with the greater zest, because we know that in another hour we shall all be gasping for breath, like shoals of cray-fish in a basket. As we tracked past a village a beautiful Brahminy-kite, with its rich chestnut plumage and snowy bosom, came floating above my head. It is a bird esteemed sacred by the Hindoos, but the temptation was too strong for a griff. I was sitting on deck with my double-barrel loaded, and, as the kite sailed over the budjrow, I sent a bullet whistling through her heart. Nearly a hundred Indians were bathing and praying in the river, according to

custom, and the yell uttered by them on this occasion was quite startling, on witnessing the death of their favorite bird. Juno would not have been more wrathful to have lost one of her peacocks. It was a foolish thing to offend the prejudices of a conquered people in any way; but whoever wore a gold laced cap, and thought of consequences? In fact, even now I am given to *do* first, and *think* afterward. Many of the plebeians rushed into the water with menaces and execrations. This insolence on the *blackeys* part might not be endured; I pointed my gun at them, and cried "*jow*, begone." They hesitated, but on shouting "*cropedar*, beware," in a louder, tone they one and all gave back, and retired muttering amongst themselves:—such is the habitual and fearful respect which natives of India entertain for Englishmen—it is that which alone upholds us in the East, and it is that which at present we are labouring to destroy.

After getting several miles above Chinsurah, the country became more promising for a shot; and an hour before sun-set I landed with a setter and pointer bitch, near an extensive morass, where I shot a brace of wild-ducks, and saw a great abundance of white cranes and paddy-birds, which are, however, unfit for the *pot*, and, therefore, safe from Indian sportsmen, to whom patent-shot and powder are expensive articles.

The paddy-bird, so called from its frequenting *paddy*, or rice-fields, is a species of crane, light in body, but standing nearly eighteen inches; the wings, back, and neck, are of a light olive brown; the breast, belly, and sides white—

so that it appears a white bird when flying, and a brown one whilst on the ground. This bird, as well as the white-crane, another elegant species of the same *genus*, abound everywhere throughout the Indian plains and marshes, and feeds principally on small fish, grubs, mosquito-eggs, &c.

The Bengal morasses are most disagreeable places to wade through, being generally up to one's knees in mud and stagnant water; and every now and then the unfortunate sportsman comes to a "green and smiling spot," which he hails with rapture, after losing his shoes and patience in the mud, and no sooner steps upon than he sinks up to his chin in the treacherous bog, there to remain the scorn of gnats and mosquitoes, till succour may chance to arrive. I always found it the better plan to leave my shoes and stockings at home, and go the bog-trotter's pace; a few rushes and light feet will form a bridge over the vilest quicksand.

This evening I had some excellent shooting on the borders of an immense tank, or artificial lake, which was surrounded by a dense mass of underwood and tassel-grass. The tank, having long been neglected, was overgrown with weeds and lotus plants, and full of a large species of water-hen, of a beautiful bluish-green, with scarlet head, twice the size of the European kind, and tolerable eating.

After shooting a few I was wading in up to my arm-pits to pick up another, when I observed a long undulating furrow on the calm surface of the lake advancing towards me. After watching the motion in the water for a moment I faced about, and quickly regained terra-

fima—not wishing to find myself on a sudden in an alligator's maw, and being unprovided with the expedient which saved Baron Munchausen from a like fate.

Friday, 14th.—A good passage up the Hoogly, but being very unwell was unable to shoot, though I made the attempt. This is the worst of Indian sporting. Wherever game is most abundant, there also are the seeds of dire diseases found:—viz. in the woods, swamps, and inundated fields. Budjrows start every morning at day-break, and lugow (moor) about six in the evening, when performing the tedious voyage against the stream, at this season vastly swollen by the rains. In going down, the dandies seldom stop night or day, except for the purpose of cooking their victuals, which religious prejudice does not permit them to do on board.

Saturday, 15th.—All this day the country was one wild extent of endless plain, covered with the *surpul* or tassel-grass, twelve feet in height, with a white silky blossom. These parts are totally uncultivated, and harbour an immense number of leopards, antelopes, and wild buffaloes.

