

TWENTY YEARS'  
PIGSTICKING IN BENGAL.

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ARCH. HILLS.

REMINISCENCES OF  
'TWENTY YEARS'  
PIGSTICKING  
IN  
BENGAL.

BY  
R A O U L.  
*C*

---

I now see one, disdaining to budge an inch,  
Charge again and again the line,  
'Tho' the spears in his hide, on either side,  
Look like quills on a porcupine.

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Calcutta  
THACKER, SPINK AND CO.  
1893



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TO

ALL PIGSTICKERS IN GENERAL

AND TO

LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, SIR GRIFFITH EVANS,

MESSRS. ARCHIE HILLS, WILLIAM MOREY,

JAMES HENDERSON, JOHN ANDERSON,

MACNEIL FERGUSON,

LAWRIE JOHNSTONE, WILLIAM THOMAS,

ROBERT LYALL, AND JAMES MALCOLM,

IN PARTICULAR

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED

IN THE HOPE THAT A PLAIN UNVARNISHED RECORD

OF TWENTY YEARS' PIGSTICKING IN BENGAL

MAY PROVE INTERESTING AND AMUSING.

R. D.



## PREFACE.

IN bringing this *brochure* before the public, I may mention that most of the matter included in it was written at the time of the occurrence of the events, and was intended for the sporting papers of the day ; but as only a few of the MSS have appeared, my apology in having the rest published now, is in the hope that their perusal may induce some of the rising generation to follow in the footsteps of those true sportsmen to whom this book is dedicated, as in this I shall feel more than rewarded.

RAOUL.

GAURDEEPORE FACTORY,

MOORSHEEDABAD, *January* 1893.



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MR. J. STOOK.

## CHAPTER I.

THE WILD BOAR OF INDIA (*Sus Indicus*), OR WILD  
BOAR OF BENGAL (*Sus Bengalensis*); Local  
Name BAN SOOR; and its *habitat*.

✓ WILD BOARS or wild pigs are found all over Bengal. Though they vary in size, shape, color, &c., those found on the *chores* of the Ganges and Brahmaputra, in *jhow* or *koshare jungle*, are *par excellence* the *beau ideal* of a boar. ✓ They are mostly of a lighter color than those found inland, lankier, with a heavier shoulder and shorter neck; they also carry less bristle about them, and are very often found of a steel grey hue, hence the old blue boars of the sportsmen.

Those found in Western Bengal in the Districts of Hazaribagh, Chota Nagpore and several other parts, where marshes and water are scarce, are often found to partake of the color of the soil or land they lie upon—the soil being mostly red clay. The pigs are nearly all more or less brown, some with a distinct tint of red

about them ; they are also smaller or more stunted, though the heads in most cases are very large and seem to be out of all proportion to the body.

Some huge boars are said to have been often seen and shot in the virgin forests west of Ranchi and Lohardugga. Pig-sticking is out of question in those parts, first from the nature of the ground which is cracked and fissured in all directions, and also from the numberless small bunds put up by the cultivators wherever there is open ground for retaining rain-water in their fields.

The inland boar, specially those of the district of Murshedabad, with whom my acquaintance has been most intimate, will be the main subject of My Reminiscences, and hence it is necessary I should give some description of its habits and ways.

Though the *chore* boars are his superiors in general, there are exceptions; and some of the Murshedabad boars will hold their own against any boar that ever breathed. Pigs are by nature gregarious, and live in herds or sounders of from twenty to thirty on apparently very friendly terms. An old big boar being, as a rule, the of the head family, he does not mind other smaller boars, but would resent another competitor of his own age and size coming into the family circle.

Force of circumstances make them often lead a solitary life, and these are, as a rule, the more fearless and also better fighters. Pigs are found in all sorts of places and cover, provided there is water conveniently near.

✓ In village jungle, round old tanks, in *null*, *patiales*, *khori* or grass, in crops, in thorny bushes, and very often, specially in the hot weather, in reeds and rushes growing round the edges of *bils* and tanks. ✓ An old solitary boar is very often found under some small trees or shrub right in the open.

Unless disturbed or pressed by thirst, they very seldom leave their cover during the day, though in very cloudy or rainy weather I have seen them come out at all times.

Nocturnal, more by force of circumstance than by nature, the pigs see much better in the day time. When they come out at night, sad are the havocs they sometimes commit, not so much from the amount they eat but what they destroy and tread down. Paddy and grains of all sorts are welcome to them, but what they delight in is rooting for bulbs and roots, and I have seen in places holes fully five feet deep that had been dug by pigs in search of yams. Fruits, too, they are very fond of, and during the mangoo season, they are very often found at night feeding on the fruits that drop down. Jack fruit they are also very partial to, the low way that fruit hangs greatly facilitating their feeding on them.

They have often said that wild pigs feed on carrion and filth of all sorts, but from my long experience of them, I never could trace their lowering themselves to such an extent, though I will relate a rather curious exception. It was in the beginning of May 1878, having occasion to go out for a ride of ten miles, I got up very

early and started on my journey; it was scarcely yet daylight, I came to what I shall describe as a rather remarkable sight. What proved afterwards to be an old sow and her young ones were evidently having a feed off an old cow's carcass. I stood and looked at this novel sight; in the background a couple of jackals were keeping watch. So intent was the old sow and her family on their business, that they let me go within thirty yards before they started. I rode up to the carcass for a closer inspection, and found that after all the old sow had not been so guilty. True it was she had had a feed, but it was not of putrid flesh; she had merely disembowelled the old cow, and was having a feed with her *butchas* at the half-digested contents of the stomach; not a bad idea after all, specially for youngsters with weak digestions!!!

This is the only case that came under my observation; and pigs seldom enter villages at night, though I will relate a very extraordinary case anent this, *i.e.*, of pigs roaming in villages.

There was in the *Choa patiale* an old tailless boar, said by the people to have been there for a number of years, and they used to say that once upon a time, when quite young, he had been caught by some of the sweepers living about the place, and kept in captivity for a considerable time; and when they thought he had been civilized enough, they let him off minus his *caudal* appendage; but piggy very soon got back to his former habits, and lost no time in making up for his confinement.

This contact with civilization made him all the more fearless of men, though it made him also far more cute than the general run of pigs.

In the hot weather when food and water became scarce, and the crops were taken off the ground, he (the tailless boar) used to pay nightly visits to villages, and his usual game was to go to *golas* or barns, and boring a hole at the bottom, naturally all the grain used to run out, and Master Piggy had a good feed; but as he was very knowing, he seldom ventured in moonlight nights, but always preferred dark nights. Success, however, emboldened him, and he soon found out that one of the Zemindars had a large stock of grain on hand. The visits became of daily occurrence, and the Baboo, who had put a watch, very soon found out who was the thief that used to rob him every night; he had one of his servants seated in a covered up hackery with a loaded blunderbuss, and told him to wait for the thief. About midnight the marauder turned up and began his little game, but a well-directed shot, a few feet off, very soon put an end to poor piggy's grain-stealing propensities.

During the time the crops are on, and where pigs are very plentiful, the villagers keep up nearly the whole night shouting and beating on *tom-toms* and empty kerosine oil tins. The wily pig very soon find out that there is not much harm in all this, and go on with their depredations all round.

Dummies, made of straw having outstretched arms and an earthen pot with painted eyes and nose for a

head, are often put up in fields where damage is being done; but piggy very soon finds out what it is, and to show his contempt actually rubs himself against the dummy or turns it over ! ! !

I shall conclude the first chapter of My Reminiscences by giving a few notes as to the size of the boars, their tusks, &c., &c.,

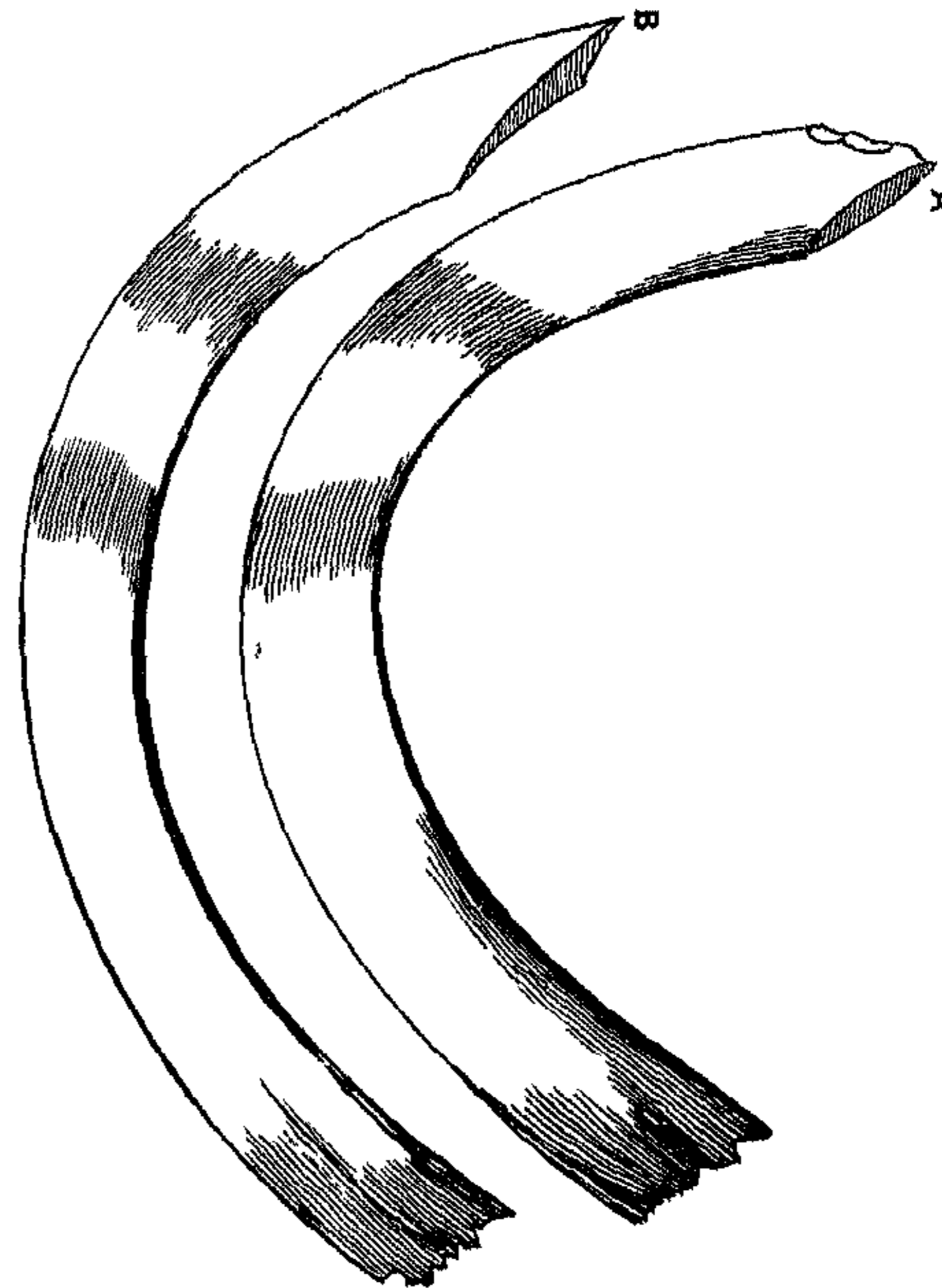
A good deal has been said and written about the size of pigs in the old *Oriental Sporting Magazine*. It was not very uncommon hearing sportsmen writing about having killed 40" and 42" boars. Now, my experience goes over a period of some twenty years, during which time I have seen over four hundred boars killed, and, of course, all the biggest ones were measured, and here are some of their measurements.—

Seven	...38½"	Thirteen	...37½"
Nine	...38"	Thirty-three	...37"

At the end of My Reminiscences, I have appended a list of all the pigs killed, with the names or initials of the owners of first spears; and as most of the big pigs' measurements are given in it, I need not enter into a lengthy detail about those in my present chapter. Of course, a good deal depends on how pigs are measured; I dare say the sportsmen of old measured from the tip of the hoof to the centre of the back instead of from the inside of the hoof.

M. Ferguson, who, barring Archie Hills and a few others, killed as many boars as any one else in the district, told me that when out pig-sticking at *Dewan Sorai*





TUSK A—FOUND IN THE GOREEPPORE JUNGLE  
TUSK B—FROM A BOAR KILLED NEAR HONDONPORE.

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he saw the biggest boar being killed; he (Ferguson) and the Sultan Sahib had the killing of it; though an immense boar, he showed no fight, and measured only 39", so I believe after all that 42" boars are a myth. Now, about the size of boars' tusks. The annexed cut represents the two biggest tusks I have seen; unfortunately they were not from pig killed at any of my meets, both were given to me by that well-known sportsman, Bob Anderson, who, poor fellow, has gone to happier hunting-grounds. The first tusk A was found by some coolies while driving for pigs in the Goreebpore jungle, and the second B was one of a pair from a boar killed by Archie Hills and Bob Anderson somewhere near Non-donpore. Both these tushes measured about  $9\frac{3}{4}$  to 10 inches.

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## CHAPTER II.

### RESURRECTION OF "OUTRAM."

TOWARDS the end of January 1879, that well-known old sportsman, A. Hills, invited some of us to do a little pig-sticking in the then new line of country in the Kalentar, where he had just built a new factory at Sonatieree.

Six of us turned up for dinner : Major Pencock, Judge Bainbridge, J. Stocks, G. Bell, J. Malcolm, and myself. The camp was pitched at a village called Pretabporo. Besides the above party the Nawab Bahadur of Murshedabad came with a couple of his brothers, viz., Soubha Sahob and Musla Sahob. The Nawab was always a very welcome addition, owing to the help he brought us in the shape of elephants, tents, &c., &c.

After a capital dinner every one had to turn in by ten o'clock, for old Hills, if he hates anything it is late hours, specially if there is any pig-sticking to be done next morning.

By five o'clock every one was up and dressed, so a move was soon made after *chota hazree*. Some likely patches of grass brought out only a sounder of sows, a bit of *aeree* proved, however, more successful, and a very

nice little boar broke out. After a good deal of jinking he gave a fair charge and Hills got a good spear. Being speared the pig took shelter in some heavy bush jungle, but the elephants soon had him out of it, and he made straight for Malcolm, who was trying to keep him from making for the village. Malcolm made a dash past and speared the pig, who was round in a second, and for a minute or so had the pony's tail in his mouth. Hills' spear had, however, made him very sick, so instead of trying to make for the village he took shelter in some out *aeree*, from where the elephants again turned him out, and a spear from Stocks put him out of his pains. He was not a big pig, as he measured only 28" or 29", but showed good fight, and had a pair of very fair tusks.

After this first pig was killed a move was made for some very likely patches of grass. The elephants were scarcely in it than out came a very good-sized boar. Instead of making for the village, which was near, and from where nothing could keep him off, he made straight for the open country, trying evidently to get into a *bil* about a couple of miles away. A very exciting chase now ensued; the pig going his best, for the rattling of nearly a dozen horses' hoofs was enough to make him go! Major Peacock, on Roindeer, was showing the way, but he, and Malcolm who was following him, soon came to a big *khal* and had to flounder through. Hills and the rest, seeing the performance before them, took a turn to the left and got across all right. The pig, who had got his wind during this momentary pause, put on a fresh

spurt, but the big clods told more on his small feet than the horses', and he soon took to the *aels* (small ridges of field boundaries generally running at right angles). Malcolm had now slightly headed him ; and no sooner the boar saw what was about than he made straight for him ; a spear just above the left eye made him turn towards the Major, whom he chased for a considerable distance. Before piggy exactly knew what had happened Mills had planted a spear between his shoulders, and he soon rolled over dead. He was a good pig, very lusty and measured about 33", but had very poor blunt tusks, evidently not a very young pig. It was near twelve o'clock now, and as old Mills is always very punctual, a halt was made for tiffin. A big *pacoor* tree, (*figus indicus*) was very handy, but unfortunately it had been denuded of most of its leaves by the *gowalahs* for their cattle. Cold mutton, I mean Patkabaroo mutton, bread and butter washed down with beer and tonic and a dessert of cold pudding, cheese and celery is, I think, more than one may expect in the Kalantar. The Nawab had some entables on the elephants with *paneer* and *pan*, the latter betel leaves, and not the beetles, the late ex-Sanapatee of Manipore was supposed to indulge in.

After a stretching of the limbs and a smoke for those that went in for it, and the horses had been fed and watered, a move was made. A small and half-deserted village called Kemblampore was said to be the haunt of a mysterious boar ; the villagers swore that he was as big as any of their buffaloes, and that he generally came

out after dusk and amused himself by knocking down their stacks of paddy and having a feed at his leisure ! It was between 2 and 3 P.M. before we got to the village ; a few rootings about plainly showed that there were some sorts of pigs about. The village looked very small, though there was a good deal of jungle about. A line was soon made with orders to beat from south to north, the riders taking their position on the east side of the village where the villagers said the boar generally broke from. We never expected much from the small size of the cover ; facts very soon proved, however, that we were mistaken, and had not long to wait. A shot from one of the elephants warned us that something was on the move ; this was soon followed by trumpeting, and the next moment a huge boar appeared on top of a mulberry field. A charge of shot fired as an inducement to hurry up had the desired effect. But the " Resurrection of Outram," as we christened him afterwards, was in no hurry. After investigating the prospects before him, he quietly trotted to where the riders were, and then on to an open bit of country beyond. For fear of turning him back no one budged or spoke a word. Piggy, after going in the open for a couple of hundred yards or so, stopped, as if not knowing exactly what to do, but he had soon made up his mind. With a look of contempt at the riders, coolies, elephants, &c., he began trotting away, but this only for a short distance ; for he soon increased his pace, and seeing the riders were after him, he got across a *khal* ; this balked his followers. " Outram,"

as I shall call him in future, for brevity's sake, stopped to meditate whether he should break back for the village or go on—he preferred the latter; gently trotting away along the west bank of the *khal*, the riders going parallel to him along the east bank. I will give a short description of this *khal* or artificial canal, as I shall have to mention it more than once in My Reminiscences. It was one that connected two *bils* about three miles apart, and was from 30' to 40' broad at the top and about 20' or 25' at the base; in some places it was pretty deep, but most of it was from 2' to 4' deep, with a very nasty and soft bottom. “Outram,” as I said before, was going along the left bank, casting every now and then a look of contempt at his pursuers on the opposite side. After going thus for about half a mile or so, Hills thought that it was an infernal shame to allow this tame game to go on any longer. The riders were trying to find a proper place to ford. “Outram,” who had gone a little ahead, found out what we were about, for the next moment with a savage grunt he plunged into the *khal* and charged the opposite side, scattering the riders in every direction. For a few minutes he stood still rather surprised, I should say, at his own audacity; but with another look of contempt he resumed his journey this time along the east bank of the *khal*, but with no space between him and the water for a rider to get through.

Malcolm, who was on a grey country-bred pony, took advantage of a place where the *khal* had a rather broader

bank to make a dash past. "Outram," who had grown sullen and accustomed to our company, never expected such impudence, and a spear through the jaw soon reminded him that some stern business was about. With all his bristles up, and looking as savage as he could be, he made charges right and left, scattering every one again.

Old Hills, unfortunately for every one, was riding a brute of a waler called True Blue, who had a nasty temper, and who very soon found out what sort of customer was the pig he had to deal with ; and if you did not let him have his way, generally landed you in front of the pig—not a lively prospect, specially in front of a pig as we then had before us. Hills, on a good horse would have, I dare say, soon ended "Outram's" career instead of allowing him to have some sport on his own account later on ! !

The tooth-ache caused by Malcolm's spear was rather troublesome, so after taking a plunge in the *khal* and a roll in the mud he trotted to an open bit of country, and there awaited the end of events. The first to come in close proximity to "Outram" was the Nawab Soubha Sahab, and the next moment both rider and horse were rolling on the ground. "Outram," quite satisfied with this bit of performance, stood still to see what was going to happen next : he was of much too generous a nature to go in for a fallen foe ; but no sooner he saw the bright-coated Nawab get up and run than it was even too much for his noble temper, and leaving the prostrate horse he

made straight for his now fast vanishing foe ; and, most likely, Soubha Sahib would have ended his days gloriously in the field had not Mills seen at once what was about and come to the rescue by riding between the pig and the Nawab. Mills, in calling the attention of the pig to him, saved what, perhaps, would have been a tragic ending. Walking leisurely to a clear bit of ground, he turned round to see what his tormentors were about. Old Mills swearing at his best, and asking us why the devil did we come out if we did not mean to kill the pig, had not much effect ; and as for himself, mounted on True Blue, he was not of much use, and he was of much too generous a nature to ask any one for an exchange of a mount. Major Peacock made an attempt or two to get a spear, but had soon to give up in discomfiture : and now there was the spectacle of a boar standing at bay in a perfectly open bit of country with nine riders, mostly well-mounted, not daring to meet him. " Outram " himself had scarcely had any run, so was as fresh as paint, and with his splendid tusks showing at least three inches outside, he was ready to meet any one half-way. The easy way he had knocked down the Nawab and horse was a warning to others to be rather careful. " Outram," seeing no one was ready to meet him, began trotting away, casting back glances now and then at his pursuers to see how far they were keeping from him !! Old Mills swore that he was far too disgusted to go on any longer, and gave up the chase with the Judge, who for most of the time was quite satisfied looking at piggy through his

glasses. Stocks and the Nawab also soon gave up and returned to the tents.

The Major, Malcolm, Bell, and myself went on to see what we could do with "Outram." The pig, who had been going through some *aeree*, now took to the open, and we thought we might have one more chance before wishing him good-bye. Malcolm and Bell tried to get between him and another piece of *aeree*, but "Outram" must have guessed what was meant, for he made straight for Bell, who was nearest to him, and in three or four bounds was on top of him, and landed with his head on the pommel of George's saddle, of course the spear missed, and in the scrimmage Bell's *topee* fell off, and "Outram," who must have thought it was his pate, made straight for it, but must have been rather disgusted when he found out what it was, and having got his tusches in it had some difficulty in extricating himself free. This gave Bell, who had dropped his spear, time to clear out. The boar, I should say rather disappointed at his late performance, retired to a piece of *aeree*,

We thought there would be no getting him now, so sent the syces to get the elephants; these were, however, not needed, for "Outram" no sooner saw the horses moving along the edges of the *aeree* than he made straight for them. Of course, we never expected this, and the Major, who was standing with his back to the crop speaking to Malcolm, heard a savage grunt behind him. Malcolm, who was standing in front, saw the pig coming, but had no time to warn him. With a most unearthly yell the

Major spurred his horse forward, but not before the pig had the horse's hock in his mouth, so it took a little time for the Major to disengage himself, and from the look of terror on his face, he must have had a few seconds' rather unpleasant sensation. The horse was very slightly cut, or rather bitten, for it was lucky the bear had no opportunity to use his tusks.

It was getting late now, and "Outram" had again retired to the *aeree*; but it was only for a short time, for seeing a large crowd collected under a big banian tree he made straight for them; they saw him come and scrambled up every branch or root they could get hold of, and they were not a minute too soon; for seeing two or three men not very high up the bear took several bounds clear off the ground, and very nearly had one of them whose clothes got round his tusks.

"Outram's" nature was not to lose time after vanquished foes, so he retired again to the *aeree*.

Being dark now, we thought it time to give up, specially as we had some four or five miles to ride to the tents; so Malcolm, after telling the people about to look for his spear, or rather spear-head, which had broken in the pig's jaws, we rode away. We got in just by dinner-time, and the language old Archie used was far from complimentary to all concerned.

