

JOURNAL OF A TIGER-SHOOTING EXPEDITION
IN OUDE IN 18—.

By M. D.

Sunday, March 11th, 18—. Dined with H. in cantonments, and started at about 8 P.M. (accompanied by him on an elephant) for the Bukshee Talao, four miles distant, where I had sent my palkee and bearers to wait for me. Left Bukshee Talao at half past nine, and arrived at B's house in Seetapore at a quarter to nine the following morning.

In passing through Khyrabad, about eight miles from Seetapore, I observed a long pole stuck in the ground, to the top of which was attached a transverse swinging and revolving beam; this, I was informed, was the swing to which, during the festival of the Churruck Pooja, the Hindoos suspend themselves by passing iron hooks through the skin of the back. It appeared that the festival was actually being celebrated, but that the evening was the time for swinging and for the crowd to assemble to witness that part of the ceremony. I asked an old Hindoo if the swingers were ever much injured or wounded by the hooks, or the falls they got from the skin giving way; he said no, it was a religious ceremony, and the deity propitiated by it protected them from injury.

The Chucklddar, or collector of revenue under the native government of the Khyrabad district, Lalla Sheo Pershad, with his army of followers, was encamped near the city. The grain (wheat) being now nearly ripe will be cut in about ten days, and the collection of revenue will then commence. Called on the residents of Seetapore, and in the afternoon accompanied B. in his little iron rowing boat down the Sarain, a small tributary of the Goomtee, and not unlike its recipient in the windings of its course. The stream is small; in some places one could jump over it, but it is deep and clear in many others, though choked with weeds and long grass, the banks here and there being prettily wooded; one or two of the wider pools through which we passed being extremely picturesque. We landed at a ghat some miles down the stream, where we found our horses and rode back to cantonments.

In one of the thickest parts of the jungle, on the banks of the stream through which we passed, is a ghurrie or zemindar's fort, which only a few months ago had been attacked by the Amil's troops. One could see the marks of round shot in the banks and in the trees. The firing had taken place from across the river. The zemindar's name, or probably nick-name, is Jungly Singh, and he is so called, it is said, because he had been found as a child in

the jungles by some former zemindar who adopted and brought him up. Jungly Singh had bolted and left the Amil to make the most he could of the deserted fort: such things are common in Oude. Seetapore is a pretty little station consisting of the cantonment, a few bungalows, and the native town; it is surrounded by topes of mangoe and other large trees.* There is much cultivation in the neighbourhood, and the officers have excellent gardens attached to their bungalows, which produce in the cold season capital European vegetables and fruit. It is said that during the rainy season, on a clear morning, the hills can be seen from the station.

13th March.—Sent back a *Shuter Sowar* (camel-rider) to make search for five elephants not yet arrived, having left Lucknow on the 11th. All our other elephants and baggage have arrived, and have been sent on to our first halting place. We intend starting on the morning of the 15th, as soon as possible after D. arrives: he leaves Lucknow on the evening of the 14th. Our party will consist of four: B. D., J. H., and myself; J. H. has gone on to Seetapore Ghat, and there with the camp is waiting for us.

14th March.—Yesterday afternoon six elephants arrived from Lucknow,—four tusked, and two females. They are all poor looking creatures, except one of the males, and he, a very fine animal, is savage, and has to be watched and driven with a spear by a man on foot as well as by the mahout on his neck. I met Captain N. H. at dinner this evening; he is an experienced tiger-shot in the Terai, and he and others say that we are going out too early in the season to find many tigers.

At about 10 A.M. the weather, which has been all morning threatening, began to thicken still more, and before 11 it was raining heavily and thundering; this continued until about 4 P.M. They say that this will tend to spoil our sport also. The tigers are not so easily found when there is much water on the ground and in the forest, but in the hot and dry season they are driven by the heat and drought to take shelter and to find water in the clumps of Nurkool † and other long grass, lying in the swamps near the edge of forest. Wherever you find such a patch of jungle, there it is said you will surely find a tiger, provided, of course, that he has not been already disturbed.

15th March.—D. arrived this morning at about 6 A.M. We sent on our bearers, and two elephants kept behind for that purpose with our syces to Hergoun, about ten miles to the N.E. of Seetapore. We started after breakfast on horseback and reached

* It was at this station that one of the most dreadful of all the Indian Massacres took place.

† Long swamp grass 30 to 40 feet high, pointed like the bamboo.

Hergoun at about noon, travelling slowly, my Waler* having been for the last few days weak and out of condition from some cause unknown. We passed a herd of antelopes on the road through the plains.

At a resting place under a tope of trees, near a well on the road side, we met with a poor old woman who has lived there for years. Many years ago she and her husband were travelling along that road to their home; he was a Sowar† in the service of some zemindar. At this place, where they halted to rest, he was suddenly taken ill and died; his wife dug a grave with her own hands and buried him there. She has never left the tomb of her dead husband, and as years have rolled on, she has from time to time collected enough from the passers by to enable her to build a small monument over him, and a little hut near it for herself; her occupation now, as she said, is to keep the tomb neat and in good order, and to beg from any one who, pitying her distress, will give her a trifle to help her to fulfil her only wish. Poor old woman, she is very old and ugly now, but once, they say, she was fair.

At Hergoun there is a King's fort, and doubtless H.M. pays a large sum for its establishment; it looks like a very respectable old ruin, and for all purposes of offence or defence, I should say, from its broken and dilapidated condition, must be utterly useless. At Hergoun we left our horses and mounted each a pad elephant, sending the horses back to Seetapore. On our way we passed through the town of Owel, the residence of the Talookdar of the district, which being *Huzoor Tehseil*‡ is well cultivated and managed. After Owel we came to the village of Keerie where we rested and had some tiffin in the shade of a tope of mango and Jamun trees. Near Keerie we crossed a small but clear and winding stream, the "Pol," and a few miles further on we came to the broad sandy bed of a large stream, the Chowka, a branch or rather a source of the Ghogra, crossed the stream in double canoes, and found our camp on the opposite side in a tope near a village, Khumerie. The Ghat is known as Seetapore Ghat. H. has been waiting for us here for two days.

