

2

THE

CALCUTTA MAGAZINE

9789

AND

MONTHLY REGISTER.

1832.

Bengal General Register.

CALCUTTA :
SAMUEL SMITH AND CO. HARE STREET.

MDCCCXXXII.

THE
CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

No. XXXI.—JULY, 1832.

Contents.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	<i>Page.</i>
TIGER SHOOTING IN THE GORUCKPORE TERAJ, BY TIGER,	375
A FITFUL FANCY, BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL,	392
LINES TO A LADY WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH SOME ENGLISH FRUITS AND FLOWERS, BY D. L. R.,	393
RECOLLECTIONS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL, BY A.	394
TO MARY, BY C. M.,	411
COLONEL McFLAM,	413
STANZAS, BY C. E. R.,	418
AFFECTION'S TEAR, BY THE LATE LIEUT. JOHN PINCHARD,	<i>ib.</i>
"THE TWO MERCHANTS OF KOTAH," BY A. M. M.,	419
TO MISS ANNETTE E——, BY X. Y. Z.,	420
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE, (<i>continued</i>),	XVII.

BENGAL REGISTER.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE WEST COAST OF SUMATRA, FROM PULO RHATAH TO PADANG,	209
MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY,	215
MEDICAL RETIRING FUND,	219
BENGAL MEDICAL FUND,	220
BENGAL MARINERS' AND WIDOWS' FUND,	221
AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY,	222
THE JURY PETITION,	223
CALCUTTA TRADE ASSOCIATION—THE SAVINGS BANK,	224
SUDDER DEWANNEE ADAWLUT,	225
CALCUTTA PROVINCIAL COURT OF APPEAL,	230
MOORSHEDABAD PROVINCIAL COURT,	233
SUPREME COURT,	235
INSOLVENT COURT,	237
SILK,	239
INDIGO,	240

CIVIL AND MILITARY APPOINTMENTS, &c.,	89
SHIPPING ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES,	95
ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF PASSENGERS,	96
DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES,	97

TIGER SHOOTING IN THE GORUCKPORE TERAI.

“ I hate the man that can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, ‘ all is barren ! ’ ”
 STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

There is only one class of men, who can find in India a compensation for ill health and exile. The sportsman alone finds, amongst the swamps and forests of Hindoostan, the same excitement, the same spirits, the same enjoyment, which he felt on the moors of Westmoreland, the turnip fields of Norfolk, or the plains of Leicestershire. Did I say the *same* excitement! Did I say the *same* enjoyment! Show me the country in all Europe, which supplies the game of Hindoostan! Show me the wild boars of Tipperah and Nuddeah. Show me the unequalled jungle fowl of all the Lower Provinces, the lions of the Upper Provinces; or lastly, show me the wild elephants, tigers, buffaloes, bears, hogs, deer, floricans, hares, partridges, peacocks, and boa constrictors, that swarm in the Goruckpore Terai.

A friend of mine once declared his thorough contempt for a sportsman; “ A man,” said he, “ who kills certain animals as does a rat-catcher; a being with whom I hold no communion.” Be it so;—I blame him not: but that man has precisely one pleasure in life less than I have: he, however, had one which I had not—he had a very particular attachment to vin de Bourdeaux;—very well! He likes a bottle, and I like a bear:—

“ *Trahit sua quemque voluptas.* ”

and that my fancy is the best I'll bet a tiger to an ortolan, and those are long sporting odds.

But there is an advantage derived by the sportsman in this country, especially if he be a civilian, which is less perceptible in Europe: he takes his double barrelled Manton on his shoulder, and paces away amongst the fields and homes of the very people who are subject to his authority. The Editor of the *Hurkaru* would delight in such a man; for “ he lays aside his trappings and suite, and talks to the people.” Thus he gains more information in one week, than your pompous, steady Cutcherry-going idlers acquire in five years,—or, I might say, fifty. Let me distinguish between the man who makes sport a business, and him who looks upon it as an amusement: he who cannot see beyond the muzzle of his gun, is upon a par with his pointer, and will gain nothing by a shooting excursion beyond a bag full of partridges; but he, who profits by his hours of leisure, who will “ talk to the people,” and make himself master of their opinions, feelings, &c. is a good servant of the government; and I gravely meditate an official application for an appointment, whose principal duties shall consist in collecting vivâ voce information for the benefit of the solemn triflers already alluded to, who go to Cutcherry every day from 10 to 4, followed by a dozen chupprassees, stare at their serishtadar and his bundles of country paper, and then go home to wonder what the devil they have been about all day.

Having thus established it as a fact, beyond dispute, that a shooting excursion must be agreeable to myself, satisfactory to the government, and beneficial to the people, I need no longer delay to admit, that I conveyed myself from—— to the Goruckpore Terai, in the month of April. "April!" exclaims the Calcutta shopkeeper, as he sits down to his tiffin behind khushhuss tatties, "April!" "why, I hope, Mr. Tiger is not in our books—he hasn't a rupee besides his salary—and if he gets a Terai fever, what will become of me? Mr. Smith! write to the Secretary to the Trade Association, and ascertain the amount of Mr. Tiger's debts,—his property might pay my bill—bless me! had I known he was a sportsman, I would never have given him credit." Another advantage, you see, gentle reader, accruing to the sportsman—he is excluded from the privileges of paying 12 per cent. per annum! kind creditor, "have patience, and I will pay thee all," and if you have *not* patience, why, by the soul of St. Hubert, I'll go next year in May!

The Goruckpore Terai, or the country of the Tarus, is an immense tract of waste land, lying at the foot of the Nipaul Hills, and extending along the northern frontier of Goruckpore. Of the western extremity I know less; but the eastern boundary is the river Gunduck, which there divides the districts of Chuprah and Goruckpore. Running in a westerly direction, through the centre of this waste, and commencing upon the western bank of the Gunduck, are a series of brick pillars, amounting, I believe, to some 80, or more, in number: these, placed at such distances, that the eye can easily travel from one to the other, are the frontier pillars between Goruckpore and Nipaul: crossing this line diagonally, are the celebrated nullahs and Rutwa jheels, where the noble brutes, of whom I profess to write, are found. I am inclined to think, that the tigers come down from the hills and the forest, (which is never very far off,) into these plains, before the aheers, or cowherds, have burned the grass jungle, with which, during the rains and cold weather, they are covered. When this annual burning takes place, it is natural to suppose, that the tigers fly to the nearest covers—the nullahs—and we shall be quite satisfied as to their motives for remaining there, if we reflect, that their food consists of the cows, that graze in the plains, and their drink of the water, that flows through the nullahs. In addition to this, the underwood in the forest is always fired as well as the grass in the plain; and the flames, as they shoot upwards, wither the green leaves that shaded the earth, and expose every inhabitant of the jungle to the rays of the sun, as completely as if they were in an open plain;—accordingly, all rush to the nullahs and jheels of Rutwa, which alone afford them concealment, coolness, and water:—the tiger, first, whose antipathy to drought appears to be greater than that of any other wild animal;—hence, the best time for visiting this Terai, is immediately after the jungle has been fired; and the respective merits of March, April, and May depend entirely upon the period at which the grass was burnt. May would be objectionable, because the cows then leave the Terai; but still, owing to particular causes, that month is the best for certain beats:—we pass over the additional risk incurred in that dreadful month, because it no more enters into the calculations of a

sportsman, than the probability of being shot does into those of a duellist; but it is not unsatisfactory to find, that the most dangerous season is not the one in which the most sport may be expected. Many good men will differ from me, but they will admit the truth of my remarks upon the causes of their resort to these places, and from those data every man, sportsman or not, may form his own opinion.