We were now many miles distant from Calcutta, and considered the campaign as opened. I killed several couple of snipes and wild pigeons this afternoon, and remarked some birds different from our European ones, and which I shall describe as I happen to recollect them.—1. A beautiful bird of the jay kind, of more brilliant plumage, though in shape resembling our own.—2. The little spotted Indian dove, with back and wings mottled like tortoise-shell (hence, perhaps, called *turtle-dove*), the breast of a delicate pink, red eyes and legs, and

not larger than a blackbird.—3. The *mina*; as good a talker as our starling, and of the same genus, though much larger, and of a dark brown mixed with yellow and white; common to all India; is a gregarious bird, and resembles the starling in its habits and movements more than in shape or colour.—4. A light brown bird, with yellow beak and legs, as large as a thrush, but resembling an immense hedge-sparrow. I forget the native name.

Soon after dark the jackals came down to the boats in such numbers as to require a general turn-out against them. The poor dandies, cooking their suppers on the beach, could not turn their heads without missing a portion of their meal, and several were bitten by these ravenous animals, which are naturally very cowardly; but hunger and strong temptation will make even a craven bold. Between the yells of the jackals, the shouts of the different black crews, the blazing fires, and report of the frequent shots fired at the enemy, the scene put me in mind of Pandemonium. No jackals, however, fell on the occasion, from the darkness of the night; and, after one of our dandies had narrowly escaped being shot through the lungs, it was deemed prudent to desist from firing, and leave the ground in quiet possession of the enemy.

Sunday, 16th.—Throughout India there are not, I believe, more than thirty-five or forty chaplains, and not half that number of churches: therefore, it may be expected that Anglo-Indians grow somewhat negligent of forms, and particularly ignorant of the days of the week—few knowing whether it is our Saturday, Sunday, or Monday! Having neither bell nor *padré* to give our memories a jog, we

landed at noon in a likely spot, where the country was diversified with patches of cultivation and rushy jeels. All the morning vast flocks of wild-ducks and widgeon had been winging their way over-head, in such countless multitudes, that I am afraid to state the amount at which we calculated them. They flew in troops of from eighty to one hundred ducks in each, the troops following one another in regular succession; and a space of *two hours* intervened between the coming of the first and the last flight, although there was not a break of thirty yards between any one troop! In all probability they were bound for the inundation, which was now beginning to subside to the N.E. of the Sunderbunds, where the marshy delta of the Megna and Ganges would afford them a fine harvest.

Many stragglers were left behind; and I managed to kill five ducks, two widgeons, three couple of wild pigeons, and a Pariah dog, which last had the audacity to attack my English pointer.

A fine setter, belonging to my companion, had a narrow escape this evening; he swam into the Hoogly, towards some black object moving on the water, and which turned out to be a Hindoo corpse with a *koomer*, or bull-headed alligator, feasting upon it. The dog turned tail immediately, like a very prudent general, readily acknowledging himself inferior to the enemy: but the *koomer*—the most savage and fearless of the crocodile kind—would not let him off so easily; but, leaving the black carrion, darted after poor Don without delay. Don was in a devil of a funk, and almost drowned himself through fright

and conglomeration of ideas; and, though he was close to the bank in a minute, and within ten paces of us, the alligator would undoubtedly have shortened his tail a few inches, if not his body also, had not S—— rapped away both barrels into the *koomer's* eyes, and I joined him in the courteous salute. The alligator gave a whisk with his long jagged tail, and disappeared. Never was dog so happy as Don, or man as his master, for I think S—— gave more than a hundred rupees for the brute.

Having touched on the subject of *dogs*, I may as well, in this place, say a few words concerning the different degrees of canine utility in the East.

The captains of most ships charge at least 5l. for the passage of every dog, exclusive of water and food; consequently it is to be expected that all of English blood are much dearer in Bengal than at home. A fine couple of young fox-hounds have before now been sold for forty and fifty guineas a couple. A friend of mine, who had the management of a beautiful little pack of dwarf fox-hounds at Balasore (Baleswur correctly), assured me that the gentleman who sent to England for them had engaged to pay forty pounds per couple for the lot—good, bad, and indifferent. Fox-hunting is an expensive amusement in Great Britain; but in India it is still more so, at least for the master of the pack. Hounds seldom work longer than two years; many never get through six months; and it is pitiable to see the havoc that disease commits amongst the noble breed. Of fox-hounds I shall say more hereafter, and only observe at present, that the above mentioned prices are not of every-day

occurrence; and, by having a choice consignment of strong puppies sent out to India in careful hands, these heavy charges may be materially diminished.