Our camp is a large one. We have 20 elephants, 16 of which I brought from Lucknow, a host of camels, hackeries, Sowars, Sepoys, and Khas-Burdars, with no end of inferior camp followers; in all we cannot be less than 160 men. As we walked up to the camp half a mile from the river bank, we saw large flocks of *Kur-*

* Australian horse.

+ Horse soldier.

‡ Paying revenue directly to the Government, and not to the Chuckladar.

kura (the small Coolung) flying over our heads. H's Shikary* had shot some the day before, and one of them we have ordered to be cooked for dinner. The day has been very pleasant and cool, so cloudy that we have not once felt the sun at all disagreeable; and though we have made a long march of more than 20 miles, we are not at all tired.

16th March.—Marched at 9 A.M. after breakfast, and arrived at our next encamping ground at a place named Puleria in the Bhoor's district at 5 P.M. The country we have passed over to day has been a succession of level grassy plains, with little cultivation. Saw very little game, and had very few shots. We passed through miles of *jhao* (tamarisk), and long grass jungle, but it was perfectly deserted by all kinds of game. We saw three or four hog-deer, and two or three black partridges and a florican, it is true, but that was all.

On our march we crossed another small tributary of the Ghogra called the Ghogie. The whole of the level surface of the country, we have passed to-day, has been under water during the last rains. The tents were pitched in a *tope*† about two miles on the other side of the Ghogie. The road being sandy and heavy, the camp equipage did not reach the ground until late. The weather has been calm and cloudy. The sun not in the least unpleasantly hot; about 4 P.M. we had a shower of rain which was refreshing. The march was about 12 miles for the baggage; we on the elephant made much more of it.

This morning, before starting, I went out with H's Shikary and his trained bullock to try and get a shot at the Coolung, which about that time of the day are to be found feeding in large flocks on the plains. We got near them, but not sufficiently so for a shot; they were wild from having been disturbed and fired at during the previous two days, and I dare say had begun to suspect the solitary bullock creeping up to them.

Our line of elephants will be tolerably good, 20 in number, some large, some small. B. has a blind female for his howdah. Though blind she is very safe and very staunch. She is a remarkably fine animal, and has a sad and melancholy expression from her blindness. Her eyes were destroyed by a former mahout to revenge some injury by his master. My howdah elephant is also a fine large animal belonging to the Nawab Munower-ood-Dowlah. She promises to do well, is swift and easy, but until she has faced a tiger I cannot say anything more for her. H. has his own howdah elephant, and D. one from Lucknow.

* Professional Sportsman.

† Grove of trees.

We have received information to-day that a tiger has been doing mischief in some jungle about eight or ten miles ahead of us, and that he has severely wounded a *Paasee** who came upon him when hunting in the *jhao*† jungle. We go in search of him to-morrow. To-day I shot some green pigeons in a tree, in the tope where we are encamped: they have beautiful pale green plumage, and are capital eating when their skins are taken off.

17th March.—This morning, soon after sunrise, we had a clear and beautiful view of the Nepaul hills, with the distant snowy range extending like a wall from East to West as far as the eye can reach; some of the snowy peaks appear very high and must be very distant. The lower range appears of considerable height, probably from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, but as they are about 60 miles distant, this is mere conjecture.

The country is one continued level, broken only here and there by small patches of wheat cultivation. Villages are scattered sparsely over the plain and are inhabited only by the Aheers, grazers of cattle. Topes of large trees, the mangoe, jamun (*engenia jambolana*), pakur (*Ficus benosa*), peepul (*ficus Indicus*), and other members of the fig family, with occasional clumps of bamboo, occur near the villages.

We are still in the Khyrabad district, which H. tells me is less populous and cultivated than formerly, owing to the persecution of the Chuckladar and his people, but it does not appear to me to bear the traces of having ever been better cultivated or more populous than it now is. Tobacco grows near the villages and appears to thrive; it is now being prepared, the leaves being exposed to the sun to dry, and in some places heaped together for fermentation. Hemp and the opium poppy appears also to be grown in small quantities.

We left camp at 9 A.M. after breakfast, and set off in the direction of the wounded Paasee's village. Our road lay across an extensive and level sward-like plain, the turf springy, bright green and elastic, here and there gently undulating and broken by an occasional *jheel*,‡ some deep and surrounded or filled with long grass. We arrived at the village (Summora) in about two hours, and found the wounded man.

His friends told us that about eight days ago they went to a large patch of *jhao* jungle on the banks of the river about a *koss* § from the village to hunt for wild hog with their bows and spears; that

* Paasees, a low-caste tribe of aboriginal natives of Oudh.

† Tamarisk.

‡ Small swampy place.

§ A koss is about two miles.

whilst beating along through the cover, one of them was suddenly seized on by a tiger, who almost as quickly dropped him and disappeared. This man has two deep wounds to show, one in the scalp, and the other on the side of the head, penetrating the anterior lobe of the ear, both such wounds as would be made by the canine teeth of a large animal. I dressed the wounds for him, which were doing well, and having taken some of the villagers, who had been with him at the time, as guides with me, set out in the jungle near the large village of Shajanpore in the hope of finding the tiger still there. As soon as we came to the long grass in the outskirts of one village, we formed the elephants into line and commenced beating. After sweeping through several miles of long grass, and through some very likely looking small swamps edged by long grass and flags without success, we turned to the left, beat through a long belt of jhao, in which the Paasees said they had seen the tiger, but with no better success. We next crossed an old sandy bed of the Surjoo which has now joined the Couriallie a little higher up, to a small *chur** covered with jhao, on which we thought it probable he might have taken refuge, but he was not there. In re-crossing the bed of the stream a little higher up, we found the ground very treacherous, looking dry and hard, but giving way under the elephant's feet. Some of them got entangled and stuck, but after much noise and struggling we all got safely over, and then made for our tents which had been pitched in a mangoe tope near a village named Tillear. We got home very tired and hungry at half past six, having been more than nine hours in the howdah.