But let us to the field.—Here we have been chatting about cutcherries and government, the people, and other such matters of small moment, till we have almost forgotten what we came into the Terai for! Where are the Bunturreeas? The what? Oh! I beg pardon, uninitiated Sir: the Bunturreeas are certain useful individuals, who are intimately acquainted with the several beats where you may hope to find the game, who wander about amongst the aheers, or cowsheds, inquiring, and—Oh! untranslateable word! *getting* “*thikamma*” of tigers, who accompany you to the ground, which the beast is supposed to haunt, and who, upon the elephant's going into cover, nimbly ascend the nearest tree for safety, and look on in admiration. In nullah shooting they go on a long way ahead, and then ascend the trees. Should the tiger attempt to pass under the tree in which they are, they set up such yells and shouts as their lungs supply them with, and the animal invariably turns back upon the elephants, who are beating up to the Bunturreeas;—if he leaves the nullah, he leaves his cover—but this he will hardly ever do. It was in this way, that a man was killed, when Lord William Bentinck blessed the Terai with his presence—a blessing which the adjacent villages rank second only to the Nipaul war. He was shouting away at a tiger, which approached, but the tiger was wounded, and the man was not far enough up the tree: therefore, instead of turning back to be killed himself, he sprang at the tree, and killed the Bunturreea.

The allusion to His Lordship's descent upon the Terai requires some proof, or, it is likely to be considered merely as an ill-natured remark. It shall be supported by two circumstances:—First; an intelligent and respectable native, discussing the subject with a gentleman, who accompanied me, assured him, that the country “could not recover from the effects of His Lordship's progress for 5 years.” Secondly; a native functionary, who was desired to provide some 100, 1,000, or 10,000, (my memory fails me,) fowls for His Lordship's camp: this functionary expressed to myself his fears, lest he should lose his place, seeing that, “although he had seized every fowl within 20 miles round, he had only collected half a dozen instead of half a million.” It is fair to add, that the camp did not ultimately pass by that road, and the half dozen chickens probably consoled the trembling functionary for the terrors he had undergone.

We never *shall* get out shooting! so, here are the Bunturreeas—and here are the Elephants, upon the largest of which is the howdah, and 4 double barrell'd guns—his grim, white teeth, bound over with rings of brass, his immense weight, and the 8 barrels pointing out over the front of the howdah,

“Give hope to the valiant, and promise of war.”

The moment is come—we are seated in the howdah—we have the tops, and rejoice in a sun, burning at about 150 degrees of Fahrenheit. The Bunturreeas are ahead. The guns are loaded with ball. Praise be to St. Hubert! we are out tiger shooting at last!

My number of Bunturreeas was five; as we proceeded, I perceived a sixth; and, observing that this No. 6, proceeded straight through the forest with a steady pace, and a knowing look, evidently leading the rest, it struck me that this was a decided case of that "*Thikanna*" of which I had heard so much, but, as yet, understood so little. "Who are you?" "Aheer," shouted the fellow, for they always address you in the tone they use with their cows. "And what brings you here?" Upon this the Bunturreeas interfered, fearful lest the simple Aheer should raise my hopes too high.

There was, and there was not a tiger; he had been seen; but might have gone away; only if he was here, I might betake myself to my guns, for he was an enormously large one;—a man killer; and, withal, had only one eye!

We had now arrived at our ground; a patch of rutwa, extending far in the direction of the forest, but not a hundred yards broad. In the plains, on either side, fed herds of cattle, and at the very edge of the rutwa, slept the Aheer. "Is there any tiger about here?" asked a Bunturreea "No," replied the sleeper, and seemed disposed to resume his slumbers. "You had better get up, however, for, I believe, the "*Kannah sheer*" to be in this piece of rutwa." Up sprung the hitherto drowsy respondent, his eyes starting out of his head. Well he knew the "*kannah sheer*," and well he knew that, had the "*kannah sheer*" been hungry, his life, three minutes ago, had not been worth one of his cow's tails. His brother, he said, had been struck down by this very savage only a few days ago, and was still suffering from the severe wounds he received; but he had no idea of his being here. There was no time to look after his cows—away he went to ascend the trees with the Bunturreeas, whilst I and my elephants entered the rutwa.

Just opposite the place where the Aheer had been sleeping, and in the centre of the rutwa, was a small piece of water, or swamp; three elephants went on the further side of this, and the others remained with me. The three elephants had scarcely ranged themselves in beating order, when, with a tremendous roar, an enormous tiger, our friend, the very "*kannah sheer*" sprung up, and drove the elephants before him, as if they had been deer.—Unprovoked—unwounded, he still pursued, till he seized the nearest, and fastened his teeth and claws in his leg. Before he had well dropped off, I had crossed the swamp, and as he slunk away through the rutwa, I got a splendid view, (at 25 yards,) of this monarch of the woods. To make sure of my shot, I stopped my elephant, but he had already seen me—he had already slackened his pace, slowly he turned his huge head towards me, as he raised it a little to gain a better view of his enemy; and *then*,—right well do I now know what follows; my heart beats tumultuously even now, as I recall the instant charge which this slow and angry turn of the head infallibly predicts; he turned his head towards me, but, ere he could even alter

his course, he received two balls, one in the side, and one in the shoulder, and rolled over in the grass.

This event, the conclusion of every other rencontre, is only the beginning of a tiger's battle:—this gentleman had a bad temper evidently; but, generally speaking, a tiger will never charge until he has been wounded;—what any other would have done, was, therefore, not very doubtful; what this one would do, was morally certain. He got up again, and rushed upon me, roaring as he came. The pad elephants, now useless, had taken up a secure position, and left the tiger and the howdah elephant to fight it out by themselves. "The Sahib has it all to himself this time," chuckled a rascal of a mohout behind me, in high good humour at his own security; I heard him, though the tiger was on the charge, and I felt half inclined to laugh, and half to cut his ears off for his impudence:—on came the tiger, but partly from his wound, and partly from the swampy nature of the ground, he could not come at his full speed, and before he could reach me, he received another ball in his chest, which did *not* stop him! where the next hit him, I know not; but he stopped, sat up for a moment grinning at me,—and then fell heavily over in the grass. The rest is dirty work; the object being merely to put the noble creature out of pain, and for the future, I intend to make the fellow behind do it.

