

her down on the charge at D. McB. She made good, and bit the elephant in two or three places. G. S., who was closest, came to the rescue, and gave her two bullets on the side. She then let the elephant and ran before J. C. and H. C., who, with unerring accuracy, made her bite the dust.

We hunted another two days, but shooting only deer and pigs, decided on breaking up our hunt. Each one, therefore, on the 4th of April, went away to his house. Thus wound up our hunt in 1868.

Purneah, 1868.

PIPE.

EXTRACTS FROM MY JOURNAL WHILST ON A SHOOTING TOUR ON THE NEPALESE TERAI.—THE DEATH OF SEVEN TIGERS.

9th April, 1868.—Arrived at Baddaiya, a small village in Nepal, about 6 miles from the foot of the Himalayan range, inhabited principally by Tharoos—a superstitious race, especially with regard to tigers. There are certain Brahmins and Fakeers that visit the village on the Terai, and work upon the credulity of these people by making them believe they possess all sorts of power over wild animals, and that they can prevent their killing the village cattle. The Tharoos think that if they cause the death of a tiger, their village will never afterwards be free from the ravages of these beasts. I soon found that it was of very little use questioning them about the whereabouts of tigers, and gave it up as a bad job. Nurputa, my *shikaree*, I have great faith in; he is well-known, and will, no doubt, be more successful in obtaining *khubber* from his brother *aheers*, who are to be found in *gouries* (cowsheds) round about here. The elephants were tired after a 15 miles' march, and merely beat a short distance down a *nullah* and returned to camp, having seen nothing but spotted-deer, pigs, &c., at which I dared not fire, for fear of disturbing the tigers said to be not far off.

10th April.—Nurputa returned early this morning, bringing with him one of the *aheers*, who said a bullock of his had been killed the day before, and undertook to show us the spot. Started at 10 A.M. accompanied by K. H. K. and K. K., native sportsmen, both fair sportsmen. We first beat a grassy swamp not far from camp, a likely-looking place, but unfortunately omitted to take the precaution of sending a *howdah* ahead to cut off the retreat into the *khair* jungle, on the borders of which it is situated. As we neared the edge of it, the elephants showed signs of uneasiness, and, looking carefully, we discovered the pugs of two tigers; they had evidently gone off before we reached the end of the swamp, unobserved by us, owing to the long grass. There was no use in lamenting. I pushed on alone, skirting

jungle, and took up a position by the side of a *nullah*, and set the line of seven elephants to beat towards me on both sides of it. A large tiger passed; owing to the thick underwood I could not see him, and he got away. Soon after I heard shots, and pushed towards the line, just in time to see a beautiful tigress crouching. She had evidently heard my elephant moving in front, and had stopped to let him pass. I had two steady shots, and bowled her over—the finest tigress I had ever seen, with a very peculiarly marked skin, different from all other skins I have seen. Further on we came upon the remains of the dead bullock, and in the grass near it disturbed two young tigers. K. H. K. and K. K. had shots, but missed. Next we beat a canebrake—terrible stuff to go into, full of thorns that tear your flesh like a saw; in some parts it is impenetrable. I took up a position in front, and put the elephants in to beat up to me. K. K. accompanied the line, and was the luckiest of us. Three tigers got up together in front of him; two he wounded with right and left shots. They all took refuge in the thickest part of the cane. The line thrown in confusion reformed again; beat up and dislodged them a second time. One wounded tigress tried to pass by K. K.; he hit and sent her back; another passed through the line, and was lost sight of; and the third broke across an open plain. K. K. had several shots, but missed. I did not get a single shot at any of them. On searching for the wounded tigress, we found her breathing her last. She was small—measuring only seven feet four inches—but had a fine coat. Returned to camp very well satisfied.

11th April.—An *aheer* came into camp this morning, and stated a bullock of his had just been killed by a tiger. Started after breakfast. The informant, mounted on a pad, passing some of the *gouries*, all the old women came out, bearing pots of milk and curd; they said it was a good omen. I had to tip them, so it proved a good omen to them, but not to us, as we saw nothing but deer the whole day. We found the remains of the bullock and a second bullock, apparently killed only half an hour before we discovered it, as the blood was oozing fresh from the wounds inflicted by the claws and teeth of a tiger. The carcass had been dragged and deposited under a bush, to be eaten at leisure. We beat all the most likely-looking spots round about, but saw nothing of the beast. In the evening I went to the place, cut a lot of sticks, and formed a seat in the fork of a tree close by the body, and sat up till near midnight. It was a dark night, and I could only just see the outline of the bullock. I intended, however, to kill the tiger, if he came, by a new device of my own; it was impossible to see to fire with any accuracy in the dark. I had matches and a piece of candle with me, and intended that the brute should gorge himself well, and then to strike a match suddenly, light the candle, and fire whilst he rose or looked up. I think I should have succeeded, and regret I had not the opportunity of proving the possibility of shooting tigers by candlelight. A signal shot recalled my elephant, and I got into camp very late, and as hungry as I well could be, not having had anything since breakfast.