Whilst beating for the tiger we could not of course fire at anything else, or we might have had several shots at hog-deer, wild pigs, floricans, and plenty of black and Nirkool partridges; we saw also a few antelope and a couple of Neelgye. The day was beautifully bright and clear, with sufficient breeze from the north-east to keep us cool and prevent the sun from being unpleasant. The distant hills became more and more visible as we approached them, and before we turned back towards our camp we had come in sight of the edge of the belt of the Terai forest. The snowy hills soon after sunrise were lost to view, the atmosphere becoming hazy. The site of our camp to-day is about 12 miles north of that of yesterday.

18th March.—Left our camp at Tillear at 10 A.M., and about 5 miles north came to the river Couriallie, one of the chief source branches of the Ghogra, which, here, runs over a broad white sandy bed in a double stream. On the bank of the stream we found

* Sandbank in a river.

four elephants with howdahs waiting ; they belong to Captain W. and Dr. B., who are expected here the day after to-morrow.

We sent all the elephants but two, which refused to enter the stream, across by swimming, and left orders to pitch the tents on the river side. The howdahs, pads, guns, and four men crossed over on a platform supported on four canoes made out of the trunks of saul trees excavated with the axe and fire. We crossed in a double canoe, and finding the elephants ready for us on the other side, mounted and set off in the jungle.

(To be continued.)

TWO MONTHS OF LEAVE AND SPORT.

BY EXPRESS RIFLE.

(Concluded from page 406.)

AT last, like the dawn generally, it made its welcome appearance, and we lost no time in descending from our perch and finding out from the traces left in the yielding sand what the beast was. The natives had preceded me, and before I could reach the bed of the ravine they shouted out words that sounded sweeter than music to me, "Sir, it is the print of a big tiger." I tore down, and there, sure enough, was the track of a very large tiger plainly marked in the sand, and showing distinctly the direction of the line the brute had taken, which I followed a short way into the thick scrub, and there was a broad splash of blood showing to me the effect my shots had taken. To follow up the brute as we were, was decided to be folly, for the jungle was very thick, and sufficient to have concealed the tiger, had he been but a few yards only from us. We sent up to the village and got down a number of men, who gladly came to beat up their old enemy, now they heard of his wounds, and as is usual on such occasions, they came provided with every species of noisy instrument. They were accompanied by two of my servants, my bearer (or valet), and my bheestie (or water-carrier). The latter class of servants, followers of Mahomet in religion, are generally faithful men and trusty on trying occasions. As soon as the reinforcement from the village arrived, off we started on the track of the tiger, which was marked by blood flowing from wounds that we now knew must have been severe ; the path the brute had followed was through thick, bushy jungle, and at any moment I knew we might come on him unawares, with very disastrous results to ourselves. I enjoined the utmost caution on my followers, and implored them to keep

I cannot conclude this letter without thanking the Stewards for their generosity, and complimenting Mr. Crawford on the thorough subjection he has, after many years of struggle, got them all in at Calcutta. I don't think five other gentlemen could have been got together who in a "Gentlemen Riders'" race would have refused even the stakes to an owner who had fairly ridden and won them, and solely because one of their own number had, through ignorance of his duty, acted in such a manner as to render all bets and lotteries null and void; and they themselves, to support him in his ignorance, refuse to be convinced by one of the highest racing authorities living, and have declined to give stakes to, or hold any further communication on the subject with,

THE OWNER OF "CHALLENGER."

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By M. D.

(Continued from page 449.)

WE beat along in line through the long grass until we came to a long swamp surrounded by and filled with Nirkool in which the elephants were quickly hidden, and which extended far above our heads in the howdahs. We went on through it in line sweeping down the grass before us with a crashing and tearing noise as the long bamboo like stems gave way before the elephants. When about half way through it a small tusker to my right suddenly became very restive and uneasy, trumpeting, throwing up his trunk, and kicking the ground impatiently; the elephants near him also took the alarm and began to follow his example. The mahouts called out that the tiger must be near, and whilst I was straining my eyes to see anything in the long grass in front of me, I heard the mahout at the edge of the swamp call out, *sheer, sheer!* I pushed on to the edge and got out into the plain in time to see D., who was on the outside of the swamp, get two long shots at him as he crossed the plain at a canter, looking more like a bullock than a tiger. He was soon hidden in the long grass. We turned the line and beat back the way we came, as the direction he took seemed to be for the head of the swamp whence we had just come. At the other end of the swamp we put him out again, and this time I nearly came to grief. The tiger sprung out with two short grunting roars immediately in front of my elephant. D. and I were close together, but the grass being very thick neither of us saw him, though we heard him. Just as I was preparing for a shot the elephant suddenly wheeled right round; D's did the same, and out both bolted into the plain. We could not stop them for some time, but at last the mahouts by dint of abuse and digging the hankus into their heads got them to turn back in

the direction of the swamp. However, we could not find the tiger again; an Aheer in a tree near the swamp said that he had broken cover further on and made for some heavy jungle across the plain; we followed in the direction indicated, but though we beat for hours found no trace of him and were obliged to recross the river empty handed.