I need not explain, that an attendant sits behind you in the howdah to supply ammunition, and, if capable, to load your guns.

Our prize was soon placed upon a pad elephant, and handed over to the chumars, whose business it is to prepare such parts of the animal as you fancy keeping; the skin, of course, the claws, the four teeth, or, if the brute be large, the entire head. We preserved the head of this one carefully, suspecting that it would be, as it turned out, the largest we should see. It was the "*kannah sheer*;" he had lost one eye in fighting with bears, or from the horns of some deer he had killed; he had, moreover, been in action before, for the chumars extracted a bullet from his body, which belonged to none of my guns. The Aheers came in numbers to see him; and, amongst others, the man who had been in his fangs, his brother, the sleeper, glorifying every member of the Hindoo Mythology for his escape, and abusing the mothers and sisters of the dead monster, as if he really bore them some ill-will: a most malevolent Aheer!

The next day I killed a tigress, without much trouble: she received a shot, and did not charge, but tried to escape across a plain as open as the Calcutta Race Course; her wound, however, was too much for her, and seeing herself pursued by a single elephant, (for the pad elephants have nothing to do, when the tiger is out of cover,) she turned, when I was yet some 100 yards from her, and came straight at me in the most beautiful style imaginable. It would make a lovely picture! Not a bush, not a blade of grass near;—the large male elephant standing steady as a rock, curling up his trunk underneath, and presenting his formidable tusks to the fierce assault; the double-barrelled gun pointed at the approaching foe, the finger on the trigger, and yet the fire reserved to make its effect the more fatal; and the tigress herself,

with her beautifully striped skin absolutely glittering in the rays of the sun, as she dashed forward; all these would furnish as good a subject for the pencil, as ever was offered to an able artist: and if he can only make an approximation to the cool and unflinching demeanour of the splendid animal which I rode—the small eye fixed upon the tiger, the trunk protracted, the tusks opposed,—if he can give even a faint idea of the dreadful vindictiveness of the wounded tigress, of her elegant and easy movements, and of the rich colouring of her skin, I promise him 10 gold mohurs for as many minutes sight of the immortal production.

I am perfectly well aware of the poverty of the description here offered, of two tiger engagements. To the sportsman my expressions must sound tame and unmeaning; nor should I be surprised if he set the man down as no good sportsman, who could offer them to the public, as conveying any idea of the *real thing*: still less can I hope to win the attention of others to so inadequate an account of these spirit-stirring scenes.

“To such as see them not, my words were weak,

“To those who gaze on them, what language would they speak.”

As I was in the neighbourhood of Trebanee ghat, and had heard much of the beauty of the spot, I went there, when about a mile distant from the Gunduck: the road enters the forest, and the character of the country immediately changed. To one who had, for many long years, been accustomed to the mud roads, and interminable plains of the provinces, which geographers poetically say, “are watered by the Ganges,” it was refreshing to ride over ground constantly undulating; to note the various forest trees, the shrubs and wild flowers, the wood-crowned heights, hanging over the road, the pebbles—yes! before I had gone half a mile through the forests, I had filled all my pockets, and loaded my *sa'is* and my guide so heavily with these stones, that we were obliged to throw them all away again; no child ever cherished a new toy as I did these pebbles; I chucked them, I felt them, I admired them, and thought how well they would do under a punkah, to keep my papers steady, when next the com—oh! hang the com—! I'm at the Trebanee ghat.

“Friend,” said I to the ferryman, “where is the waterfall?”

“Sir!” said the ferryman to me, “there's no waterfall at all!”

The pebbles jumped out of my pocket with the start of horror I gave, and I very nearly jumped into the river; the bundle of blue wild flowers, (I promise the public to study Botany against my next trip to Terai,) the bundle of blue wild flowers fell from my hands, the corner of my pocket handkerchief eluded my grasp, and releasing a mass of crimson parass blossoms, which I had collected as I came along, I stood the picture of despair, and appealing to the ferryman's boy, I implored *him* to show me the waterfall.

“Sir,” said the ferryman's boy, “there's no waterfall at all.”

“Why, I've come from—— to see it!” the villain laughed in my face.

Now, either the senses of myself, as well as of some dozen or more persons, whom I consulted on the subject, have utterly deserted us, or

It has been constantly maintained, that there was a water fall at Trebanee ghat, at the time of His Lordship's visit. I cannot assert it, but I believe, with others, that a letter was printed at the time, in the Hurkaru, or some other paper, recording the circumstance; at any rate, the impression has generally gone abroad, that there is a cascade visible at, or, at least, from Trebanee ghat, whereas there is not any cascade, or any thing resembling one, at, or near to the place. The Gunduck, here deep and clear, rolls over a rocky channel, and leaves the hills at this spot; the ground rises suddenly on either side, and the trees reach to the summit, nor can your eye follow the course of the river far; facing its source, the view is abruptly checked by another of these hills covered with wood; and facing to the south, there is little more than what may be seen in the Sunderbunds

Such is Trebanee ghat, undeniably grateful and pleasing to the eye; for how can hill, wood, and water united, fail to produce an agreeable effect? but to one who went to see cascades, and whose ideas of scenery had been formed amongst the Alps and Apennines, the shores of Italy, and Islands of Greece, it produced unqualified disappointment.

Oh! Italy, Italy, how long shall I lament thee! Over thee, love of my country grows cold, when I think on thy women, thy music, thy vines, thy myrtles, thy orange bowers, thy classic scenes! Italy! thou garden of the world! thou poetry of nature! I shall see thee again! Already has the period of my exile wellnigh elapsed—already do my thoughts dwell upon the land where my heart has ever been—already are my senses intoxicated even by the very prospect of a return!

So I crossed the Gunduck, and went to look for the waterfall there,—none! I landed and walked a short distance to the Soane, a small stream that separates Bettiah from Nipaul; there was no waterfall there, and at length I was forced to come to the conclusion, that either no waterfall had ever been seen at all, or that the Gunduck had been made to tumble over a precipice as rope dancers sometimes do in a playbill, "for that night only," in honour of Lord Wm. Bentinck's visit. His Lordship's condescension has ere this turned the heads of men; no wonder that it should have once turned the course of a river; only the river, like the men, finding it gets nothing by it, has gone back to its own courses.

Shortly after my visit to Trebanee ghat I was joined by a gentleman for whom I had been waiting some days; he was a keen sportsman, and a dead shot; the tigers had no longer any chance; but, (to use the words of Jack Cade,) "they fell before us like sheep and oxen;" We immediately proceeded westward to the more favourite beats, and were soon in the heart of the Terai. We killed several tigers without either danger or glory; but our amusement was not always to be so tame, and at a place called Hurpoor, we found our match.