Setters, pointers, greyhounds, terriers, bull-dogs, and now and then spaniels, are disposed of weekly at Calcutta, at the auction-marts; and their prices may generally be reckoned at double their cost in England; at distant stations, treble or quadruple.

Setters, pointers, terriers, and bull-dogs, are seldom worth their keep in Bengal. Game is too plentiful, and lies too well to require the aid of the two former, which seldom live long, or retain their noses. Terriers are useful as pets only, or for catching *bandycoots*. When or where bull-dogs are useful I have never been able to discover.

Shooting in India is pursued in three kinds of country—the jungles, either grass or under-wood; the paddy or rice-field; and the fens, or rushy banks of rivers and *nullas*. For the first, a couple or two of stout active spaniels may be very serviceable; especially in the tangled coverts which human beaters cannot penetrate, but which are hollow at the roots of the bushes. The sportsman may follow the windings of the deer or buffalo tracks with his ears, and gun at full cock; and, if his dogs are alert, and water not too distant, pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, and very probably a wild-buck will reward a few hours' toil. For the paddy-fields no dogs are required; a good double-barrel, plenty of dust shot, a bottle of brandy, straw hat, a sound liver, clear conscience, and a *will ready made*, fit him for the sport. After the rains, when the rice-grounds are partially over-

flowed, or still moist, the delightful recreation of snipe-shooting is most advantageously pursued. The snipes throughout India are nearly as numerous as mosquitoes, fly lazily, and would, perhaps, be more shy, but for the danger which ever attends their destruction. If the snipe-shooter intends to fill his bag, he must start when the sun is hottest, trudge across the plains up to his middle in water, whilst his brains are addled by the solar heat, drink brandy like water, and bid defiance to death and the devil. Few snipe-shots live through two seasons; but still 'tis sport—glorious sport!! In the fens, and on banks of rivers—which are generally covered with masses of rush or grass, twelve and fourteen feet high—a well-trained spaniel may again be useful, especially if he is a good retriever. Every dog is glad enough to take the water in India; but they should not be allowed to indulge too often in a bath when heated, or it will speedily beget liver and canker in the ears.

Should I ever return to India, greyhounds would certainly be the dogs of my choice. Coursing is but poor sport in the bracing climate of England; but the langour of tropical climates renders hard bodily exercise not only very injurious, even to the toughest constitutions, but an exceeding bore to indolent dogs like myself. Two brace, or even a leash, of fleet and powerful greyhounds—broad across the loins, clear in the pipes, and not afraid of using their teeth—will be a host of amusement in themselves; employ many a weary morning and evening in dull cantonments; and pull down many a fat buck on a line of march. In no part of India will they be use-

less. If you have not leisure to beat up the distant jungles and grass plains, and rouse the deer and hares from their coverts, there are always jackals and grey foxes close to your doors—every thicket round the villages abounding with one or the other.

Coursing and antelope-shooting are the only healthful sports to be enjoyed in India—which I have found to my cost—if we except, perhaps, those grand field days, which can be enjoyed but seldom, as they require extensive preparations, hosts of beaters, and a troop of elephants. Single sportsmen cannot venture to rouse the tiger, leopard, or wild buffalo, from their lairs in the heavy jungle.

Jackals bite very hard, and not unfrequently spoil delicate greyhounds, which have not been used to such rough treatment: the most savage and hard-mouthed dogs should therefore be preferred, if they are expected to run at everything. Many men slip their greyhounds after hares, foxes, and spotted deer only. I think that speedy lurchers would be found of great service; a brace of good ones would turn up a hyæna, an animal frequently encountered when beating for jackals in a jungle country. Many also, from fear of disheartening their dogs, never slip them at the large red antelopes, whose surprising speed and stoutness will beat most greyhounds with the greatest ease. In the sands of the Mahanuddy, and on the flats bordering the Chilka Lake, these animals lose their superiority, by reason of their cloven hoofs sinking into the sand, whilst the spongy feet of the dogs buoy them up, like camels, on the surface. During the dry season, when the white sands of the river Maha-

nuddy lie exposed on either side the channel, to a great extent, we used to ride down the deer and antelopes with our horses alone, and transfix them, *en passant*, with hog-spears.