The Nurkool swamp, though, appears to be his head-quarters. I saw the remains of more than one "kill," the bones of deer and other animals, some of which were very fresh and but recently picked. The soft ground too in the swamp leading to the water in the centre was covered with the foot prints of the tiger; they were those of a very fine tiger, and the experienced ones say he is a very large and old one. He certainly looked to me very large, and more like a bullock than a tiger. The elephants were all very unsteady, and mine when it ran away, threw me about in the howdah so violently that I could with difficulty keep my guns or myself in their places; I also got well bruised about the legs and ribs. She is evidently not fit for a howdah in tiger-shooting, being so very unsteady. Whenever we come near the track of the tiger, she stops to kick the ground, and snorts, trumpets, and shakes the howdah so violently that shooting from her back is impossible. However, what with the tiger and the run away elephant, the whole affair was very exciting.

When we gave up beating for the tiger in despair, it was too late and too dark to shoot anything else, so we made the best of our way back to the river and crossed as we had done in the morning, getting back to dinner soon after dark. This morning I had a shot at a large garrial, lying on a sand-bank in the river; he slipped quickly into the water and disappeared as the ball struck the bank close to him. This river is said to be full of them; it also contains plenty of fish, and amongst others the mahaser. The day has been bright and clear, rather hot when the breeze lulled, but the nights are quite cold.

There is little or no cultivation just where we are, and wherever we do see any the crops are much later than those about Seetapore or Lucknow. The snowy hills are very distinctly seen in the mornings, but during the day time they are lost to the view.

19th March, *Sitaba Ghat*.—Crossed the river again after breakfast, but rather higher up this time, that we might avoid the dhul* dhul of yesterday and be nearer our ground. We had to cross this time two streams, the river being divided; the elephants had been sent over early in the morning and we found them all ready

* Quicksand.

waiting for us on the opposite side. Got into the howdahs and set to work; beat all over the ground of yesterday again, but we could not find the tiger, though we saw the remains of a recently killed buffalo. We now got *khubber* that there were two tigers not far off, so we pushed on towards the place where they were said to be, beating through one or two large Nurkool swamps on the way, and through several large patches of long grass. The place where they had been seen was about two miles to the westward and across a small stream called the *Giruah* which here joins the Cowriallie, as does also a small stream called the Surjoo (not the large river of that name) a little lower down.

We now made our first entry into the forest, a small part of the edge of which we had to cross to arrive at a grassy plain on the opposite bank of the *Giruah*, where the tigers had been seen.

We passed over recent foot-prints as we approached the bank. The outskirts of the forest are not dense and consist of the seesum (*Galeeria*, *Sissoo*), dak (*butea frondosa*), catechu (*chair mimosa*), sernel (bombax), and other trees. There are numerous open glades covered with long grass; in which both the spotted deer (*Cervus axi*), and the hog deer (*Cervus porcums*) are found.

We beat all over the plain but found no tigers. They had been there but were from home, and recrossing the *Giruah* we returned making a short detour through the edge of the forest to a large swamp about a mile to the westward of the place where we had entered the forest.

We sent the whole line in and the elephants were immediately hidden in the long Nurkool grass. I and H. took the plain side, B. and D. the opposite side close to the edge of the forest, keeping a little in advance of the line that was crashing and tearing through the Nurkool behind us.

When the elephants had got about a quarter of the way through the swamp, some of them began to trumpet and show other signs of uneasiness; a moment afterwards two tigers broke cover, bounding out into the plain within 30 or 40 yards of my elephant; 50 yards further on they entered the jungle again. The moment my elephant saw them she turned sharp round with a scream and bolted; fortunately for me it was across the plain; had she chosen the forest, I should have been done for. The mahout stopped her in about three minutes, and back we came to the edge of the swamp. I now took up my station at an opening in the long grass, where being driven before the elephants, it was evident the game must cross. H. this time took up his position close to me. My elephant again became restive and uneasy and alarmed. The elephant in the swamp again gave signs that the tigers were

near, and in a moment within 40 yards of us an enormous male tiger bounded across the opening and plunged into the jungle on the opposite side. Off went my elephant again as before, this time taking H's elephant with her to our great disgust, as we had only just time to get a couple of hurried shots at the tiger as he entered the swamp before our elephants were off with us. We stopped them as before and came back to the head of the swamp into which the big tiger had just crossed, and waited for him as the line beat up behind. We heard his foot-falls as he came along before the line till he saw that he was near the end of the cover, and then distrusting the plain, he suddenly turned back and charged through the line. We turned immediately, and just as we got back to the opening where he had before crossed, he again broke cover and bounded across the opening, trying to make for the high bank on the opposite side. H. got first shot, being a little in front of me, and rolled him over with a ball through his back. We pushed up to where he lay growling and struggling in the long grass, a magnificent sight, and emptied our barrels into him. We left him lying stiff and dead, to go after the other tiger which had also doubled back, and whilst we were shooting his companion had broken cover and was cantering across the plain. We were off after him as quickly as possible, racing for the first shot. B. came up with him in the long grass and rolled him over; he picked himself up immediately and made a charge right at the elephant. B. gave him another shot, I also gave him a couple of barrels, and he was secured. Just as I fired he was close under the elephant, his eyes glaring, mouth open, ears well back, looking awfully wicked and determined; but he was too much crippled by B's shot to spring. My elephant again made an attempt to bolt, but this time he was not so bad, only going a few yards; by the time I got back to the spot the tiger was dead. We padded them both and returned to our camp, which was pitched at a dreary, desolate looking spot called Chilhua, not above two or three miles from the old ground, being only just across the plain on the opposite side of the river.

After dinner we skinned and measured the tigers by candle-light, the big one as he lay, before the skin was taken off, was 9 feet 5 inches, the small one 8 feet. Our encamping ground is in the Doniher, a district in the *illaka* of Khyrabad, close to the edge of the Terai forest. The hills are very distinctly visible, and in the morning the snowy range also.