12th April, Sunday.

13th April.—Started early this morning. The elephants and all hands, fresh from the previous day's rest, took the same line of country as on the 10th; but this time, before beating the grassy swamp I skirted it, and posted myself on the jungle side, and made the line beat up towards me. Close to me, as the line neared, a tigress got up. I could not see her. K. H. K. fired and wounded her slightly. She broke back through the line; I joined it then, and taking the extreme left followed her. The elephants formed in a half circle. We could see the grass moving in front of us. K. K. fired, and she tried to out-flank the line on my side; I pushed forward to prevent this. She saw the movement, gave a tremendous roar, and charged. My elephant, a staunch one, stood well. I fired as she charged, and was just under the elephant's trunk, and hit her below the right eye. The ball passed downwards between her jaws; it had the effect only of slightly breaking her spring. The next instant she was on the head of the elephant. One paw struck the forehead just above the bump, and the other fixed into his right ear and leg of the *mahout*. This brought the elephant down with a crash on to his knees and right side, nearly pitching me clean out of the *howdah*. Her hind-legs fortunately had no hold, and she fell off with the jerk, but the next moment she had the leg of the elephant in her mouth, shaking and hanging on to it like a bull-dog. In this position I shot her through the head, and dropped her. In the scrimmage I had one of my rifles smashed, and lost my revolver in the mud of the swamp. The elephant and *mahout* were much hurt—the former being hardly able to lift his wounded leg off the ground. I had to shift my *howdah* on to the back of another, and send them home. After a quiet smoke in the shade, and recruiting the inner man, we started for the canebrake, taking up positions as before. The line commenced to beat. I must note here that, in taking up my position, I came upon the remains of a very fair-sized tiger, evidently the second one wounded by K. K. the first day. It had been eaten, the natives swore, by another tiger, and I am inclined to believe this. The bullock last killed I ascertained was not eaten, and no other having been killed, the tiger must have been three or four days without food, and finding his wounded brother an easy prey, he had killed and feasted on him. Besides, I looked carefully about, but could find no trace of jackalls, and there was not a vulture to be seen. As a rule, too, those creatures seldom venture so near the haunts of tigers. I have never before heard of tigers preying upon each other; but, in cases of emergency, I don't suppose they are particular in their diet. I had been standing at my post some time. The elephants along the line were trumpeting and making a row—sure signs that a tiger was not far off. I was on the alert looking in front of me, expecting every moment a tiger would bound out, when my man "Goobrai," sitting behind me, quietly said: "*Sahib, ek bhari shair baita hai chhota dhurkuth ke necha.*" And, true enough, looking down not above five paces from my elephant, under a bush a huge tiger was crouching.