In a thick patch of rutwa, surrounded entirely by the branches of a nullah that extended far in either direction, and enclosed by a tree jungle, dwelt a large male tiger, almost as well known as the "*kannuk sheer*." He had last year baffled a party who had besieged him for two days, and had at last given up the point. Here, therefore, he re-

sided in solitary grandeur and security, and woe to those who would disturb him ! Nevertheless, having come here purposely to kill tigers, we could scarcely object to a little tree jungle ; so making up our minds to get our heads broken, we ranged our elephants on each side of the nullah, and commenced the search. We beat up from a distance, but there was little doubt where he would be ; his lair, his home was in the patch of rutwa above described ; but he might be taking a walk, and it was, therefore, advisable to examine his promenades. We reached the tiger's fortress, and found the rutwa in the centre so thick as to impede the elephants' advance : it was at least 15 feet high. From the centre of this, we soon heard the awful voice of our still invisible foe ; the pad-elephants fled, and all was silent. The tiger had gone on ahead, we followed, and, at a short distance on, passed under the tree from which the tiger's predecessor had torn His Lordship's Bunturreea ; ours were in the same tree, but somewhat higher up ; and they pointed out to us the bough on which the unfortunate man was sitting.

They had not seen the tiger pass, and it was clear, therefore, that he had doubled back through our line, in spite of all our care to prevent it. The only thing to be done, when this "untoward event" occurs, is, to go back to the place you begun at, and recommence your search ; we did so ; but so villainously thick was the cover, and so extensive the jungle on each side of the nullah, that three times we roused him from his castle, and three times he gave us the slip, and got back unseen. As yet we had only heard his voice, and to judge by that, he ought to be as big as the mammoth ! We were soon to come to closer quarters.

In the afternoon we returned to this nullah, and the same scenes were acted over again ! He was always in his castle ; with this difference, that, just at sun-set, finding himself unable to sneak back, he boldly faced his opponents, and rushing past the elephants at a distance of some 20 yards, received a ball in his side, but made good his retreat to his castle.

We retired, rather ashamed of ourselves, but determined to give him the full benefit of a long April-day on the morrow. My companion W—, who was a much older hand at tiger-shooting than myself, consoled me with the assurance, that, "as he was wounded, he was certainly ours, for that he would now seize the first elephant that came near him." On the following morning we were in our howdahs, after breakfast, and very soon after sun-rise ; never was tiger so doomed—again at the nullah, once more at the patch of rutwa, and out came the tiger roaring, tearing, and scratching at every thing living that came in his way, and fully verifying W—'s prophecies of the evening before. We succeeded, however, in driving him from his defences, now less impregnable, for the elephants had trodden much of it down by their constant visits ; he went but a short distance, and the instant an elephant was unfortunate enough to come in sight, he rushed upon her, bit her, scratched her, and left her bleeding in half a dozen places. It was now fair fighting ; whenever he saw an elephant coming, he charged, and whenever we saw him at all, we fired.

The success of these shots is always very uncertain : your elephant, unless a very good one, is generally unsteady, and even a first rate may be going over broken ground, or breaking down trees : sometimes a bough is in the way, just at the moment when the tiger is exposed ; sometimes a refractory pad-elephant most clumsily rushes across you ; sometimes you fire at the moving grass, in which case it generally turns out that you have shot a peacock's tail, and *sometimes*, (though far be it from me to say it is a common occurrence,) but *sometimes* one misses ! At length, I got a fair shot at him, as he dropped off one of the elephant's hind quarters ; it was beautiful to see him ! Usually, when tigers drop off, if they escape the bullets of the sportsmen, to whom this moment affords a splendid opportunity, they retire into the cover : but this brute had charged, and wounded the elephant, and dropped off ; but when he felt the ball, instead of retiring, he answered the summons in person, and came open-mouthed towards me ; the remaining barrel rolled him over within 15 yards, and I saw no more !

I was not on my own good elephant this-day, and the cowardly mahout, well aware, that if I had missed, the tiger would have been amongst us, gave me such a sudden twist round, and fled at such a pace, that I could hardly hold on. The tiger, however, had disappeared, and, as it turned out, not liking my side of the nullah, had gone over to W.'s, this was, most assuredly, "getting out of the frying-pan into the fire." W— came upon him as he sat bleeding under a tree ; there was no doubt what he would do ; he charged instantly ! I could see nothing from my side, but I heard the shot, and the next moment a heavy body fell violently to the ground ! I could not doubt it, I knew what it was. I gave a hearty hurrah, and crossing over found the enormous fighting savage dead as a stone. He had been shot through the brain in the middle of his charge, and lay within a few yards of the elephant's trunk.

I will not deny that this result was most welcome ; excitement is the soul of tiger-shooting, and if they never fought, they would not be worth the trouble of seeking ; but when half a dozen elephants have been cut up, and two or three mahouts have barely escaped destruction ; when you have had several blows on your head and shoulders from boughs of trees, and are entitled, from the increasing unsteadiness of your elephant, to expect more ; when, in addition to this, you observe the tiger as strong and as fierce as ever ; when, in short, the sport assumes a *business-like* appearance, a thing which must be done, instead of a thing one wishes to do, *then*, unlike fox-hunting, the pleasure is far from ending with the death of the tiger, and the enjoyment of the moment is by no means allayed by any painful reflections, that the sport is all over. The death of the tiger is too great an object to allow you to lament that it is no longer a desideratum.

The tope at Bominee—that word "Tope" immediately suggests the idea of cultivation ; so, before we proceed any further, we will talk a little of the present uncultivated state of the Goruckpore Terai. The Terai is full of topes, and wherever there are topes, there has been cultivation. By all accounts the desolate state of this tract was occa-

sioned by the Nipaul war; and I listened for 10 minutes to a dispute between two Taru politicians, as to whether the English or Nipaul governments were guilty of having burnt down all the villages, a fact which both admitted. I strove in vain to get some intelligence of the then population and resources, that I might calculate the mischief done. The only information I did get, was, that the tigers were more numerous there than they are now, which is pretty well, considering that we shot, on an average, one every four and twenty hours. Whatever may have been its former condition there is nothing now to prevent its becoming rich and civilized, provided that the Governor General is never a sportsman! no country can bear that. I allude only to that portion of the Terai which is on our side of the frontier pillars; when I say, that the oppression of the Nipaul government affords excellent opportunities to the public officers at Goruckpore, of peopling the land with men accustomed to the climate, and of tractable dispositions. On one occasion, three headmen of a Nipaul village, mistaking me for a person in authority, paid me a visit, and offered to come across the frontier with some hundreds of followers, not armed men, but honest, quiet cultivators; men of industrious and sober habits. I could only refer them to those who ruled the district, and I have no doubt, if matters were properly managed, of their being ere this comfortably domiciliated in the British dominions. Not long after this occurrence I passed through a village of these emigrants, and was very much gratified at the cleanliness and comfort which pervaded the establishment. The women looked healthy and well dressed, which is seldom seen lower down; and the ground was cumbered with large earthen receptacles for the grain they had brought with them for their support, until they should reap the fruits of the soil they had just begun to turn.