The sun to-day has been very hot though the air is fresh and cool. The nights are quite cold; we must push on to another halting

place as there is not water enough for our camp here, the villagers getting the little they have from the river or from small wells called "chuahs," which are very superficial, the water not being more than 7 feet from the surface.

We have received *khubber* of some tigers to-day and not very distant—we shall see to-morrow.

I change my mahout to-morrow, if not my elephant. My own mahout has been driving the Nawab's elephant instead of his own, considering it, I suppose, a point of honor to drive the elephant on which his master was riding, although it did not belong to him; but as he has evidently little or no control over her when she is alarmed, I must even take him off.

20th March.—After a long beat we encamped at Bhurtapore, about 6 miles from Chilhua, but got no tigers, though we had good *khubber* of them yesterday. We found a "kill" in the forest, and whilst beating for the tiger put up quantities of deer and small game, spotted deer, hogdeer, jungle fowl, partridges, at none of which we fired for fear of disturbing the tiger. Our beat to-day lay in the forest and on the banks of the Couriallie through long grass jungle. In beating a bhagar* (Nurkool swamp) in the forest after trying the long grass by the river side, we nearly lost two of our elephants, "Shamguttah" and a small tusker whose name I do not remember. They got stuck fast in the "phussion" and did not get out of it for a long time. We saw quantities of tiger foot-prints. This swamp, which is very extensive and very difficult to beat on account of the phussion, is said to be one of their great strongholds; its banks are very steep, the water and mud in the centre very deep and treacherous, and the Nurkool higher than the tallest elephant. In this long grass Blade and Nurkool partridges (a very handsome bird) are very numerous.

We crossed the Girhua to-day a little higher up than yesterday, it is here a shallow stream but very clean and bright, with a sandy bottom; and in the rainy season from the extent of its bed it must be a considerable stream. It joins the Cowriallie close to where we crossed.

The forest here becomes more dense, and in some places the wildness and beauty of scenery is very striking. The plain and much of this part of the forest are under water at certain seasons of the year, as is evident from the quantity of drift wood scattered here and there over the ground. At some seasons this must be a deadly climate from malarias. On asking an old man at Chilhua about it, he said that no one escaped the fever, and that many died, especially young children.

* Swamp.

There is little or no cultivation about this part of the Terai, the only occupation of the few inhabitants being herding cattle. A few spots of ground here and there in the immediate neighbourhood of the village appeared to have been planted with something, but what it was I could not ascertain; one of the many small grains cultivated in this country doubtless. The old Aheer said that last year only, the village had been looted of what little property it possessed, and the women and children carried off by the Zemindar who was then "ferari" (out-lawed). The plains extend some distance into the forest and are covered with long grass, which about this season is burnt to promote the growth of young shoots for the cattle to graze on. In these plains we find antelope, florican, sometimes bustard, plenty of black and in the most places Nurkool partridges. These are now all mostly found in the bhagars containing the long Nurkool and kutwa grasses. Where the grass is long hog deer are found in great quantities (I killed one to-day by the way and D. killed another). We had an opportunity of getting a shot at them in crossing from one tiger beat to another.

The day has been intensely hot, the wind very light, and from the east; I have observed that the east wind makes the atmosphere hazy, and hides the snowy range from our view.

The village of Bhatapore where we are encamped is large and apparently populous; it is near the banks of the Cowriallie, and our camp is in a tope of very fine trees of different varieties. Here we heard of the arrival of W. at his camp at Sitaba Ghat; he has sent a message to ask which direction we intend to take. This party consists of three shooting howdahs.

We halted to-day at Bhatapore; B., D., and I went out. H. remained at home, having been ill during the night with a spasmodic attack in the stomach.

We entered the forest for a short distance, and before noon had padded a beautiful full grown tigress. We beat her out of a small bhagar; she broke cover a long way ahead of us and concealed herself in the long grass in an open plain where we came up with her: B. got the first shot at her, and off she went again, we all following as hard as we could make the elephants go. Suddenly I saw D's elephant stop, and immediately afterwards sink down on her knees, the tigress had charged right home and got her by the trunk, the elephant (Rajkawar) was very staunch and the tigress was very soon knocked and shaken off without doing any mischief; just as I got up to the spot she charged again, and I gave her two balls as she was hugging the elephant by the fore leg, which brought her down again; she made another

attempt to charge but we were too strong for her ; she received the contents of five or six more barrels before she died. She remained in the crouching posture as if ready for a spring, and it was a moment or two before we were certain that she was dead. She was a very beautifully marked full grown tigress of what the natives called the Keerie variety and she fought and died hard.

The natives have the idea, and many Europeans share it with them, that there are two varieties of tiger, the Keerie and Tinger, but they are wrong. There is only one variety, and any difference as to size or shape depends merely on age or some local cause. Some tigers are much more beautifully marked than others, those that frequent the forest are said to be darker and more vividly marked than the others, but this is the only real difference ; my authority for this statement is a good one, Mr. Blyth of the Asiatic Society's Museum in Calcutta.

The elephant was not in the least injured by the tigress, and all, especially D., were much pleased with her. She is not the one that ran away the other day with him. In consequence of that escapade he discarded her and selected this one from amongst the beaters. For her size she is very rough, and quite unfit for carrying a howdah, but in tiger-shooting steadiness is an invaluable qualification in an elephant, and one that covers a multitude of faults. She stood beautifully when the tigress charged her and seemed to be perfectly fearless and indifferent, whilst many of the others had bolted and were rushing about in all directions but that of the tiger. I was on H's elephant,* a very fine animal, perfectly harmless, but a little unsteady ; when the tigress charged she snorted, kicked the ground and would have charged at the animal had she been allowed.