"Outram," the next morning, had a little bit of sport which was far more satisfactory than ours the previous day. With the hope of getting the five rupees *bawis* offered by Malcolm for his spear-head, five or six natives took

up the trail of the pig, and found him lying in a *bil* about two miles from the place where we had left him. They thought the best way to polish the boar would be to get into deep water where they would have the advantage over him, but they counted without their host: the first volley of clods had been barely delivered than out came "Outram." Of course, every one took to his heels, but one poor unfortunate was soon overtaken and knocked down. The pig soon made short work of him, literally cutting him to pieces; his companions, seeing how matters had turned, thought only of putting as much distance as they could between themselves and the infuriated boar. Very little help could they have rendered, so they made straight, and as fast as they could, for the village. When the villagers arrived, "Outram" had left the scene of his exploits, leaving his victim dead. I heard afterwards from the H——, a Police Sub-Inspector,—that when the body was sent to Berhampore for *post-mortem*, no less than twenty-three wounds were found on the man, seven of which would have proved fatal. This was the last heard of "Outram," and I have no doubt he lived for many a day afterwards, as he had only two or three slight wounds on him.

By a strange coincidence just a year after when hunting over the same ground, Malcolm's spear-head was found lying almost on the very spot where the boar had crunched Bell's *topee*; evidently it must have dropped during the scrimmage.

I think this boar well deserved the appellation of

“Resurrection of Outram,” for a finer and pluckier pig it has scarcely been my lot to see, though I was at the death of close upon eight hundred of them. He was a magnificent boar, and stood as tall as any pig can be fully 40" (I do not believe of any boar being over that size if properly measured), and though somewhat lanky, had a huge neck with splendid tusks, and altogether the *beau idéal* of a Bengal boar !!

The spectacle of this pig getting away after having been ridden over fully three to four miles of open country in as many hours is, I believe, unique.

Of course, if Hills had been on a trusty mount a different tale would have been told, and a human life been saved.

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## CHAPTER III.

### THIRTY-TWO BOARS IN A MEET !

THE 12th and 13th January, *Sancrantie Pooja*, saw many a boar being killed ; that was our annual cold weather meet, when I was at Ohoa. Though a good many were killed every year on the above two days, thirty-two was a rather unprecedented number.

On the afternoon of the 11th January 188—Archie Hills, Lord William Beresford, Captain the Honorable Harbord, and Lawrie Johnstone got four boars on their way to the meet; two being very good pigs, one of whom gave a little bit of excitement as he had to be polished off on foot in some *aeree*. *Aeree* or *rahar*, is a tall-growing crop growing to the height of seven and eight feet, the beans of which are used by the natives as *dall*.

Of the above four boars Hills got two first spears, Lord William one, and Johnstone one.

I had made arrangements for a party of at least twenty. The Nawab had very kindly lent me all I required in the way of tents, furniture, &c., &c. I had two big tents put up, one as a mess, and the other a sleeping tent for those who could get no accommodation in the house.

From some cause or other only the following turned up, *vis.*—Archib Hills, Lord William Borersford, Lawrie Johnstone, J. Stocks, Captain the Honorable Harbord, M. Ferguson, and R. Lyall. Besides the above seven, the Nawab Bahadoor of Murshedabad came with five of his brothers, among them Sultan Sahob, a straight rider and a good man at a pig.

After a satisfactory dinner and a rubber or two at whist every one had to turn in by eleven o'clock.

Six o'clock next morning saw us all ready and dressed. *Chota hazree* being over a move was made.

Our beating line for the day was to consist of fourteen elephants and some eighty coolies, besides sundry *tom-toms* and empty kerosine oil tins; these latter for any heavy bits of cover we might come across. Our plan for the day was to go to the furthest end of the country we wanted to beat, and work our way homeward and finish with the *patiales* in the evening. I must give a little explanation of what is meant by the *patiales*, as it will be one of the main factors in My Reminiscences.

The "*patiale*," or rather the "*patiales*," for there were three of them, were bits of cover of very heavy jungle, a kind of spear grass growing to a height of eight to ten feet, and used by the villagers for their betel plantations; each of these covers was of about twenty-five to thirty *bigas*.

Two of the *patiales* were close to the village of Choa, and about five hundred yards apart. On three sides it was open country with a big *maidan* on the north, but

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on the south there was the village : the third one was one we had planted out ourselves out of some subscription we raised.

We hunted the *patiales* twice a year regularly—once in the cold weather and once in May—the Queen's Birthday. The *patiales* we had planted ourselves were right away in the open. But *retournons a nos moutons*, as descriptions of this sort get rather tedious.

It took some time to get together the elephants and coolies, and as there was a heavy fog hanging over the *bil* and low lands, we were in no hurry ourselves. As mentioned before, our plan for the day was to go to the furthest end of our line of beat. A start was accordingly made, Ramkristopore village being our destination. On our way we proposed to beat any likely bits of cover we might come across. The elephants, spare horses, and tiffin-boxes were sent ahead and we followed. As a rule, it is a very bad plan to leave any of your followers behind, as very often you never see them again, perhaps, until you are back in the evening. We had not proceeded far on our journey when some villagers shouted to us that they had marked down a pig in some wheat. A line of the riders was soon made, and we rode through the crops, but no pig did we see, neither the sign of one. The villagers were, however, right ; for no sooner the pig saw the riders had gone to the furthest end of the wheat then he broke out and made as fast as his legs could carry him for the *patiales*.

Before proceeding further, I may as well mention that two parties were made as to riding the pigs, viz.—Lord Beresford, Archie Mills, Captain the Honorable Harbord, and Lawrie Johnstone made the first; and the second, or home team, was made up of Stocks, Ferguson, Lyall and the Nawab Bahadoor with the rest of his brothers; and, as to myself, I was appointed a General Commander-in-Chief, and had to look after everyone and everything!

As I said before, the pig made for the *patiales*, but with the good horses and still better riders he had not the ghost of a chance. After one or two jinks, he came in straight into Lord William, who dropped him dead with one spear. Johnstone claimed having first touched the pig; but, there being no blood on his spear and very little mark on the pig, he had to give in. This was a rather good boar, and measured about 33", an old gunshot wound made him go slightly lame.

No sooner was this pig killed than there were shouts of another pig being seen in the distance coming across the *maidan*, and evidently making for the *patiales*. There was a pell-mell rush, and after an exciting chase of a couple of miles—the pig was about a mile off when first seen—Captain Harbord, who was ahead of everyone, was seen to swerve off and put up his spear, of course, that meant sow. This ride brought us considerably out of the line of country we wanted to beat, so we determined not to try any more crops or grass on our way, but make straight for our destination, which was still some three or four miles away.

A couple of hours' ride brought us to the ground, but we were disappointed on finding that some of the grass had been cut. A halt was made for the elephants and coolies to come up, and the tiffin-boxes being handy, a peg and biscuits were rather acceptable.

In about fifteen minutes the rear-guard having come up into line, an advance was soon made. The first boar was to be ridden by the home team. The beat seemed to be rather disappointing, as the grass had been cut in several places, and cart-wheel tracks made all over the place ; and, now, if there is anything pigs either dislike or funk is the grinding noise made by rusty cart-wheels. Very seldom a piece of grass that has been used by carts will be found inhabited by pigs. Towards the end of the patch there was a *seemul* or cotton tree with rather heavy grass underneath it, and out from it bounded a very good-sized boar. The pig made straight for the village, but there being no heavy cover went right through, and eventually after a good deal of twisting and turning he was speared by Ferguson, who thus secured first spear. Lyall coming up soon after finished him with a good spear. He was a very fair boar and must have measured about 32", but had a small head and very little tusks.

The next couple of hours were rather slow ; the country we went over being denuded of all grass or crops big enough to give shelter to a pig.

It was now about twelve o'clock, and a big tree being handy a move was made towards it and the tiffin elephant

ordered up. Some of us had dismounted ; but Lyall, who was still on his grey pony, thought of riding into and examining an old ditch partly overgrown with grass. The place looked so small and unlikely for a pig to hide in that no one ever dreamt for a moment that there was a boar right in the midst of us. However, Lyall had scarcely got down in the ditch than out rushed a splendid boar and went through riders, horses, coolies, &c., and made straight for Dhorompore village. Lord William Beresford, Captain Harbord, Lawrie Johnstone and one or two others were soon after him. Both the pig and riders going at a rattling pace, and negotiating some rather big obstacles in fine style. The pig, who knew his line of country and the short distance he had to go to get to the village, never thought of looking back, and must have been rather astonished and considerably surprised when he found himself being prodded by Lord Beresford. No sooner the boar found himself being speared than he got on to a high bit of ground and turned round ready to meet any of his pursuers. A big ditch round the place and some small trees about were all in piggy's favour, so he remained master of the situation ; the remaining distance to the village being nothing but mulberry fields with big ditches ; it was simply impossible to think of riding over such a country. After a desultory ride among village houses and lanes the boar was marked down in a clump of bamboos, but much too thick to get him out off, unless with the elephants, and these were a long way behind. There was nothing now

for it but to give it up and return to where we had left the tiffin-boxes and the rest of the party. As Lord William's spear was still in the pig, we promised the usual *bovis* to any one who should bring it.

While riding through the village after this pig Lord William had a rather pleasant adventure. After losing the pig, and while looking for it, he found himself all of a sudden at a tank *ghât*, where the village maidens were disporting themselves. Lord William was so charmed that he quite forgot about the pig for the time being and tried to enter into a conversation, but knowing very little the lingo of the country he expressed himself the best way he could ; and, according to him, this is what he said : "*Atcha ! bhot atcha ; khook atcha !*" Whether the young ladies understood him or not is a matter of doubt, but at all events Lord Beresford thought they did, and seemed much pleased and tried to enter into conversation with them, but having some sterner work on hand he had to come away.

We had just finished tiffin when a man came running to tell us that the wounded pig we had left in the clump of bamboos had cut up two men very badly, and that most likely one of them was dead by this time.

Old Archie said it served them d—d well right, as they had no business to go and disturb a wounded boar, but some of us thought otherwise and went to see what was the matter. This is what had occurred. With the hope of getting the *bovis* for the spear, two of the men, who had their houses quite close to where the pig lay,



went in to the bamboo clump. At first they could not see anything, as the pig was lying in a ditch. No sooner, however, the boar saw the men than he made straight for them; the first man hit the pig over the head with a stick, but the next moment he was knocked over and out up fearfully; but though none of the wounds were mortal, still he was crippled for life. The man's companion, on seeing the pig, had at first gone up a bamboo; but, when he saw his friend being mauled, he very pluckily came down the bamboo to the rescue, and very luckily for him he tumbled into a hole. The pig charged, but not seeing the man he went right over him, and the only wound the man got was a rather nasty cut in the face from the pig's hoofs as he passed on top of him. The usual *dustoor* of *bowis* and *Dare munus alioné* very soon satisfied the wounded men, only if the one who had been badly cut had gone to hospital, instead of staying at home and being treated by the village quacks, he might have been saved from being a cripple.

After men and beasts had refreshed themselves, a move was made towards a nice *khor* or grass field, which I had induced the men not to cut, promising two rupees for every boar that broke out of it—the grass was about three-quarters mile long and about two to three hundred yards wide. A *bill* on either side made the place perfect. Several blind ditches and holes kept the riders outside. A line was made, and the twelve elephants and some fifty coolies which we had was more than ample to beat it. The line was to beat from north to south, the riders

riding along both sides of the grass. Small flags were used on this occasion to denote what sides the pigs went; red if they went ahead of the line, and white if they broke back. This was the second time I had used flags, and they would be very useful if the instructions were properly carried, but the *mahouts* are apt to lose their heads and make a mess of it; so it is better to leave them to their own devices, unless an interested European or native be on the elephants and keep the line in order.

The line being now ready an advance was soon made. The first part of the grass to boat was rather heavy and intersected by *nullahs* and ditches, but the waving of the red rags very soon told us something was afoot and going ahead of the line. The party who were riding along the west side of the grass saw a pig quietly come out of the grass and go into the *bil*, but seeing the riders he did not make a long stay in it, and was soon out of it making straight for the open. The order to ride was now given, and Lord Boresford was soon alongside the boar; but a nasty *khal*, with very soft mud at the bottom, had to be negotiated. The pig got across all right as he ran down the bank and jumped the narrow bed. Lord William, who was following him, was not so fortunate; his horse stuck in the mud and rolled over with him, and it was with some difficulty that he extricated himself and pulled his horse after him; the rest of the party, who were more knowing, went round across a bridge that was higher up the *khal*. Lord Boresford had

soon remounted his horse after he had got across, and by the time the rest of the party had come round by the bridge the pig had already been speared twice: the second time the spear breaking in the pig. The boar when speared made for some plum bushes; but instead of going inside he stood at bay in front of one of them. Lord William, whose spear was broken, was standing a few paces off. Piggy, seeing the other riders coming, thought it was time to clear out, so made straight for the river which was not very far off. Mills, who knew the line of country, got between the boar and the water; seeing his retreat cut off the pig charged into Archie, who dropped him dead with a good spear behind the shoulder. While this pig was being killed, two others had broken out of the same patch of grass, Captain Harbord, Johnstone, Stocks, Lyall and myself going after one, and the Nawabs after the smaller of the two.

The one we went after made straight for the *patiales*; but the way he was hustled from the first made him turn towards a neighbouring village for shelter. Captain Harbord raced him along a broad *acl* and very nearly came to grief, as the pig would not get out of the way, and the horse bowled him over just as he was being speared. While we were killing this pig the Nawabs, who had gone after the other one, had also succeeded in killing it: the Sultan Sahob getting first spear and having afterwards, I believe, to do the whole of the killing.

Three pigs having been accounted for in less than half an hour a move was again made towards the grass. The

elephants, who had stopped beating and were waiting for our return, now made a move forward, and the waving of the red rags soon proclaimed something was afoot. A pig broke out and made for the *patiale*; it proved to be a sow, but the Nawabs, who thought it was a boar, amused themselves by chasing it all over the country, till the sow, who thought she had been bothered enough, began in her turn chasing the Nawabs.

This sow was soon followed by a good-sized boar, who also made for the *patiales*. Hills, who had started with the pig, took him at a rattling pace, and piggy, who evidently did not understand being shoved in this way, turned sharp round and very nearly brought Hills to grief, but the spear he got prevented him making good his charge, though he left some of the froth from his tusks on Hills' boots. Lord William, who was not far behind, soon came up and rolled over the pig dead. Another boar, a smaller one, had also broken out about the same time: Stocks getting first spear. Five boars having been accounted out of this patch of grass—a rather satisfactory bit of work—a move was made towards the *patiales*. On our way a very likely cover—some *sissoo* trees with bushes all round—was beaten. No sooner were the elephants in than out broke a regular sounder; but there was only one fair-sized boar in the lot, the rest being sows and *butchas*. The boar was soon separated and made for the *patiales* as fast as his legs could carry him, and he had reasons to use them with a vengeance with the brigade of cavalry after

him. Lord Beresford, who was not only the best mounted but the strongest rider, was very soon alongside the boar, and after one or two jinks got a fair spear rather behind. This made the pig turn round and face his host of pursuers, and though a small pig he seemed to be everywhere, for he knew there was no escape for him now, and died nobly fighting to the last; he was a very well-made pig with sharp tusks and measured 31".

This last run had brought us very near our destination, *viz.*, the *patiales*, so we had merely to wait for the elephants and coolies to come up, refreshing ourselves in the meanwhile with sundry pegs. As soon as the *hathees* arrived the beating of the *patiales* commenced; and, with the shouting of coolies, beating of *tom-toms* and kerosine tins, the line advanced. It was about four o'clock—the best time to beat the *patiales*, as the pigs about this time not only come out much more easily, but do not make for the village, but for the open. Pigs of all sizes, shapes and descriptions were soon seen running all over the *maidan*; in about half an hour four boars were accounted for, there being only one good-sized pig. The spears were as follows:—Lord William Beresford one, Harbord one, Johnstone one, and the Sultan Sahob one.

Old Archie thought we had had quite enough, and twelve pigs was not a bad day's work. The factory and camp being quite close we rode in, and fizz and soda soon made us forget our toils. We were all very hungry and ready for dinner, so after a tub and a capital repast,

in which the Nawabs joined us, we all soon found ourselves in the arms of Morpheus.

The morning of the 18th saw us all up and dressed by five o'clock, and after a substantial *chota hazree* we mounted our horses and ordered the coolies and elephants to move ahead.

Our plan for the day was to beat crops and grass in the forenoon, and finish with the *patiale* in the afternoon.

Some light grass with *babool* trees was first tried, and we had scarcely gone in when an old boar, who was sunning himself by the side of a bush, got up and stretched himself rather dazed, I should say, at the sight before him. Half-a-dozen riders were soon after him, Lawrie Johnstone getting first spear. The Sultan Sahib tried to hustle between Johnstone and the pig, and was treated, I believe, to some rather unparliamentary language.

While this pig was being killed, two more were put up from some patches of grass : Lord William Boresford securing the spear of one and the Sultan Sahib the other ; the first of these two boars was the biggest, the other two being rather smallish ones. Some more grass was beaten after this, but with the exception of an old sow with a lot of *butchas* nothing more was seen. The bit of country we next came to looked rather disappointing ; for, with the exception of some small bushes here and there and a few patches of wheat, there was nothing like any heavy cover to be seen. But our dis-



appointment was rather pleasant, for in the next hour or two no less than eight, all very good boars, were killed.

In the middle of the open, and just alongside a road, we came to a small thorny bush barely sixty or seventy feet in circumference. Hills, Lord William, some two or three others and myself stood round it talking and waiting for the elephants to come up. A slight rustle warned us the place was inhabited. Some of the sycos having come up a few clods were thrown in, when out came a very good boar. As we started at his tail he did not go far : Hills getting first spear. Lord Boresford coming up speared him a second time, the spear breaking in the pig who staggered and lay down in a pool of water. While this pig was being killed another one started out of the same small bush, and there was a rush after him. Lord William getting first spear, the pig going and lying near the one first speared.

The cold bath had evidently revived number one, who got up and made tracks for the village. Hills, who has great objections to allowing wounded pigs to go, especially near inhabited places, called out to go and polish him off. Some four or five, including himself and a couple of the Nawabs, went ; the pig had by this time got among ditches where it was impossible to ride. Hills and Captain Harbord dismounted and went on foot after the boar, who seemed to be rather done up; but he had more life still in him than they expected; for no sooner was he speared then he tried to climb the sides of the ditch he was in. Hills and Captain Harbord had all





LORD W. BERESFORD, V. C.



they could do to keep him off from coming at them. The two Nawabs who had not dismounted were evidently enjoying the fun. This was too much for old Archie, who shouted to them to come down from their horses, and come and help in killing the pig. The Nawabs, whose dignity had been offended, left the place at once, and for the rest of the day they were to be seen only on the backs of the elephants. In the meanwhile the pig in the ditch had been killed without any further assistance.

During the time these two pigs were being killed the rest of the party were not idle ; for pigs were seen running all over the country. Lawrie Johnstone, who had gone after one all to himself, had got his mare badly cut, though he managed to kill the boar—a very good pig, one of the best of the day. In less than an hour seven pigs were accounted for. What had brought them together in such an open country was the presence of a large herd of tame pigs, and they evidently wanted to improve the breed. Ten pigs by eleven or half-past eleven o'clock was not a bad forenoon's work. These last seven first spears were divided as follows:—Lord Boresford three, Johnstone two, Hills one, the Nawab Bahadoor one.

A big tree being handy a move was made towards it to satisfy the inner man. On our way we had some grass to ride through, so made a line of the horses and coolies.

Lord William, who was riding talking to the Captain, was heard to shout Tally-ho ! and a splendid grey boar broke from the grass and made for Srieopore village.

Some rushed after him, but the more knowing ones went to the back of the village. After a short time he was seen to quietly come out and make for a *bil* about half a mile off. We did not like to frighten him at first for fear of turning him back to the village; the pig went in the water and there lay with nothing but his head visible, and the sight of a dozen horsemen did not seem to frighten or disconcert him in the least. As we got nearer to the *bil* he got up and came a few paces nearer as if to welcome us. The ground was very soft, so we had to remain on the bank; the boar when he got to the edge gathered himself up as if he wanted to finish off the affair with a charge as the old Imperial Guard. He was, however, mistaken in his conclusion, as Hills met him half-way, and the reception he got was more than he bargained for. Going in the water and lying down he again came out and charged the lot of us, Stocks, on a Burma pony, being nearly knocked over; but the old boar had no chance, and with the two or three spears sticking on him he sat on his haunches, and with a defiant look in his small eyes he rolled over dead, without a groan.

*"Odi te, bestia! Tu es magnus stultus! Ut tu es!"*

He was by far the biggest and, perhaps, the best pig of the moot, and measured 37"; his tusks were rather worn, and he had not a bristle or hair on him except a few just at the end of his tail. This was a rather satisfactory winding before lunch.

A *peepul* tree (*Ficus religiosa*) was spotted not far away, and as soon as we got there the tiffin-boxes were taken down from the back of the elephants, and the good things spread on horses' blankets looked more appetizing than on the finest damask table-cloths.

Tiffin over, and the horses having been fed and watered, a move was made towards Gozneepore village; but, strange to say, some of the best covers of the day were beaten, not a pig did we see. By three o'clock we were back to the *patiale*. The elephants and coolies were shoved in, and, after a good deal of tom-toming and shouting, a good-sized boar was seen to come out and make for the preserve or new *patiale*. Lord William, on a brown waler—"Arthur," the winner of the previous year's Trades or Ganges Cup—took him at a racing pace and was soon alongside; the boar being hard-pressed fell flat on his side and escaped being speared. Turning round Lord Beresford met him, and though the pig dropped dead, he just managed to cut the horse, though not very badly. Three more pigs broke about the same time: one got away, but the other two were killed. Captain Harbord getting the spear of one and Archie the other. These last two boars were rather small, and brought the number of killed during the day to fourteen—not a bad day's work—and as we rode home, we thought we well deserved the fizz and soda that awaited us.

Most of us wanted to turn in early as we felt rather tired, but had some difficulty in getting rid of a local Zemindar—a Young Bengal—who had come to pay his

respects to his Lordship, and whose great ambition was to have his name taken down for the next *levee* and drawing-room at Government House. Fortunately for us the Baboo, who had refused pogs, asked to have some tea. When this was brought Lawrie got hold of the teapot and insisted on the Baboo opening his mouth so that he might give him something hot to drink ; the Baboo thought it was now time to clear out, so wishing us a hasty good-bye, he retired and was not seen again that night.

The Baboo evidently believed that Johnstone had taken more of something than was good for him; for, when I saw him the next time, he told me he thought the gentleman who wanted to pour boiling tea down his throat was "most shurely intoxicated!"

Early on the morning of the 14th all the local men and the Nawabs had left for their own places. Hills and myself thought of giving a little more sport to the Calcutta guests before they left; so we went across the small river Bhoirop to see what we could do there. The first few patches of grass brought over only a couple of sows and a liek floriken which was shot by Hills' syce, but we were more lucky in some bush jungle, and a good-sized boar was soon out and made for Rocoopore village. Captain Harbord having headed him, he turned sharp round and came into Hills who, however, missed him. Johnstone managed, however, to spear him, and very nearly came to grief over the pig. Feeling rather sick, the pig went and took shelter in some cut *parce* from where the elephants tried to kick him out. Lord

Beresford finished him. This pig looked much bigger than he really was on account of the heavy crop of bristle he carried; but at the same time he was a very tough pig. The next couple of hours' beating brought out nothing, till a solitary boar started out of some bush right in the open. Lord William, who took him at a rattling pace, came to awful grief in some *aeree*, his steed stumbled and rolled over him. Seeing a riderless horse galloping away, we went to see what was the matter, and found Lord William sitting on the ground with his collar-bone broken. His Lordship was badly shaken, but did not seem to mind much the broken collar-bone, as, I believe, this was the fourth or fifth time that this slight mishap had occurred to him. Of course, this put an end to what would otherwise have been a most successful meet. By a strange coincidence just a little over a year after, and in places within five miles of each other, the ex-Commander of the *Condor* also broke his collar-bone riding the same horse, "Arthur."

*Measurement of Pigs killed during this Meet.*

1 pig	...	...	...	37 in. high.
3 pigs	..	...	...	35 "
4 "	...	...	...	34 "
4 "	...	..	...	32½ "
7 "	...	...	...	31 "
7 "	...	...	...	26 "
6 "	...	...	...	not measured.

