

a prize it turned out, for instead of a deer, the thoughts of venison having already set our chops watering, it was nothing but a *donkey's foal*, whose long ears had been mistaken for the horns of the more noble, and more relishing, quadruped. Here was a disappointment: the venison had vanished, and we were obliged to trudge on, weary and hungry; the courage and provender having been demolished some hours before. No one was more annoyed at the misadventure than G. who vented his ire on his *towney*, an unfortunate paddy bird who was sitting by the road side, with as melancholy and forlorn a look as a disappointed lover, —the bird was slain because G. had taken a jackass for a deer.

We reached home a little before seven o'clock, and immediately set to work at the birds. Having selected the largest for a roast, the remainder were bundled into an enormous curry, which having put under our belts, we forthwith repaired to bed, and I was asleep before you could say

JACK ROBINSON.

RHINOCEROS HUNTING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BENGAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,—It is really becoming fashionable to turn improbabilities to nought now-a-day: for instance, one of your contributors, RHINOCEROS, knocks over his namesakes with small guns carrying only sixteen or eighteen balls to the pound. Again, mention is made by ROBIN HOOD of his having done the same. So, to keep up the system, allow me to say, I have been following their example, and have now before me the horn of a *female* rhinoceros measuring fourteen inches in length, which I shot yesterday morning with one plug,—not ball. Now, I shall tell you a short tale of this said rhinoceros, her unfortunate mate, and calf. Four evenings back I heard of five rhinoceros being near the station;—fancy, five!—I not only said it was improbable but imposssble; but as my informant could not have any reason for deceiving me, I went. On my way, a fine bull buffalo was rash enough to dispute the path with me; for his temerity I rewarded him most handsomely, and after a hard fight he yielded—‘slain by five bullets from an old gun barrel.’ This little skirmish just put my blood sufficiently up to prepare for the dread and dire encounter with the rhinoceros. We were beating steadily,—I fancying every dark object in the jungle the animal I was in pursuit of,—when, sure enough, up got three,—a male, female, and calf. I fired a plug and hit the male, sent a two-ounce rifle ball at the young one, struck it

somewhere about the head, and regularly floored it. This surprised the trio; but suddenly all three scampered off. I immediately went in another direction to intercept them in one of their tracks. The mother saw me: he was evidently groggy from the plug I had given him, but, notwithstanding, he charged on, at about ten yards: I fired and brought him down. He instantly recovered himself and renewed the charge. This time I planted a ball weighing two ounces and half into the shoulder. This turned him, and in turning, he fell on his side. I was now to back out and prepare my battery for action, when, for the first time, he began his infernal grunting. This caused the elephant to be steady, and she turned to make off, when I perceived the rhinoceros coming towards us. He charged a few paces: I fired, and hit him in the fancy, about the back. At this he set up a most unearthly noise, and bolted off in a different direction. I caught him just as he was entering some bush jungle and fired, bringing him down again. Now, with all my good luck, in succeeding in bringing him down three times, I failed in getting him, and to this date have not succeeded, though I am sure he must be dead, and not very far off. The mother and calf escaped. On the morning of the 6th, P—re and myself went out after the mother and young one, information having been sent that they had returned to their old haunt. We went direct to where I had found them before. I saw the mother rise out of a pool of water when the messenger of death was sent in the shape of a plug. She got off about twenty yards in some high null and there fell dead—for here we found her. The butchà was a perfect little trump. P—re had gone in under a tree, where there was some high null, to look about him, as we had lost all traces, when he heard something coming at him, and then a grunt. P—re rested his gun on the back of the 'cawâs,' and gave the younger a weighty reception, which effectually turned him. At this period, he might have been compared to a dog in a fair; for he evidently did not know where to go to. At last, he made towards a pad elephant, which I immediately ordered to bolt out of the jungle, whilst I entered at the opposite side. The moment I was in, the little varmint came at me, but stopped about ten paces off, seemingly considering. Being satisfied himself, he was just coming on with a grunt, when I hit him somewhere about the head or nose, making him perform a regular salutation in bringing his head to the ground. Away he bolted, and, in making off, I gave him another mark of my attachment. We traced the unfortunate brute for some way by its blood and prints of its feet: I should think it must be dead from the quantity of blood it had lost. I unfortunately entirely forgot to take the measurement of the one I bagged. I have counted the teeth as something curious, and not having been mentioned before. Besides the six molar teeth above and

teeth at the back of the jaw, it has two front molar teeth corresponding to the two canine. In the lower jaw, they bear a high polish and are perfectly smooth and even with the gum. The next one I kill,—for I intend killing more Mr. Editor,—I shall have all the measurements accurately taken; besides being hauled up and skinned, on a day, made for the purpose, by which I shall save the skeleton without injury. It appears to me surprising that some speculating persons are never set up as an elephant catcher, on a large scale. In this country elephants are very numerous, and I fancy easily caught. During the short time I have been here, a number have been caught and taken to Mymensing, Dacca, and Benares. They are also to be bought for very moderate sums: three or four hundred rupees being considered long sums for first rate. Two seven feet and upwards in height, were bought here lately for two hundred and ten rupees: one is a very good one in my opinion, and would fetch in another year six or even hundred rupees out of the country;—so you may perceive a person fond of sporting can suit himself to the sports natural to the country without much expense.

Yours truly,

WOODSMAN.

Barnouth, July 7th 1836.

CROSS-BRED HOUNDS.

'We'll have thorough-breds and nothing else,' is the cry at every station where there is a...