TIGER SHOOTING NOTES.

BY VENISON.

THE first tiger I shot this year was on the 5th March. He was a very troublesome man-eater, and I had been after him for some time. I shot him early in the morning and did not measure him till evening, when a twenty mile ride on a *hattee* may have shrunk him ; he was only nine foot two, but was a fine, heavy, well bearded tiger. On the 12th March, two of us went out on *khubber* found at once, and after a good deal of driving from one patch of grass to the other, my mate killed a fine tiger with an express bullet in the head. I had fired four bullets, all hits, and

* Lochin, afterwards my own.

The point raised by the *Indian Observer* relative to the restriction of the strictest code of racing law to the Presidency towns and first class up-country meetings seems at first sight to have many arguments in its favor, but experience seems to prove that it is impracticable to form any scale of rules adapted to varying conditions of racing. There can only be two grades. The one racing, the other Skye racing. Racing laws govern the one, common sense presides over the second, and a pity it is that racing law does not control both. More disputes, more heart-burning, and less practical justice have, as far as my experience goes, their origin in the so-called common sense decisions than in those which acknowledge the dictum of the hard and fast letter of racing law.

My opinions may, and very probably are, in many cases, wholly or partially wrong, but I trust their expression may have the effect of awakening the attention of the racing world to a state of things which almost every newspaper in the country has echoed and re-echoed since the remarks of the Editor of the *Magazine* sounded the key note.

JOURNAL OF A TIGER-SHOOTING EXPEDITION IN OUDE IN 18—.

By M. D.

(Continued from page 511.)

WE sent a pad back with the tigress and went on beating for another which had been recently seen in the neighbourhood; but though we worked hard we could not succeed. We tried several most likely looking places in the forests, and there crossed the old bed of the *Cowriallie* to a chur covered with long grass. Our Shikarree insisting that it was a likely find, but we were again unfortunate, for we found nothing in the grass but peacocks and hog deer. We found the river running in a new channel on the other side of the chur, a beautiful clear stream with a sandy bottom. In crossing the old bed of the river we came upon one or two quicksands, and in one of them "Shamguttah" again stuck fast, but after wallowing, struggling, and rolling in the ooze for some time she extricated herself.

We had very little small game shooting this day, being constantly on the look-out for tigers. I knocked over a pig and a hog-deer. B. shot a Nurkool partridge, and I had also a long shot at a herd of spotted deer, but they were too far off. On returning to the tents at 5 P.M. we found the tigress skinned and her flesh

already picked off her bones by innumerable vultures and jackals. Her skin was full of bullet-holes, but is a most beautifully marked one. Five young tigers were taken out of her womb; they were in a very incipient embryo state; two I preserved in a bottle of spirit.

H. is all right again this evening, takes his food, and will be able to march to-morrow.

The day has been fine and rather cloudy. At about 2 P.M. we had a light shower of rain; the wind during the last two days has been easterly, the weather hazy, and consequently the hills very indistinct. The snowy range no longer visible. All this part of the country has been under water during the last rainy season, as evident by the drift wood and the marks on the trees; the natives say it is very unhealthy after the rains, and their appearance fully confirms the truth of what they say. Numbers make their appearance in camp every morning to ask for medicine, and the small supply I have with me is rapidly being expended; many I told to leave the place as the only chance of saving their lives; some promised to do so, but I dare say the poor creatures will never leave it. Dropsy, enlarged spleen, rheumatism with fever, and distorted joints seemed to be common; as yet I have not seen any cases of bronchocele, nor any leprosy or elephantiasis, though doubtless they are all to be found here.

H. tells me that the village of Bhutapore was formerly one of the head-quarters of the Buddick dacoits, but that they are now all exterminated. From this place they went all over India, even as far as Bombay. To Colonel Sleeman is due the merit of having completely rooted them out; for, as a class, they no longer exist. They are now either dispersed or destroyed, and those of them still living, and their descendants, have taken to other and more meritorious occupations; many are now chuprassies or other public servants. This morning a boy came to me with a broken arm—we extemporized a splint out of a piece of bamboo and put it in proper position, he will very probably take it off again as soon as he is out of our sight.

22nd March, Buttapore.—Received a letter from H. this morning with a number of newspapers, and which were all very acceptable.

Started at about 10 A.M. and tried part of the ground we had gone over yesterday. One Shikaree took us to a recent "kill," the buffalo (for such it was) was very little injured, only a small piece of the hind quarter and entrails having been eaten. The place was perfect, a beautiful glade in the forest with very

long and dense Nurkool swamp, on the border of which lay the kill; we beat right through the swamp but could not find the tiger; he had been disturbed by the Aheers and had most probably retreated into the forest which is close at hand, very dense, and surrounding the glade and swamp completely. We were told that the Aheers had driven him off the carcass that very morning.

We thus proceeded to beat out another very long and deep swamp with steep and wooded banks, along which we had much difficulty in conducting our elephants. Just as we arrived at the extreme end of the swamp and fortunately on the side which B. and I were waiting looking at the line crashing and floundering along through the Nurkool and water, suddenly, with the usual two short roars or grunts, out sprang an enormous male tiger; we both had shots at him as he came at us; B. turned him right at me, and my two barrels, the contents of one of which he received in the hip, turned him again across the swamp, and there, as he was pushing up the steep bank on the opposite side, he came face to face with H. and D., who shot him dead as he charged up the steep amongst the trees.

I measured him; he was 10 feet one inch as he lay dead on the spot where he was shot, and his skin when taken off was only 11 feet. All say he is one of the finest tigers they have ever seen. He had evidently been sneaking along quickly before the line, hoping to get into the forest at some favorite opening, but we followed too close for that, and when at last he was forced to break cover he did what tigers seldom do, I am told; he charged right at us, though unwounded and unhurt.