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32      Average height of 26 measured 31½".

The six not measured were amongst the biggest. Four of these must have averaged fully 34" to 34½".

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE "PATIAL" ON FIRE.

THIS was one of our usual cold weather meets, *Son-erantie Pooja*, and we christened the first meet of the Murshedabad Tent Club, as we intended getting up a tent club, similar to the old Calcutta one.

On the 12th January, 1875, Archie Hills, Ferguson, Lyall, Irvine and Robertson turned up.

Archie Hills came in the morning, and as the rest of the party were only expected in the evening, we proposed getting on the elephants and beating some of the village jungles to drive the pigs out to some more open country for the next day's hunt. At about three o'clock the elephants were ordered to be brought up, and just as we were about to make a start Robertson turned up and went along with us.

The jungle we beat was very dense and crossed by several *nullahs* and yawning ditches; Bob, who had not had much experience of sitting in a *howdah*, or rather on a pad, thought every moment the elephant he was on was going over with him, and held on like grim death. What made all this the more exciting was the *mahout* telling us the elephant Robertson was on was not to be

trusted, as it had only a few months before killed a man and two women!!

We put up several sounders of pigs, but owing to the thickness of the jungle we could not see if there were any good boars among them. By the time we got back to the house the rest of the fellows had arrived.

After having seen the horses properly stabled for the night, and an early dinner, and a rubber or two at whist we retired to our virtuous couches.

Next morning after we were dressed and *chota hazree* over, we made a move towards the *patiale*. Two parties were made as to riding the pigs—Archie Hills, Lyall and Robertson made the first, and Ferguson, Irvine and myself the second. The first party won the toss and, of course, got the ride of the first boar that broke.

We had seven elephants and about sixty coolies. To make as much noise as possible, we had put three big drums on the backs of the elephants, and a lot of *bombs* to be let off in the stern of some refractory old boar. As all my readers may not exactly know what is meant by *bombs* or *bomes*, I will explain in a few words. *Bombs* or *bomes*, is the name given by natives to a kind of firework used only to make as much noise as possible, and the report made by one of them is not very unlike to that made by a small gun. A cocoa-nut shell, scooped out and left whole, is filled with gunpowder, and then wrapped round tight with jute, till about the size of a small child's head. A fuse is attached, and

when this is lighted and the *bomb* thrown, off it goes, scattering the ignited jute all over the place.

As soon as a proper line of the coolies and elephants had been made, the advance began amid firing of *bombs*, beating of *tom-toms* and shouting of coolies. With the infernal din going on, we expected to see pigs break all over the place ; but were greatly disappointed as we saw the elephants get closer and closer to the end of the boat without any signs of pigs moving ahead of the line. One of the wing elephants got rather restless, as if it had smelt or soon something, and we thought that we were at last to be rewarded by the sight of something coming out, and something did come out ; but it was only a couple of big “*khatasses*” (*Viverra-Zibettas*).

We wondered if the spirit of some mysterious old boar had not appeared and warned his kindred in the flesh of what was in store for them ! ! A couple of more boats backwards and forwards proving blank, we moved to the other and bigger *patiale*.

The line had barely been made, and the first discharge of artillery fired, than out bounded an immense boar. After going a short distance he stopped, and evidently smelt something and felt half-inclined to return to the *patiale* ; but a *bomb* let off at close quarters had the desired effect and made him change his mind, and he trotted off towards the open country.

Archie Hills, Lyall and Robertson were soon after him ; the pig, seeing himself pressed, went away in big bounds. Old Archie on a big chestnut water mare, going his best,

Lyall close behind him on a grey Cabullee, while Robertson's steed seemed to be going like an old steam-engine, and it was all Bob could do to hold the old "Colonel" and follow the pig, while the way he held his spear—ship's yard fashion—showed he was not very well at ease ! ! To us, standing and looking on, it seemed as if the pig was getting away : he had turned round now and was making for the *patiale* we had first beaten in the morning. To us the excitement was even greater than to those who were following the pig. It sounds tame when written—but to us with our eyes scanning to catch every movement of the riders and the pig, the blood through our veins running faster and faster, the beating of our hearts getting louder and louder, till every other mortal thought is forgotten for the time being—the excitement was intense. The big mare covered much more ground than she appeared to do, and the boar, seeing Archie Hills trying to cut off his retreat from the friendly cover of the *patiale*, made strait for him. A good spear, though rather a little too far behind, made him pull up rather astonished ; Lyall coming up got a second spear, and a third spear from Archie made him totter and soon after roll over dead. He was a very fine and heavy pig, very fat and lusty, and was what I should call a Baboo among the *soors* ! ! !

After this first boar had been duly measured and criticized—he measured 88½" with a very good head—a move was again made towards the *patiale* ; the elephants who had halted were again ordered to advance. A few *bombs* had scarcely been let off than a regular

herd of pigs came out. There must have been at least twenty of all shapes and sizes, a fine big boar showing the way, and besides him there must have been at least another two or three smaller boars. Ferguson, Irvine, and myself were soon after the old gentleman, while the other party went after one of the smaller ones.

The pigs at first all stuck together, but being pressed they very soon separated. Ferguson, on a black water gelding—The “Rake”—pushed the boar from the start. Irvine, who is of a rather jealous disposition, and who saw there would be very little chance of his getting first spear on his country-bred, was shouting to hold hard, and not ride the pig yot, as he would turn back to the *patiale*. This made McNiol, who know what was meant by it, go all the harder. The pig did try, however, to break back ; but as he had gone a long distance he had not the ghost of a chance. Seeing no way to escape he came straight into Ferguson who got a good spear in him, his horse escaping being cut by an inch. The spear was left in the pig who, however, soon pulled it out. Irvine coming up got a second spear, and it was now a running fight, the pig making for the *patiale*, but always ready to meet any one who came near him. With a couple of spears sticking in him he sat on his haunches ; but not a groan did he utter, and finally, when mortally wounded he lay down to die, it was with a savage twinkle in his small eyes : he was a fine pig all over, and

Was it not grim delight  
To see the old boar fight ?

The first party, who had gone after another boar, had also killed it, and though not a big pig he showed good fight, and he managed to give a slight cut to Lyall's horse who had got first spear. I forgot to mention that the second big boar killed measured exactly the same as No. 1, *viz.*, 38½", and had a pair of splendid sharp tusks.

Our horses being rather done up we made our way towards the village where the tiffin-boxes had been sent.

On our way we noticed a good deal of smoke coming out of the *patiale*, but took it only for the remains of the fireworks we had let off, and the ignited jute from the *bombs* burning.

A Baboo's garden-house being handy we ordered the tiffin-boxes to be brought there. While discussing their contents we heard the crowd who had come to see the *shikar*, shout, "The *patiale* burns!" and the next moment flames and smoke shot up high in the air. Burnt leaves and grass began flying on all sides, and at one time we thought the village was in danger. Old Archie put a rather long face on, for, as he said, if any thing serious was to happen, they would be all down on him as being the most substantial among those present there. We were saved, however, from such a serious consequence as the burning of the village, though we had to pay some compensation for the damage done to the *patiale*, which was a mere trifle compared to what we should have had to pay if any part of the village had burnt down.

By the time tiffin was over the pigs who objected to being burnt or scorched were seen running all over the place, some getting into the village, while others took to the open country. We were soon in the saddle again, but there were no more parties now. We all made for what looked like the biggest pig in the distance; but after a ride of a couple of miles, Ferguson who was the first to come up, was seen to swerve off, and, of course, we knew it was a sow. Soon after this we saw another pig standing in the shade of a plum or *cool* tree (*jujuba vulgaris*). He allowed us to get pretty near, when away he went with a few big bounds. We saw at once it was a boar; after going for about half a mile, piggy, who objected being ridden any further, turned sharp round and came into Hills, who missed him as his horse shied. The boar then made for Ferguson who hit him over the head, the spear not penetrating the hard skull; but this must have given him a bad headache, as he kept shy of the spears. Tyall got second spear, and soon after old Hills, with his "sudden death" method, put him out of his pains. This was a young boar, very black, with a good pair of tusks and measured 31".

Scarcely had this last pig been killed, than we saw another coming from the *puttule* towards us; we went down the bed of a dry *khul* so as to show ourselves as little as possible; the pig quietly came on, till, seeing us, he made for a small village about a mile away; as he had not had much of a start, he was soon caught up, Hills giving him a prod from behind. The pig being

speared went and lay in a small pool of water, and I never saw before or since such a coward of a pig, he seemed to be paralyzed with fear, and never attempted either to fight or make a bolt of it for life, and died as he had lived, squeaking to the last. Robertson thought it a good opportunity to blood his maiden spear, but in his excitement, instead of spearing the pig, he managed to touch his horse's hind-quarters who kicked out most viciously. This was a pretty good pig, as regards size, as he measured a little under 31".

We might have got another two or three boars, but as most of us had ridden the same horse since the morning, we thought it was time we should give them rest. Barring the burning the of *patiale*, for which we to pay some sixty or seventy rupees compensation, it was a rather successful meet, only it was a pity we had had not all of us spare horses, or another two or three pigs would have been accounted for.

*Measurement of Pigs killed during this Meet.*

2 pigs	...	...	...	38½ in. high.
1 pig	...	...	...	32 "
1 "	...	...	...	31 "
1 "	...	...	...	31 "
5	Average height		...	34¾".

## CHAPTER V.

### A FIERY OLD GENTLEMAN.

ABOUT the beginning of October, 1887, Morey and I were out riding one morning. We had no spears with us, and I had only brought a gun with me in case we should put up any snipe or plovers.

While riding along we heard some people, who were cutting paddy, shout and kick up a row as if they had seen something, in fact, just the kind of row they would make if they saw a pig. Morey and I were trying to find out what this was all about, when we saw a few hundred yards off a big boar coming toward us. When he saw us he put up his ears as if he meant to come at us ; but changing his mind he made for some *gehena* (*saccharum ciliare*), a tall-growing fodder crop, where he took shelter.

Morey, whose blood is always up when he sees pigs, proposed to send to Sunkurpore for spears, and hailing one of the men who was cutting paddy, we sent him off at once to the place.

While waiting for the spears to come up Morey and I devised what we thought would be the best means to get the pig out, *viz.*, to send in the eight or ten coolie

we had together, with a couple of empty kerosine tins, and kick up as much row as possible in the *gehema*. The spears having arrived we exchanged mounts, Morey getting on my waler horse, and I on his 12-2 pony. When we were ready we sent the men in to the crop, a couple of small dogs we had with us following them. As the piece of *gehema* was rather big, and the stuff high and thick, it took some time to find piggy's whereabouts; but no sooner was he roused than he charged one of the kerosine tin-men, knocking him over and slightly cutting him in what, I should say, was a rather tough and horny part of a native!!! Of course, we heard the hoof, hoof, of the pig, and the next moment our beaters were rushing headlong out of the place, leaving their kerosine tins behind. We did not know what to do next; it would not have been safe to send the men in again, as the bear seemed to be an ugly customer. We thought our best plan would be now to fire off a few charges of shot in the place, not with the chance of hitting the pig, as we did not know where he was, but with every possibility of frightening him. After throwing a few volleys of clods we fired off half-a-dozen shots. This had the desired effect; for piggy, finding the place too noisy, cleared out at once. He had gone a pretty good distance before we discovered he had broken out. On seeing us he made for the *bil*, which he crossed and got on to some *Khor* lands. Morey and I had to go over a bridge, as a *khal*—Beresford *Khal* as we nicknamed it—on account of the mishap his Lordship had in crossing

it, intervened between us and the boar. Once across, we made for our foe who, on seeing us, never tried to run but waited for us to come up. Morey put on steam, so as to meet the boar, who was also quite ready to meet him half-way. But, to our astonishment, the pig all of a sudden fell over and had some difficulty in getting up again. The horse shying made Morey miss what would otherwise have been an easy spear; the pig on getting up made again for the *bil*. We then saw that he had been wounded sometime previously, evidently an old gun-shot wound, and his thigh put out of joint, so that whenever he tried to turn sharp round he fell over. I suppose piggy seeing himself at a disadvantage with his game log, went, as I said before, into the *bil*. There was a heavy crop of *amone*, or winter paddy, growing in the water, and the pig soon disappeared in it, but we could see by the waving of the *dhan* which way he was travelling. We thought now there would be no more chance of getting him out, and he was quite master of the situation for the time being. The few coolies we had with us would not venture in the paddy, as they did not know where he might be lying. A bright thought struck us all of a sudden. There was a small boat or *dinghy* in the *bil*, why not utilize it to drive this amphibious boar? Our plan was soon made; we sent a couple of men in the boat with instructions to drive him towards us—I mean the side we were going to. We rode round to the side we had first started the boar from. The boatmen, on seeing us, commenced steering towards

us. At first they could see nothing of the pig, but the waving of the paddy soon showed them where he was making for. The shouting of the men and banging of the kerosine tins warned piggy that there was to be no peace for him in the *bil*, so he began to move ahead very reluctantly, I should say. He was now above his depth, so progress was slow ; and to the boatmen also, who could move but very slowly in the thick paddy and weeds. To us, standing on *terra firma*, nothing was visible but the stern of the *dinghy*, and we knew now that the pig was coming across to the side we were on. For a short time we were in suspense, till we caught sight of the pig as he got on to a ridge, and then, I suppose, seeing us he stood waiting to see what was going to happen next. We could see the boat gradually forging ahead till it was nearly on top of the pig ; the men in the boat on seeing him started shouting and beating on the empty cans. Master piggy was roused by this time, for no sooner did he see the bow of the boat get near him than he made a charge at it ; luckily for its occupants, as he did so he fell again into deep water, and though he managed to get his two front legs in the boat, he could not jump in, as he would have otherwise done had his feet rested on the ground. Being balked in his efforts, the boar sullenly retired and made towards where we were ; he had partly to swim and partly to wade ; but no sooner he got on drier land than he made for us, at first at a trot, and when about twenty paces or so he put on spurt and came charging straight down,

and the last few yards he covered in big bounds. Moroy, who went to meet him, misjudged the distance and missed the pig, who in his last jump just grazed the horse's hip, a 15-8 waler, so the jump must have been at least four feet off the ground. After this last charge the pig again got in the field of *gehema*. To get him out now seemed to be out of the question, as it would have been simply madness to send in the men in such heavy cover after an infuriated boar; but I must say pigs have this in their favour, that when once roused they become so restless and suspicious that they will not stick in any cover, no matter how heavy it may be, except when badly wounded, but will go through. So in this case the pig stayed just time enough to get back his wind and then cleared out of the place towards the side which he thought the quietest. It was sometime before we, who were consulting as to what would be the best way to get him out, found out that he had gone away. We found him leisurely trotting along the bank of the *khal*, but no sooner he saw us coming than he pulled up and then came straight down. Moroy managed to get a rather good spear somewhere in the neck, but the bamboo being rotten it broke. The boar, on finding himself speared, chased Moroy, who had to make a bolt for it, as he had no spear; getting a fresh one he went to meet the pig again, who was waiting on the bank of the *khal*. The horse he was on, an old pig-sticker evidently, did not like the look of affairs and became rather unsteady, and though he did not actually shy off, he turned his

head away whenever he saw the pig coming down, so, though Morey got a couple more spears, they were not what you call killing spears. Finding the game getting rather warm the boar jumped down in the bed of the *khal* and made for the river ; and when we got to the bank we found him striking across for the opposite side, and I am sure the look he gave us was almost a wink ! !

The River Bhoirop, though not broad or deep, is still deep enough not to allow of its being forded with safety ; and the nearest ferry was at least two miles away ; so Morey and I did not exactly know what to do next. We did not like the idea of letting a wounded boar go, specially as it was near a village. On the opposite side was a big rice or cargo boat. We hailed the boatmen to take us across ; we could not take the horses with us ; not only was the country where the pig had gone not rideable but the boat could not do so. So taking the few coolies we had with us and the gun with some big shot cartridges we got ourselves carried across.

At first we could see nothing of the pig, as he had disappeared among some mulberry ditches, but all of a sudden there were shouts and the boar was seen in full chase after a score or so of villagers, who had now joined in the hunt ; for a few minutes there was scarcely three or four feet between the boar and some of the bipeds. Luckily pigs are not vindictive ; for no sooner he saw the defeat he had inflicted than he again retired to the mulberry ditches.

Morey and I thought the fun rather exciting, as we did not know whose turn it would be next. After a short time he was seen to go into a bush. We crept up close enough to be safe, and fired off a couple of charges of big shot; the next moment the boar was out and made straight for the place we were standing on; in a moment we were up some bamboos, and not a minute too soon, for the pig passed underneath us. Seeing that all his enemies had vanished like ghosts, he retired to a heavier bit of cover from where we tried, but in vain, to dislodge him. Feeling, I should say, rather sick he must have laid down in some cool mud-hole.

Three days after the news was brought of this pig's death at a village fully two miles from the place where we had left him last. This was a very black and gaunt-looking pig, and must have measured 35 to 36 inches, and had a very fine pair of tusks. The wound in the leg made him very savage, and he gave us a few hours' rare sport; it was a pity, though, that we had not the satisfaction of performing his funeral rites.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### GOZNEPORA GRASS OR "KHOR" HUNTING. FOUR GRIZZLY OLD VETERANS.

ABOUT the end of December, 1868, I got a letter from Bob Anderson, from Patkabaree, saying that he was coming over next morning with Archie Mills and a couple of Calcutta friends to hunt the country round about Choâ and to meet them at Bhola Ghât.

Next day by ten o'clock I was at the *Ghât*, but as there was no sign of the party turning up I thought I might as well take a round and see how the country looked.

Though it was a little too late in the season for grass-hunting, still some of the brown-looking patches looked very tempting. It was not long before I came up to some villagers who were cutting grass, and these informed me that they had that very morning disturbed an old boar, who had gone into another patch of grass about a quarter of mile or so away ; and they also told me that the boar they put up was known to them as the *beurea* or tailless. This was very good *khubur* ; but by the way, I suppose, of further inducement for us to come up, they added that they had seen another boar

go across, and that this one was as high as one of themselves, but they could not tell me exactly where this monster had gone to. I thought it would not be judicious now to disturb the grass so went back to the *Ghât*. By 11 o'clock the party turned up on the opposite side of the river, but, as the ferry-boat was very small, it took sometime to cross the coolies, traps, &c., the horses going to a ford a little lower down. By the time every one and everything was on the left bank it was past twelve o'clock, so it was resolved to have lunch before proceeding any further; a big *Jamon* tree (*Eugenia jambolona*) being handy, the tiffin-boxes were sent under its shade. While discussing the cold mutton and red-currant jelly washed down with iced slandy-gall I told my guests of the good *khubur* I had got only a short time before. Tiffin over, and coolies and all other lower animals having been refreshed, a move was made towards the Gozneepore village, or rather the grass fields. I forgot to mention that besides Bob Anderson and Archie Hills the party consisted of Edward Drummond and Griffith Evans, four as good men as you could rarely put together now-a-days.

Before going to the patch of grass shown to me as to where the *beurea* or tailless boar had gone to, we had to ride through some two or three other patches, but barring a few jackals we saw nothing bigger. Having now come up to the patch, a proper line was made and we advanced cautiously. We had a couple of elephants and some fifty or sixty coolies. The cover, though heavy,

was small ; and we had not proceeded far when the well-known "hoof ! hoof !" sent a thrill through us, and the next moment away went a big boar bounding through the grass, his steel grey colour contrasting singularly with the yellow-looking grass. Anderson, on a brown water gelding—Eclipse—rushed him from the first, but, unfortunately, Bob came a cropper in a blind hole just where the grass ended. By the time he had remounted, the boar was off to the next patch, Archie on Old Tommy and Drummond on Nugget were hard after him. We then saw the boar, a perfect monster, was minus his caudal appendage, as the villagers had told us.

The boar first went into the grass, and as the place was a good deal cut up by the remains of an old road or track, I warned the fellows to be careful. Drummond, who was riding on the extreme right, was seen to wave his spear over his head and shout Tally ho ! when out broke the boar and we were all soon after him. After going a short distance it struck us that this was quite another pig we were after, for not only was he much blacker, but what was more he had a nice clean tail, which he carried high over his back : evidently the tailless boar had found a very suitable substitute to take his place. However, as the present pig was also another monster, he was not to be despised, so we rode him into another patch of grass through which he rushed and made straight for Gozneepore village. Drummond raced him, and by riding well on his left, kept him from getting into the heavy cover he was making for. The

boar, on seeing himself baffled, came straight into Drummond who got a good spear, Anderson getting second spear ; in the scrimmage that now ensued, the boar managed to rip Drummond's breeches just above the knee, and to give him a slight cut. This would have been a rather difficult thing for the pig to do had not he been on a higher bit of ground. Hills next met the pig and sent a spear clean through him, this made the boar totter on to an open bit of ground, where he fell apparently dead.

Without losing much time over our fallen foe, we made tracks for the patch of grass where we had left our tailless friend, for we were now certain that the pig we had just killed was not the one we had first started.

We were not long in looking for piggy, who must have been on the look-out for us, for no sooner we got into the grass, than out he came on the opposite side and made for another patch of *khor*. As there were some blind ditches to be negotiated the boar got in first, and, I suppose, finding no one to take his place a second time, he prepared to give us a warm reception. The first to get in was Evans on a grey C.-B., and the boar no sooner saw him than he cocked his ears and with an angry grunt down he came. I believed this was the first time that Evans had been after a pig. When he saw the boar charging, instead of putting on steam to meet him, he pulled up his horse, thinking, I suppose, to stop the boar with his spear—and he did give the boar a very good spear—but the next moment the legal

member was nearly knocked off his horse, whose hind-quarters were lifted clean off the ground and a rip some five or six inches just above the hock put the horse *hors de combat*. The next to meet the boar was Drummond, and though he speared him he could not stop him: his horse was also cut and the boar chased him out of the grass. On turning round the pig met Hills, on whom he came down like a steam-engine, and the next moment he was kicking with his four legs up in the air. Archie hit him just over the spine, and though he died almost at once, the wound made by the spear was very small—a mere puncture.

Two as fine boars as you could wish, in as many hours, was a rather satisfactory bit of work, and we deserved a drink after it: some iced beer and tonic was very acceptable, and we should have certainly drunk it with more gusto had we known that two more grizzly old boars were waiting to be slaughtered.

After remounting our horses we made for some light-looking cover about half a mile or so away. The first patch we came to was rather small, but a big *bansa* right in the middle of it, warned us the place was inhabited. I will shortly describe what is meant by a *bansa*. The literal translation of the word is a nest. A pig's nest, of course, sounds a little odd! It is generally made in crops or grass or in any kind of cover, where suitable material is available. This the pigs cut or tear up and collect in one place, and then pile it up to the height of four or five feet. After trampling it well down, they lift up

one corner of it with their snouts and got inside. Now such homes, barring being, I should say, uncomfortably warm in hot weather, afford plenty of protection against wind, rain, cold and sun. These *bansas* are inhabited some times by a boar, or a sow, singly, sometimes by a husband and wife, and very often by a mother and her progeny. An old boar very seldom takes the trouble to make a *bansa*, he generally prefers to lie in the open in a small trench a few inches deep which he digs himself. If no grass or any other heavy cover be near, any small tree or bush will do for him to make his bed under, but in rainy or boisterous weather an old boar likes to have a cosy home to spend the day in, and will then either make a *bansa* for himself or take possession of an old one. But *retournons à nos moutons*, in our present case an old boar, a crusty old bachelor, I should say, was the sole occupant of the *bansa*, and he must have been fast asleep as it took a lot of stirring to wake him up ; but when he found out who were disturbing him he did not wait long to ask questions, but rushed out of the place and made for the friendly shelter of the village. We all started at his tail and, though a heavy boar, he took us a rattling pace and evidently thought he would save his bacon, but finding that Hills was getting unpleasantly near, he turned sharp round and came straight into him nearly bringing down rider and horse. Old Tommy managed, however, to recover himself, but the spear that Archie gave the pig made him pull up, and the way he whisked his small tail showed he was feeling very sick.

