

prey had struggled much, and had succeeded in dragging the tiger a few yards, the chest and forelegs would bear the impression of the claws and the tremendous grip, but these, as far as my experience goes, were exceptional cases.

It is evident that the tiger, in seizing his prey, rushes on to its back, grips the neck with his jaws as with a vice, and, with his arms confining the animal's struggles, lies there upon his victim until it is suffocated. With a human being I know not how the case is. A tiger has been seen to seize and carry off a man by the neck, or the arm, or thigh, indifferently. In the well-known cases of Major Colnett and Captain Fenwick, they were both seized by the thigh, and carried off, it is said, on the animal's back. More recently, a Captain Hill, superintendent of police in Burma, was gripped by the neck, and there held until the arrival of his people rescued him from his awful position. In 1846, in Mäubhoom, near Midnapore, I was out after a tiger, on foot, and having wounded him severely, was searching for him in the jungle with a number of beaters. Three times we came upon him, and each time he broke cover by charging through the mob of us. Once, he struck a man on the chest, knocking him over, and scratching him severely. Next time he seized one of the beaters in his jaws, by the thigh, giving him a rapid shake and passing on. But these are all cases in which the animal was acting in self-defence, or in retaliation. What I have said above, refers to its usual mode of capturing its food.

The averment in our "natural history" books, that the tiger disdains to touch carrion, is quite untrue. The same rhetoric is indulged in regarding the eagle, and is equally erroneous. The lion, also, the "king of beasts, is," is, I believe, as little scrupulous as any other cat, in this particular. I have described how the tiger captures and kills his prey. When dead, if the body lie convenient to his covert, he lets it remain; if it be too far out in the open, it is dragged further in towards the jungle, and there left until towards dawn. Sometimes the body is disembowelled after being removed a little way, and is then drawn away to some hidden spot. A leopard has been seen to disembowel a goat, holding it by the throat, lying on its back underneath the body, and ripping it open by repeated kicks with its hind claws. Probably the tiger operates by the same method. He appears to prefer a rump-steak, or a round, to any other portion. These are almost always the first parts eaten, then the ribs, rarely the fore-quarters, and never, within my knowledge, the head.

The following little anecdote, while it illustrates this, affords a pretty good specimen of the tiger's caution, of the silence of his approach, and of his immense strength. In the cold weather of 1838, near the same village of Koorsee where the herd-boy had been killed, I was one day shown the body of a cow, which a tiger had just struck down. It lay close to some rather thin jungle, near a ridge of low rocks; a few larger trees, such as mangoes, were interspersed in the brush-wood, and the ground was covered with dead dried-up leaves: so crisp, that it seemed impossible for an insect even to pass over them without being heard. It was then about noon, and I determined to sit up for the tiger, who, we knew, would come again at nightfall, or before next morning, to devour the carcase. A charpafe, or small native bedstead, was speedily procured from the village, and lashed across the fork of a mango-tree, within a few paces of which lay the cow. Before sunset I and my companion (our doctor) were escorted to the spot by a body of armed Kôles. I disembarrassed myself of a huge sola, or pith hat, which I placed on the ground near the tree, and in it I deposited a pair of unwieldy dragon's pistols (it was before the days of "repeaters"), which I thought would be useless in our elevated position. I also took off, and left at the foot of the tree, a pair of thick shooting-shoes, and then, with the help of my village friends, gained the charpafe, and sat myself down by the worthy doctor. Between us were four double barrels and ammunition. When we were fairly in our post, our escort silently withdrew to a hovel on the skirts of the village, just within hail.

The moon, near its full, was rising, and the

night calm. A deep shadow rested under the trees, save where, through gaps in the foliage, the silver rays stole in. A solemn silence reigned around, scarce broken by the whispering rustle of the leaves as at intervals the night air sighed fitfully. Those who have sat motionless and patient, far into the night, with such an object in view, can understand the oppressive feeling that steals over one in the stony stillness, with ear and eye stretched to catch every sound, or detect the slightest movement. Immovable as statues we sat, without a whisper. Creature-comforts we had none: for cheeroots and brandy-and-water were

Banned and barred, forbidden fare,

it being supposed that a tiger cannot abide tobacco. Loins, and backbones, and necks, and legs, grew stiffer and stiffer, and ached wearily; but still we sat. The night passed slowly on, the moon climbed higher and higher over our heads, and at last shone upon the dead cow below; but not a sound fell on the ear. Tired nature began to murmur against the penance; first a few remarks were whisperingly ventured: "I don't think he's coming." "I think he heard those fellows and is off." "He can't be here, or we should have heard him," &c. &c. Gradually such feeble suggestions gave way to positive assertions, delivered in a tolerably audible tone, and at last I openly declared I would wait no longer, and descended to the ground. My first act was to get my shoes, and while putting them on and chatting without further constraint, I remarked that it would be as well to call our guides. Forthwith, uplifting my voice, I shouted out the name of the Moonda. Hardly had the word passed my lips, when an abrupt startling roar from a thicket within a few paces of me petrified us with amazement. Never had I felt so wretchedly helpless. Standing unarmed at the foot of the tree, I had one shoe on, and was about to put on the other. While expecting every instant to be my last, I felt sure that an attempt to climb back to my perch would be the signal for the tiger to seize me. To remain standing there, was equally disagreeable. My pistols came to my recollection. They were lying in my hat, but the hat lay somewhat in the direction of the thicket. It was a trying moment; but in another moment I found myself striding towards the hat, one shoe on and the other off, and hardly conscious of what I did: I remember grasping the pistols, cocking them, and with the barrels levelled towards the bush, which I steadily faced, shuffling sideways to the tree. The feel of the trusty weapons in my hands was comforting, as was the sight of the doctor, who, with both barrels of his gun cocked, and pointing at the bush, leant eagerly forward on the charpafe, covering my retreat. At length I reached the tree on the side furthest from the thicket, and went up it like a lamplighter, pistol in hand, although, on our first arrival, I had required the assistance of other people's arms and shoulders. "Thank God!" exclaimed the doctor, as soon as I was seated by him. "You are up. I thought you were a dead man." And so saying, he fired into the bush, just as our escort came up with lighted torches; and we returned to our tent in the village.