The natives say he is of the *Kherie* variety. We padded him with as much difficulty as we would pad a buffalo, and having secured him on the elephant's back, we emerged from the forest and took a northerly direction right across an extensive plain towards our next halting ground which is on the opposite side of the *Cowriallie* at a place called Kulwapore.

On reaching the river, after travelling some miles over the level south plain, we halted for a short time to let the elephants and mahouts refresh themselves with the fine clear water which here commences to fall in gentle rapids over a pebbly bottom reminding one of Europe and the Rhine about Balse, deep, clear, and blue. D. and B. took out their fishing rods and tried a cast with a yellow colored fly for the mahseer, but the fish were either not there, or they would not rise. The river here divides into several streams, and in the rainy season must be an immense torrent; the rapids, too, commence (or rather terminate) here, and the bed of the stream, and in many places the sur-

rounding country, are covered with round stones. In crossing the largest stream, several hundred yards wide, our elephants were nearly carried off their legs by the rapidity of the current. The water was up to the elephants' pad, but we got over safely and reached our camp just in time to take refuge from a violent storm of wind, thunder and rain, at about 6 P.M. Our camp is again on the edge of the forest amongst the seesum trees which are now flowering, and with their young and freshly green foliage are in great perfume and beauty. The forest at this time of the year is especially beautiful from the great variety of tints; some of the forest trees, as the saul, are quite autumnal, whilst the seesum and others have all the delicacy and freshness of spring. The flowers, too, of the latter now perfume the atmosphere with a delicate scent from their little white papilionaceous petals. At night when all is still in camp, the roar, or rather murmur of the rapids, lulls one to sleep with a soft and gentle sound.

The hills seem now quite close to us; they are about 25 miles distant, but don't seem nearly so much. The snowy range, except one or two of the highest peaks, is rarely seen after the early morning, and by noon all is indistinct from the haze and other clouds hanging over the lower range, which is worse during the easterly wind than at any other time. In the evening after reaching camp we received "khubber" of a tiger not far off; he is said to have killed a cow, and we go after him to-morrow.

The ground here has now a gentle inclination upwards, but the rise is so gradual as to be barely perceptible; in fact, but for the rapids, which are not indeed by any means precipitous, we should not be aware of the rise in the surface of the land.

To-day, soon after killing the tiger, we met the young Rajah of the district of Mulwarrah, who had come out on an elephant attended by his suite (also on elephants) to meet us. He is a fine looking young man of 21, with hill features, and I observed that all of his attendants, except one huge Sikh who was armed *cap a pie* and mounted on a very small pony, were also Goorkabs or members of some of the numerous Jartai looking Hill Tribes that inhabit the range of hills now close to us. The Rajah generally lives in the hills, but having a small village and encampment here on the banks of the stream he comes down at this season to look after his collections. His district is in the *illaka* of Khyrabad, which extends quite to the hills in this direction, and from the uncultivated and wild appearance of the country I should say yielded but small revenue to the Chuckladar.

In crossing the plain before we came to the river I killed a couple of black partridges and a hare, the only small shooting we

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have had to-day, as having been so constantly on the look-out for tigers, all other game was allowed to pass. It is an established rule when looking for a tiger that you fire at nothing but the tiger himself.

Kulwapore, 23rd.—Recrossed the river this morning at the same place as yesterday, and made for the "kill" of which we had received information the previous evening. Though we found the remains of the cow, the tiger was not there. We pushed on to a patch of long grass jungle in an open country here and there interspersed with trees, and as the beaters entered one end the tiger broke cover from the other, and bolted across the plain towards a ridge of high ground with some jungle and a swamp at the other side of the ridge. We followed as hard as we could make the elephants go, the mahouts hammering them on the heads with the *ancus** and the *piadahs*† on the tail with the *moogries*‡. We came up to the swamp in about five or six minutes, and forming here beat right up it. It was not very deep on the side I took with H. and D., the opposite one to the trees, but near the trees the water was very deep as we afterwards found. B. remained on the ridge to receive the tiger in event of his getting up the hill after breaking cover. We moved steadily on, and out he came with the usual two roars "how, how." I was fortunate in getting the first shot; he was about 40 yards off me, the ball struck him in the neck, and without a struggle the monster rolled over stone dead. We pushed up and found the brute floating in the water; the ball struck him just as he was entering the deep water to make for the bank where B. was waiting for him; we dragged him out and found that it was a fine full-grown tigress very prettily marked. We sent her off to camp at once (not having come far) to be skinned, and went on in the direction of another swamp not far a-head. The Muela swamp is very extensive, one of the real primeval productions of nature, and dismal, wild, and gloomy it looks, but, as it turned out, a rare cover for tigers. The water in the centre, for a great part of its length is deep and dark-looking; large alligators and strange looking fish make their appearance on its surface, and quickly disappear when they perceive the strange objects (to them) on the banks. The edge of the swamp is covered with long and dense grass and trees. On the left hand side where we approached it the forest itself is dense and magnificent—the branches of the trees overhanging the gloomy, treacherous looking water below, and the thick grass and tangled

* Hook.

† Foot-men.

‡ Club.

low jungle which encroaches equally on both forest and water. This cover is a favorite haunt of tigers, boa-constrictors, and alligators, with goodness only knows how many other kinds of monsters. B. who was on the forest side, shot at a large boa, who glided quickly away, with a bullet through his sinuous body, into the shelter of some impenetrable jungle, just as I fired at a large garrial, or alligator, which was lying quietly on the surface of the water with the end of his nose and eyes only appearing above the surface. The ball struck him in the head and he quickly sunk to the bottom, a few bubbles of air slowly rising to the surface only remaining to indicate where he had been.

