

bamboo are two very short lines, with hooks, which last are forced through the backs of two small fishes. These two unfortunate little fishes may be said to be somewhere between wind and water, on the last of which, they are just allowed slightly to rest, that their struggles may attract the large fish. When a fish bites, and is hooked, if he is not particularly heavy, he is hauled in by the line, but if he is too powerful to be thus disposed of, he is immediately transfixed, by a weapon, which the fisherman keeps in his right hand, called a *chull*, being a bamboo about six feet long, split at one end, into five or six pieces, each of which is pointed with a sharp iron head, like that of an arrow. The *Bhola*, a fish measuring from one to five feet, is frequently killed in this way, as well as many others of various kinds.

On my way up the Pubna river, I called at the house of a gentleman whom I had never seen before, and whom, indeed, I have not yet seen, as he was absent; but in his stable I found two friends who had served against the pigs under me in former days, and of whom I may, peradventure, say somewhat more on a future occasion. One of them, an up country dun poney, called *Lion*, was not only as steady a hog-hunter, but altogether as good a little bit of stuff as ever was put together in the shape of a horse;—he looked miserably thin, and half starved; while the other, a grey Arab, had had so much to eat, that his legs were more like an elephant's than a horse's, from want of work or physic, I suppose: or, perhaps, because the master was not there to keep the syces in order. There were some very varmint looking dogs about the house, and several very nice greyhound pups, one of which I should have liked well enough to have made my fellow passenger: that I did not carry the animal off is not to be attributed so much to the want of opportunity perhaps, as to the sage reflection, which came opportunely to aid my sinking virtue, that

He who prigs, what is n't his'n,  
When he's catch'd, must go to prison.

ROBIN HOOD.

## TIGER HUNTING.

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(Continued from No. VII. Page 387.)

There is scarcely any one in this country, who does not know the misery of being roused out of a comfortable sleep, and having pleasant dreams sent to the right about, by an obstinate bearer, shouting out *sahab* or *khodavund* as often as he attempts to snatch another wink of sleep. This was exactly my case in the present instance, as, after a short four hour's sleep, I was roused, by a summons to turn out, as it was four o'clock. Now as M.'s long stories, washed down by his still better claret, the night before, were not exactly the thing to qualify a man for early rising, it is not at all unlikely that I may have answered his salām, with what Don Juan at first supposed to be the English manner of salutation; be this as it may, it



was my *hookum* to be awake at four o'clock, so there was no use in disputing the point, as get up, or be tormented, I must; so up I got. The first thing that astonished me on turning out, was, how I could have slept amidst such a noise, as there was going on outside the tents in making ready the elephants, and putting on the howdahs; every one there was trying who could hawl loudest, in issuing his own *sahib's* orders about elephants, guns, howdahs, breakfast, &c. Had Virgil been there, sure am I, he would not have said.

"Omnes contigere intentique ora tenebant."

But what was my old friend M. about all this time, sitting in a corner, spitting, and groaning, at such a rate, that I could get no intelligent answer from him, all I could make out was, a confused jumble of the words *soor*, oil, toast *paneer*, and damnation! Now what could be extracted from such a *chaos*, was to me a mystery. However an intolerable smell of cocoanut oil, a teapoy upset, and a broken tumbler, at once throw some light on the subject. The old gentleman was in the habit of having a glass of toast and water placed on a teapoy, by his bedside, every night, but unfortunately by some *mistake*, the tumbler of cocoa-nut oil, which had been left the night before, to serve as "a light to lighten our darkness," had been substituted, for the aforesaid toast and water, which fully accounted both for the darkness and our friend's misfortune.

Having had an uncomfortable sort of 5 in the morning breakfast, (M. eat nothing at all) we got on our *hathes* and started for the scene of action. The place where we were told the tiger lay being at a very short distance, it was resolved that we should fire at nothing but tigers, in case the report of our guns should frighten away the royal coward. This is, perhaps, the greatest bore in tiger shooting, especially as in these cases deer, buffaloes, or some sort of game generally make their appearance, and what can be more annoying to a sportsman, than to see an immense buffalo, tossing his head as if threatening to charge and defying him to fire, or perhaps, a herd of spotted deer come cantering past, and still all must be allowed to remain untouched because a tiger is supposed to be near. I recollect a most provoking instance of this happening to me the first time I went out tiger shooting. In beating a thick thicket for a tiger, a rhinoceros dashed through our line of elephants passing within 20 yards of me—on calling out to an old sportsman near me that it was a rhinoceros and that he had not yet left the cover,—the answer I got was, "d—n the rhinoceros; we came out here to shoot tigers;" so in this way we lost him, though with little trouble we might have surrounded and shot him, and after all we got no tiger. However, there is one thing to be said that when a good tiger is found a charge or two from him amply repays the sportsman for all the trouble he may have taken in looking for him. We soon reached the spot where we expected to find the tiger, and beat it twice through, without seeing any trace of him, excepting the remains of a bullock which he had killed some days previous. We then turned our attention, to a



