

With as good a line as four elephants could make, J. S. and G. S. pushed on in pursuit. When they had nearly reached the end of the cover, instead of one tiger, out rushed two. One charged G. S., and received two shots ere he got into the cover behind the line, while the other passed so close to J. S.'s elephant as to cause it to swerve clean round, and to shake like mad, thus preventing J. S. from firing a shot. The tiger ran across the burnt grass in front like a flash of lightning. Leaving the wounded one behind, they went in search of the other tiger. They beat one or two patches of jungle close by, but "never saw the darling any more." They now returned after the wounded tiger, and soon put him up. The brute kept going ahead of the line along the brushwood surrounding the pool of water, and not all the efforts J. S. and G. S. made could make him break cover or fight. They both decided that the beast was a sneak, and formed a plan by which they would make him show himself. J. S. with one pad went round the tank one way, while G. S. with the other pad went the reverse.

They had hardly completed the circle when Tom proved he did not much care to hide his stripes any longer. He made a magnificent charge at J. S., whose elephant, strange to say, kept quite steady. J. S. hit the tiger three times ere he would turn an inch to the side. The last shot sent him back to the jungle, face to face with G. S. Without giving the matter a thought, he came down to the charge, and not till on the spring at the elephant's head was G. S. able to see the tiger, the jungle being very heavy just there. G. S. had only time to shoulder his gun and fire a snap-shot. By good luck the bullet struck the tiger on the spine. This shot did not prevent the tiger making a second charge, and not till within a yard of the *duntar's* trunk did the tiger receive his last shot. As there was some daylight still left, J. S. and G. S. commenced another search for the pair. They hunted till dusk, but, as I have already said, never saw the creature again. Returning to the dead tiger, they got off to pad him, which was rather a difficult task with only four *mahouts*. However, after one or two failures, he was secured on the back of one of the pads and taken to K.'s factory. J. S. and G. S. were very glad that they had bagged a tiger, when some of the great and swell *shikarees* had prophesied that the deuce a tiger they would find. On measuring the brute, they found him to be 11 feet in length, which, though not extraordinarily long, is still above the average length of tigers we find about here.

PURNEAH, 1868.

PIPE.

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### BRAVO RHINO.

IN 1865 "the exigencies" of the public service sent me to the Dooars of Bootan. I did not then admire the prospect. The light-

ing was almost over, and every available stockade had been assailed and taken. The "exigencies" above mentioned, however, being imperative, and Bootan itself stinking in the nostrils of the Chiefs, I desired to have my name handed up in connection with so odorous a subject. Accordingly, I got together guns, saddles, and spears, the dog-cart and *Brown Bess*, and drafted the two saddle nags, invoking the exigencies, the public service, and Bootan. We were heard, were useless in the land of Bhote, and died of inflammation the bowels, if they did not go in the loins. As substitutes for I managed to get two low-priced nags, a Cabulee and a Punjabee. The former was so priced on account of his taste for bolting, and bucking propensity, whereby he had frequently spanghewed the ground. He was a short-backed, well-shaped nag, with a cast-iron nose. The Punjabee was a brute; he never jumped that he did not blush, he shut up over the heavy, and no persuasion of Latchford would induce him to face a pig. He was, however, a taking-looking horse, and his former owner never spoke more truly than when he affirmed that if Punjabee wasn't worth two hundred rupees, he was worth a tinker's curse. How I hated the brute. He put me every day I rode him to hounds, or to pig, and eventually managed to break his off foreleg. I reached my destination in due time without offending the exigencies, and three months at headquarters passed comfortably and tamely enough. In that time I have discovered to a nicety the utter depravity of Punjabee, and my acquaintances, though not so much in the secret as his rider, were enough of him. No kind of swop was practicable; nor any, nor any kind of bargain. Cabulee, however, compensated. He was not difficult to sit when he bucked, which he invariably did at a gallop; he jumped like a deer, and "be with them he would." In the country I was ordered off to an out-station, which we will call Jangiri. The country round about was the best sporting country I had ever seen in. There were large prairie-like plains of sound turf, where one might gallop for miles in a bee line, without meeting any obstacle. The cultivated land was all rice land, with lots of jumping of the kind, and beautifully rideable in season. The jolly brown jackal abounded in tiger, deer, antelope, and rhinoceros. There were in numbers, and no end of small game. In fact, within two miles of the station, you were just as likely to kick up a Royal Bantam as a black partridge. Those plains and fields saw many a burst of the Bobbery, and the death of many a "tiggy;" and those journals re-echoed often with the cracks of the rifles, and the bangs of smooth bores. Since then, alas, *cita mors* has run into some of our game, some are going in double harness, perhaps with a gag; and all are scattered—those exigencies again!