Evans coming up got in a second spear, but the old boar did not require much more of the cold steel as blood was spouting from his mouth, and he lay down to die with a look of contempt at his enemies as a knight of old ! ! This was also a splendid boar, and just about the size of the two previous by killed.

The sun was now getting rather low down in the horizon, and, as we had two miles to ride to the factory, most of us wanted to get on. But Drummond, who had got quite enthusiastic by this time, wanted to have another go. So leaving the spare horses, elephants, &c., on the road to the factory, we cantered up to some new cover about a mile or so away. The grass we had come to was rather thin and did not seem very promising, but before long a sight met our eyes that made our hearts jump. Right in the open, under a mimosa tree, lay a huge boar fast asleep. While we all stood at the edge of the village Bob Anderson went to stir him up, and he was so sound asleep that he had actually to be pricked. When he got up he looked terribly angry at being so rudely awakened ; of course, his first thought was to make for the village, and he charged right through the lot of us and went the way he wanted. We were all soon after him. Being a knowing one, he got on to an old road leading to the village and stuck to it. For us it was nasty riding ; for besides the road being cut up a good deal, it was partly over-grown with jungle and big trees growing here and there. The only thing we could do was to ride parallel to the pig

and keep him in sight till we came to an open bit of ground. As we were getting nearer and nearer the village piggy's chance of escape was increasing, so Anderson took advantage of a bit of clearing there was, to make a dash at the pig, and he would have got a spear in, but unfortunately a small branch hit him in the face and nearly knocked him off his horse. It was now only a short distance to the village ; the only chance left was to ride ahead and meet the pig ; so Hills and Drummond went ahead and the latter took his position right in the middle of the path. The bear on seeing him cocked up his ears and, gathering himself up, went bounding to meet Drummond who met him in grand style, the spear going right through, and the blade coming out under his belly. Of course this made the pig stagger and he just managed to crawl up alongside the bear we had first killed that day, and lying down he gave a few kicks and it was all over.

As the liquor-box was handy, and we were rather thirsty, a peg was very acceptable. Before mounting our horses again Hills remarked to Drummond that as his broken spear was still in the pig, they had better pull it out ; so walking up to where the bear lay they pulled it out, but no sooner did they do so than up jumped the pig who was supposed to have been killed four or five hours before. Of course, there was a regular stampede, for not only had the pig got up, but he was looking round to see on whom to wreak his vengeance. Fortunately for us he began making tracks for

the village, and Archie and Drummond, who had remounted, had to give him two more spears before killing him. Old Archie always spoke of him as the "resurrection boar." I suppose the spear had gone into a rather more painful than vital part and prevented the pig from moving; that he would eventually have died, I have no doubt, but still this shows what a wonderful amount of vitality there was in him.

By the time we got to the factory it was quite dark. The four boars measured as under, and it was rare sport we had, for not only did we kill four perfect monsters, but what was also very satisfactory was that we did not put up either a single sow or smaller boar. These four old grizzly veterans must have been the lords and masters of those grass fields ! !

2 boars	...	...	38½ in. high.
1 boar	...	...	38       "
1 boar	...	...	37       "

After having talked a good deal, and dreamt a little about the four grizzly old veterans, we were up very early next morning. Archie Hills is one of the earliest risers I have come across, in fact he is uncomfortably so, for in the hot weather after four, and in the cold weather after five o'clock, there is no sleep in the house, if he has anything to do with the *shikar*. Bob Anderson was also a very early bird. By half-past five o'clock we were on the move; our plan for the day was to hunt some new grass country, and wind up with the *patiale*.

A couple of hours' ride brought us to the ground ; the grass had been a good deal cut, still there was enough of it to make it worth our while to try it. The coolies and elephants were soon in a line, and before long three or four sows were out, and we had a long and useless ride after one before finding out her sex. We next tried some wheat and were more fortunate, for from under a mimosa tree out jumped a small, wiry-looking boar. He took us at first at a good pace, but seeing no cover within sight, he turned sharp round, and came straight, *impectum facere*, into Anderson, whose horse he hit just above the knee—horse, pig and rider all rolling together. The first to get up was the boar, then the horse, who bolted leaving Bob lying on the ground with the saddle between his legs, the girths must have broken when the horse went over. Fortunately for Anderson the pig's attention was called away by Drummond whom he was induced to chase for a short distance, thus giving Anderson the time to get up and run to the nearest *babool* tree in case of emergency. The pig next made for Hills, who got a dig at him. Bob, who had remounted a fresh horse, a big chestnut waler, and who was a little angry, I should say, with the boar for the trouble he had caused him, got in a couple of spears, and in the next few minutes piggy had been speared at least a dozen times ; and he had at least three or four spears, either whole or broken, sticking in him. He was certainly one of the toughest pigs and hardest to kill that I ever came across, and his

motto must have been "Never say die ! ! !" With all those spears in him, the boar had still a good deal of life left, for he next made for a high *bund* or embankment, where he took up his position ready to meet anyone. I forgot to mention that the boar had been speared and blinded in the right eye. Evans, who was on a 12-2 dun Burmah pony, thought it a good opportunity to see what he could do with it, so he went as quietly as he could on the blind side, but though piggy might have lost an eye, his hearing organs were not in the least impaired, for hearing, I suppose, the pony's footsteps, he turned sharp round and made for Evans, who just managed to get out of his way by going down the embankment faster than he had come. There was no coaxing the boar from his present position, so the only thing left was to send for the *hathees* to turn him out. One of the elephants, we know by previous experience, would not face a pig, so only one was ordered up. The *mahout* brought up his charger triumphantly. Piggy was at first inclined to get out of the way of so huge an opponent, but he soon made up his mind not to be turned out of his position without making a struggle for it. When within measuring distance the boar went for the elephant, who did not wait to make a closer acquaintance with his porcupine-looking foe, but turned tail and bolted. I believe elephants have a wholesome dread of wild pigs, and funk them nearly as much as they do tigers.

Piggy, who must have been elated at his last success, and who did not care to have Anderson coming too near

his position, made a charge down the slope and sealed his fate, for, getting a spear behind the shoulder, he rolled on his side, a few kicks, and all was over : *Requiescat in pace.*

This was not a big boar, as he measured about 31 or 32" but showed wonderful pluck and vitality.

After a drink a move was made towards the *patiale*. Riding along, there were shouts of a *sow* being seen, and sure enough a big-looking pig was seen going across the *maidan*, but as he was at least a mile away it was difficult to say whether it was a sow or a boar. Hills swore it was one of the sows we had put up in the morning ; but as the rest of the fellows believed otherwise, we had at least a couple of miles' gallop before finding out that Archie was right. Sows have a most unpleasant habit, when once disturbed, of reappearing and turning up every now and then, and looming on the horizon they look twice as big as they really are.

As we had not coolies or elephants enough to beat the big *patiale*, we made for the smaller one. Putting the beaters and *hathees* on the west side with instructions to work up towards the east end, we rode forward ourselves and took our position on a big mound. This big mound, with a clump of jack trees (*Artocarpus integrifolius*) is one of the landmarks of the *patiale*, for from its height a commanding view of the country round can be had.

Slowly the line advanced, a sow or a *butcha* showing themselves now and then, and disappearing after having

had a look round. As the line came to an end, a fine-looking boar jumped out, but on seeing us he broke back again into the *patiale*. The *mahouts* told us that there were any amount of pigs in the place, but as the line was too thin they were all breaking back ; however, as we were determined to get something out, we again ordered a beat, this time from east to west, and also gave instructions to use the guns that were on the elephants if necessary. Instead of riding ahead we followed the line, of course, keeping outside the *patiale*. When we had gone about half the distance, a regular sounder broke and made for the village, where it was impossible to think of riding after them, and out of this lot we counted at least four boars, two of them good-sized ones. Once more we sent in the beaters, and began to beat our way towards the east, and had gone a short distance, when some of the spectators began shouting they could see a pig swimming across the *bil*. Looking carefully, we did see something, but it was too far to say what it was, though there was no doubt that the object, whatever it was, was moving or swimming. I forgot to mention that, just below the smaller *patiale*, there is a *bil* about a mile or so long and, perhaps, a little less broad. To satisfy ourselves as to what the black-looking thing we had seen was, we quietly rode round to the opposite side, giving instructions to the elephants to come across through the water. When we got to the other side, the object, whatever it may have been, had disappeared, and we believed it to be

either the head of an alligator, or a bird swimming. Close to the edge there was a kind of rush growing a foot or so out of the water ; and we waited anxiously for the elephants to come up to it ; and when they did come up, out jumped a splendid boar ; being disturbed he came floundering through the mud and water, and no sooner he got on *terra firma* than he made for the nearest village jungle. When we saw him jump up, we went and hid ourselves as well as we could behind some *babool* trees. Master piggy was considerably surprised on seeing us, but as the nearest cover was at least a mile or so away he had not much of a chance ; he, however, went his best for a short distance, but being very fat and lusty he was soon pumped, and not caring to be blown any longer he gave a few jinks and came into Hills who missed him ; Drummond who was following getting the spear. Evans got a good second spear ; but though a very fine boar, he had very little fight in him and was very slow. He was so tough that the spears would not go in, and after a good deal of prodding, Hills managed to spear him in a vital part and to finish him. This pig measured a little over 37" and had shields on him like a small rhinoceros.

This was a little satisfactory bit of work after our first disappointment with the *putiale*, and as it was close on to one o'clock a move was made to where we had left the tiffin-boxes ; and when we got to it, we found a large crowd collected who had come, I suppose, to see how the *sahibs* eat ; but the warm reception that Drum-

mond gave them, and the way he shoved some of the more refractory ones with the lead end of his spear made them soon all clear out. This had a very good effect for a long time afterwards, for whenever we used to have a pig-stick the crowd used to fight shy of the tiffin-boxes ! ! !

Bob Anderson wanted to get back to Ramnugore with his friends for dinner, so we proposed to beat on our way to that factory. The nearest cover at Sajdapore is about two miles from the *patiale*, so we hurried up to it. The cover in question, though very good as regards the number of pigs in it, is far too extensive to be beaten with satisfaction, and we rarely got good sport out of it, except once when we had sixteen elephants and some two-hundred coolies. As soon as we arrived, we put in the elephants and beaters, and rode ahead in case anything should come out. The *mahouts* shouted that several pigs had gone ahead ; but we could see nothing barring a couple of jackals, who quietly trotted and sat in the open as if interested in the performance going on. All of a sudden there was a crash close to us and out jumped a fine lanky-looking boar, who dashed into the next cover. We followed as well as we could, but this was no easy matter, as the pig was going through thorny bushes while we had to go round. For a few minutes the boar managed to keep ahead till Anderson, having galloped by the open, took his position in a narrow lane or path, and the pig finding himself taken in rear and front made for Anderson who had to make

a bolt of it, as the place he had got in was so narrow that he could not turn round to meet the boar. Anderson had to go for about three hundred yards or so before he got an opening ; and he was trying to get out, when whom should he meet but the pig, who had taken a short cut through the jungle and was also trying to go through the same opening. Of course, there was a collision ; but just as Anderson speared the boar, his horse gave a half kind of rear and saved himself from being cut. We were on the opposite side, and did not know what was going on till we heard Bob shout for *beloms*: his own spear had been carried away by the pig. When we got round, we found Anderson excited over his adventure, and having got the elephants we took up the trail of the wounded boar. After a short time we found the blood-stained spear but no sign of piggy, who must have gone into some of the thicker and heavier jungle about the place. After an hour's hunting we had to give it up as a bad job; and as it was getting late I saw my friends up to Gangadhara Ghat where, wishing them a hearty good-bye, I returned to my own place.

Evans' horse was left with me, and it took over two months for the wound made by the boar to heal, and he got so timid that he had to be given up as a pig-sticker.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### "TRIXIE" AND THE BOAR: AN EXCITING ADVENTURE.

TOWARDS the beginning of September, 1887, there was no work going on, and most of the country being under water, Morey, that true *sine impavide et sine integra*, and I found time hanging rather dull on our hands, so we determined to see if we could not get up something in the pig-sticking line.

Early one morning we got together a few beaters, that commodity being rather scarce and expensive owing to all the villagers being busy cutting their paddy and saving it from being submerged,

A nice open bit of country was reported to us as being the *rendezvous* of all the pigs of the neighbourhood that had been driven from their haunts by the flood. When we got to the place we found it, as represented to us, well above the water and in capital riding order, some patches of *gehema* and scrub jungle made the place perfect, and in fact just the kind of country the pigs would make for in case of necessity.

Considering the time of the year we had a delightfully cool and cloudy morning, and it looked indeed as if that mighty hunter, the great St. Hubert, the patron

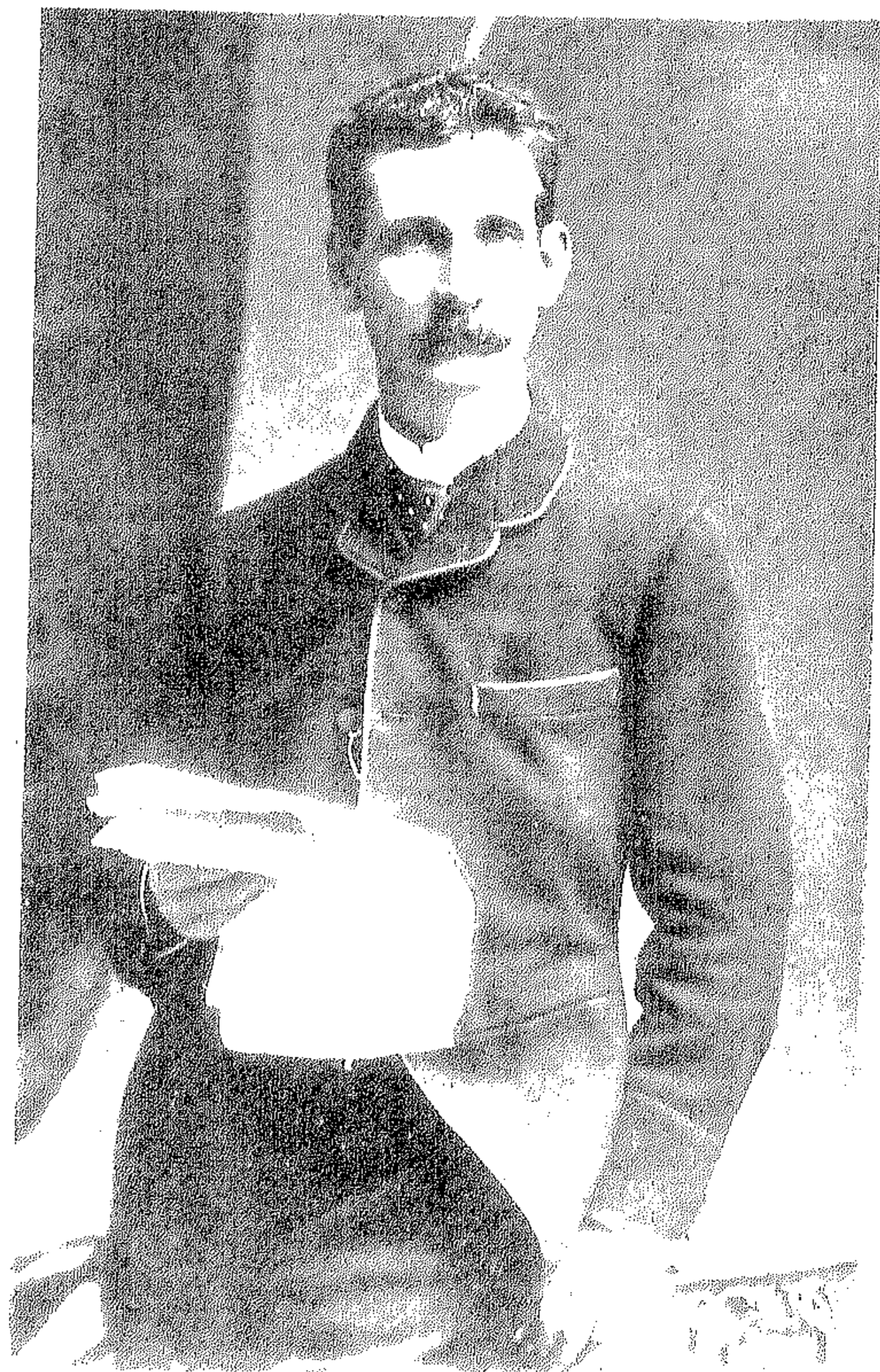
saint of all pig-stickers and *shikarees*, was going to favour us from above ! ! !

As I said before we could only muster a few coolies ; but luckily for us we had two small dogs with us—very small dogs indeed—for “*Trixie*,” the fox-terrier, was a wee thing that you might have put in the pocket of your overcoat ; the other, “*Thomas*,” was a little bigger ; and these two little doggies were of more use to us than all our Aryan bipeds put together.

We first tried some patches of *gehema*, but though we found lots of traces and old *bansas* the *soors* were evidently not at home. However, to make sure, we rode into the tall crops ; the only benefit we got by it was to have our garments torn, our hats taken off, and get very nearly knocked off our horses.

We next made for some scrub jungle, and some of the thorny bushes were rather heavy ; but the dogs could easily creep in by passages or runs made by the pigs and other wild animals. The first two or three we tried we found deserted, but at the third, a bigger bush, the dogs got excited as if they had scented something ; but did not care to go in. Little “*Trixie*” on seeing us got her courage up and gradually sneaked in and disappeared in the *jungle* : as soon as she gave tongue there was a commotion in the bush, and out rushed a fair-sized boar. Moroy, on a grey Cabulli, was soon after him, and it is as well he did so, as the horse he was on was far from being fast, and it was only by sheer hard riding that he managed to get alongside the boar, who had







got on the village cart track. Piggy very soon resented being done out of his road by charging Morey, who got a slight prod at him. The bear who evidently did not relish the turn matters were taking made for a patch of water on a part of the road that had been cut up. The mud was soft, so both Mister Pig and the horses sank in deep, and the situation was far from being pleasant; but the couple more spears that Morey got made the bear come out and he next made for some mulberry ditches. On seeing Morey come up, piggy pulled up as if resolved to die game, and he did die game; for the next spear he got sent him on his haunches and gradually subsiding he gave up the ghost without a groan or a squeak.

This was not a big bear, and must have stood 27" to 28"; but he had plenty of fight in him.

Encouraged at having had such a capital run, for the time of the year, we next rode on towards a line of bushes right in the open. On our way we noticed that most of the paddy, or *dhan* fields, had been a good deal trampled and eaten, and wherever there was a little water or the mud soft the pigs had been rolling and amusing themselves. The first bush we came to was rather a heavy one, but after a little hesitation "Trixie" and her companion sneaked in. This was soon followed by furious barking; for a minute or two there was no sign of anything, and then the whole bush shook as if alive and out crashed a huge bear with "Trixie" at his tail. The pig, who had broken on the opposite side to where we were, was not at first inclined to go away,

believing, I suppose, that "Trixio" was his only enemy ; but on seeing us he turned his head as if to have a good look and then trotted away. We had to wait for the spears, which we had given to our *syces*, to come up, who were behind ; as soon as we got these we were off after the boar. The pig on seeing us after him stopped as if he meant to fight, but changing his mind he went away in big bounds. He was certainly much too heavy and lusty to exert himself much, so after the first burst he pulled up into a trot, and then turning round charged at full speed, tail and bristle standing on end. Morey's Cabulli was not of much use, as whenever he saw the boar coming at him he swerved away. The pig, who was a very tough customer, did not seem to mind the spears much, and it is a wonder he did not knock down the horse or cut him, as several times he was not only alongside but right under the horse. Morey was shouting to me to exchange mounts with him, but this was not an easy thing to do before an infuriated boar. We were now gradually getting near the village, and piggy, catching sight of some mulberry fields, put on a spurt and made straight for them ; but just as he was disappearing in one of the ditches, Morey managed to get a good spear into him. The boar evidently knew his line of country, for while we were looking for him all over the place, we heard some of the villagers call out that the pig had gone on their side. After exchanging mounts, Morey getting on my valor, and I on his Cabulli, we went round to where the pig was last seen, and sure


enough at the bottom of a *nullah* was our friend. On seeing us he got up and took a few paces forward and then with an angry grunt charged up the bank at Morey, who accommodated him with the point of his spear. On being speared the pig retired, but it was only for a very short time for he again rushed up and again Morey sent him back discomfited. In this last encounter the boar must have been fatally speared, for he seemed to have had enough and crawled away among the ditches. As we could not follow we sent some of the villagers to see if they could see anything of the pig, and they very soon came to where he was lying: a few clods thrown very soon showed that his noble spirit had fled ! ! !

I have not got this boar's measurement, but he must have been fully 36" to 38" and had a vast neck and shoulders and a pair of magnificent tusks, though, I believe, a little too curved to cut freely, and that is what must have saved Morey and the horse.

Quite satisfied with our morning's sport and rather done up we turned homewards. On our way we came to a very extensive *khor* or grass field, and it looked too tempting to let it go untried. Before entering it Morey changed mounts getting on a 13-2 pony. The grass was rather high, and in some places it came right up to the men's shoulders. After proceeding a short distance there were shouts of something having gone ahead; on riding up we saw nothing till the waving of the grass to the right showed us that the beaters were right. We rode on the left of the pig in order to make him break; but

no, piggy would have his own way and stuck to the grass. Morey rushed him and took him at a good trot for a short distance, when, objecting to being thus turned out of his domain, the pig turned round and came straight down on Morey bounding and grunting in fury. There was a crash, the spear struck on the tough hide of the shoulder and going in some inches broke in two like a reed, and in an instant Morey's right foot was in the pig's mouth, and before he could recover his balance he was hurled to the ground. It was lucky for Morey that the infuriated pig was a sow and not a boar, or his hunting days would have ended rather abruptly. Madame after this little performance feeling, I should say, rather sick, retired a short distance, keeping up a defiant attitude and ready to attack again; but she evidently had had enough, for, going a short distance, she lay down, and was found dead by the coolies.

Owing to the height of the grass Morey never knew the pig was a sow till they came into collision, but mistook her for a boar; and it is, I think, just as well that that pig belonged to the gentler sex. This shows what an infuriated sow can do; and, about the breaking of the spear, I might as well tell all pig-stickers, that they cannot be too careful about them. They must take care that the bamboo shafts be thoroughly sound, and kept moist by frequent applications of oil, and this application has also a very good effect in keeping away some small insects that bore in the bamboos and render them unsound and liable to snap; the spear-heads should be kept bright and



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sharp both edge and point, and a sheath of leather or thick cloth will be found very useful in keeping them from getting blunt or rusty.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### FIRST QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY MEET.

WHILE I was at Choa, we had about a dozen Queen's Birthday Meets; but I shall confine My Reminiscences to the most eventful one only.

A goodly number turned up for the meet of the 24th May, 1879. The first to arrive was District Superintendent of Police Reily, who rode in in the morning from Duncolo, and in the evening the following turned up: Major Peacock, Captain Wilson, Judge Bainbridge, J. Stocks, M. Ferguson, F. G. Gibson and C. Faulder, C.S. Just as we were finishing dinner H. H. the Nawab Bahadoor of Murshedabad arrived with his brothers.

The whole camp being in the factory compound, and round it, we had a most unpleasant night of it. What with the thermometer at ninety degrees, the trumpeting, roaring and squeaking of a score or so of elephants, the neighing, kicking and snorting of some fifty horses, the shouting, swearing and snoring—besides minor other noises—of some two hundred camp followers, sycas, *mahouts* and servants made the best part of the night a perfect pandemonium.

By five o'clock we were all dressed and ready, and as soon as daylight broke, we wound our way to the *patiales*. Our beating line for the day was to consist of sixteen elephants, some two hundred coolies, and about the same number of village *chowkidars*, with the Police Sub-Inspector at their head, and a valuable contingent of some forty stalwart Sikhs from Captain Wilson's regiment. A most imposing army indeed, and enough to strike terror in the hearts of all the porcine inhabitants of the *patiales* !!!

