

men wading through the thick tenacious mud; and, getting the carcass alongside, I managed to operate sufficiently to disembowel the creature from the cabin windows. By dark I had done all that could be done, and, learning that there was a clear sandbank not far down the creek, anchored for the night, feeling quite confident that the salt water would preserve the marray. The net next morning furnished an ample breakfast, the presence of some half dozen bummalo fish (Bombay ducks) proving that we were much closer to the sea than I had expected.

An hour's pull brought us to the sand, and the boatmen assured me that we were out of the neighbourhood of muggers. I was not sorry to stretch my legs once more. While engaged in cleaning the carcass—a work of no small difficulty, and needing considerable exertion—the crew spread themselves over the sandbank, and subjected the ground to a minute examination, being rewarded by digging out a score or turtles' eggs, though failing to find any of the creatures themselves. My work occupied half an hour, still nearer the sea, and as the moon began to rise, I lay down in the afternoon, and as the moon began to rise, I lay down in the afternoon, and as the moon began to rise, I lay down in the afternoon, still nearer the sea, in hopes of turtles, weighed at sunset, and are night fell could hear the murmur of the waves on the shore. It was then time to anchor, as the strong ebb running might have swept us out to sea. Daylight showed us open water across a spur near which we had anchored, and one man, mounting the mast, quickly told us that there were turtles on the beach. The landlubber could count some eight or ten, and though he had half a dozen West India negroes would not have known the lot; but the Bengali knows no better than to count, and, by dashing straight for the two nearest, captured but one, making such a hubbub over that, the others got away. They made a good collection of eggs, however and, being anxious to prosecute my journey, we took advantage of the flood, and pulled rapidly up into the heart of the forest. Not caring to burden myself with another gavial, had leisure to study the wild scenery. At times the creeks narrowed under the branches of the tall forest trees nearly mile, while the dense undergrowth, tangled and matted together, made it quite impossible for a man to pass far beyond the banks. The erosive moisture, the fallen trees and snags, might pass for a swampy landscape, the soil of the coal period, to which the occasional presence of a stray sanur lent additional vividness.

the steamer route, and four deer fell before noon. Two of these I gave to the captain of a passing steamer bound upward to Assam, in return for which he towed me across the Murti river. I had now a diversified country before me, and yet, in case of necessity, could reach Calcutta by rail from Port Canning in a few hours. Turning north, I again struck the river, keeping pace with it, but soon entered the partially cleared country of my last. Snakes were plentiful, and a friendly native, with a couple of paddy birds which I knocked over at his request, constituted himself my guide for the rest of the day, leading me through a line of country, the numerous muddy pools, or rather lagoons, in which abounded with duck and teal. The *bu-tee* (hamlets) are few and far between, so that anyone wishing to try this line of country, had better have the crops before him, as to heavy game, but learnt that the crops being burnt, the *bu-tee* were few, and that those that there were, were likely to be killed from a light boat. These beasts I could see, from old tracks, were extremely numerous when the rice was on the ground, and I was told that the upper islands hereabouts, though fringed with forests contain *l* open land in their interior, with pools of tolerably sweet water, and that such spots formed the cold-wetter homes of these swamp-loving quadrupeds. We soon struck a bargain, and, for the sum of four annas a day, my new friend agreed to point out the most likely localities.

Now, however, we were in a state to bound to the northern boundary

East of the Elengongie estate, and towards its southern boundary, several large islands exist, extending almost the entire distance to Kulna, the terminus of the Bengal Central Railway, and all more or less bear out the description given of the buffalo's retreat. On reaching the first we were soon to come across a path leading through a prancing jungle, and thence through the heavy borders of forest and bamboo, but at length came to one, evidently a path worn by the animals in making their nightly raids on the growing crops to the north. Fortunately, the jungle was light, though, are entering, I took a good look round, in case any round-snouted reptile was lying in wait; but all appearing clear, we plunged in, and passing quickly through the belt, came upon the open biegel, which was thickly studded with clumps of trees and tamaria bushes, under cover of which we made towards the pool. Considerable caution was necessary in making use of such cover, for these clumps were exactly the sort of places tigers affect; but having a couple of shells in my gun, I felt pretty confident of holding my own.

On reaching the water we scoured a lot of waterfowl; they did not rise, but merely swam out into the open water; and, waiting till the commotion ceased, I scrambled up a self-sown date palm and looked about. Some half-mile to the left I could distinguish three or four beasts lying in the mud, little but their horns and snouts being visible above the surface; and a goody clumped up, appearing to afford chance of successful approach, I slipped down from my post and consulted my companion, who was also interested, and had got quite a hold of himself. We crept from clump to clump, fearing the possibility of stumbling upon anything dangerous in our excitement, and, at reaching the patch that lay between us and our quarry, spied four swamp deer, a buck and three does.

quarry, roused four swamp deer, a buck and three does who, scuttling out some fifty yards into the open, turned round and stared at us evidently in blank amazement. I am often struck by the fact that the animals, especially the deer, listened for the effect the shot might have upon our friends in the water. That they were alarmed no end of splashing told us so; creeping well in among the trees, where we were tolerably secure, we waited the course of events. In a short time all was quiet. I then ventured out, and crept round to get a sight. Crawling towards the water on hands and knees, I found they had merely moved a few yards further out; so, standing boldly up, I let drive at the only one whose back was exposed. Up floundered the lot, with the exception of the wounded one, whose spine was broken. For a second or two the splashing of the liquid mud and water obscured the scene, but as soon as they could see again, they moved away, as though they had been impelled to do so by the drop another, and then ran for shelter to the tree, up which the two natives had swamned at the beginning of the row. Pending no one