Husbandry has already began to interfere with pasturage. Banks and hedges, to keep off the cattle, appear where herds of buffaloes fed three years ago; and long canals, for conducting or carrying off water, bear witness to the rapidly improving condition of the Terai. My companion, who had been here a few years ago, repeatedly expressed his astonishment, and I should add, his extreme regret at the civilized aspect the country was assuming. "This pestilent cultivation," he declared, "will ruin the tiger-shooting." He reminded me of Dick Knight, whose fox-hounds could not follow the scent, because of "those d——d stinking violets."

The whole of the Terai, beyond the pillars, is farmed to a resident in Benares, who pays, I was told, 5,000 some hundred rupees for the pasturage alone—what he pays for the cultivation I could not learn, but I know at what rate he collects. He receives, if my information be correct, (and it comes from the people themselves,) about 2 annas per annum, or season, for each buffalo, excepting the large male, whose dignity is not to be insulted by such an assessment, and who pays nothing; whilst the cows give, at the end of the season, 1 calf per hundred head of cattle. The custom is, I believe, different on our side of the pillars, where the zemeendars lay a poll tax on the cows as well: at

least, I find in my notes "Mem.—Ruttee Sein takes 2 annas a cow." Authority,—“the man who paid it.” As any quantity of land may be had for cultivation, no assessment is made upon the field, but upon the plough. From each plough, the farmer collects 7 rupees; the ryot cultivates as much as he pleases; and a recent attempt to raise this to 10 rupees is said to have been the cause of the emigration, noticed in a former part of this paper; at a village beyond the pillars, called *Pudsaree*, I learnt, that only a fortnight had elapsed since some 200 men, delegated by the several villages, had proceeded to the seat of government, to obtain a redress of grievances; if they failed, they were to cross over into our territories with their families. They had already sent away the grain, which was to support them until their labour should produce a fresh supply.

The soil of the Terai is excellent, suited both to khurreef and rubber crops, and generally requiring no irrigation, being of the description termed “bhat.” I saw ahrère ten feet high—peas were common and plentiful, and every ahrar, or cowshed, was surrounded with tobacco khéts, of most luxuriant growth. The capability of the soil, indeed, has never been doubted, and it is matter of wonder to me, why this immense tract has not been cultivated long ago:—still more was I surprised, when, after the very best opportunities of forming an opinion, I came to the conclusion, that our side of the pillars was still less advanced than that of the Nipalese. This will not last; not only are the Tarus coming over the frontier, but, to the horror of my companion, the tent of an European capitalist was seen intruding itself within a very few miles of the frontier line! I reckon this phenomenon to be as infallible a precursor of cultivation, population, &c. &c. as dawn is of sunrise. I am no friend to the colonization of *India*; desperate assertion! because it will not increase the happiness of the people, however much it may augment the resources of the country; but in a place so peculiarly circumstanced as that I am writing of, I would give every facility to the employment of European capital and enterprise, *even though it should drive away the tigers!*

Respecting the unhealthiness of the Terai, I speak with hesitation; the subject is beyond me; but I am inclined to think it has been exaggerated. During the rainy season, or at any period, when the corruption of vegetable matter occurs to a great extent, it will doubtless occasion sickness; but here are we not mistaking the effect for the cause? This unhealthy condition of the swamps and nullahs is the *consequence*, the *effect* of the lands being waste, not the *cause* of it. Immense plains extend for miles without a tree upon them; then comes a deep winding nullah, fringed with wood; here and there occurs a swamp, which you might ordinarily walk through at all seasons of the year. What I ask, is to prevent such a country being drained? or rather, could a state of things be supposed in any flat country, which offered more facilities to the accomplishment of such a work? Your principal canals are all ready made, for it would be easy to correct the present sinuosities of the nullahs; the different bends, or

reaches, being often separated by no more than a *bund*; and a productive soil is ready to reward you for the trouble.

But, the water! Everybody talks about the water, and it certainly is abominable in some places; but again, distinguish between cause and effect; pukah wells wont dig themselves, nor will fine streams of fresh water come rippling down from the hills unasked, and uninvited. The waters of the Rohin, those of the Dunda, and some other nullahs, are all pure and sweet as a man can desire; nor would there be great trouble or expense in supplying the whole of the Terai which I visited, from these two streams; even supposing that others would all remain as they now are; the Dunda, I especially observed, flowing over pebbles as clean as those of any trout-stream in England; and I drank of its waters in no small quantity, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience. Besides, even if not one drop of pure water flowed through the Terai, the richness of the soil would ultimately remunerate any one who might choose to convey his drinking water by means either of bullocks or aqueducts, from some other fortunate position.

The horror of the Natives. to a change of water, very possibly arises from their attributing certain effects to wrong causes. People are always doing this! Why must it be the water? Can the climate, the air, have nothing to do with it? I am obliged to confess, that several of my servants fell ill during the trip, and since my return; but I also know, that my companion had lately returned from Calcutta, where all his servants had fallen ill, "*pane ke subub se*;" therefore, admitting that they ascribed their illness to the right cause, in both instances, it follows most logically, that Calcutta is as bad as the Terai. But, it may be justly urged, that Europeans, who have no such fancies, are apt to fall ill in the Terai. True, and I shrewdly suspect, that were any gentleman suddenly to leave his sedentary habits, desert his tattie, exchange sloth for violent exercise, and wander about the streets of Calcutta, from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M., *during the whole month of April*, he would be apt to fall ill too.

Enough has been written to show my opinion, that only capital and energy are required to render the Goruckpore Terai as populous and as well cultivated, as any other part of India. As a citizen of the world, I shall rejoice in the progress of civilization; as a sportsman, I shall, with my friend W——, curse the day when so pretty a piece of tiger ground shall have been mercilessly covered with corn fields, and sugar plantations!

The tope of Boninee—I was here, when the word "Tope" led me off into this digression:—the tope of Boninee is one of the sweetest places in the whole Terai; it affords shade enough for a regiment, and is surrounded by a country full of game. At the time of our visit, the blossoms of the mangoc trees spread a grateful fragrance round our tents, and the ground was literally carpetted with a white flower, called by the Natives "kutbell," (I have already promised to study Botany against next year,) it was something between a *bêla* and a *jasmine*, but the leaf bore the more ordinary and inelegant shape of the former.