As soon as a proper line had been made, and the Sikhs with their havildars told off to keep it in order, the advance began amid the trumpeting of elephants, firing off of guns, beating of *tom-toms* and the shout-and swearing of some four hundred beaters, who in their vocabulary spared neither the pigs themselves nor any of their male or female ancestors !!

When we had gone about half the distance, pigs were breaking all over the place but, unfortunately, on the village side, where it was impossible to follow them. We had, however, soon the satisfaction of seeing a fine-looking solitary bear come out in the open and, going a short distance, he stopped as if rather anxious to see what was going on behind him. A charge of No. 9 shot rather startled him, and he made up his mind to clear out and trotted away. We were just starting to ride him when a regular sounder broke out, and this made us pull up to let the family get well away from the *patiale*. As soon as they had gone to a safe distance

the order to ride was given. Wilson, Peacock, Bainbridge and myself, with a couple of the Nawabs, going after the first boar, while the rest of the party went after the sounder.

We were not long in coming up with our solitary friend, who was soon blown on account of the heat. Piggy, who was out of temper from the first, turned round and made a desperate charge at the Captain who, in meeting him, broke his spear a foot or two from the blade, which was left buried in the pig's shoulder. Turning round the pig met the Nawab Goodhon Sahib, whom he charged, and whose horse he cut in the stifle, partly dislocating the round bone of the joint, and bringing down horse and rider. Fortunately the boar was not blood-thirsty, or it would have gone hard with the Nawab, for after having had a look at his vanquished enemy he made for Bainbridge. The Judge, who is very short-sighted, and one of the most absent-minded of men, had his back turned to the pig and was fumbling away all over for his glasses, to have, I suppose, a good look at piggy ; and though we were shouting to him to get out of the way, he did not seem to hear us. He must have got a rather rude awakening when he found the boar rooting at the horse's hind-quarters, and the horse lashing and plunging. The legal luminary knew, however, it would not do for him to come down, so he held on like grim death, using his spear at the same time very freely behind him with the hope, I suppose, of keeping away the pig, but the only good he did by it

was spearing his own horse though, fortunately, not badly. The boar, who must have been also rather astonished at the reception he got from the horse, very soon changed his tactics and made a furious charge at the Major, who managed to get in a good spear, and this was soon followed by another from Wilson, which sent the boar on his haunches and, keeping up a dignified front to the last, he died as he had lived : *Sans peur et sans reproche* !!! This was a very well-made boar and had a pair of splendid tusks and stood 34".

The rest of the party who had gone after the sounder had managed to kill two boars out of the three in the lot : Ferguson getting the first spear of the bigger one, 32", and Gibson of the other one, 30".

We had a grilling hot morning, so iced drinks were very acceptable after every gallop.

The line which had halted after we had gone on with the pigs now resumed beating, and the inhabitants of the *patiale*, who had got accustomed to the row, let the line advance right up to the end before thinking of moving. One of the elephants roared and charging ahead drove out a huge boar, who, with tail and bristle erect, evidently came out in a very bad humour ; he was soon followed by at least another ten or twelve pigs, but unfortunately all sows or youngsters. We let our angry customer get well away, and he must have gone a quarter of a mile or so when we began riding him. On seeing us he pulled up as if eager to draw the sword ; but his heart must have failed him. The sight

of some fifteen or sixteen riders, thundering in a cloud of dust was enough to strike terror in the heart of any pig. But, like the knights of old, our present friend did not count on numbers arrayed against him, for after going a short distance he turned round, and in an instant was behind the Major's horse, whom he chased for fully fifty yards, Peacock going his best, and the bear following in long bounds. Piggy, finding himself out-paced, sullenly gave up the chase and took up his position in a slight hollow there was. The bear being perfectly fresh we devised what we thought would be the best means to kill him without injury to our horses—by charging one by one in turn. The first to deliver his spear was Wilson, and he was soon followed by Ferguson, Reily and some others, the bear always meeting every one half-way, and never trying to shy off, and fighting to the last he died without a groan. This was a magnificent bear and stood a little over 36", and was one of what you might call the fighting *Jat*.

By the time we had got back the elephants and beaters had moved on to the other *patiale*. As it was getting late, and very warm, we made the line hurry up, and taking our position in the cool shade of some trees awaited the result of events. Above all the din could distinctly be heard the military-like commands of the Sikhs, who were trying to keep the line in order. A couple of shots from one of the *howdahs* warned us to be prepared, and we had not long to wait, when the waving of a piece of cloth by one of the *mahouts* told

us pigs had broken in the open. From where we were we could not see anything at first on account of the *patiale* intervening between us. But very soon a long line of pigs made their appearance, a big sow leading and a gaunt-looking old boar bringing up the tail. We counted at least twenty to twenty-two pigs of all sizes and shapes but, barring the old gentleman bringing up the rear-guard, there was only one other good boar among the lot, the rest being sows and squeakers. The sun being very hot the pigs were not inclined to go away across the dry-looking country leaving behind their cool and shady shelter in the *patiale*; but as the noise and shouts increased the whole lot trotted away, evidently making for the *bil* where there was a little water still left; we let them go a good distance in case they should get back. The country was like a billiard-table, the whole place being sown down in paddy and, barring a few bits of fallow-land here and there, which had been honeycombed and undermined by crabs, the rest of the riding was simply perfect.

The pigs having gone to a safe distance we were soon after them. They all stuck together at first, but being pressed they scattered. Most of the party going after the gaunt-looking boar, and the Nawabs and Faulder after the other one. The pig we were after was certainly one of the fastest I have ever come across, and for sometime outpaced most of us, and seeing some heavy jungle ahead he put on a spurt, and it was only by hard riding that Ferguson managed to get alongside and get

his spear in, just as the pig was disappearing in a heavy bush. On seeing the pig enter the village jungle, a couple of elephants had come up, and we were not long in coming up with piggy. A deserted-looking old tank, with a big tamarind tree on its bank, with heavy jungle round it, had been the resort and refuge of many a boar that had been ridden from the *patiale*, so we knew where to look for our friend. We came upon him dead beat, and in fact so much so that we had to polish him off on foot. This was a rather thin and gaunt-looking pig, and evidently not very young, his tusks being worn out and he measured about 33".

The Nawabs, who had gone with the other and smaller boar, had killed it after some trouble as, after being speared, he had taken refuge in a house. II. II. the Nawab Bahadoor, on a grand-looking grey waler—"The Viceroy"—getting first spear.

It was now past eleven o'clock, rather late to be out for May, so we were very glad to get in and have a feed of mangoes and some iced drinks. A garden pump or rather, I should say, an over pump, was very useful for those who wanted to have a shower bath, and it was indeed a sight to see the face of that *lal pugree wallah* of a policeman pumping away at his boss, who had scarcely as much garments on him as our first father!!!

While discussing tiffin, Reilly told us that coming from Dumcolo that morning, and riding along with Lang, the villagers had come up to them and told them that a buffalo bull had gone mad and taken up his

residence under a big tree in some indigo lands, and that no one could go near the place, and he (Roily) proposed that we should go and have a shy at him; but the distance being rather too far, we had to give up the idea. But by a very strange coincidence, as the sequel will show, we had ourselves that very same evening a little bit of an exciting adventure with another mad buffalo.

As it was no good going out before half-past three or four o'clock, most of us turned in in our sleeping suits and went in for a mid-day *siesta*.

Our programme for the afternoon was to hunt another *patiale* there was at the back of the Choa village, with a large jungly-looking tank alongside it.

Before turning in for our afternoon nap, we gave instructions for the elephants, beaters, spare horses and all the other paraphernalia of *shikar* to be on the ground by three o'clock. Long before that hour, one or two of the more enthusiastic ones were up and moving about, and this soon woke up the rest of the fellows, who got up amid much cursing and swearing. A cup of tea as an eye-opener followed by an ice peg as a reviver, soon put everyone into good mood. By the time we had got into our boots and breeches it was close upon four o'clock, so there was not much time to lose. Getting on our horses and cantering to the place, we found everything as we had ordered, but were rather down in the mouth on hearing that an enormous bear had broken and gone into the village—a knowing old customer, I suppose,

who, having sniffed the horses and elephants, and having had a look round the corner, made tracks for safer hunts. There was no use in crying over spilt milk, so a proper line having been made we rode off to our different positions.

After a short time we were rather astonished to see that the line did not advance, though we could see the *mahouts* gesticulating and vociferating and, though there was a good deal of noise going on, still the line did not move. To see what was the matter some of us went round, and it is as well we did so, or our afternoon programme would perhaps have had a rather tragic ending!

The four hundred or so coolies and *chowkidars*, greatly resenting the rough and summary treatment and handling of the Sikhs, had turned round and taken up a very defiant attitude; most of the coolies had sticks and the *chowkidars* their small spears, while the descendants of the *Khalsas*, who were quite ready for the fray, were mostly armed with cudgels, and a few had *tangees* or double-edged axes; quite enough to have turned the peaceful pig-sticking ground into a bloody battle-field! Thanks, however, to the services of the District Superintendent of Police and the Judge on one side, and the Major and Captain on the other, all parties were soon pacified, and a new line having been made we rode off to our allotted positions.

Two parties were made as to riding the pigs, but as old Reilly was left-handed, his right arm being crippled from a wound he got while leading his men in one of

the Lushai expeditions, he was to have a pig all to himself. As the line advanced we could see several pigs come out of the *patiale* and sneak into the jungle round the old tank. All of a sudden a fine grey-looking boar appeared at the edge of the *patiale*, looking rather anxiously behind at the noise going on, when off went one of the guns and away goes the boar, evidently making for Gozneepore village. As we were hidden behind trees he could not see us, and he was soon followed by another boar, a rather smallish one, just the thing for Reily's left hand. As soon as we saw the pigs were at a safe distance, the order to ride was given; of course most of us going after the big boar, leaving Reily, Faulder and a couple of the Nawabs to follow the smaller one.

Our grey-looking friend was far from being fast, and was too fat and lusty to fight well and, strange to add, was also wanting in the pluck of his kind. On seeing us getting near he turned round and merely stood waiting, and when Wilson hit him over the forehead he merely shook his grizzly head, but though not active he tried by every means to avoid the encounter and, finally, as he lay down to die, it was with long drawn groans. This was an immense boar of great size and beauty, but showed no fight or pluck and was easily killed. He stood over 37" and had on him a coating of mud nearly a quarter of an inch thick.

As we were riding back we met Reily, he was beaming all over, and was accompanied by a score or so of

*chow' dars*, half-a-dozen constables, and the Mahomedan Sub.-Inspector of Police on a *tat*. He told us he had speared the boar, which had gone and laid down in a bush, and was now going with reinforcements to produce the body. Reily asked some of us to accompany him and, as the place was not far, we gladly went. The place where the pig had disappeared after being speared was one of those mango gardens or *topes* you generally find round villages with a lot of undergrowth, not a nice place to ride in, so we preferred to let the Sub.-Inspector and his retinue go in.

As misfortune would have it, an old sow had her couch in the place, and the Sub.-Inspector from his vantage position soon caught sight of her ; of course, he mistook the Missus for Reily's defunct pig, and made a rush forward, shouting to the *chowkidars* and others to follow. The *denouement* that ensued baffles all description. As we were outside, we could not very well see what had happened, or what was going on, for *chowkidars* and policemen were flying in all directions, some trying to climb trees, but most of them making for the open, and in the midst of all this appeared to our astonished gaze the Sub-Inspector, travelling in what I should say was a most wonderful and unearthly way. His pony seemed to be going on its front legs only, the hind-quarters being high in the air, and the Sub.-Inspector, who was holding on like grim death with his legs clasped round his charger, was gesticulating, yelling and lashing behind with a small stick. Just then this wonderful

apparition got in a bit of clearing, and then we saw that the pony was being propelled from behind by an infuriated old sow who had got her head between the tat's two hind legs. On seeing us her ladyship retired and went back in the jungle leaving the Sub.-Inspector in a state of mind difficult to describe. According to him, the encounter he had was with an enormous boar as high as his pony, and on no consideration whatever, even of degradation, would he venture again in the jungle. Strange to say the pony had not a scratch on it, and the Sub.-Inspector was, I should say, a good deal astonished at the merriment his fearful adventure caused us.

Luckily for all concerned, Reily's dead pig was found by some of the *chowkidars* who had gone at the back of the tope, and as we rode away, we blessed the old sow for the treatment she had given to that policeman, who, after his little performance, must have looked very small in the eyes of his myrmidons ! ! !

Riding back to the cover we saw several pigs coming towards us, and as they passed us we saw one was a very fair-sized boar. We were off at once after him ; but piggy, having had a rather long start from the *patiale*, had a good chance of getting away. A very exciting chase now ensued, the boar not only going his best, but jinking a good deal and throwing us out considerably, at one time we thought we were going to lose him, but Ferguson riding ahead stopped his road. The pig, seeing the way to his goal cut off, slackened speed and then went down like a steam-engine at Ferguson who

got a good spear, but as he wheeled round the spear was torn from his grasp. Instead of trying to make for the cover the pig turned round and charged desperately, cutting His Highness's horse and nearly knocking over Wilson's horse, whose stirrup he carried away in his tusks, and at last, covered with wounds, he sank without a groan. It may be here mentioned that boars seldom utter groans when dying, despising all signs of weakness.

This last ride had made us considerably thirsty, so we made our way to a big tree at the edge of the tank, where the liquor-boxes were. Most of us had dismounted but the old Judge preferred imbibing on horseback; he got a glass of gin-tonic, and the twinkle in his eyes showed that he was going to enjoy it when, all of a sudden, there were shouts of a mad buffalo charging. I believe it was Gibson who gave the first alarm. The big Judge on the big horse, was the first to draw the buffalo's attention, and as he charged Bainbridge did not wait to look for his glasses or finish his peg, but dropping his gin-tonic he soon cleared out. The buffalo, a very gaunt-looking specimen, was perfectly mad, for, charging and clearing us all round, he next made for the elephants. A magnificent tusker was brought up to meet him, and the buffalo went for him getting his horns on both sides of the trunk, but the *bathee* was quite prepared for him, for the butt he gave sent the buffalo reeling on his back, and this was followed by such a kick, that our mad friend did not wait for any further fighting, but turned tail and bolted into the jungle.

To be on the safe side we removed the liquor-boxes to another tree further away, where we finished our drink and refreshed ourselves undisturbed.

A dust-storm about this time coming up was very acceptable, as it cooled the atmosphere considerably. There being no more pigs left in the *patiale* except, perhaps, a stray or refractory old boar, we decided to beat the jungles round the tank and ordered the elephants and beaters to come out of the *patiale*. We divided the line now into two, half to beat the east and the other half the west bank, but both lines to beat simultaneously and work their way from north to south. As soon as we had taken up our positions the line advanced. By the moving and shaking of the jungle we could see pigs were going ahead, a few of the more bolder ones coming out in the open, and disappearing a little nearer to us. A big *seemul* or cotton tree seemed to be the place where all the pigs were making for. Both lines had now come up to the south bank but, barring a couple of sows that had come out and gone in the village, nothing further had broken. To the heavy cover round the *seemul* tree both lines now converged. The jungle was very thick, so progress was slow, most of the beaters had to remain outside. The elephants advanced slowly, using their heads and trunks to crush in and tear up the mountains of obstacles—bang, bang, goes off a couple of shots, the shouting and yelling increases—*Gelo ! gelo ! jatahai, jatahai !* Gone ! gone ! and away go a score or so of pigs, half unfortunately breaking back in the village.

We allowed the pigs to get well away, and as they went in Indian file we saw that there were at least three boar among the lot, and instead of making for the heavy covers of Goznoepore, they went away towards distant Sajdapore, the increasing gloom emboldening them. The pigs must have gone about half a mile before we began riding them ; on seeing us they all stood clustered together, but one of the more knowing ones, a very fair-sized boar, broke back and made for the village, and though Peacock, Gibson and some of the Nawabs went after it they could never come on terms with him.

There were still two boars in front of us, and we had a grand gallop in the now cool evening. After a couple of miles of going on rather rough ground, we picked up the two boars, Wilson getting the first spear of one, and the Sultan Sahib the other. Both these pigs fought well and were killed in the fast approaching darkness. It was, by this, time to make our way to the factory ; so leaving the elephants, beaters and others to find their own way we took the shortest cut home ; but we had not finished yet with our chapter of adventures. Ridding through the village some of the inhabitants came up to us to tell us that a couple of men had been wounded by a pig ; we wondered how this could have happened, as we let no wounded boars go away.

However, from enquiries, we found that this is what had happened. It would appear that the last boar that had broken back to the village was making straight for some safer or favourite haunts ; when going through he

came upon three Mahomedans who were saying their evening prayers. Their evolutions as they knelt, bent, &c., must have been taken for offensive demonstrations by Mister Pig, who in an instant was among the followers of the Prophet, and he must have taken them by surprise as both the men were cut up about the face, and also, according to what the victims related, they were bent low praying, when with a loud hoof! hoof! the boar was among them and knocking over two of them went his way. The wounds were not much, but the idea of being knocked over by a *soor*, while praying to *Allah*, was something unusual and unheard of!

We were rather surprised when we got home to find that the Sikhs had appropriated three of the fattest and biggest pigs. Most of us thought Sikhs were strict Hindoos, especially so, as we had heard them several times during the day call out *Ram! Ram!* but it appeared that, according to the Sikh or Kalsa religion, all game are allowable, and wild hogs are included by them in the category of game.

Barring the few rather amusing adventures related above, we had a most enjoyable day for May, and everything passed off to our entire satisfaction. Eleven pigs was not a bad day's sport considering the time of the year, and it was in good mood that we drank the health of the Queen of England.

*Measurement of Pigs killed.*

2 pigs	...	...	...	37 in. high.
1 pig	...	...	...	34 "
3 pigs	...	...	...	33 "
1 pig	...	...	...	32 "
2 pigs	...	...	...	31 "
1 pig	...	...	...	30 "
1 pig	...	...	...	28 "
<hr/> 11	Average height		...	<hr/> 31.6 "

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THREE DAYS' OUTING—ONE OF THE GOOD OLD KIND.

SOMETIME towards the end of February, 1885, I got a letter from Archie Hills from Sonaticree, saying he was coming over with Jim Henderson to do some hog-hunting and try that new part of the country lying between Hurriarpara and the Naranpore Ghât, and as they meant to be out for two or three days to chose a place where the tents were to be put up, and to meet them early next day.

I wrote where the encampment was to be, and rode out next morning a mile or so beyond the Hurriarpara village. After waiting for a couple of hours I caught sight of Hills and Henderson in the distance, and an hour later we met.

The first part of the country we went over was what you might call an old mulberry or mulberry cultivation country full of yawning ditches, and better adapted for steeplo-chasing on a big scale than pig-sticking. The cover, too, was very unsatisfactory, for wherever the grass was heavy *nullahs* were plentiful, so the first two or three pigs got away unriden. Giving it up as

a bad job we made for our encampment, the tents being pitched outside the Jamsipore village alongside a big *bil*, and on our way we decided to hunt up all the likely bits of cover.

Outside the Raipore village there is a small *khal* running parallel to it, and we soon found ourselves on the banks of it. After some trouble, the place being rather soft and muddy, a proper ford was found. Giving orders for the elephants, spare horses and followers to go straight to the tents we went ourselves across with a few beaters. As luck would have it where we crossed there was a rather nice patch of wheat, and we had not gone far in it when our eyes caught sight of a huge *bansa* right in the middle of it, and from the size of it it was evident there were more than one occupant, and we were not mistaken in our conclusion. With the first volley of clods the place shook as if alive, and out jumped a couple of pigs, one a sow and the other a boar—a perfect monster. As pigs had never before been ridden in these parts—at least not to my knowledge—the ones we put up now did not know exactly what to make of the sight before them. The sow, however, having made up her mind to clear out, she was soon followed by her mate; but both going in different directions. Not knowing the country very well ourselves we were in no hurry to ride the pigs; but, the boar having taken what appeared at first to be an open part of the country, we were soon after him; but, alas! We had not gone far when piggy disappeared all of a sudden before us,

and the next moment we found ourselves in a perfect labyrinth of yawning ditches. So deep and wide were they that, riding parallel and not within fifty yards, we could not see each other. Of course, we thought it was all up with the boar, but having just managed to catch sight of him as he was getting into some jungle near the village, we made our way towards the place with the forlorn hope of his having got on to some open country beyond. After a good deal of twisting and turning and coming down and going up, we found ourselves close to the jungle where we had last seen the boar on the very skirt of the village. None of the villagers could say anything about the pig, as they had not even seen him. As a last chance, Hills and I galloped through the village with the hope that he had gone through, but on getting on the other side, we saw not only no signs of the pig, but found again that awful mulberry country: so disgusted and in despair we turned back, and while Hills rode back through the village admiring Nature, I rode off to see what had become of Henderson, whom we had lost among the ditches. After a good deal of riding and knocking, about I caught sight of him, a mere speck on the horizon, going alongside the *bill*, and I could also see that there was a black-looking object who came rushing at him out of the water. After a short time Henderson alone was visible, and the black object, which was evidently a pig, had disappeared. I rode across to see what had happened, and Henderson on seeing me came up towards

me, and I had then the satisfaction of learning the monster we were after had been killed. It would appear that, after losing the boar, Henderson, who had gone a short cut across the village but in another direction to what we had taken, had caught sight of him going quietly along the *bit* and, by riding judiciously, had taken the pig by surprise. On seeing Henderson, the boar did not try to get away, for, after going a short distance, he turned round and came down a splendid charge, and Henderson, who was mounted on a very staunch bay water gelding, "Sonatierce," met him half way, and sent his spear through. Piggy after being speared went back to the water and lay down never to rise again. After a short time we met old Mills, who could scarcely believe the boar we were after had been killed; but once the act of *habeas corpus* had been performed, and the body of the deceased pig duly produced, all doubts disappeared. Archie swore that it was the finest and biggest boar he had seen for a long while, and reminded him of some of those of the good, old kind they used to get in the old days on the *chores* of the Ganges, at Tantibonda, Mangipara, and Doolohoree. A grand head with splendid tusks, vast shoulders with scarcely any neck, and very narrow flanks with a small clean tail completed the picture of this boar, who stood exactly 39".

We were quite satisfied with our morning sport, so made for the encampment. On our way we tried some more wheat, but put up only sows and *butchas*.

Having some work at home I left shortly after tiffin, promising to come out and hunt again next morning. Malcolm had come in on his way in from Berhampore during my absence, and he agreed to accompany me. Early in the morning we left for Photaipore where I had promised to meet Hills and Henderson. When we got to the river Bhoirup, near Dhorompore, we met Hills' mare Juliot being led and going very lame. On getting nearer we saw that she had a very nasty cut in the chest, and were not long in coming up with Hills and Henderson themselves, and heard that they had already killed a very fine boar who had cut the mare. It was rather strange how this was done. The boar, it would appear, had only one very long and thin lower tusk, with which he could rip, and he knew this well, for when Hills got close on to him and about to spear him, he rushed across in front of the mare and came charging on the near side. The consequence was that Hills was taken quite unaware, and before he could wheel round the boar got in, and with his solitary long tusk gave a very deep and ugly cut in the mare's chest. Good old Juliot had a very narrow shave, as the wind, I suppose, getting in by the wound made her swell out to an immense size; but with good care and nursing she quite recovered in a couple of months.

After our meeting we tried some more wheat, but there was, perhaps, a little too much of it and it required a good deal of beating and knocking about before we started a rather small-looking pig, a very fast little boar,

who took us a spin of a couple of miles before we could come on terms with him. Malcolm, on an old waler mare, McLean's mare as she was called, getting first spear. After being speared the pig took shelter in an old *pan* or betel garden; luckily there was a small bit of clearing when, in trying to get across, Henderson gave him a good spear that sent him rolling on his back. This was a small pig, as he stood only 28", but was remarkably fast.