Scarcely had the sun risen on the morrow, when a Kôle ran in to tell us that the cow had been removed. The doctor was obliged to return to the station, but I repaired at once to the spot of our night's vigil. The cow was gone, and a broad trail showed which way she had been dragged. At about a hundred yards from our mango-tree, and near the foot of the rocks before described, lay the stomach and entrails, and a pool of blood. Further on, was a spot where the tiger had been rolling. The marks were plain, with some of his hair lying where the ground had been pressed down. And on a ledge on the summit of a perpendicular scarped rock about four feet high lay the carcase of the cow, partly eaten away. The tiger must have jumped on the ledge with the cow in his mouth; there were no other means of ascent. The prodigious power of the animal may be conceived from such a feat. After gazing for a while on the spectacle, some of the most experienced Kôles present assured me that the tiger, after gorging on so much beef, could not possibly be far off, and they volunteer-

ed at once to beat him up and drive him towards me. I accordingly selected a commanding spot, and sent the men a détour of some three hundred yards in front of me, whence they commenced beating in my direction. In a few minutes the tiger was roused, and passed my station at a distance of about sixty yards, in a lumping heavy canter, with his tail in the air. I took deliberate aim a little in front of his chest, and fired. The ball cut a twig, and must have deflected from its first direction, for the tiger passed on without taking the slightest notice of my salute, and in another instant was lost in the jungle, leaving me to return to camp intensely mortified.

There has been much controversy about the tiger's power of jumping; some are of opinion that he cannot entirely quit the ground with his hind feet. For my part, I do not see what is to prevent him. The muscles of his legs are fully able to overcome the weight of his body, which is generally spare and transversely narrow. I have seen a tiger take a very decent drop leap. Tigers have been known also to get, somehow, into howdas on elephants' backs. In short, I am inclined to believe that those who deny his jumping powers argue with reference to his great weight, and do not sufficiently consider the great strength which bears that weight along.

Tigers are shot in considerable numbers every year in India by trap bows and arrows set in their haunts by the "Bugmars," or professional tiger killers. The instrument has been often described. Mongolian nations, such as Burmese, Karéns, Shans, Malays, and the Dyaks of Borneo, instead of planting a bow which shoots off a poisoned arrow on pushing against a string, fix a little above the ground a strong elastic horizontal bamboo, at right angles to the free end of which is fixed a jagged and barbed wooden dagger, smeared with poison. The bamboo is then bent back, and is so secured in that position that pressure upon a string placed across the tiger's path loosens the catch, and the bamboo, striking the animal about the shoulder, buries the dagger deep in his body, where, being barbed, it remains. The victim generally dies in a few hours. Travellers are warned of the position of these traps by a bamboo cross or frame struck up by the path, on either side of the trap, so that people approaching in either direction are put on the alert, and avoid danger by making a short detour. It is a curious fact that the Shan Karéns, in the Tenasserim provinces, and the Dyaks of Borneo, make use of precisely the same expedient to kill the tiger and to warn the passenger.

Of tiger shooting in the orthodox way, that is to say, mounted on howdaed elephants, so much has been told and written, that I have nothing left to add. Safe as this amusement usually is, it has its dangers. To be on a runaway elephant in a mango grove, or a forest of middling-sized trees, is something like being taken back in a hurricane. And crossing the "duldul," or quicksands, of the Gunduck river has made stout-hearted men turn as white as this paper. The tiger is now almost eradicated from the borders of Goruckpoor, Pirhoot, and Poornecca, where in my boyish days he abounded. May the same fate await him by-and-by in Ren-grapeer!

### LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

THE belief in ordinary mortals allying themselves with the powers of darkness, is a superstition common to all ages and countries. There were soothsayers and magicians in the court of Pharaoh, and Obes men, or wizards, have figured in the late outbreak in Jamaica. The modern idea of witchcraft fastened the sinful compact supposed to be entered into with the Father of All Evil, upon women. It was against women that the fulminations of King James were chiefly launched, and upon women that the persecutions under Matthew Hopkins, the witch-judge, fell with the heaviest force—

"For hath not he within one year  
Hung threescore of them in one shire?  
Some only for not being drowned,  
And others for being above the ground!"

The famous bull of Pope Innocent VIII. on