Monday, 17th.—This night, which happened to be a clear starlight one, but without a moon, S—— and myself determined to sit up for the jackals, a sport by no means exhilarating to an old Indian, but from its novelty and singularity peculiarly adapted to freshmen, who are not afraid of the night air.

I cannot imagine how we should get on in India without that useful animal the jackal: he is positively bread and cheese to sportsmen of all degrees; he is not, indeed, food for the *body*, but he is for the *mind*; and is esteemed by fox-hunters, coursers, shots, and badger-baiters alike! Nor must his universal services as a scavenger and devourer of the village filth be overlooked. We hunt him, course him, shoot him, bait him, entrap him, and skin him; and yet he is, without exception, the most useful little wretch in Hindoostan. Without him, the kite, and the argeela, in all probability that horrid scourge the plague would, before now, have paid us a visit.

The night was a clear twilight, and, taking up our guns, we left the budjrow at ten o'clock, and took up a position behind some felled timber, which lay on an open common, between the river and a vast track of woodland in front.

We waited in silence and suspense for nearly an hour, though the spirit of locomotion was evidently stirring amongst the quadrupeds of the forest. First a few solitary howls were heard from

the distant jungle; then the yelping became louder and louder; and finally settled into one general chorus;

" 'Twas uproar all,
From Niger eastward, to the affrighted Nile.

This dreary discord, which nightly disturbs the Indian woods, is so wild and melancholy, that it is not by any means agreeable to a stranger. Louder and louder grew the yells of the jackals—and the long whining moan of the hyæna on the right, left, and to the front; they seemed to encompass us; we cocked both barrels, knelt down, and prepared for action. On reaching the skirt of the jungle the different packs appeared to separate in various directions; and a troop of more than fifty made directly for our ambushade, open-mouthed, and yelling like a legion of devils. It was a moment of delightful and thrilling suspense; we could not see the approaching enemy, but we could hear the hoarse barks of the old, and the shrill treble of the young ones, coming down upon us like the wind. They were evidently on the scent of something—whether of ourselves, or otherwise, we could not guess; but we rested our guns over the trunk of a tamarind tree, and made ready to dispute the passage. In a second we could descrie the dusky figures of the jackals galloping towards us through the gloom; they drew nearer and nearer—three were a-head; the rest in a compact body behind—their noses to the ground, and their pace a long slouching gallop. "A little nearer yet," said I: "Fire!" Four barrels flashed and thundered through the darkness in a sharp and sudden volley:—the yells were hushed in

a moment on every side; and we sallied from our ambush to return a list of the killed and wounded.

One jackal lay struggling upon the ground, and soon gave up the ghost: another lay motionless a few yards off, apparently quite dead; but when I went to pick him up, the cunning brute gave a desperate gripe at my leg. Luckily for me, he seized the gun-barrel, and the deep mark of his fangs will remain impressed on it till it ceases to be a gun-barrel.

From the dark forests around, the wild yellings of the animals on all sides, and the lonely solitude of the hour, jackal-shooting, by twilight, is not without its charms.

I was about to relate an anecdote of a friend's encounter with a pack of jackals some time before; but my paper is out, and, till next month, I must take my leave.

SHIKARREE.

BREAKING GROUND.

SIR,
THE continued frost having put a stop to all hunting, leaving the sportsman to his own resources for amusement, I am induced to offer the following observations upon days past and gone; which, should you consider worthy of insertion, may be the means of producing some information upon the subject of "breaking ground." Your readers will all recollect this subject having been noticed by that celebrated hunter and writer, NIMROD, which arose during an excellent run with the Hurworth fox-hounds, and ended by the fox entering a covered water-course, crossing a lane in Lord Cleveland's Yorkshire country, when, from the place being broke through on the