We next tried our luck in some patches of grass and soon put up a good-sized lanky-looking boar, who gave us a short run and then 'charged Henderson who got the first spear. This pig showed plenty of fight, and was what you might call a jumping pig, but luckily he did not do any damage. He stood a little over 33" and was, very thin and mangy-looking. As it was now getting now rather late, we made for a clump of trees, where after a smack and a drink, Hills and Henderson left for the tents, and we (Malcolm and I) made our way back to the factory.

Malcolm had to get back to his own place, so I rode out alone next morning to meet Hills and Henderson and show them a good day's sport. I met them not far from the Dhorompore village, and though we tried some very likely wheat and grass, we saw no pigs, though there were plenty of signs of them the villagers, who had been out before us, had evidently driven away all the pigs from their crops. Disappointed, we made our way to the new *patiale* as a *pièce de résistance*. On our way

we had to pass close to a favourite quail-ground, so dismounting we took our guns and had an hour's very pretty shooting, our united bag coming to eighteen and a half brace quails, four couple snipe, and three hares. By the time we had done with the shooting we found ourselves close to the new *patiale*, so mounting our horses, again, we rode off and took our position under a couple of big mango trees and ordered the elephants and beaters to move into the *patiale*. The three elephants and fifty coolies soon begun to roar, shout and yell, and very soon a small boar' broke and made for Chainpara village. This was a remarkably fast pig and took us at a rattling pace for over a mile. Henderson coming up first secured the spear; but got his horse rather badly cut in the stifle; the boar though small fought very pluckily and required three or four good spears before giving in and going down on his haunches.

Going back to the *patiale*, we had scarcely taken our position, when out broke a regular sounder, and as they came out quite close to us we could see that there was a splendid boar among them. A herd of tame buffaloes threw us out considerably, and the pigs were well on their way to the old *patiale* before we picked them up. The boar, who was very lusty, was soon pumped, and Hills managed to get the first spear without much difficulty; but though a splendid boar, with as fine a pair of tusks as you could wish to see, he showed no fight, and required a lot of prodding before rolling over. Henderson was mounted on a new waler mare of Hills'

who would not go within ten yards of the pig, and it was, indeed, a sight to see the towering rage Jim was in !!!

This boar, as I said before, had a splendid head—a head that now adorns old McLean's hall at home, and on whose old mare Archy had secured the first spear. This brought the three days' camping to an end, and the sport we got was, on the whole, very satisfactory. After lunch Hills and Henderson left for Patkabaree well pleased with their three days' outing.

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## CHAPTER X.

### WHEAT AND CROP-HUNTING.

FROM about the beginning of February to the first week in March is, I believe, the best time for hog-hunting in wheat and other cold weather crops. Most of the grass and other jungle in the open being then either cut or burnt, pigs naturally all take to the next available cover, which are crops.

Nothing can be more exciting and exhilarating than to see a long line of beaters and coolies with a few riders between, making their way slowly and in silence through the tall crops, expecting every moment to hear the well-known hoof! hoof! and see the broad, grey back go crashing through the yellow-looking corn. In my idea pig-sticking either in grass or crops is the perfection of hog-hunting. It is true you have sometimes to ride for miles without your seeing anything, but there is always the expectation of your seeing something, and there is very often also the pleasure of your finding yourself riding along with a pleasant companion or perhaps a grizzled, old veteran, who will tell you of many an exciting and thrilling adventure, he has had with the mighty boar, but *retournous à nos moutons*.

Having heard of some good *khubbur* I wrote Hills about it, and a few days later I got a note from him saying that he would be over with a couple of friends next morning, and to meet them early at Bhola Ghât.

On my getting there, I found the party had arrived on the opposite bank of the river, and after the preliminaries of getting across were over, we made for the nearest wheat. I forgot to mention that besides Hills, the party consisted of Lawrie, Johnstone and Frank Joynson.

We had not gone far when a boar was seen going across the open, and were soon after him, and after a rather long and exciting ride Hills secured the first spear. It was, I believe, the first time that Joynson had been after a pig, and the way he brandished his spear over his head showed that he meant to have a shy as soon as he got within striking distance, but he was soon reminded by old Archie that such proceedings, as the shying of spears, was generally followed by summary and condign punishment. Of course, this made Frank more careful for the future. The boar after being speared retired among some *babool* trees where, with his back to a bush, he took up a very defiant attitude, and it was only when he saw the elephants coming that he thought of clearing out. The first to meet him was Joynson on Comet, who sent his spear clean through, rather astonishing poor piggy. This was a rather good boar, very heavily built and stood 35". Johnstone's horse, late Night, would not look at





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the pig, and did all he could to land Lawrie on top of the *soor*, but got, I believe, the worst of the bargain.

We had just killed our first pig when a slight drizzle set in, this was rather unpleasant, for besides wetting us it made the ground very slippery, so we made for the nearest tree, a very leafy and venerable-looking *bot* tree (*ficus indicus*.)

While waiting for the rain to clear out, we discussed the cold saddle of mutton and Pilsener beer Hills had very thoughtfully sent out. By by the time our slight repast was over, Father Sol made his exit, so we were soon remounted and on our way to Sriopore, round about where there was said to be some very heavy wheat. When we got to the ground we found any amount of crops, but a couple of hours' ride through them proved blank, so rather disgusted, we made our way towards the factory. We had gone on our way for about a mile or so when out of some old mulberry ditches out jumped a very good-sized boar with all his bristles up and evidently in very bad humour. He had not gone far when he turned round on Johnstone, who was nearest to him and who got a very good spear. This pig would have showed good fight as he was quite fresh and seemed very savage; but Johnstone's first spear made him feel very sick, and he tried to keep up a very unequal combat, till covered with wounds he quietly sank down. This pig measured 35" and had a thick crop of bristle and a very good head.

We next tried a rather extensive piece of *acree* which was on our way to the factory. A nice little boar breaking took us at a good pace. Johnstone eventually getting the first spear. Joynson's steed, objecting to make too close an acquaintance with the pig, tried some acrobatic feats which landed his rider on what, I should call, was his seat of honor ! This small boar, after being speared, did all he could to avoid any further fighting and had to be ignominiously polished off on foot in a bush where he had taken shelter after being speared. Being now rather late in the day we decided to make straight for the factory, so leaving instructions to the beaters, spare horses and others to follow, we cantered in quite prepared for a tub and lunch.

Old Archy did not care to go out again in the afternoon so I took out my two younger guests to see if we could not stir up something. I must say we were in luck. After knocking about for a short time, mostly through crops, we came to a small patch of very fresh-looking green wheat just alongside a cart track ; a gap in the centre of it looked rather suspicious, so I called my friends' attention to it. As the wheat was not high we could plainly see something black in the centre of the gap, and very soon the head and shoulders of a pig were discernible. Up went the bristles and out charged a splendid boar going the way he wanted and scattering every one right and left. The sun was rather down on the horizon so piggy, instead of making for

the *patiale* thought it was his usual time to come out, made straight for the open. He was not a fast pig and was soon pumped. Johnstone on his pony getting first spear, after which we had some trouble in finishing him off as all the horses took to shying. After a good deal of coaxing and dodging Johnstone managed to get in a good spear, and the pig had just enough life left in him to walk and go and lay down in a pool of water, but this was his last effort for he soon rolled over on his side and succumbed after a few convulsive kicks. This was a rather good boar, very well-made and stood 35". It was lucky finding this pig in so small a patch of wheat and so near a cart track, evidently the cloudy and rainy weather we had in the forenoon had emboldened him, and he lay down in the first cover he came across.

Hills was delighted, as he said, at the youngsters getting a boar all to themselves.

Next day we were up very early, and must say, we had a most disappointing day of it. We tried some new country about five miles north of the factory, and though we rode through miles of wheat we did not see a single pig, though we came across plenty of signs of them. I can only ascribe the result of our failure to the dry state the country was in: all the *bills* and water-holes about the place being dry, the pigs had shifted to some more favourite ground where water was more plentiful. By four o'clock in the afternoon we found ourselves back at the factory, very dusty and

tired, the usual effect of a blank day, and we required, indeed, Bollinger to revive our drooping spirits!!!

Having to go to some new country across the big river Bhoirup, we turned in early and after a single rubber. Early next morning saw us on the move after a substantial *chota hazree* of bacon and eggs and hot coffee. It was scarcely yet day-light when we got to the river, but the crossing of a dozen or so of horses, beaters and elephants across a broad stream takes some-time, and it was past eight o'clock before we all found ourselves on the left bank of the Bhoirup.

The cover to beat consisted mostly of wheat with patches of *aeree* and a little remnant of grass among the *babool* trees, the country, though new in a sense, was about a couple of miles or so north of that well-known old preserve at Goreehpore. Close to where we had crossed was a rather extensive field of *aeree*, and the noise made by the elephants soon started a couple of pigs—one a good-sized boar. We were soon after him and he made straight for the Goreehpore *bill*, but Hills having headed him, he turned back, and after a very close and exciting ride between Archie and Johnstone, the former secured the spear. Johnstone drew blood first, but was disallowed the spear owing to his having ridden foul and speared the pig on the near side. This was not a big boar but very game, and stood 31".

Returning to where we had left the elephants and beaters we next moved towards a very likely-looking

\*place—a thick clump of *babool* trees with a little grass in it. Owing to the amount of thorns about we had to do most of the beating ourselves, as the coolies could not very well go in with their bare feet. Pigs had been lying in all directions, and we were in momentary expectation of seeing something, and we had not long to wait. With angry grunts out rushed a boar—very angry, I should say, at being so rudely and suddenly disturbed out of his morning snooze! Owing to the thickness or rather closeness of the trees we were taken at a little disadvantage, and by the time we could extricate ourselves from our position piggy was fairly on his way to some distant cover. The going at first was all that could be wished for, so after a grand gallop we picked up the boar, who, on seeing himself pressed, turned round and made for some very heavy-looking *aeree*. The ground he took us over now was very rough and the going far from easy; but Joynson, who rode like a demon, regardless of hedges and ditches, soon came up with the pig and got a very good first spear—and a well-deserved spear—. Going round three or four times the boar fell over dead. He was a very well-made pig, with a good head, and measured 32."

It was now past twelve o'clock so we thought it time to think of the inner man. A big cotton or *seemul* tree (*Bombax malabaricus*), in full blossom, with its brilliant scarlet flowers, not being far off we adjourned to it. Cold saddle of mutton, surloin of beef and salad and a desert of cheese and celery, washed down with iced champagne

cup, is by itself worth a good day's outing. *Mea culpa sed a maxima causa.*

By two o'clock we were remounted and ready to renew the fray. An extensive piece of *aeree* was the first place we made for and had not long to wait when the shouting and yelling of *soor! soor!* told us pigs were on the move. On riding round the cover we were just in time to see a regular sounder going in the next patch of *aeree*. For an hour or so after this we did nothing, but ride backward and forward, the pigs evidently seeing us in the open not caring to break, and we were ourselves getting tired of this game when an old boar, more knowing than the rest, thought it time to clear out, and quietly sneaking out at the furthest corner, nearly succeeded in getting across the river. It was a regular touch-and-go. Hills on a very fast water, Odd Trick, just managing to spear the pig when within a few yards of the river. After being speared piggy gave up all idea of crossing, and turning round got behind Hills, whom he chased for a considerable distance, and he stuck so close behind that Archie could not wheel round, and when he did so the boar met him half-way, there was a crash, and the spear shaft was splintered. Leaving Hills the boar next made for Johnstone, who got in a very killing spear, poor piggy just managing to reach the water where he drowned himself. Though not a monster as regards size, this was a real, good, fighting boar and measured 32"; some more beating of crops produced a very fair-sized pig, but who

gave us a lot of trouble, as the only thing he did was to run from one field of *acree* into another. Joynson at last by making a dash secured the first spear just as the boar was disappearing into a very extensive piece of *acree*, and it was only by destroying half of the crop that the elephants could turn him out of it. By the time we had finished with this pig the sun was rather low down on the horizon, and as we had some five or six miles to ride home and a river to cross, we had to give up hunting rather earlier than usual.

As Hills and I had to ride into Berhampore next evening for Mosley's dinner, we decided to hunt in the forenoon across the small river Bhoirup, which was on our way in, and see if we could not give a little more *shikare* to our guests. We were up very early, but a heavy fog prevented us from making a move, and when we did so at about eight o'clock it was as bad as ever. The boaters, elephants and spare horses had been sent head across the river, and as we rode we went through all the likely-looking patches of wheat, and before our journey came to an end we came to what, I should say, was a rather interesting sight!!! Looming through the mist appeared to our astonished gaze a big piebald *soor*, evidently one having close relationship to some of his more civilized *confrères* and what do you think he was doing,—trying to improve the breed and making love to a lady of the true *sus indicus* blood. This was too much for old Archie who never spares a curly tail if found anywhere trying to infringe on the rights of

his more favoured and gallant brotherhood. This civilized boar was rather surprised in seeing us, and leaving behind his lady-love made tracks as fast as his legs would carry him, but was soon pumped, and in getting the spear tried to get hold of Hills' boot. Squeaking all the time he managed to reach a rather heavy bit of jungle where we lost him for the time being. Hills was rather sorry for allowing him to go away; but as we were still a couple of miles from the ground we wanted to hunt, we could not spare much time looking after the wounded pig. A couple of days after, however, on riding back from Berhampore I found the carcass of the piebald floating in the small river, being badly wounded, he must have drowned himself in trying to get across. As regards size this tame pig must have stood 35" to 36", and was in splendid condition; the free and easy life he had been leading had immensely improved his physique and general appearance.

Not being now far from the *ghât* where we had sent our people we made straight for it, and there being a very good ford we were soon across. Getting on fresh horses we made for the ground we wanted to hunt. When we got to it we found there was still a good deal of grass about. Having made a proper line and put the beaters on the north side with instructions to work up towards the south we took our position outside. We had not long to wait when a shout from the coolies warned us something was on foot, and the heavy waving of the grass showed that pigs were on the move. With

a "hoorosh", out rushed half-a-dozen pigs—a very good boar among them. We were soon after him, and the boar being separated took us at a good bat over some very hard ground. Johnstone and Joynson were having a regular race for the spear, when all of a sudden the pig plunged into a rather broad *nullah*, and by the time his pursuers could negotiate the place, he was well on his way to the heavy jungles round Koblampore village. Johnstone and Joynson had some difficulty in getting across; but as soon as they had done so away they went. Joynson, who was mounted on a bigger and faster horse, was soon leading, the boar refreshed by his plunge was going away in big bounds, and it looked indeed as if he were going to save his bacon. It was only a couple of hundred yards to the jungle, and Joynson was racing alongside the pig, who fell on his side and escaped being speared; but this also gave time to Johnstone, who rode ahead and barred his way. The boar, on seeing the way to his goal cut off, cocked his ears and made a determined charge at his foe, and the next moment he was kicking with his four legs in the air. This was a very thin-looking boar, but with a good pair of tusks, and stood 31".

On riding back to where we had left the coolies and elephants we saw a pig in the distance going across an immense *maidan*, and we were just thinking whether we should go and see if it was a boar, when we met some of our *syces*, who informed us the pig in the distance was *indeed* a boar that had broken after we had

gone after the first pig. Cantering up, the boar allowed us to get within a couple of hundred yards before he thought of clearing out, and then went the way he was making for, a big *bill* at least three miles off. After a gallop of over a mile over hard, ploughed lands, Joynson secured the first spear. This was a rather small pig as he measured only 26". Lunch was now the order of the day, and as soon as this was over Hills and I wished good-bye to our guests, who left, well pleased for Sonatieree, *en route* for Calcutta, while we rode into Berhampore for Mosley's dinner.

## CHAPTER XI.

### KHOLEBAD KHOR OR GRASS-HUNTING.

A PIG-STICKING meet at Choa was nearly always for some part of their programme after the Berhampore races were over. I shall, however, confine my Reminiscences to one or two of the most eventful ones only. About the first week of December, 1877, the following turned up at Choa for a little bit of *shikare*, viz.—Archie Hills, C. Gregson, J. Molesworth, E. Hayes, and Shrimp Abbot.

The party came down in *ticca garries* from Berhampore, and as they had sent their horses the evening previous, I went to meet them at a place about a mile or so from the factory where the hunt was to begin. We had no elephants, but a good number of beaters, and as soon as we got these together we made our way to the grass. Being early in the season the cover was perfect although, perhaps, there was a little too much of it.

A proper line having been made, we took our position behind and began to move slowly ahead. Caution was necessary, the grass being very high and intact, blind holes and ditches were scarcely discernible, and

we soon found this out by losing sight of Abbott, who disappeared in an old mulberry ditch overgrown with grass, out of which he had to be pulled: Mr. Shrimp rather enjoying the fun, and thinking it only as part of the performance he would have to go through ! ! !

The first bit of cover we went in brought out only a couple of sows that gave us a good spin, as having had a rather long start, and the grass being high, we mistook them for boars. Riding back to the cover we saw a big-looking pig come out of the jungle and have a look at us, and as he turned round to go in certain unmistakable formations behind showed us that it was a boar. Having taken up our position outside we put the beaters in and anxiously waited for the "hoorosh ! !" Five, ten, fifteen minutes went by, and still no signs of piggy coming out, we waited in vain, the coolies, who had been going backward and forward, swore there was no pig in the place, neither the sign of one. We had seen the boar go in, and were pretty certain he was still there ; so after having spent all our volubility on our beaters in trying to explain to them the close relationship they bore to all the porcine tribes, we ourselves rode into the grass.

Having made a close formation we advanced, stirring up every bit of cover wherever our friend might have concealed himself, and we had nearly gone through, without seeing any signs of him when Hayes, who was riding along the outside edge of the grass, was nearly unseated by his horse shying and swerving round. Riding

up to see what it was we only saw what appeared to be heaps of earth thrown up by rats, and so they were. But Mr. Pig, who must have had a good deal of humour about him, seeing, I suppose, some affinity between himself and the rodent mounds had gone and lain himself close alongside them, and for all the world, at first sight, he might have been mistaken for one of them. Female weakness sealed his fate, for anxious, I suppose, to see how far we had gone, he quietly raised his head to have a good look, and we could see by his fast-heaving sides that he was having a most unpleasant time of it. Up went his bristles, and with angry grunts he charged right in the midst of us, knocking over one of the *syces*, and then dashing through the grass he made for the *patiale*. The going was soft in some places, so piggy, who was going along the ridges had the advantage, but we soon found ourselves on firmer ground, and away we went. Those two old racers—The Tyke and Cremorne—were a caution. Molesworth, who rode the latter, had soon left the pig and the scene of action behind, and was making tracks for the factory; while Hayes, on The Tyke, was scarcely better off; though he did not quite get out of sight. The bear, who must have been somewhat perplexed at the erratic riding going on, turned round and made a vicious charge at the Shrimp, whose horse he cut in the chest. The slight prod piggy got made him only the more savage, and he went jumping to meet Archie Hills who got a good spear in, the spear snapping a foot or so from the blade. This made

we soon feel very sick, and Grogson soon put him out disans pains. This was not a big bear as he measured grout 31" ; but was very thick-set and showed plenty of pluck, and the thick coating of grey-looking mud he had on him was what had made him look so very much like those mounds of earth thrown up by the rats. By the time this pig had been killed Molesworth made his reappearance, his horse a good deal less impetuous and ardent.

Having got the beaters together, we next made our way to another extensive patch of thatching-grass with a lot of mimosa trees in it. As before we rode with the line of beaters—Archie Hills and Grogson to the left, Abbott in the centre, Hayes and myself on the right. We had thus gone for a short distance when Hayes shouted 'Tally ho ! Pigs in the *maidan*. Of course, there was a rush forward, Abbott and Grogson going after one of the pigs that had broken and gone to the right ; while Hills, Hayes and myself went ahead. We were riding parallel to each other : Archie Hills to the left, a slight fringo of tall grass intervening between him and ourselves. We had gone for about a quarter of mile or so when, noticing the pigs we were after were sows, I turned round to call out to Archie and let him know about this, when to my astonishment I found he had disappeared. Shouting to Hayes I rode across the intervening grass, and just as I got on the other side I saw Archie, who evidently had had a bad fall, get up and pull his mare after

him ; but as she stood up she rolled over again, and fell to falling on Archie Hills. I went off at once to get some liquor, and when I got back all the rest of the party had come up, but barring a bad shaking, and being a good deal bruised, old Hills had no bones broken or anything serious the matter with him—but, as for the poor, old mare, alas ! her hunting days were over. We managed to make her stand and send her to the factory ; she had, however, not gone far when she staggered and fell over dead. The accident, or rather the fall, was caused through galloping over hard ploughed land where there were a lot of big, loose clods about, and as the mare put her foot over one of these, instead of being crushed it simply rolled away bringing her down, and as she was going at a good pace she went a complete somersault, receiving fatal internal injuries.

Though, as I said before, shaken a good deal, Archie Hills, that modern Bayard, and ardent foe of the porcine tribe was quite ready for the fray again. After lunch we proceeded to some nice-looking grass near the village of Kholebad, and we were not long in putting up a sow and a boar, the sow breaking back in the village, while the boar, a lanky-looking-beast, made tracks for the *patiale*. We were soon all after him, the boar going his best pace and clearing the furrows and ridges in long bounds. Old Archie, whose mettle was up, and who knew the line of country the pig was making for, rode well to his left. Piggy soon found out what was meant, and was round in an instant, and

both he and Hills went rushing at each other from opposite directions at full speed, and the next moment the boar was seen to go round and round and then fall over dead. This was a fine and well-made boar and stood 35", and would have, no doubt, shown some good fighting had not the first spear done for him.

We had barely remounted our horses, when the villagers told us of their being a *bansa* in the next patch of grass, and sure enough we had scarcely gone in the place, then right in the middle of it, there was a big *bansa*. The place looked rather old and deserted, and the shouting and yelling all round, and the volleys of clods having brought no response, we decided to see for ourselves what the place contained. Hayes and Abbott got off their horses, and while Ted went to have a look through the main entrance, Shrimp got on to the roof of the *bansa*, and what followed is simply next to impossible to describe. Mr. Pig, who was comfortably asleep in his home strongly resented being jumped upon, was up in an instant and made his exit through the roof, sending Shrimp up like a rocket, while Ted cleared a ditch he could not under ordinary circumstances have done even if he had wings. The boar as he rushed out of the place looked most comical, as he carried round his snout a lot of the dry grass that had got caught in his tusks as he jumped up.

Instead of making for the open piggy went straight for the village, and took us a wild goose chase by lanes, through court-yards, and between houses, and it is a

wonder how he did not do any damage. The village urchins, with their older relations, had now joined in the chase. The only thing the boar did was to give a short and rather involuntary ride to an old Mahomedan who wanted to stop his way. The boar, on being hit over the head with a long bamboo, gave chase and rapidly gaining on the cultivator made a charge at what ought to have been the latter's seat of honour ; but being disappointed in the formation, passed between the legs of the old Musulman, whom he carried on his back for a short distance, and then shook him off with a look of disgust. After this bit of performance, what with the yelling, shouting, shrieking, crying, yelping and barking of the villagers and village curs, piggy had had enough and soon cleared out, and just as he was making a dash for a mulberry ditch, Hayes managed to spear him. I am sorry to say this pig belonged to one of the non-fighting *Jats*, and gave us a lot of trouble, having to be evidently killed on foot in a field of *aeree*. As regards size this was not a small pig, as he measured about 34", and had a good head. It was now getting rather late so we made our way to the factory where, after a tub and a drink, we went to preside at the rather mournful ceremony of the burying of the good, old mare. *Requiescat in pace.*"

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## CHAPTER XII.

### PIG-STICKING IN THE RAINS: AN UGLY CUSTOMER.

TOWARDS the beginning of August, 1877, Morey and I were out riding one morning. Being a Sunday Morey did not care to pig-stick, as he had promised the "Missus" not to hunt on that day.

Riding along we came across some very fresh-looking rootings, and a nice patch of *jhate* just alongside it. Closer examination revealed to us regular paths or tracks made by pigs, and these all seemed to be going towards a big mimosa bush right in the centre of the tall crops. I proposed to have a try to see what the place contained. Morey said he had no objection to have a gallop if a pig broke out, but would not carry a spear. As we were merely out for a ride we had no hunters with us but only our *syces* and a peon, so with these and with the help of some villagers, who were working in their fields close by, we decided to see what the place contained. I forgot to mention that I had taken out a couple of spears with me.