The peculiarity which attracted my attention, was, the circumstance of its flourishing in the shade, and this, I conceive, must render it precious to gardeners, in certain situations. Nor are the forests about here, unworthy of regard, though they are even more beautiful a little further on; near Hurdee particularly, where the innumerable plants, (strange to me,) the young leaves, the scarlet, blue, white, and lilac blossoms, reproached me with my ignorance of an elegant science, whilst they generously afforded me the highest gratification; but I've promised to study Botany! Rousseau began at 80, and, of course, I can learn as fast as Rousseau.

We have not yet adverted to the temperature of the Terai. The middle of the day was as hot as any where else, or very nearly; but the nights and mornings in April were so cold, that I shall simply state three facts, and leave my readers to form their own opinion.—1st, the breath was visible, (at Bominee particularly,) until long after sunrise; 2ndly, the chokeydars and others were constantly seen sitting round the fires they had lighted, to keep their hands warm; 3rdly, whilst taking my coffee within a tent, previous to mounting the elephants at sun-rise, I used invariably to wear a warm, woollen dressing gown, lined with flannel, *over* my shooting dress. This, I fear, must be trying to the gentlemen from behind the tatties; and, though tolerably bold in my assertions, I can scarcely take upon myself to say, that cultivation will entirely remedy this evil: it would, however, indubitably in some degree.

We saw from this tope of Bominee, hundreds and hundreds of antelopes, bounding across the plain, but our attempts to come within shot of them were vain. W— relates a story of a female antelope, which he had wounded; her heart apparently began to fail her, for her efforts to escape became fainter and fainter, and she showed a disposition to lie down, and meet her fate. The buck, who had gone on with the rest of the herd, perceiving this, immediately returned, and placing himself behind her, most ungallantly fell to banging her with his horns to such good effect, that in a very short time she disappeared from the eyes of her astonished pursuer. This was precisely the difference in the character, which makes one of two shipwrecked men resign himself to a watery grave, whilst the other clings to a bit of a spar, and gets picked up by a smuggler the next morning.

Far from the least of the beauties which adorn the vicinity of the Bominee tope, is the Baghèla nullah! there's a name! The "tiger nullah," nor did it belie its name; but as the tigers behaved rather differently from those already noticed, and as I profess to write of "tiger-shooting," it is incumbent on me to give some account of the fight.

In a patch of rutwa, upon the bank of the Baghèla, not larger than an ordinary Chowringhee compound, we found two male tigers: yet such was the excessive thickness of the cover, that, for a long time, we did not get a shot at them. They crept on through the grass, round and round the small space, occasionally showing an ear, or the tip of a tail, but always becoming invisible the very next instant. When, at length, they were hit, instead of charging openly and courageously, as

the others had done, they seemed determined to have the full benefit of the cover they were in; they crouched down in the thickest portions of the thick rutwa, nor was it possible to detect the exact spot in which they were. Yet were they by no means averse to bloodshed; for whenever an unlucky elephant came within reach of a claw, he was sure to be driven back bleeding; and before the confusion was over, the tiger had again crouched as invisible as ever. In this manner every elephant on that side of the nullah was cut, without the brute being seen: it was by far the most disagreeable affair we had been concerned in. There is something noble and exhilarating in a tiger's charge; and, moreover, you get good shots at him; but this villainous bush-fighting played the deuce with our elephants, without giving us an opportunity of assisting them. No animal, human or otherwise, likes fighting in the dark, or encountering an unknown danger; and I really began, at one time, to believe, that these sneaking fellows would beat us out of the field. The elephants stood all joined together, knowing that the tiger was *somewhere* within 10 yards of them, and refusing to advance. I think, by giving them time, they seemed to recover themselves; for sooner or later one poor devil would make a step in advance, and get clawed for his pains. Both, at length, ended their career in the same way, becoming more irritated at such repeated intrusions, each was foolish enough to fasten upon an elephant, and allow himself to be dragged out, *hanging on*. The consequence was, the complete exposure of their whole bodies, which, as they dropped off, received the contents of two barrels, fired at a very short distance. Thus ended the fight with these two tigers, who gave us more trouble, and less sport, than any others we had met with.

The only mode of behaviour, which has not been noticed, and which is unworthy even of an allusion, is that of a tiger who neither charges openly, nor fights from behind a bush; his only resource is to run away, which he does clumsily, stupidly, and generally unsuccessfully; it not being natural to them, they do not make a fair start of it right across the plain, which would, nine times out of ten, ensure their escape; but they keep sneaking and crawling about, like a wounded partridge, till at last a bullet strikes them in a vital part. It is a general complaint, that tigers do not fight sufficiently; *we* certainly had no reason to be discontented, for out of 16, only 2 declined the combat: of course there were several who were never allowed the opportunity, but I take it for granted, they were very devils.

We have done with tigers—reader! Rejoice—but it will be very ungrateful in me to leave the Terai without a summary notice of the other brutes that abound there.

The wild elephants keep lower down in the extensive forests, that stand between the Terai and the more cultivated parts of the district; still their visits are not unfrequent, nor altogether innocent, since the frontier pillars are all surrounded with a ditch, the object of which, they told me, was to keep off these animals. Now, I will not take upon myself to assert, that this *was* the object; neither will I swear, that they could not keep off a *wild* elephant; all I declare is, that they cannot

keep off a *tame* one, loaded with a shikaree howdah, a bundle of double-barrelled guns, and three men; for I saw the said equipage move across one of them with the greatest ease. We were not fortunate enough to meet with any on this occasion, but it is not long since I was personally acquainted with one of them. He used to come into the sugar cane fields, close to my camp, every moon-light night, and the natives, knowing my habits, invariably called upon me to drive him away. Ah! these moon-light propensities of mine, they ought to get me a better appointment than even a letter of recommendation from the President of the Board of Controul! The very wild beasts of the forests obey me, and cease to oppress the poor! My custom, then, was, to mount my best Arab, with a double-barrelled gun in my hand, and proceed to the field in which he was feeding: the mob who accompanied me were left concealed in the nearest shade, whilst I advanced in the broad light of the moon; when at the distance of about 100 yards, the wild elephant would begin to notice me; he would cease to graze, and lift his huge trunk towards me. I then became motionless, and he would resume his occupation—I advanced again—again he turned towards me, till, having got as near as the edge of the *klèt* would allow, I set my Arab's head in the opposite direction, and, pointing my Manton at his head, pulled both triggers at once. The instant I had fired, the horse was at speed, for the elephant never failed to come at me, and life depended upon my steed's fleetness—never *did* the good horse fail me, never *has* he failed me. I have seen him winning many a race upon the Calcutta and Barrackpore turfs—I have seen him with enlarged nostrils, erected ears, and flashing eye, receive, standing, the charge of an enraged wild boar; I have seen him gently and good-temperedly carrying a lady in perfect safety for months together; and I now saw him first walk steadily within 25 paces of a wild elephant, and then fly over the ground with a speed that mocked all pursuit, and placed his rider far beyond danger. Once, and once only, I was startled; after galloping the usual distance, I turned my head to see where the elephant was, nor will I confess how rapidly my heart beat, when I saw him still striding after me with tail and trunk in the air—no thought was now wasted upon the more trifling dangers of the road; one slight touch of the spur, my Arab flew over the ground, and long before I again turned, my formidable pursuer had given up the chase, and retreated to the forest. I saw him as he slowly strode away, and he reached the cover, before I had reloaded my gun. How they manage matters at the Cape, I cannot conceive; though we are told of their shooting an elephant, on foot, with one ball—here the only danger lay in the possibility of the horse falling: the chances were a hundred to one in your favour, but that *one* was death.