I fired at what I saw of him. He gave a terrible roar, jumped up and charged; the elephant turned sharp round and bolted, nearly tearing the *howdah* off against a tree. Of course I was too unsteady to fire again, and the brute went back into the cane. The elephants formed again, and tried to dislodge him, but every time they approached he came out at them and drove them back. It was clear he meant to fight. It was useless attacking him in the cane. An elephant, if pulled down in it, would have had little chance of escape, and perhaps some lives might have been lost; so I directed fireworks (*anars*) to be thrown in. This had the desired effect: the look-out men on trees reported that they had seen him sneaking off into some long grass, about two hundred yards distant from the place. I mustered the elephants, and followed him up sharp. In the grass we formed line, and had not advanced twenty yards when he charged with a tremendous roar. Not a single elephant stood, which was extremely annoying, as in their bolting the jerking of the *howdah* from side to side effectually prevented my getting a shot. The tiger followed only a few paces, and went back into the grass; but this time across a deep *nullah*, which could not be seen in the long grass till you stood right over it. The grass beyond extended only about fifty yards distant. Most of the elephants were taken across the *nullah*, and began to beat again. The *mahouts* advanced very cautiously; in fact, it was most difficult to get them to move, except in the opposite direction, and then they went fast enough. They feared evidently a repetition of the morning's adventure. We had not advanced far, however, when the tiger was out again, and proved rather too quick for one of the pad elephants. All I heard and saw was a fearful roar and crash, and down came the elephant. The two natives on his back fell and got away by running, fortunately unnoticed by the tiger, which retreated into the grass after biting the elephant's legs. Shots were fired by all of us, but the elephants were so unsteady it was impossible to take any aim. After this little *contretemps*, all the *mahouts* and animals felt very uneasy. I got quite hoarse from shouting to them to form again. They did so at last. The tiger was not to be done; he waited till we got pretty close, and came out to the attack. This time he caught my elephant a slap with his paw behind, and made him move along at a great pace; the dreaded *nullah* was in front, but nothing could stop the elephant, and down we went into it. Nearly all the teeth were jerked out of my head, and, as a matter of course, everything out of the *howdah*; a second elephant followed us close behind, but swerved just in time, and fell in alongside instead of on top of us, which would have been unpleasant. I looked pretty lively to see where the tiger was, as he might easily have jumped into the *howdah*, and was greatly relieved at seeing him gracefully retiring into the grass. I had to pick up the pieces before I could come up to the scratch again. I saw the sun low and disappearing fast, and felt in a sweet temper in consequence, fearing I should lose the brute after all. One more attempt, I said, and playfully tapped my *mahout* on the head by way of reminder as to what

he might expect if he did not make the elephant stand. Only two of the pads, K. K.'s and my own elephant, formed the line; the others could not be persuaded to come up at any price. We advanced; the tiger roared and made his last charge; he caught K. K.'s elephant, and bit him in the hind-leg. He was retiring into the grass again, when I took as steady a shot as I could, and brought my noble beast down with a ball on the neck. He was a very large and powerfully-built tiger, measuring nine feet four inches from nose to tail.

14th April.—Went quite on the opposite direction to-day, to beat a *nullah* about five miles from camp, said to be a likely find. On getting there we found, unfortunately, the elephants could not go into it to beat, on account of the mud: one sank rather deep, and was got out of it with much difficulty—fireworks were thrown in, and it was dragged with rope stretched across with bells attached to it, but either there were no tigers, or they sat close. We saw none. Shot some deer on our return.

15th April.—Marched to Sairee, near the Kotaiya Nuddi; beat some likely spots on the way; found no tigers; shot some spotted and hog-deer.

16th April.—Marched to Dowai Gowri; beat up to camp; shot a few deer.

17th April.—Tried several *nullahs* diverging from the Gooraina Tal. Started a huge tiger in one of them in long grass. It was near mid-day, and he was lying in a cool place near the water. He made for the ravines; we followed him up sharp. I got the first shot as he appeared, and hit him behind; he tried to pass K. H. K. on the right, but was sent back; by this time we had neared the edge of the long grass, and he broke away across the line from right to left, distant about seventy yards in front. A shell from my Henry brought him on to his knees; he roared fearfully and tried to get up to the elephants, but was rather disabled, and moved slowly. When he found he could not catch them, he stood with his eyes almost starting out of his head with rage, gnashing his teeth. A few more balls settled him. He proved a larger tiger than the last, and measured as follows: length nine feet eleven inches, head three feet, height four feet three inches, and forearm, close to the shoulder, one foot ten inches. It was a pity he was so badly hit at first, or we might have had some fun with him. Shot some hog-deer on our return.

18th April.—Beat some *nullahs* to the south of the camp; late in the afternoon started a large tiger on the grass. He got into the open and crossed the line about 100 yards ahead of us, going at a walk, and every now and then stopping to have a look at us. I raised my rifle several times to fire, but feared, if I chanced to miss, I should lose him. I knew in the direction he was going there was grass, and that most probably he would go and lie in it. We followed him leisurely to give him time, and, as I thought, we found him in the grass. A deep *nullah* ran along in the middle of it. We disturbed him twice, and K. K. and I had shots; but, as neither of us saw him clearly, it is

doubtful whether we hit. Again made the mistake of not sending an elephant on ahead to stop him getting away—a tiger always lies close if he finds there is any one in front—so, finding the coast clear, he went along the *nullah* and away. We never saw him again. He looked such a noble beast, walking across the line, and so large that I was really sorry to lose him. However, it was my own fault, and I deserved it for being so careless.