nullah, which, from its being well sheltered, on both sides, with jungle, we concluded must be a sure find; however it was not—and as all chance of our getting a tiger that day left us, so did our patience, we therefore determined to return home, and shoot whatever we could find on the way. As we were jogging along in close conversation with old M. (who was in anything but a good humour,) we came to a very likely looking patch of grass, when suddenly L— ordered the mahouts to stop, and pointing out to M. something moving about in the long grass at the distance of 25 or 30 yards, he had merely time to say, “do you see it?” when M. without even the usual preliminary movement of thrusting his glass up to his eye, brought *Big Tom* (a Joe Manton of unusually large dimensions) to his shoulder and forth went the messengers of death. “I have hit him by God,” said the old gentleman, snatching up another gun, and ordering the mahout to *chull*. On getting near the spot, we saw from the motions of the reeds, that the beast was struggling and twisting about, so off went two more of M.’s barrels, in order to secure him, before we should have time to fire. All was now perfectly still, and M. hastening to the spot could hardly contain his joy, but it was of short duration, for in less than a minute he turned round, with a face at least 6 inches longer, and exclaimed “by God it’s a *Tattoo*.” I need hardly add that the announcement was followed by a loud laugh on all sides. As we were exhorting him to remember the third commandment and to keep his temper, a man, attired in the simple fig-leaf of the country, bearing a sort of whip in one hand, and a *totah* in the other, emerged from the jungle over-hanging the nullah; on reaching the spot where he had left his chesnut grazing what a sight met his eye!

I waited to see no more, but left them to settle about the price the best way they could, which was ultimately agreed upon at eleven rupees eight annas. I saw the fellow shortly afterwards with his pad and halter on his back following M. to the tents, evidently much better pleased with our day’s sport than we were ourselves. On reaching the tents, we found a poor wretch laid on a *chappoy*, at the door, with his head and shoulders dreadfully lacerated, and bruised and almost dead. The villagers who brought him told us, that he had that morning been seized and carried away a short distance by the tiger, who dropped him owing to the noise and shouting his companions made. To our enquiries after the tiger, we had the satisfaction to learn, that regardless of the trifling distinctions of “*mum* and *tuon*,” he had just taken away a cow, from the neighbouring village, and he was now, without having the fear of the Hindoo law before his eyes, devouring the sacred beast in an indigo field close by.—“Remount and make ready” was now the order of the day and, accordingly off we posted to the field determined not to return without the tiger. Just as we were entering the indigo, M. (whose property it was) whispered to me “this will play the devil with the plant, but I would rather lose three waunds of the blue, than go home without the beast, after all this trouble and vexation. The elephants



now begun to shew symptoms, of the proximity of the tiger, by trumpeting and tossing about their trunks. We were all in suspense, standing up in our howdahs with our guns ready, intently watching for the slightest rustle in the leaves, when we came upon the spot where he had been eating the cow, but he was not there; however, as we got near the farther end of the field, the elephants became, more and more restless, which convinced us, that he had not given us the slip. At length we heard the welcome sound of "*bagh, bagh*," shouted out by the mahout of an elephant which we had sent forward to keep a look out a-head, in case the tiger tried to sneak away in that direction. This was the signal for us to push on towards the corner, where the tiger had made his appearance; in doing so our line was broken, owing to some of the mahouts skulking behind; this, the tiger took advantage of, and contrived to steal away back, but, fortunately, he was twigg'd by some of the gentlemen in the rear, and who now set up such a *Tall, ho!* as would make a Leicestershire man stare. It had however quite a different effect on the tiger, for, without ever looking back, he scampered away as hard as his legs could carry him for a small patch of sugar-cane. Although the distance was great, we all fired at him just as he was getting into the cover; he showed no symptoms of being hit, but still we thought it nearly impossible to have missed him entirely. On reaching the spot where he entered, we heard him growling, but owing to the closeness of the cover, could not get a sight of him; as we were now determined to make sure work of him, we surrounded the place before commencing the attack; which by the bye, we found no very easy matter, as the elephants had no fancy to "beard the growling monster in his den," and it required the most persuasive arguments of the mahouts, to induce some of them to enter at all.— On the strength of his being wounded, we expected to have some good sport with him, and entered the jungle quite prepared to give him a warm reception as soon as he came to the charge. But, alas! there is a tide in the affairs of tigers, as well as in those of men, for we had not advanced many steps, before L. came upon him as he was lying on his back unable to move.

"Quantum mutatus ab illo Tigere."

Without further ado, L. with an oz. of cold lead put an end to the life and reign of the *Gloomah Rajah*. He measured eleven feet five inches and was one of the handsomest tigers I ever saw. He had, for several years, been in the habit of making a tour over that part of the country, and was pretty well known by his royal cognomen, to the *goallahs* in the neighbourhood, who assured us that his visits to their *boithans*, were by no means, like those of angels, being "neither few nor far between."

P.

P. S. "An old sportsman" has my best thanks for the sketch of his new howdah girth, given in No 7. I have tried it and can recommend it to any of your sporting friends.

P.