Bears are much more properly inhabitants of the Terai than elephants. They probably come from the hills, and still preserve their partiality for inequalities of surface, for I never remember to have found any away from a bank of some kind or other. They dig in the ant-hills, with which the Terai is completely studded, for their food, and altogether are very harmless animals. The natives are more afraid of them than of tigers; for the latter never climb trees, a place in which

they would in vain hope for security against a bear. One of them, being wounded, ascended to the top of a pekul tree, from which elevation he was, of course, speedily dismounted. They are constantly fighting with the tigers, and you, not unfrequently, come upon both together. The natives say, that a full grown bear is a match for a tiger; his strength must, indeed, be stupendous, but I scarcely think it possible for him to cope with the activity of the other, who is also sufficiently powerful to carry off a full grown buffalo. The bears very possibly attack him two or three at a time, for they are rarely found alone. They are, as is well known, particularly careful of their young; refusing to escape if the young remain behind: we had, on one occasion, shot a half grown bear; the parent remained with it for some time, but finding it unable to move forward at its usual pace, she flew at it, and bit it, till it fell lifeless on the ground, and then, without again turning her head, fled moaning to the forest. Their moaning has a tone so dreadfully human, and their practice of pressing their paws upon a wound, bears so close a resemblance to the action of a man, that I have known many sportsmen refuse to fire at them—I can't shoot a monkey myself!

The wild buffalo is a splendid brute: he is found in the most extensive plains, but it is very difficult to shoot him from a howdah. I have heard that buffaloes will not always run away;—ours fled like deer, and though, I am sorry to say, we wounded many, we were not fortunate enough to kill one. The sheers seemed not in the least afraid of them, and assured us, that they took every opportunity of allowing the tame females to go amongst the wild males, for the purpose of improving the breed. The rhinoceros is to be found close at the foot of the hills, but we saw none.

The hog-deer are more numerous in the Terai than in any place I know of; you turn them out of every patch of grass in a plain, or on the bank of a nullah: they are ungainly animals, looking very little better than a well formed goat, but as venison, they are infinitely preferable to their beautiful brethren, the spotted deer. These splendid creatures, with their speckled hides, and branching antlers, never leave the wood; and if they are found in nullahs, it is only in those where the tree jungle is particularly thick and high. We saw numbers in the Baghèla nullah, and killed several. They are easy to shoot, as they will not take the plain, like the hog-deer, but keep hiding about in the nullahs, and frequently turn round to look at you, when within shot.

Amongst the inhabitants of these wilds, though not altogether peculiar to them, are the "vultures."—"Where the carcass is, there will the vultures be gathered together." Never was any truth so strikingly exemplified as this is daily in the Terai: a cow dies, not a bird is to be seen in the wide, uninterrupted expanse of Heaven: you would believe, that the carcass must rot piecemeal away, or wait the slow appetites of the few jackals who are to be found here; suddenly one vulture may be seen high up, as high as the naked eye can reach; there he is whirling, and circling round and round, but at each turn approaching nearer and nearer to his prey,—there are two, three, four, five,

—there are hundreds—you can count them no longer; the air literally is darkened with them, as they swarm into the feast from every quarter of the horizon; their awkward, ungainly forms, disgusting every beholder, whilst their shocking cackle,—their greedy gobbling noise, make every hearer shudder! They are the ghouls of Turkey; the harpies of Virgil—they are more hateful,—more horrible than words can express; but they are the most useful creatures imaginable. What would be the consequence, if all the cows which annually die in the Terai, were left to poison the air? It would be impossible for the survivors to remain in the pasturage; much less could human beings endure it. They would be obliged to bury every cow that died; but as this requires more energy than a Hindoo is possessed of, the alternative of pestilence would probably be preferred, and then they would all cry, “*paneé lugga*,” by way of accounting for it.

But an instance of their voracity may, perhaps, assist my reader's judgment upon my veracity, regarding their numbers: at a place called Pudsaree, a large tiger, whose skin had been taken off, was put out to the vultures, who screeching and jabbering, were blackening the adjacent trees,—down they came, and fell to work; I stood by the whole time, and could swear, that in less than ten minutes, not a vestige of the carcass was left; the very bones were disjointed, and lay separate on the ground, covered with dust, and looking as if they had been there for months.

One more instance, and rather a remarkable one, of their voracity, may not be irrelevant. Two gentlemen and myself, saw a wounded vulture devouring, with much apparent satisfaction, his own abominable entrails, of which horrible repast his companion likewise most heartily partook!

I shall only further mention a curious species of hare, (I promise to study natural history, as well as Botany, against the next trip,) of which we saw several: the hair was of a dark chesnut, or red colour, and was much more bristly than the fur of the common hare; it was shorter in the hind legs, and appeared less calculated for speed; the nose was sharp, and reminded me of that of a rat's, but, in other respects, it fully vindicated its title to be ranked as a hare. The Natives said it was the “*hill hare*,” and we, therefore, after some misgiving, made a very good dinner upon him.

I shall conclude this, with a few general observations, which I offer with deference to future sportsmen, in this part of India. :—

It is a very usual rule for tiger-sporters to lay down, that they will not fire at any other game that may get up: this is under the idea, that, if the tiger hears the distant shots, he will go away to the forest; certainly, it may occasionally frighten him away, but I doubt the necessity of so much self-denial; even admitting that you get one or two more tigers, by adhering to this rule, is this a sufficient compensation for the annoyance of seeing bears and deer getting up by dozens, under your elephant's trunk, and escaping without a shot? For every tiger thus purchased, I will venture to say, that a decent shot pays twenty-five head of deer! If the object be to say, “I have killed so many

tigers," of course, the disagreeable plan must be pursued ; but if a man goes, like Earl Percy, in Chevy Chase, to "take his pleasure," I think he had much better fire at every thing he sees. In defence of my position, I can state, that we found several tigers in places where they must have heard our shots at deer, or other game: at the Dohee nullah, near Sirseea, we must have fired, at least, a dozen shots at a bear, not 100 yards from the spot, where we subsequently roused a tiger: at the Baghèla, in the case of the two tigers I have related, *the second made no attempt to leave the patch of rutwa, though we were half an hour killing the first.* A tiger, in the Chundun Tal, got up amongst the deer I was firing at; and the last tigress we killed, found a companion on the pad elephant, in a hog deer which we had shot a few minutes before. It would, perhaps, be the best plan to fire at every thing, unless you have *certain information* that the tiger is in the cover; and then I would not fire, were it only to keep my guns clean.