As soon as the men began shouting and yelling and throwing clods as a preliminary to their going into the cover out jumped a pig, a very fine-looking grey boar,

without a bristle on him, and the *beau idéal* of a Bengal boar. This was too much for Morey who after hurling a few anathemas at piggy for causing him to break the Sabbath got hold of a spear and rushed after him. The going at first was rather bad as most of the country was under water, and the boar, who objected to have a swim, stuck along a high ridge covered with grass. Blind holes and ditches were rather plentiful, so it was not long before Morey came to grief into one of them. He was, however, soon remounted, and the boar, who was very lusty and slow, was soon pumped, and this was rather lucky, as Morey's Cabulie was far from being fresh or fast. After a good deal of turning and twisting the boar made a desperate charge at Morey whose horse he nearly brought down, and as he was a very tough customer, he did not seem to mind much the spears he got. Being rather blown piggy next took shelter in a heavy piece of *gehema*, and as he was done up and feeling, I should say, a little sick, we thought there would be no getting him again. No sooner, however, we got the coolies together, then he made a dash for the next cover, which was the identical patch of *jhute* from where we had first started him. Morey rode round to the opposite side, and no sooner the boar heard him than he rushed out of the place and went bounding to meet him. Morey was taken by surprise, and before he could put on steam the boar was on him and landed nearly on the top of his horse. Fortunately the pig had very blunt tusks, and the only thing he did was to

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nearly knock Morey off his mount. Feeling now rather sick, as he had been speared at least half-a-dozen times, our friend made next for the nearest patch of water where he lay down. On seeing Morey come up he stood up rather out of temper, I should say, and putting his head a little on one side, as if to take aim, down he came charging out of the water. Morey managed to spear him just where the spine mingles with the neck, and poor piggy had just life enough left in him to totter back to the water where he rolled over on his back and died without a groan—died as only a boar can die in silence ! ! !

This pig stood 33" and was a remarkably handsome and well-made boar, but had very blunt tusks, and must have been pretty aged.

After having duly criticized the sport we had, we were just thinking of riding back to the factory, when one of the neighbouring *Zeminlars*—a sporting card, who had heard of our being out—sent his nag, a country-bred mare, for Morey to try, and he also sent along an elephant to help in the beating. Though it was rather late in the day we thought we might just as well have another try before going in.

*Khubber* of a very large and fierce boar, and said to be an ugly customer, who was said to have done also a lot of damage of late, was brought to us by some villagers. The place where this fiend was supposed to be was barely a mile or so away, so we made straight for it.

On our way we put up a big sow and Morey, who had a try at the *Zemindar's* nag, soon found that she did not care for soors. An extemporized blinker was soon rigged out of an old book cover, and we proceeded on our way to the ground, and were not long in coming to a light-looking patch of thatching-grass, and the villagers said that this was the head-quarters of the monster we were after. For once the rustics were right in their information for we were scarcely in the place than out came bounding a huge boar, and as he broke on the near side Morey had to turn away from him, and before he could come round piggy was on him, so there was nothing for it but to make tracks and get out of the way. The boar was not to be done, for he stuck close behind the horse, and a most exciting chase ensued. Morey going at his best, the boar following in long bounds grunting and roaring in fury, and strange to say this strange scene went on for fully a mile, when the boar slackened speed giving Morey time to wheel round the mare. Piggy soon saw what was meant, for before Morey could get his nag well in hand down he came, the spear glancing over his back ; fortunately the only damage he did was to cut in two Morey's curb-roin, and as if satisfied at his late performance piggy now took shelter in a rather heavy bit of jungle. It would not have been safe for us to go in or send the coolies so we waited for the olophant to come up. As soon as the *hathee* arrived we put him in the cover, but the boar who was ready for

him, soon chased him out of the place, cutting him rather badly in three or four places. After his victory over the huge *pachiderm* Mr. Pig trotted through the compound of the Sunkurpore factory, and a peon, who went very foolishly after him with a big bamboo, got fearfully cut up and died a few days later. The pig going through the factory compound gave Morey time to get on a fresh mount. The bear after cutting the man had gone on to an open bit of country beyond the factory. On seeing Morey he pulled up as if determined this time to summarily finish the business on hand. Taking a few steps forward he stopped, as if rather surprised at his adversary's temerity, and then gathering himself up down he came. Morey had now a good mount under him, and two more gallant antagonists could not have been found among the Knights of old. The spear stuck in a soft part of the neck and went right through, the bear rolling over dead. Of the many an exciting and thrilling pig-sticking adventures I have been an eye-witness to, I think this one carries off the palm, at least in certain phases of it, such as the hunting down of the rider for over a mile, and then going through the factory compound and killing a man.

This was a very lanky-looking bear with a huge head and neck, and though I have not got his measurement he must have stood 36" to 37".

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### AN AMPHIBIOUS BOAR.

SOME time about the middle of October, 1881, Ferguson came over for a couple of days' snipe-shooting, and he also brought some spears with him in case we should be able to get up some pig-sticking. The late flood and heavy rains we had, had made, however, the latter sport almost impossible, so we had to confine ourselves to the more humbler recreation.

After *chota hazaree* we found ourselves on a rather good bit of snipe ground, and had already made a very fair bag, when finding the ground rather too soft we moved on to some better ground higher up. On getting to it we found fresh marks of pigs all over the place, so without proceeding any further with our shooting we decided to see, if we could not turn up a pig from a rather heavy piece of *gehema* close by. We had only some three or four *coolies* with us, and we sent these in the tall crop with instructions to make as much noise as possible. With the first howl there was a rush, and out jumped a very fine-looking boar; as he came trotting towards me I had nothing to do but to make tracks, and must have covered the next fifty yards or so in an

incredible short space of time to the great amusement, I should say, of Ferguson, who was standing at the other end.

After a short council of war we decided to see if we could not get this pig, this amphibious boar, who evidently had been expelled from his fraternity for want of some *porcine etiquette*!!! We sent a coolie off at once to the factory to get the horses and spears; but when these arrived we found our shooting boots were much too big and would not go into the stirrups, so we had to take them off and we rode in our socks only. Most of the country being under water it was not a pleasant and easy job to ride a pig. We had seen the boar go into a heavy crop of *amane* paddy, but when we went to look for him he was no more there. After a good deal of knocking about we at last came on Master Piggy lying comfortably in some two feet of water under a mimosa bush. On seeing us he rushed out of the place and made for a big *bil* to the north of where we were. Ferguson on Red Jackel took him at a good pace; but piggy, who was going along the *aels* or ridges had the advantage. Into the big *bil* in front the boar plunged and struck at once for the opposite side, distant some three miles away, but after going a short distance through the thick paddy piggy finding, I suppose, progress rather slow, and not caring for a long swim under such conditions, turned round and made again for the bank. Ferguson, who was standing in some two feet of water, was watching what was going to happen next.





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The boar no sooner saw him then he pushed forward, and as soon as he got on *terra firma* down he came. There was a collision, the spear struck high on the pig's head, but this was enough, the small puncture it made proved fatal, for though he ran for a short distance and Ferguson gave him another spear, the first one was that which laid him low. This was a very good boar, with a fair head and stood 33". Peace be to his manes!

Of the many pigs I saw killed this one was certainly the most amphibious. Though the whole country where we were hunting was more or less under water, there was a high ridge where this boar could have easily have got away by while we were waiting for the spears and horses; but he preferred to go and lie down in the water. The riding, if it can be called so, was simply awful, for not only did the horses sink deep in the soft mud, but the going was more or less in water; nevertheless, it was a very satisfactory winding up to our morning's snipe-shooting.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### "SONORANTIE" MEET.

"SONORANTIE" is the native New Year, and corresponds to the 12th January. It is a general holiday for all classes, specially so among the lower who will not do any work, and so most of the factories are closed on that day. Being a general holiday we reserved it as a special day for hog-hunting, and many an exciting and pleasant day we had on "Sonerantie." To the porcine tribe it must have been a red-letter day, as close upon two hundred boars fell on that day, *Sur le Champ de bataille*.

On "Sonerantie" day, 1874, the following found their way to Chon for a day's hog-hunting, *viz.* -- W. Morey, M. Ferguson, R. C. Lyall and Y. Lindsay.

Lindsay, who was now in the district, had been talking about hog-hunting as being mere child's play, and when he told us he had brought a couple of waders, an Arab and a country-bred, our hope of sharing in the sport fell to zero, and we looked very small, indeed, as most of us could boast only of two nags at the outside; but this feeling soon vanished when we discovered that most of Lindsay's horses were *hors de combat*. The two

walers seemed to be gone in the loins, the Arab was a screw, and the only sound nag was the country-bred mare. After a good dinner, washed down with sundry jugs of tap beer, and followed by a few games of *vingt et un*, in which Lindsay distinguished himself by losing heavily, we turned in.

Early on the morning of the 12th we found ourselves at the *patiale*, the one furthest from the house or rather factory. A couple of elephants and some fifty beaters with some fire-works was all that we had to turn our quarry out with. As this was one of the early meets of the *patiale*, the pigs were not the knowing ones they became latter on, and they did not require very much stirring up.

Scarcely were the first *bombs* (fire-works) let off, and the echo from the coolie's howl died out, then out jumped a dozen or so of pigs, some getting back in the village and only one good boar facing the open. We were soon after him and were fast gaining, when seeing the *bil* near the pig turned and made for it and was soon swimming across. We allowed him to go a short distance, and then quickly trotted round to the opposite side. He was allowed to land, and as soon as he had made up his mind to clear out we began riding him; and 'piggy, rather surprised in seeing us again, went away at his best pace. The going was splendid, mostly through young wheat, and after a burst of about a mile Morey got alongside the boar and secured first spear, his pony, Punch, behaving admirably, Ferguson getting

second spear, the boar after this going and lying down in a pool of water. It was rather difficult to finish him there, as the mud was soft, and on both sides of the place grew a thick *babool* hedge. With a long bamboo we managed to stir up Master Piggy, who rushed out of the place and made for Morey, who was waiting for him at the edge of the pool, and who dropped him dead with a good spear behind the shoulder. Though not a big boar, he was heavily built and measured 33".

We were rather surprised in not seeing Lindsay up, specially, after the contemptuous way he had been talking about pig-sticking. We met him, however, on our way back, he was in a great state of excitement, and he told us he had gone after a huge boar, and had ridden the monster to bay; but that his mare, Ladybird, would not look at the pig, and he had the mortification of seeing him quietly walk away into some heavy jungle!!!

On our getting near the *patiale* we saw a couple of pigs come out, and going a short distance they stopped as if not knowing exactly what to do; but finding, I suppose, everything very quiet they made up to go away and trotted off, evidently making for the heavy jungle round Sajlapore village. As we cantered up we saw one of the pigs was a sow and the other a good boar; riding them too soon, would have sent them back to the *patiale* so we allowed them to go away to what we thought was a safe distance. On hearing us coming the boar pulls up short, his small

tail high over his back, he turns round and gives a side glance, he has seen enough, a snort and a grunt and away he goes bounding in a cloud of dust. Tally ho!—"Ride well to his left, and keep him off from the village," is the cry, and away we go dashing; the going is grand, mostly cayenne pepper fields, which does not improve by our riding through them; the chillies, as they hit against the horses' legs go flying in all directions, there must be a certain amount of damage done. The native cultivator is certainly the most passive of his kind from either apathy, enmity to the porcine tribe, or fearful of after consequences the Bengal *ryot* seldom howls or complains of your riding through their crops—but wait and see if he catches any of your followers squatting down by the side of a pea or gram field and refreshing themselves, down he comes gesticulating, shouting and swearing to wreak vengeance and make them pay for all the damage done, including what has been brushed away by the elephants; luckily, barring threats, the *ryots'* vengeance goes no further.

After the boar then.—The pace we were going very soon told, and though a good deal pumped piggy made one more attempt to get to the friendly cover of the jungle which was now only some two hundred yards or so off; but Ferguson going ahead made him change his mind and down he came a furious charge, McNeil getting a good spear and leaving it in the pig. The boar was now within a few paces of the jungle, and before he could be speared again crashed in the nearest

second spear, the boar after this going and lying down in a pool of water, <sup>to</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> ~~attempt~~ <sup>attempt</sup> to finish him, and we were in difficulties as to getting our ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> ~~boar~~, and were very anxious to finish him, as close to the cover he had taken shelter was another long bit of jungle going right up to the village. Though we could not see the pig, we could hear him and the crack, crack of the spear shaft as it broke, and the rustling showed that piggy was gradually working his way towards the village. We took our position in the only opening there was when, without any warning, out charged the boar nearly unseating Morey who, however, got a good spear in and left it also in the pig, and this prevented his getting into the jungle again, and after a vain attempt to get up and charge he went down on his haunches never to rise again. This boar was almost the *fac-simile* of the first one we killed, and stood half an inch higher. Ferguson's spear-shaft was broken a foot or so from the blade, and this must have been done when piggy was forcing his way through the jungle.

Feeling rather dry we rode back to the *putiale* and, while waiting for the elephants and beaters, had sundry pegs and choeroots, and as soon as they came up the beat was resumed. Several pigs were soon out, but unfortunately all of them breaking back in the village jungle and preferring the shelter of the *pan* or hotel gardens to facing the open, a sow with half a dozen youngsters going alone across the open. A sporting *pariah* dog, seeing the prospect of a dainty meal, tried hard to get hold of one of the squeakers ; but the hustling the old

lady gave him made him retire to a respectable distance and look as rather disgusted at the treatment he had received.

It was now getting rather late in the day, and seeing no immediate prospect of a run we stopped the beat and retired to a big mango garden or *topo*, where we had lunch while the beaters, syces, and others did justice to their *jol-pan*. *Jol-pan* literally translated means water and betel leaf; but the real meaning of it is a slight meal or refreshment, and consists generally of parched rice, gram or any other kind of grain with the addition of a little treacle. It does not cost much to give your beaters and followers a feed of *jol-pan*: five rupees worth is generally enough for over a hundred hungry stomachs. While discussing lunch Lindsay very generously offered to lend us mounts. Morey jumped at the offer of the country-bred mare, Lady-bird, as he knew she was a real good 'un to go; but Ferguson, who had accepted the offer of a mount also, must have been rather surprised when he found that no sooner he was mounted his horse wanted to sit down with him, and he just managed to jump off before the general collapse came. This was evidently one of Lindsay's walers that was rather weak behind!

Having refreshed ourselves we moved on to the other and bigger *patiale*, the one next to the factory. Our beaters were now fast vanishing so we hurried the beat. At first only a few widows and orphans showed themselves, and we were thinking our forces were not

strong enough to make an impression on the more refractory boars, when a shout from the beaters put us on the *qui vive*. We had not long to wait when a big lanky-looking pig—there was no mistaking him for a sow—trotted away towards the *maidan*, and having gone a short distance from the *putiale* the order to ride was given. The first part of the going was very soft, and the boar must have gone fully a mile before we picked him up; but piggy was not inclined to exert himself much, so after one or two jinks he turned round and came a grand charge into Morey, who only got a slight dig and had a narrow shave of having his mare cut; the boar gave his attention next to Lyall, who got a very good second spear; but had his *Cabulio* slightly cut; Morey finishing the boar, his mare, Lady-bird, behaving admirably. This was a very tall pig, but with a rather poor head and measured 36". We had scarcely ridden back to our positions when a roar from the crowd of spectators told us pigs had broken out again. This time there were three and all boars; but only one fit to be killed, and we were soon after him. The going at first was very bad, mostly through soft paddy fields where the horses sank deep, so by the time we came on terms with the boar he was not far from some village jungles. Lyall was the first up, and piggy who did not care being pushed was round in an instant, and the next moment he was rolling with his legs in the air, one spear was enough. This was not a big pig, but had lots of fight in him, and measured 29."

Our beaters had now grown beautifully less and less, so though it was still early, we thought the best thing would be to get back to the factory and refresh ourselves and come out again in the evening and watch if we could not catch a pig or two as they left the *patiale* for their feeding grounds. After a tub Morey introduced a novel pick-me-up, tinned lobsters seasoned with hot chilly-vinogar and bread and butter, washed down with sundry bottles of Bass's Pale Ale! Just before sun-down we rode back to the *patiale*, and took our positions behind some big trees and waited for our porcine foes to come out; but we waited in vain till night “cast her sable mantle o’er the scene.”

Early next morning, just as we were getting on our horses to get back to our different destinations, we saw in the distance a long line of some black-looking objects,—that they were pigs there was not the slightest doubt. As they came nearer we saw that there were nearly a dozen pigs of all sizes, and one among them a perfect monster. Forgetting our leave-taking for the time being, we got hold of some spears and down we went. The sounder rather startled in seeing us went away at their best pace for the friendly cover of the *patiale*; but the old gentleman, a perfect monster of a boar, never intended running and Morey was soon alongside, and though only a few paces from the *patiale* he made a determined charge. Morey got in a good spear and left it in; but the boar also managed to get in and give a nasty cut to Punch. Into the *patiale* the pig dashed,

and though we lost him for the time being he was found dead three days afterwards. Though I could not get his measurement, he must have stood fully 37" to 38." By a very strange coincidence just a year after day by day, the spear left by Morey in the pig was found by some of the mahouts beating the *patiale* on another "Soncrantie" day meet; both blade and bamboo were intact and in a perfect state of preservation and served for many a day afterwards. Poor Punch, Morey's pony, who was ripped by the boar, died a few days later of lock-jaw or tetanus brought on by the wound.

Lady-bird became Morey's property from that day, and the game little mare died in the field a year or so after by breaking her back in a hurdle race at Midnapore and having to be destroyed.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### MODOOPORE "NULL" MEET.

BEFORE describing the meet and the sport we had, I must explain a little what is meant by the Modoopore *Null*.

Modoopore is one of the Patkabari Concern's out-work or factory, and owned by that Prince of Bengal pig-stickers, Archie Hills. Close to the said out-factory is the *Null*, which literally translated means reed or grass, but which in reality is a preserve kept up specially for pigs, and which is hunted, as a rule, only once a year, and that is at Easter. The preserve in question consists, I should say, of about forty to fifty acres of land, and is situated on the right bank of the river Jellinghee in the hollow of a *chur*. In the centre of the *Null* there is a pool of water, and all round it grows the tall reed jungle. The cover is very heavy, and it is almost useless to attempt to drive pigs out of it with beaters only, unless there are a certain number of elephants to help them.

To the east of the preserve, and about half a mile or so away, lies the river Jellinghee, fortunately very few pigs, as a rule, break on that side, and when they do so,

instead of swimming across and getting away, they prefer either to break back in the *Null* or make for the nearest village jungle. On the west there is a big open *maidan* (plain) where once our piggy's fate is sealed, but on the north and south the villages are uncomfortably near and the runs very short—short runs, that have seen many a gallant ride by some of the *elite* of pig-stickers, including a few of those well-remembered dashing aides-de-camp ! !

Before concluding my description of the Madoopore *Null*, I may as well mention that it was here that poor Colonel James was killed on Christmas Day, 1874.

He died as he would have wished to die,  
In the height of glorious charge,  
A noble foe in front, behind  
A "field" select not large,  
Nor let the bravest meanly think  
Of the charge that laid him low :  
For the noblest sport is hunting,  
And the bear the noblest foe !

As I said before, the Madoopore *Null* was hunted, as usual, during Easter ; but, on the present occasion, the meet was unavoidably postponed till the 6th April, 1877. Early on the morning of that day the following found themselves at the covert-side eager for the beat to commence, *viz.*—Lord William Beresford, Old Angelo, Captain Fife, P. Richards, M. Ferguson, R. Simpson, E. Gibson, our worthy host, Archie Hills, and the humble author. Our beating line for the day

was to consist of some seven elephants and sixty beaters with *tom-toms* and rattles.

The *Null* looked very fresh and heavy ; and the *hathees* and coolies seemed to make very little impression in it. It took fully a couple of hours' stirring up before the first pig broke : old Angelo got away at his tail, and after a short run secured the spear. This was not much of a pig, and stood 31".

Scarcely was this first pig killed than a fine-looking boar was seen to come out, but being ridden too soon made for Amtollah village : Captain Fife on a very fast bay waler took him at a rattling pace, and having slightly headed him, with a snort and a grunt down came the boar on him. The Captain received the pig with a good spear in the back, recovered his weapon and galloped on. Instead of staying to meet Beresford, who was close behind, the boar turned and pursued Fife, and while so doing was overtaken by his Lordship, who rolled him over with a good spear on the spine. This was a good pig, one of the best of the meet, and measured 35".

The third boar broke on the river side ; but after going a short distance, he turned round and made back for the *Null*, and feeling, I suppose, rather pumped he slackened speed, and after apparently a moment's reflection, he turned round and came at Archie who had pressed forward to close ; there was a tremendous concussion, and the boar was seen to roll over dead. This was a rather small pig, but with plenty of pluck in him.

By this time pigs were seen running all over the place, and in the next half-hour or so three more boars were accounted for, the spears falling to Beresford, Ferguson and Angelo : though none of these last three pigs were monsters, they were good fighters. The line of elephants and coolies which had stopped beating now began moving ahead, and a couple of shots from the the elephants was followed by a big boar bounding in the open ; we could see he was a real good 'un, and after a slight hesitation he made for the Modoopore village jungles. Lord William, on a little game-looking brown waler, took him out a good pace and pushed him from first, and when just about closing the boar dashed into a rather heavy-looking bush. Beresford rode round to the other side, and the boar no sooner heard him than down he came at the *pas-de-charge*,---there was a collision, the spear flew from his Lordship's hand, who pulled up short, and the next moment a big gash was seen on the horse's stifle, which was soon crimsoned with blood, while the boar sullenly retired again in the bush. Coming out on the other side he gave his attention next to Fife, from whom he got a good stab, the boar going back again in the jungle. Angelo then rode up with a shout, and this was answered by the boar coming and charging, and receiving another stab he retired again. This happened some three or four consecutive times, till at last our shouts provoking no response, some of us went round to the furthest end, and peeping in saw the boar extended on his side. This

was the best boar of the meet, with a splendid pair of tushes, and stood 37". The last two boars before lunch fell to Fife and Gibson, and both of these were small pigs. Considering the time of the year we had a rather cool forenoon, and it was past eleven o'clock before the best of us found our way to the Moddoopore Bungalow.

After tub and an A-1. tiffin, such as only Archie can give—Palkabareo mutton, Ortolans washed down with claret cup—we turned into our sleeping suits, and a shake down was the general order of the day.

By three o'clock most of us were up and dressed; but it was past four before a move was made towards the *Null*. The weather had got very cloudy now, so we had a very cool and pleasant afternoon, though it rained slightly at intervals. Richards and myself got on the elephants to help in the beating, and we had a most unpleasant time of it; in some places the *Null* was much above us, and we had not only our faces and hands cut by the sharp edges of the reeds, but were covered over with dust and dirt of all kind; it was some consolation, however, to know, that we were materially helping in the getting out of the pigs. Number 8 shot at close quarters has a very good effect in making a boar sulky, and the two we put out never thought of running; but showed fight from the first, Hills getting the spear of one and Beresford the other. After these two boars got their *quietus*, Peter and myself had enough of the boating, and were very glad to get on our horses again.

