

defence of such self-evident truths, but I prophesy there will be men found, who will openly avow in the Newspaper that the system of drawing was unfair. To such I would give a word of advice, unsolicited though it be, for they are sadly in need of it. I would have them reflect on the immense trouble which has been borne for successive years by the Honorary Secretary in order to give them a chance of winning a large prize—for what reason is immaterial. Suffice it to say, it is for no selfish reason or personal advantage. When they have pondered on this, I think they will feel that in uttering illogical and ungrounded complaints, they are doing an ungenerous action, they are returning evil for good (the charge of the lotteries during past years,) and they are doing their best to disgust him, and every honorable man with the prospect of undertaking the direction of any future lottery; and I would bid them recollect, it is not every one who would undertake such a care and responsibility, and if this difficulty were overcome, it would be found that it is not to every one that the public in the three Presidencies would entrust their money. The name of Charles Hartley is a guarantee to all India that the interest of every one will meet with impartial attention, but it will be far otherwise if some unknown individual should take upon himself the conduct of such a lottery.

Don't you think so? I hope, I have not wearied you with my long scrawl. *Adieu.*

PHILIPPUS.

CALCUTTA, 16th May, 1870.

GAME IN THE WESTERN DOOARS.

DURING the latter part of the year 1866, I was stationed at the beautiful and picturesque little village Mynagori, at that time the Sudder Station of the Western Dooars of Bhootan, a country abounding in game of all description from the lordly king of the forest and gigantic rhinoceros down to the soft-eyed deer and the hare. Six miles distant from Mynagori across the magnificent snow-fed river the Teesta, is the town of Julpigori, at that time the Head Quarters of the gallant 6th N. I., whose first-rate band and hospitable mess are well remembered by those who have had the pleasure of hearing the one, or dining at the other. Among the officers of this pleasantest of corps were, at the time I am writing about, two keen sportsmen, A and H; and the mess boasted, as an honorary member, the Assistant Magistrate in charge of the Sub-Division, J. S.;—well, it was, let me see, the end of December. A, H, J. S. and myself determined to see what sport we could get, and so the 22nd of that month found us all in tents at Kyranti, a place about 15 miles from Mynagori on the road to Dalimcote. The next day we started to beat the jungles,

and before long started a rhinoceros, which however, I am sorry to say we did not get, although we took a long time in trying to demolish him. Disgusted with our bad luck, we suggested tiffin, and halted for that purpose under a shady tree. I had promised to provide the drinkables, while A had made himself responsible for the eatables. Imagine our disgust when we found that only one part of the contract had been fulfilled, and whilst we had plenty and to spare of fluids, nothing in the way of solids had been brought; however, some friendly natives produced some hard boiled eggs and very moist salt, and so with the help of that great benefactor of the human species Bass, we contrived to make a very tolerable meal, after which we lighted our pipes and commenced to argue about our late affair with the rhino; each declaring that had his advice been followed, we must have bagged the animal. In the midst of a lively discussion you may image our delight at having it stopped by the arrival of a breathless native, who informed us that his cow had been killed by a tiger in a patch of jungle about a mile from where we were. To get on our elephants and start in search of the cow-destroyer was the work of an instant. About half an hour brought us to the place, and our informer, who was in his glory! on the back or rather just above the tail of a pad elephant, pointed out to us a small patch of low grass jungle, in which he said the tiger was. We were at first incredulous as there was scarcely any cover, and the country round all well cultivated; however, into the little patch we went, and soon found that our friend had not brought us on a fruitless errand, for we had scarcely entered the jungle when up jumped a beautiful young tigress quite close to the elephant on which both A and H were. They fired and missed, and the animal bounded away unhurt, although fired at by all of us. About half a mile off, there was a small extent of *null* jungle, and to this jungle the tigress directed her steps. We all gave chase across the paddy fields, and I, who happened to be mounted on a particularly fast young elephant, arrived at the jungle first, and going round it took up my position on the opposite side, and awaited the arrival of the rest. The first to enter the jungle was J. S. I made signs to him where the tigress was, and presently he came upon her and fired; his elephant, however, stumbled, and his guns all took flight from the howdah while he had a narrow escape of following suit. Whether he hit the tigress or not, I am unable to say, but I am inclined to think—not; as she came out of the jungle apparently unhurt with her eyes fixed on J. S.'s elephant. She never appeared to see me, and as she crawled quietly along, I got a broadside shot and gave her one, two, on the ribs. She gave a great roar and the next instant was on my elephant, from where she was speedily dislodged by a shot from the gun of a Ghoorka Sub-Inspector of Police, Baghbeer, who invariably attended shikar parties in that district in his official capacity with a view probably to preserving a breach of the peace. She was a beautifully marked young tigress, and measured about 7 feet. I must not omit to mention, that as soon as

the firing commenced, the brute of an elephant on which H and A were mounted, straightway skedaddled much to the disgust of its riders, and could not be induced to stop for several miles. We returned to Kyranti and ate our dinner in a much happier frame of mind than we had eaten our tiffin. Alas! times are changed. Mynagori is no longer the capital of the Western Dooars; in fact, the very name of the Western Dooars has died out, and Julpigori is now the name of the whole district. The gallant 6th N. I. have taken their departure for Morar; may good luck attend them! and poor J. S. succumbed to a fever at Chumparun. Hoping to give you a description of another shikar party soon in these diggings,

“KING PIPPIN.”

SYLHET: January 20th, 1870.

TIGER-SHOOTING.

EVERY year at the end of March, when the jungles are burnt, the Nimrods of this district meet together at some previously appointed place for the purpose of having some shikar. This year the Volunteers were Cock, the re-doubtable ‘head boby’ of this district, Pipe our pugilist, Frank a loafer, and J, a jolly dog

Our arrangements were to meet in the station, bringing with us as many elephants as we had or could bag from the surrounding native Zemindars. Then to proceed to our rendezvous, a factory belonging to a Moosoo, situated on the banks of the river C, our beat laying along the churs of that river.

The jungles we had chiefly to deal with was a sort of coarse grass, which grows to about six feet high mixed up with *show*. Here and there, there were swampy tracts of low country with high *null* in it. These covers were the resort of buffaloes innumerable and even of a few stray rhinoceros, the tigers generally confining themselves to the grass country, where the cattle abounded.

On the day we were to have started for Moosoo’s factory, Cock was called away to investigate a dacoity case some forty miles from the station; consequently the other three had to go without him. It was a very hot and sultry day, when the party left the station with a lively jaunt of twenty miles before them. Fortunately they could travel the greater portion of the road in a buggy, and as there were some indigo factories *en route* where they were hospitably received and well regaled with cool Bass, the party got to the end of their journey in a much more hilarious frame of mind than anticipated. They were rather surprised to find Moosoo not at home when arriving at his factory. Owing to some unlooked-for cause, the letter intimating the intention of the party of hunting his grounds had not reached him, though despatched