The degree of danger attendant upon tiger-shooting, depends upon the elephant: the chance of a tiger coming into the howdah is so slight, as not to be worth consideration; not that he would find any difficulty in doing so, but, somehow or other he never does: the mistake is, perhaps, to be explained by his ignorance of the part of the huge object before him, from which the mischief comes. I shall not easily forget the dreadfully vindictive look of a tiger which I had shot in the charge, close under my elephant's teeth: his glance, at least, took the right direction, and had the wound been slight, I firmly believe he would have sprung at the howdah. The occurrence made me even doubt the prudence of reserving my fire so long, but it is the only way to be sure of your game! When he once charges, he is either shot, or *upon* the elephant; and your chance of stopping him is greater at 3, than at 30 yards. This is, of course, assuming that your elephant is a first rate; a bad one is as dangerous a brute as may be found: no sooner is the tiger on foot than he begins shaking and trembling to such a degree, that if *he* sees the tiger you can't hit him; the roar sends him to the rightabout, and any thing like a charge sets him off full tilt across the plain, like a cow stung by hornets! The ridiculous figure you cut, and the mortification you endure on these occasions, will effectually prevent a man from going twice on such a creature: by the time you return, your better mounted friend will generally have killed the tiger, without your assistance, and greets you with a broad grin on his face, "Really, I'm glad you are not killed: but, upon my soul, I could not help laughing at you, you looked so funny." *Funny!* and then out he bursts into another diabolical cachinnation, which makes you think him the most disagreeable companion, and the worst sportsman you ever saw. Should there be any tree jungle, it would be the act of a fool to go in upon such a beast as I have described; he had better go upon a pad with a gun in his hand, than expose himself to the certain contusions, probable broken limbs, and possible death, which the boughs, under which the elephant runs, would bestow upon him. The average behaviour of elephants is tolerable, (provided the mahout be a good one;) you may

get a shot off them, if they do not see the tiger, or if he is not very near: should he charge, away they run, but are brought up again, as soon as the pursuit ceases, which is immediately; the tiger's object being to drive his enemies away: a really good elephant takes no notice whatever of a tiger, nor will he move, or turn his head, though his ferocious antagonist should fasten upon him. There are very few such,—very few indeed, if we count those only who have been well cut by a tiger, and still preserve their steadiness. Your chance of sport, therefore, will depend very much upon the sort of elephant you ride; and if a *known*, good one cannot be procured, I should recommend any large male, who never saw a tiger in his life. They will generally stand well, until cut, and by a little dexterous management, the evil hour may be long protracted. Of my own elephant, on this occasion, I knew nothing; but he stood like a rock,—and, as I was fortunate enough to stop all the tigers which charged him, he has not yet been *well* tried, though 16 tigers were killed from his back. I omit a scratch he got from one of the bush-fighting tigers, as it was too slight to intimidate him. The generality of elephants show a disposition to herd together, when a tiger is on foot, and lose no opportunity of getting behind any large male which may be in company. If he conducts himself at all respectably, they will not regularly take to flight, unless ill managed; but the degree of terror at which some arrive, is most amusing: one of ours never put up a deer without forthwith giving chase; and a tiger or two more wrought her up to such a pitch of frenzy, that on putting up a peacock, she fairly ran after *that*, and I expected to see the sober heroine of many an Hindoo procession, suddenly metamorphosed into a flying dragon!

No sportsman ought to go upon a tiger single-handed, if he *can* avoid it—not on his own account; (he is the very last person of whose danger I should take any notice;) but it is not fair, either to the elephants, or the mahouts, *whose danger is very serious*: men do it constantly—I did it myself, but, for the future, I shall always get a companion, if I can; not for my own sake, but for the sake of those who are with me; or, if you *must* have all the glory yourself, take all the danger too, and imitate the former mad practice of my friend W—; sit up alone at night, on foot, in the open ground, and shoot the tiger as soon as he comes close enough! How would you like that?

I shall conclude with a solemn warning against the pestilent heresy of using rifles; you might just as well take a small cannon up into the howdah with you! A rifle is heavy, and you require to use the greatest quickness and activity. A rifle takes an immense time to load, and you often have no time to load at all; if you could stop to load, one gun would do as well as a dozen. All heavy weapons, whether rifles or not, are, for the same reason, objectionable; they are clumsy, troublesome, and useless; a large ball may do more damage than a small one; but I would have half a dozen small balls into the tiger's body before you had pulled the first trigger of your lumbering double-barrelled rifle.

Such are the scenes,—such the observations, that occurred to me during a fortnight spent in the Terai: whether I act wisely or not, in offering them to the public, the public must decide. To the true sportsman, even, my dull recital cannot be totally devoid of interest,—to him who is not a sportsman, let me suggest, that he might easily be engaged in pursuits less conducive to his welfare, both here and hereafter. “There are more unworthy occupations,” says Sterne, “than feeling a soubrette’s pulse.” Of course there are! Cutting a man’s throat, for instance. “There are more unworthy occupations,” than chasing the tiger and the bear—of course there are! going to Cutcherry, for instance.

“The soldier, who sighs for the poisonous laurel,
Which millions have nourished with tears and with gore,
Might haply take part in a worthier quarrel,
While tracking to covert the merciless boar.”

“The lover, who kneels at the footstool of beauty,
And proffers to ears that regard not his strain,
Were happier to turn from his troublesome duty,
And wake with his bugle, the slumbering plain.”

Der Frischutz,

TIGER.

A FITFUL FANCY

BY R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

“Rest—rest I crave!”

When the snow falls drear,
And death-lights flit o’er the sedgy mere;
When night hath hooded the wintry sun,
And darkness o’er light the victory won,
Plunge from the cliff, with a footstep fleet,
And rest in the lake will thy wishes greet.

II.

“Rest!—give me rest!”

When the happy dream,
And earth smiles up to the sweet moonbeam;
When guilt doffs the mask he hath worn all day,
And dashes his bloodstain’d cloak away,—
Seek the dagger that rusts in the ruined tower,—
Round its blade and its point rest’s shadows lower.

III.

“Rest!—give me rest!”

The ethic strain
Bids thee from poisoned chalice refrain;
But a weed there grows ’neath the dews of heaven,
And dreams of rest by its juice are given;
Drain it, nor heed the moralist’s song,
For its boon is rest—rest sound and long!