The cool and cloudy weather we had, had a very good effect in making the pigs come out much more easily than they would have done otherwise. The line of beaters and elephants have scarcely come to the end of the beat when there is a roar from the *coolies*, and away goes a score or so of pigs—goes pigs to the right, goes pigs to the left, goes pigs everywhere,—but they are only the widows and orphans of those we have killed in the morning. A good-sized boar, however, soon follows them, and after having had a look round he trots away towards Madoopore. Angelo and three others, including myself, are soon after him, and he goes away in big bounds. The run is very sharp, and Angelo is just about closing, when the pig dashes into a heavy-looking bush, the identical piece of jungle where the boar that had cut Lord William's horse had gone into. We ride round to the opposite side, but do not see any signs of the boar coming out, though we can hear him rustling inside—and now a most wonderful sight is seen. The big boar killed in the morning has not yet been removed and is lying still and stark, the pig we are after goes up to it, and after vainly attempting to rouse it, goes and lies down alongside it. We gaze at this interesting sight, but only for a short time, for piggy, I suppose, seeing there is no chance of his deceiving us, gets up and dashes into the nearest jungle, but not before Angelo has given him a taste of cold steel. We thought at first that this boar had managed to get away by crawling among some of the ditches; but the beaters

on looking for him stumbled on his body quite dead. This was a very fat and heavy pig, and stood 34".

While we were busy killing this pig, the rest of the party had got two more boars, Ferguson and Tife getting the spears, and bringing the day's bag to thirteen. Most of the pigs killed during this meet were good fighters, and they must have averaged about 32" to 33".

It was still day-light and we might have got one or two more pigs, but were quite satisfied with our day's sport, and did ample justice to the capital repast that awaited us at the Moddoopore Bungalow.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### A GRAND DAY'S SPORT.

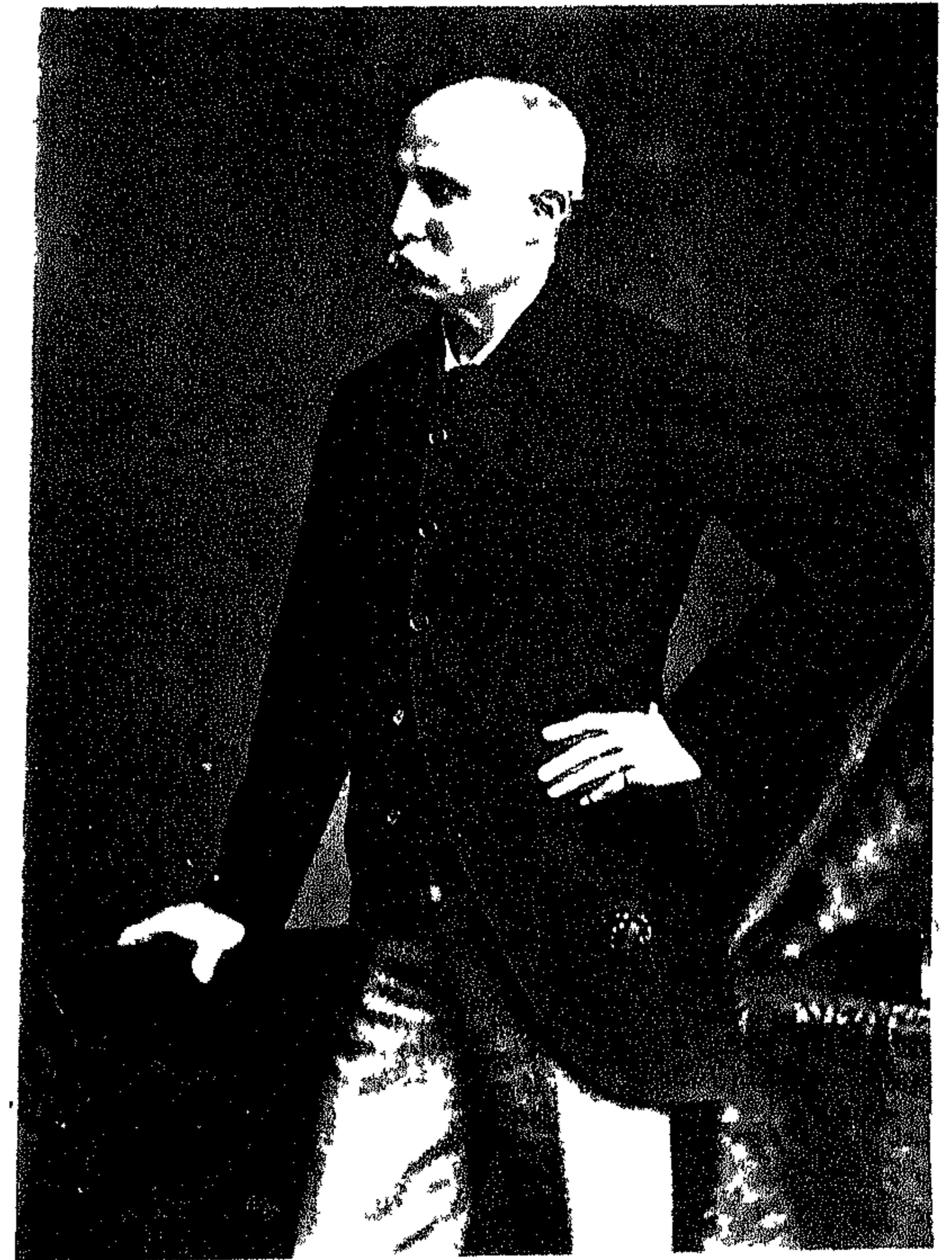
NINETEEN pigs in one day is a fact which has not often, I believe, been chronicled in the annals of sports. The meet at which we got this grand day's sport was at one of the Easter *Null* pig-sticking meets, given by that chief of pig-stickers, Archie Hills.

The party consisted of Judge Bainbridge, Major Peacock, Old Angelo, Captain Austin, M. Ferguson, J. Malcolm, J. W. Stocks, C. Fyson, R. Stocks, G. Gibson, our host and myself.

The meet was fixed for the 13th April, 1878. On the 12th a refreshing nor'wester had considerably softened the ground, and the 13th was a delightful day—cool and cloudy, the ground soft, in fact we could not have wished for anything better. Besides the above-mentioned the Nawab Bahadur of Murshedabad (or *Burra Sahib* as he was then called) came with some of his brothers.

The party got to the ground by seven o'clock, and the beat was at once commenced with nine elephants and a lot of coolies and drums. The morning being very cloudy a few pigs might have been seen coming back into the *Null* from their night's roving, and it was difficult





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to restrain some of our enthusiastic young pig-stickers going after them. The first beat south to north proved blank, so did the beat *vice-versa*, though any amount of pig might have been sneaking from one *patch* to another. After about an hour's stirring up out broke a regular sounder but all sows and *butchas*, but very soon followed by a good-sized boar. The first party (two parties were made) consisting of Malcolm, Austin, Fasson, Ferguson, Stocks and myself were soon after him, and he was killed after a sharp run over some capital ground: Malcolm on The Cat (a small country-bred tat) getting the first spear. This pig was not much of a fighter, and measured 32".

Just as this boar had been polished off two more were seen going in the distance; Ferguson, on Osman Pasha, always ready for a run, and Fasson, on The Nana, were soon after them. They proved to be a boar and a sow. The boar was killed after a long run when he was very near getting into a village, Ferguson getting the first spear and having to do the whole of the killing, as Fasson's horse refused to go up to the pig. This boar had a very good head, and measured 35".

While the first party were negotiating these two pigs, the second party, consisting of Archie Hills, Bainbridge, Peacock, Angelo, and Gibson, killed a very good boar, Hills getting the first spear. The fourth, a rather small pig, broke on the river side and was killed by Stocks with one spear. The fifth, a very heavy and lusty boar, fell to the Nawabs, the *Burra Saheb* getting the first

spear. This pig had evidently not much fight in him for he sat down after two or three rather light spears and did not seem to mind much the slight prods he received till reinforcement arrived in the shape of Malcolm who, with a couple of good spears, put an end to poor piggy's career. The seventh, a little more than a squeaker, was also killed by the Nawab's party. The eighth, a very fine boar, showed good fight; he made for the Modloopore village jungles, but being pressed he turned round and came straight at Ferguson, who got a good spear and left it firmly planted right in his back. On getting the spear the boar pulled up and then charged Peacock who got a stab but could not stop him; the boar got in and seemed to hang for a moment at the Major's girths, and as they parted company it was seen the horse had been badly ripped. The pig now made off at a good trot for the nearest jungle, and Ferguson's horse, who did not care for the waving spear-shaft, refused to go up, and it looked very much as if the boar would get into the jungle first; luckily at this juncture a small *babool* tree knocked the spear off the pig's back. Ferguson seeing the way clear rode forward, and the boar on seeing him stopped and turned round, and it was difficult to say who began the charge, so equally eager were both for the fray. They met with a violent shock, Ferguson's spear was shivered and down went the boar on his haunches, and after vainly attempting to rise again fell over on his side, and a good spear behind the shoulder soon put him out of his pains. This was a

very well made pig, with heavy crop of bristles, and stood 33". The ninth, a fiery gentleman, got away with Angelo, Fasson, Stacks and myself after him. He did not run much, but charged right and left, and an unfortunate cow, who wanted to see piggy at close quarters, was rather badly cut. Old Angelo got the first dig and the boar kept dodging among the ditches that were overgrown with jungle, and occasionally coming out with a hoof! hoof! Fasson gave him a spear, and Angelo left a couple sticking in him. Going through the jungle we could hear the spear-shafts breaking. Piggy came out at last in the open, but only to get into some heavier cover. Angelo kept going along the jungle, and trying to excite him out. He came out at last with a vengeance at Angelo's horse's shoulder. Angelo, who had a spear with a broken shaft, made no impression on the brute, and it was difficult to make out whether it was his swearing or the pig's grunting that made the most noise! At last they parted company, the pig getting back in the jungle, and Angelo leading his horse, rather badly cut in the forearm.

While this performance was going on, number ten was being polished off by Malcolm and Gibson. The wounded pig who had cut Angelo's horse was met by Ferguson and Malcolm while they were looking for another pig, and not to their little surprise, as he came straight at them before they knew of his presence and made, I should say, their position rather uncomfortable for a few seconds, as they were in a clump of bamboos.

The eleventh pig was killed after a long run. Malcolm, who had gone with the Nawab's party, securing the first spear. The twelfth, a fat, young boar, was killed after a sharp run through herds of cattle, Ferguson getting the spear. The thirteenth, a small boar, was first ridden by Angelo round the *char*, but letting him go, as he looked all the world like a sow, was killed by Fasson. The fourteenth, a very good boar, was killed after a good deal of bother as he had several spears sticking in him, and no horses would go up to him, Hills getting the first spear. It was now eleven o'clock - rather a late hour for April to stop out - so a move was made towards the Madoopora Factory where we were going to spend the day. Stocks, Stacks and Austin, who had remained behind, got another boar, one of Nawab's party getting the first spear.

After bathing and dressing and an excellent tiffin we turned into our *pyjamas* for our forty-winks. The Nawab and his party made themselves comfortable under the shade of a big almond tree near the bungalow, and amused themselves by shooting doves and playing cards.

As the day was cool a move was made towards the *Nall* at about 3 p.m., but it was past four, o'clock before the elephants could be got into line, and the hunt resumed. A pig was soon out on the *char*, and seemed to be making towards the river. Hills, Ferguson and a host of others were soon after him, when he turned back for the preserve. Hills, who was soon alongside, gave him a spear - a right good one - but he managed

to get in the *Null*, and to get him out of it again was simply out of the question, though he was found dead next day. Another pig was soon out with Malcolm, Fasson and Austin after him ; but after going back a short distance he doubled back for the *Null*, and it was sharp work catching him up, Malcolm getting first spear and having to do the whole of the killing, as the other horses refused to go up. While this pig was being killed another was out ; Angelo and Ferguson went after him, but as he had a long start he was nearly in the village before being caught, Angelo getting first spear, but the jungle being very near he got away.

The nineteenth and last was *the* pig of the meet. Though not a big boar he proved to be a real good 'un : Malcolm, Fasson, Austin and Stacks were after him ; but going a short distance he stopped short in some heavy bushes among the ruins of the Amtolah Factory. I was not present at the first part of the programme, but seeing a great crowd collected, and the pig coming out and giving chase to the Captain and Stacks, I thought it worth the while to go and see what was going on.

When I arrived at the place there was no pig to be seen ; but the riders with a crowd of natives were standing before a rather heavy bit of jungle. The crowd shouting and bombarding the bush with all sorts of missiles, and loud hoof ! hoof ! every now and then announced piggy's presence. He came out two or three times, but being a knowing one he got back to the jungle whenever he saw the horses. By this time every one,

with the exception of Hills, the Judge and Ferguson, had assembled round the cover, and the crowd emboldened got nearer ; some of the boldest ventured inside the jungle to have a look at piggy, when a volley from outside roused him, and he made straight for them. One of the unfortunate spectators got his feet entangled in some creepers, and the bear was on him like knife, rooting at him and carrying him along the ground on his snout. Malcolm made a rush at the pig and he let go the man, but only for a few seconds, for the brute knocked him down again head over heels and began worrying him. The large crowd and the shouting all round made the pig let go the man and sullenly retire in the jungle. The unfortunate fellow managed to crawl away, when some of his friends carried him away badly ripped in three or four places. An elephant was now sent for as the crowd had retired to a respectable distance. The *mahout*, brought the elephant up triumphantly ; but no sooner piggy saw him, then he made straight for him, when down went the elephant on his knees hoping to crush his small antagonist. There was a great commotion in the jungle for a few minutes when out came the elephant with a roar, his tail high in the air and he made a regular bolt of it. Another elephant was sent for, but the bear, whose victory over his late opponent had elated, came out of his own accord, and, as he was allowed to go well out, he was killed after a gallant fight, nearly chewing up The Cat's tail ! Fasson got the first spear of this pig. I was not present

then, but I believe he came down horse and all on top of the boar, who luckily for him went after his mount.

As we were going home another pig was started out of some jungles near the old factory ; but as he was very near the *Null* he got away though Angelo made the pace hot for him and very nearly succeeded in spearing him. As it was getting late we made for the Madoopore Bungalow where, after a capital dinner, we soon found ourselves in the arms of Morpheus.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

BEFORE concluding my Reminiscences I will have to say a few words on the destruction of pigs, their gradual decrease, and the Arms Act.

Of natural ailments the wild swine has very little to contend against, measles is, I believe, the only known disease by which a certain number are destroyed, but such epidemics are of very rare occurrence, and I have on record only one instance in which the bodies of three pigs having so died were found.

Though piggy has so little to fear from disease, and dying a natural death, tragic endings are of frequent occurrences. Besides the *genus homo*, some of the felino tribes and even the insignificant jackals are his natural enemies. Both tigers and panthers are very partial to pork, and levy blackmail whenever they can do so. Of the destruction caused by Stripes among the porcine tribe, I cannot say much from experience: besides, in localities where tigers and pigs are found together, the jungles and covers are so dense and heavy that hog-hunting or pig-sticking is simply out of the question; so, though a large number of pigs must be

killed every year, it goes only as legitimate food for Tom. Native *shikarees* very rarely go to look for pigs where tigers are also to be found, as they do not know with whom the encounter may turn out with.

✓ Of panthers or leopards in Bengal proper, where also pigs abound, there are three varieties to be found, including the *cheeta* (*felis jubata*). ✓ This latter seems very rare, and I have come only across one, which had been killed by some of the Moudoopore villagers in 1874. ✓ Of the leopard (*Felis leopardus*) there are two species, the grass and the tree kind, the former is a much bigger and powerful animal, and is also of a lighter colour than the tree, or, rather, I should say, the village kind, which is not only darker and much handsomer, but is also a much smaller animal with a shorter tail, these latter are chiefly found in village jungles, and very often also in trees, ✓ but as I do not pretend to write a book on Natural History, I shall revert to my former subject.

✓ In all pig-sticking countries leopards of both species are more or less plentiful, and it is not very unusual to put out pigs and leopards out of the same piece of grass or crops. Leopards have often been speared on horseback, ✓ but such sport is not much in vogue owing, I suppose, to the great risk there is for the rider as well as for his steed. Though leopards and pigs are sometimes found in the same cover, it is more by accident than choice, as pigs have a natural dread of 'pard. A big boar, though he may be a match for any leopard, will still avoid the combat if he can, while, on the other

hand, a leopard will never willingly and knowingly tackle an old boar, at least not to make a meal off, and if he does so it is by accident more than anything else. Crouched behind some cover or in a hollow *pardus* finds his mistake only when it is too late and the fatal spring has been made. A deadly fight ensues, and, in nine cases out of ten, piggy will come off victorious, and very often leave his antagonist dead in the field. There are several instances of mutilated bodies of leopards having been found, the ribs and wounds showing plainly the work of a boar. But for, perhaps, one leopard killed by an old boar, there are five hundred sows and young pigs killed by Spots. I will give an instance of how this big cat goes about his work, as I was an eye-witness to the scene.

It was sometime in April, 1882, when on a very sultry afternoon news was brought of a leopard having been seen on the edge of the *patiale*. Taking my gun and a couple of peons I went to see if I could not get a shot. When I got to the place the leopard had vanished, and after waiting for a short time I began to think that the whole thing was a hoax. I had taken my position behind a big *paceear* tree (*Picus religiosa*) and was getting tired of waiting, when my attention was called to the further end of the *patiale*. Sure enough there was the leopard; he had glided down from the *patiale* and was lying flat along the ground. The distance being too far for a safe shot, I waited anxiously to see what was going to happen next. Coming back

from grazing was a herd of cattle—a white calf leading, and a small *rakhal* (cowboy) bringing up the rear. The leopard now began to advance slowly, moving with a slightly undulating and snake-like motion. Fortunately, just then the path leading to the village turned at right angles and away from the leopard, who seeing himself balked crouched low down, and I could only just see among the clods the head, points of the shoulder and the line of its back. I had not long to wait to see the end of the *dénouement*. A dust-storm having risen the gloom increased considerably, and soon half-a-dozen of rather small-looking pigs were out of the *patiale*, gamboling and chasing each other. The leopard had now slightly turned round, and only some fifteen yards or so separated him from the nearest pig, when with a series of bounds he was among them. The whole sounder dashed back into the *patiale* leaving one of their number in the leopard's grip. Poor piggy made vain attempts to extricate himself: in five minutes all was over, and *pardus* having secured his dinner retired in the *patiale* to come and finish his meal at his leisure latter on.

On another occasion I was an eye-witness to quite a different scene. As on the occasion referred above I had been asked to come out and shoot a leopard that had been seen outside the *patiale*. When I got to the ground as usual the *bâg* had vanished, so disgusted I took my position behind a high bank and waited gun in hand. Having waited for an hour or so, and seeing no signs of the leopard I sat down and lighted a cheroot. I

had not been seated very long when I heard a shout of *bág ! bág !* and on getting up I was just in time to see a splendid leopard going away in big bounds, his tail high up in the air, and scarcely a couple of yards behind a big boar with bristle and tail on end in full cry. I think it was as well for this leopard that he had the advantage of the pace, for piggy seemed to have his temper very much ruffled. The destruction caused by jackals among wild pigs is solely confined to squeakers.

But though a good many pigs may be annually killed by tigers and leopards, and squeakers destroyed by jackals, still the amount falls short to what are accounted for by native *shikarees*.

There are three classes of these pig-shooters, *viz.* there are first the native cultivators, who, to prevent nightly depredations among their crops erect *machans*, or bamboo platforms, from where they get easy shots, and a few pigs are thus annually killed. The great enemy, however, of the porcine tribe among the *genus homo* are the native pot-hunters. These, as a rule, always hunt in company of half-a-dozen or so. In the early mornings and also in the evenings they watch the tracks or runs the pigs generally use for their nocturnal wanderings, and as these *shikarees* fire within a few paces their aim is unerring, and many a fine boar, who would have died fighting gallantly in the field, is thus ignominiously put to death. In the day-time these pot-hunters go about wandering in village jungles or wherever they know pigs are fond of lying down, and generally manage to make

a good bag by the end of the day. Firing as they do at close quarters, after having taken all due precautions for their safety, very few ever come to grief. But piggy had his revenge at least in one instance. Four of these *shikarees* had come out from Berhampur for a little bit of sport, and they began operations at the *patiale*. It was about the end of March, the cover had been a good deal cut, some patches only remaining here and there. Our hunters took their position long before daylight; at dawn not seeing any pigs coming in the distance one of them quietly got up and going round the corner saw something black and fired. On going up, to his horror he saw that he had shot dead one of his companions. Fearful of after consequences, or, perhaps, remorse of conscience, our *shikaree* next went and blew out his own brains. In this instance, at least, I think piggy had his revenge.

We hunted the *patiale* next day, and an old lame boar who had been there for an age, fell to Lord William's spear. These pot-hunters, as I said before, are the most destructive to pigs among the *shikarees*, as they make a profession and livelihood of it: a big, fat boar or sow fetching as much as ten or twelve rupees.

After the pot-hunters come those whom I shall call amateur *shikarees*—these do not make a profession of it, but hunt for the excitement and fun of the thing, they have regular *battues*, at times as many as fifty or sixty or even one hundred joining in the hunt. Spears, guns, stick, and weapons of every description are brought into

requisition, but the *pièce de résistance* are the nets with which they surround the cover in which the game has taken shelter, and driving the animals into them, *i.e.*, the nets, they are soon killed and afterwards cooked and greedily devoured. It is lucky that these big hunts are not of more frequent occurrences, or they would very soon, with the pot-hunters, put an end to all the porcine tribe in Bengal proper.

I shall conclude now by showing how easy it is now for natives to keep guns.

The abolition of the Arms Act has enabled most *shikarees* to possess themselves of guns, the fee for a license is, I believe, eight annas per annum, which no one would grudge to pay who could afford to pay for a gun fifteen and twenty rupees.

In the District of Murshoolabad alone there are, I believe, over two thousand gun licenses issued. The cultivators very rarely resort to fire-arms for the protection of their crops, they being mostly used by *zemindars*, well-to-do Baboos and the village loafers for shooting birds of all descriptions and at all seasons, and by the *shikarees* or pot-hunters for shooting pigs.

The consequence of all this is that pigs are fast decreasing, and in places where it was thought nothing getting half-a-dozen big boars in a day, you will not, perhaps, get one now. *Dolori se traditum!*

---

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SOME OF THE  
FIRST SPEARS.

NAMES.	1st SPEARS.	NAMES.	1st SPEARS.
Abbott (Shrimp)...	1	Irvine, W. ...	10
Anderson, A. ..	11	Jackson, G. ...	1
Anderson, C. ...	5	Johnstone, L. ...	13
Anderson, J. ..	7	Joynson, F. ...	3
Angelo (Old) ..	4	Lyall, R. ...	16
Austin, Capt. ..	1	Macdonell, Mr. ...	3
Bainbridge ...	2	Malcolm, J. ...	17
Bell, G. ...	4	Moorshedabad, Nawab Baha-	
Beresford, Lord Wm. ...	15	door of ...	5
Coxon, G. ...	4	Morey, W. ...	16
Dombal, F. .	4	Morris, Justice J. J. ..	2
Drummend, E. ...	3	Muola Sahob, Nawab ..	2
Durand, C. ...	7	Peacock, Commissr. ...	5
Evans, Sir Griffiths ...	5	Peacock, Major. .	7
Fasson, C. ...	4	Reiley, C. ...	1
Ferguson, M. ...	34	Pugh, Mr....	3
Gibson, G. ...	11	Russel, Lord ...	1
Harbord, Capt. the Hon. ...	5	Savi, J. ...	9
Hayes H. ...	5	Stocks, J. ...	5
Hills, Archie ...	44	Sultan Sahob ...	9
Hills, C. ...	1	Sylvester, G. ...	5
Hills, E. ...	4	Thomas, W. ...	2
Hopkins, Lieut. ...	1	Wilson, Capt. ...	5
	182	TOTAL 1st SPEARS ...	321

MEASUREMENTS OF A FEW OF THE PIGS KILLED,  
TAKEN FROM MY DIARY.

WHERE KILLED.	SIZE IN INCHES.			Weight.
	Height.	Length.	Girth.	Lbs.
Moorshedabad, Bengal.				
Gazneoporo . . . . .	37	62	47	190
Choa Patiale . . . . .	35	60	44	158
Ditto ... ..	36	58	42	162
Sajdapore . . . . .	37½	61	51	213
Ramkishtopore . . . . .	34	57	42	160
Kalantar . . . . .	35	60	43	185

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