19th April, Sunday.—Late in the afternoon a man came running into camp, and said he had just seen one of his bullocks killed by a tiger in some reeds and grass, about 500 yards from camp. This was too tempting an opportunity to let slip, so I ordered the elephants and started at once. We disturbed the tiger—a fine one—near the carcass of the bullock, and drove him into a small patch of grass, which the elephants surrounded. We shouted and threw in some *anars* to make him come out, but he would not stir. He sat as close as possible, so close in fact that I had doubts whether he was in the place, although I had seen him go into it myself. A simultaneous movement of the elephants toward the grass soon proved it; out he came with a roar and a bound within three paces of my elephant. The brute turned sharp round, and I lost my balance. By the time I recovered myself it was too late; I took a long shot and missed. The tiger went into the thickest part of the reeds; we hunted it up and down several times, but saw no more of him that day, and returned to camp pretty well disgusted.

20th April.—Started early this morning; beat the reeds and grass again; did not see the tiger. We found the carcass of the bullock had been dragged some distance from the spot we found it on the day before, and nearly the whole devoured. We beat the Poorania and Kollaha Tals; saw nothing but deer near the latter. Lying close to the water we found the half of a very large boa-constrictor. It had evidently ventured too close to the water, and been snapped in two by an alligator.

21st April.—Marched to Soonda on my return to the station. Breakfasted early, and beat the reeds and grass again for the last time. The elephants were very uneasy; it was clear the tiger was there. We found him, and went carefully through. Saw nothing of him. Elephants still very unsettled. Put them through again, and disturbed the tiger close to the edge. I fired and wounded him; he returned and disappeared. We could not tell where he had got to. We beat the reeds at least a dozen times, and set fire to all the grass round about. Not a sign of him could be seen. One small patch remained unburnt, and the man got off for the purpose of setting fire to it; but, fortunately for him, I told my *mahout* to push on and look into it, when with a roar the tiger came out and went back into the reeds. We followed him up, and could see he was well hit. As we approached he charged, sending the elephants in all directions. He was brought down at last with a dozen balls in him, but not before he had wounded my elephant badly in both hind-legs as well as K. K.'s, and two other elephants more

or less in the legs and back. At one time I saw him hanging on to the back of K. K.'s elephant, his two front paws fixed close under the pad and biting the back, in which he made his teeth meet. I have heard it said that a male tiger never jumps clear off the ground, but stands on his hind-legs and attacks. This one's legs were some distance off the ground, so it is not only a tigress that can spring. On measuring him he turned out the largest, though not the longest, tiger shot—measuring nine feet seven inches, and apparently an old one, not so bright in color as the others, and *minus* one tooth and one claw. Caught in a thunder-storm; the rain came down in earnest. Arrived in camp at 11 o'clock at night, thoroughly well drenched and tired.

A NORTH-WEST SPORTSMAN.

THE TIGER TREES.

TOWARDS the south of our district lies a small tract of land well known as "the Peninsula." Why it is so called may be easily surmised—it has water round it upon three sides. In days of old, how many a *shikaree* has here shot his three and four tigers annually; but, since then, the Peninsula has undergone a great change. It has been broken up by the spade and plough; grass and brushwood have given place to paddy and indigo. As, one by one, our old *shikarees* have passed away, so, drop by drop, the sporting blood in the veins of the tiger-hunter seems drying up. We used to hear of men who, rather than allow their tiger-jungles to be destroyed, prevented natives from settling near them. Do we ever hear of such sportsmen now-a-days?

The finest covers we could boast of a few years ago seem dwindling away under the advance of civilization. Not to say that there is not land enough for the population to cultivate, besides the haunts of the tiger. But no, some people prefer assisting the natives in breaking up those heavy covers, to tilling thousands of acres of fine arable land adjoining, lying fallow, with not so much jungle upon them as would suffice to hide a deer or pig. Why is this? Is it not that the native must be encouraged? Is it not that the so-called sporting characters of the district wink at the natives instead of dissuading them? We hear some of them say, "These rascally natives are breaking up such and such a jungle—would that cholera might break out and send them to the d—l." Cholera has often broken out, and yet they never seem to go. Their sayings appear mere empty boast. Why do not such people use their influence? To a *shikaree* who holds the lease of the farm, what difficulty is there, and to one who does not, what great trouble does it need to secure his preserves from being laid waste? We know of an old proverb that says "Where there is a will there is a way." If we may judge from results