We had a large line of elephants to-day, 24 in number, the Rajah being with us and having with him four or five of his own. We divided the elephants into two divisions, one with B. and the Rajah on the forest side, the other with H., D. and myself on the other. We had not proceeded far before a number of Lungoor monkeys, which were bounding about in the trees on B's side, suddenly began to screech and spring violently about, shaking the branches of the large trees like the passage of a whirlwind through them; it was evident that they had seen something that alarmed them seriously; in a minute more I heard the cry of "bagh," "bagh." It was true, a large tiger had gone before B. and was concealed in the grass somewhere ahead of us.

The monkeys had seen him and gave the alarm. We got him after a hard chase; he was shot in a large clump of Nurkool grass in which he took refuge, and from which he would not break. The ground was too heavy for the elephant to go in, and the *anars* we threw in would not burn on account of the water. We heard, though we could not see him, and by the moving of the grass we could ascertain his whereabouts; we kept firing volleys in upon him, and D. got a momentary glimpse of him which he took advantage of to give him a shot through the back, which appeared to quiet him, as the grass ceased to move. After waiting a minute H's khasburdars went into the jungle, sword in hand, and dragged him out through the mud and water, quite dead. We now got out of our howdahs, and had some tiffin and cheroots under a tree whilst the men were padding the tiger.

After a short rest we mounted and proceeded along the swamp, which now altered in character, the deep water ceasing, and a mixture of long grass, Nurkool and Rulwa, stretching right across, with trees of the willow and wild jamun kind interspersed at intervals. The elephants formed line again across the swamp, and within ten minutes, we put up another large tiger; he broke cover at an opening in the swamp. And it was magnificent to

see him look round as if astonished at the noise and confusion in this usually quiet secluded spot ; as he saw us he received our bullets which wounded and infuriated him, for up he came right at D. and H's elephant, who were a little in advance of mine, the next shot turned him and he made off in a direction right ahead of us ; up the swamp (amongst the trees) which here takes a bend ; we followed as quickly as possible, for the trees on the bank were here thickly clustered together ; by going higher up on the bank I managed to get ahead, and in a few minutes I knew, from the agitation of my elephant, that I was near him. On looking down into the swamp there he was lying completely exposed under a tree at about 40 yards from me, and how magnificent he looked ! both his ears well back, his eyes glaring, and back arched up ready for a charge. I took as steady an aim as I could, for my elephant was much excited, kicking the ground and shaking the howdah dreadfully, and fired ; to my horror the gun exploded with a report little louder than that of a common percussion cap ! I tried the second barrel, it did the same ! my friend was now charging right up the hill at me. I seized a second gun abusing the chupprassy in the khowas for having forgotten the bullets which I thought was the case, in his excitement, and pulled the triggers of both barrels—the result was the same—the powder was bad. The tiger was now close on my elephant, when D. and H. to my left hit him hard and turned him in their direction. As he went along the bank, D. rolled him over like a hare with a bullet through the back ; he picked himself up and staggered down into the bottom of the ravine where we all followed and emptied our barrels into him. It was beautiful to see him roll over, but I almost pitied the brute as he staggered down the side of the ravine and I saw him crouching in the agonies of death, game to the last and glaring savagely at us as he got the *coup de grace*. We left him lying there, for in the meantime another tiger had been put up and seen by B. on the other side. I now examined into the cause of my gun's misfortune and found that the chupprassie had just commenced a new flask of Pigou's powder which had been either damp or was bad from age. I loaded three or four barrels with it and found that it did exactly the same ; each time it exploded but with almost no report and with barely force enough to send the bullet out of the gun. On examining the grains of powder I found that they had lost the shining glazy appearance of good powder and were agglutinated together in little lumps ; this was one of the lessons a sportsman has to learn—look to gunpowder ; the same mishap will not, I think, occur to me again.

I found that another new flask which I opened was in the same condition, but fortunately I had one good one in the howdah, and in the meantime I borrowed a flask from H., the most obliging fellow and best sportsman I have ever met—and off we went after No. 4. After some beating we bagged him also, but not before he had been on one of the pad elephant's heads ; the elephant was a small one, and being deep in the swamp, and coming suddenly on the tiger, he was seized by the head ; the beast was, however, soon shaken off, and very soon after B. and the Rajan on the other side of the swamp finished him. The elephant's head was not much injured, there were two rather deep wounds, but they were not severe.

The khasburdar behind the mahout fired at the tiger when on the elephant's head, but I don't believe he hit him. This is the fourth full-grown tiger to-day. Another was seen by B. to cross the swamp and get away into the forest on the side on which he was shooting. As we were a long way from camp and had the rapids to cross, we set off home, not having time to beat for more to-day, but return to-morrow to make further discoveries in the magnificent swamp. It was a fine sight ; our line of 24 elephants with the grim monsters hanging across their backs, and really repaid me for all the hard work and sun to which one is exposed.

The day was beautiful, rather warm, but at times a pleasant breeze blowing. The hills seemed quite close to us, and the effect of light and shade upon them was very beautiful. Our beat to-day lay chiefly in the forest ; the trees here being principally seesum are very beautiful, we saw to-day, for the first time, some saul trees, but no very fine ones. We re-crossed the rapids higher up than yesterday, and here had two broad streams to get over, both very rapid, indeed, so much so that some of the small pads were nearly carried off their feet. We arrived at our camp after dark, having had a long march of 10 or 12 miles through the forest.

(To be continued.)

THE BYSAH TIGER.

BY HOWDAH.

AS most accounts of tiger shikar usually commence with a description of the Shikaries, and the grand preparations for an encounter with Tom, and end by killing him in grand style or *vice versa*, it must not surprise the reader if this should savour of a sameness. I trust, therefore, he'll be indulgent and refrain from comments. However, I need scarcely apologise, for though the