If there is anything I hate, it is red tape; and red tape was the breath of my hakim's nostrils. There was besides myself an assistant, a heavy man with round shoulders. He also dieted on red tape, perhaps in deference to Tod. I suggested, therefore,

they two, Tod and Slowman, should carry on the shop, and elaborate the administrative system in-doors, and that I should do all the travelling. To this Tod graciously assented, and Slowman found no objection. The country being new, and the game but little disturbed, I enjoyed myself immensely. Tod and the heavy man developed the resources, and opened up communications on paper, and, I have no doubt, enjoyed themselves immensely also. They, or at any rate Tod, had a mania for roads in a straight line, from point to point, and for the straightness of these I was responsible. No trivial obstacles in the shape of dense jungles, bottomless brooks, or fathomless morasses, were to be regarded. I confess that the result was a caution. It was whilst inspecting one of these bee lines, that I had a laughable rencontre with a playful member of the Pachydermata family. November was the month. I had been down with fever, and was just getting round. Tod had gone to head-quarters to consult the Commissioner about the introduction of sulphur and rubbing posts among the Bhooteas, whose cutaneous afflictions had roused his sympathy. Tod was a Scotchman. Slowman remained behind to attend to the shop, and oil the administrative machinery. I may mention that I have every reason to believe that these rubbing posts caused a vast amount of discussion among the people. Tod did his best to make a permanent settlement of them; but that arrangement and another, made in the spirit of the Butwarra laws of 1814, turned out utter failures. Tod then went home on sick leave. Well, A., the District Superintendent, and myself started off together one fine morning to inspect a road in course of construction from Jangiri to the river bank. We rode on a pad elephant, and, as we did not intend going far, took no weapons of any kind. We had gone a couple of miles or so accompanied by a sirdar of coolies, when to the left of us we saw the villagers running and shouting like mad. The cause of this commotion turned out to be a single rhinoceros disporting himself in a small jheel. Two men were sent off at once for the guns and ammunition, while we on the elephant kept the rhinoceros in view. Having exhausted the resources of the jheel, our friend trotted leisurely across country in a westerly direction; we after him, and the cooly sirdar after us. A quarter mile of this fun brought the animal to a stream, fordable in parts. Here, to our intense annoyance and disgust, he amused himself for fully ten minutes, swimming and wading up and down. We all this time, empty handed, remained standing on the bank, twenty yards from him. He was in fine condition, not quite full-grown, and his horn a small one. Anxiously we looked back, but no signs of the guns. Away on the other side sported the brute again, and away we went best pace after him. The elephant went very badly, evidently disliking the job, the rhinoceros going gaily along one hundred yards in front. Two minutes burst brought him to a small isolated clump of bamboos. Into this he disappeared, coming out the instant after, facing us. He stopped, we stopped; he looked at us, we at him. At last, having

tried and decided the issue in his mind, he gave two snorts and a stamp, and down he came. I was sitting just behind the mahout; with a face the color of a lemon the man turned to me, saying, "ata hye, khodawund; ata hye; hum kia kuren." "Bagho, you brute, bagho," we both shouted simultaneously. The mahout accordingly set to work, arms and legs, to ride; but it was too late. Down came the foe, eager and gluttonous, making straight for between the elephant's hind legs, to upset him from underneath, as it appeared to me. However, when he got quite close, he suddenly turned off to the left, and striking the elephant on the elbow of the left leg, making him reel again, went off at a tangent into a small village, scattering the Hindoos like chaff. The elephant gave a trumpet when he felt the shock, and set off as hard as he could go. We swore, the mahout swore, and jobbed away into the brute's head, accompanying every blow with the most insulting reflections on the elephant's female connections; but shouting, swearing, and abuse were of no avail. The elephant had had enough, and bolted away blindly, the mahout licking the elephant, I hammering the mahout, and A. hammering me, and thus half dead with laughter we reached Jangiri. We found Slowman, who seeing us coming, had imagined the worst, armed to the teeth, in the bold smuggler style, awaiting the expected foe with a "come one, come all" expression on his face. It turned out afterwards that the cooly sirdar, seeing the brute charging, swarmed up the elephant's tail to get on to the pad. He had reached half-way when Rhino came down, and the latter, alarmed at so unusual an appendage, changed his aim. I forget the elephant's name and the mahout's, but I have little doubt neither of them ever forgot that eventful day. It was the quickest thing I ever had on an elephant.

POINS.

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## THE MONTH.

Now that we have had time to consider the racing at Ascot, it seems to have been a remarkable meeting in many respects. *Blink-hoolie*, after being a prominent favourite in handicaps for a whole year, and doing nothing that was expected of him, carried off two good things, both of them involving long journeys too. Not that he did not carry off the Queen's Vase by a great piece of luck; for nothing but the fact of *Julius* being out of all form could, in our opinion, have enabled the former to beat the latter. The great mares *Achievement* and *Lady Elizabeth* were still in a sorry plight, and failed to recover their lost laurels. As regards *Achievement*, she has proved herself a stayer, and we still expect to see her run well for the Doncaster Cup. *Lady Elizabeth's* staying powers have never yet been proved, and it is difficult to guess whether she will ever do