natives had swarmed at the beginning of the row. Handing up one gun, I asked in which direction the animals had gone; but, as each pointed in different directions, I lost time by having to scramble up to satisfy myself, and found they had gained too good a start for another effective shot. We then descended, and examined the one on the hill: shot right through the heart, he was quite dead, and the other, whose head was under water, had evidently been drowned in the struggle to reach the land. Neither of the heads were worth keeping, so I proceeded to inspect the trail, the hill, full-grow bush in the fine condition. It was no use taking up the trail, and, as the men did not relish going back to the woods alone, we set out together, seeing nothing more alarming than a huge bear, which I missed as he rushed out of some tamariak bushes, on the way. After a hasty dinner, I returned with all but three men, and, breaking up the deer, let the men deal with the buffalo. The one on shore was soon skinned and cut up, but the other gave a lot of bother, taking nearly an hour to pull out of the thick mud in which he was by this time embedded, and it was nearly dark when all had been squared.

The next few days I tided round about, and the absence of morning mists enabled me to add seven more deer to my bag, the last of which led to securing a young half-grown tiger. We had brought up for night at a camp consisting of four ovens and it was dead low tide that we crossed over to a stretch of land that jutted out into the water. There was a siting stone on the upper deck with my hand laid across my lap, having coffee, when a doe bounded out of the jungle flop into the mad, making such frantic plunges, that I at once saw she was being hunted. Knowing I could bowl her over at any time, I kept my eyes fixed on the spot where she had emerged from the forest, and had barely got into position when the agitation of the undergrowth brought the rifle up to my shoulder, for I knew it must be a sure snap shot, as following up on foot in such ground was tantamount to suicide. At the instant he made his appearance for a tiger is proverbially fired for the chest, but, his head being down, the ball passed through the lower jaw, and in the fury of turning to bolt he dislodged the stone from the hand, but not before I put in two between his fore legs. His struggles and contortions were so rapid and vigorous, that I found it impossible to fire with accuracy and end his agony, so was fain to give up the attempt. Tearing up the mud with his claws, he ran straight to a

series of deafening roars, that, echoing back from the dense mass of forest around, conveyed the impression that half a dozen of his kind were yelling in company. The deer was easily disposed of by a bullet through the brain; and, dropping the boat down to where she was firmly bogged, we hauled the carcass on board. By this time loss of blood had done its work, and young Stripes, but for an occasional quiver, and now and again a low moan, lay quiet and silent, but had submersed himself so deep in the mud, that from the boat I could not get at a vital part of his anatomy. A quarter of an hour passed over; but his eyes, and, in fact, the whole body, was so benumbed that we could not make out whether the death blow had been given. Some one cried out to "bath the cat"; so, divesting myself of all but a jersey and to baling the drawers, and taking a light rope with a running noose, I lowered myself on to the mud, which took me almost up to the waist; the men then passed me the plank we used for landing, and, placing that before me, I wriggled close enough to throw the line over one of his extended hind legs; we were thus able to haul him into the fore deck. He was quite dead, and I was able to get all but the head clear while the carcass was warm, and in a couple of hours had the skin washed and safe in the pickle cask—length from tip to tip, 5 ft. 4 in. We hove the body into the water, and it had scarce got a hundred yards from the boat are a round snout and, down it went.

Although pugs are numerous along the edges of the jungle, the most dangerous tiger in the lower Sonderbands would be difficult to approach, for the only way is to tide about, keeping a special look out coming round corners; they have been seen swimming from island to island, but then, should you be lucky enough to hit, the animal sinks, or his blood, if merely wounded, attracts a prowling mugger, so that one is very unlikely to secure the beast. Of course, should you wound one, and he rushed back into the jungle, it would be madness to follow him. Bound about the villages in the Beekergunga district, where their cultivation abuts on the forest, the natives will always rig up a bamboo platform over a kill, and many a tiger is secured in this way. Elephants are scarce, and not easily hired in this part of Bengal, so all shooting in the Sonderbands must be done from boats, or in very few localities on foot. The latter proceeding is, however, always attended, even in tree jungle, with great risk, and some twenty-five years ago he was a ready collector of Bushmen. The details of the incident were, however, everybody's knowledge; but it was assumed that the unfortunate specimen was chased from tree to tree with too much rapidity to permit of his climbing, and, being a big heavy man, soon became exhausted, and so was trampled to death.

A couple of days after this, a drive, which I met with running

A couple of days after this, during which I met with varying success, we came upon a party of woodcutters, who reported a big snake not far from where they were work, and on close inquiry concluded that it must be a *boa* in a dormant state; the chance of securing his overcame my prudence, and as the men had seen neither mugger nor tiger tracks about, and the island was of small extent, I armed with a Nepalese knife and a shell in each barrel, made my way in the direction indicated. It was nervous work, as I did not go alone; but, carefully keeping my eyes about me, and directing my men to go as much in line and row as they could, I secured two or three hundred yards in the gloomy undergrowth, having to use the knife freely to effect a passage. Farther along, about, I at length found the object of my search, one glance showing that it was in a helpless condition. It was a splendid specimen, and stretched nearly at full length. Having provided myself with the tracking line, I fastened it firmly behind the head, and so dragged the reptile half-way to the boat, when the crew, emboldened by my shouts, or excited by curiosity, came to my assistance. The creature made no resistance, and lashing him firmly between the ears, I killed him by passing a long packing needle through the head from the nostril to the base of the skull. There was one tremendous attempt at a struggle, showing that the precaution of pinching for execution was necessary. I will spare the reader the details of emptying the contents; but once the dangerous jaws were cut, was carefully satisfied, the skin being uninjured. Storing up as the best, I secured the rest for skins. The dimensions were 13ft. by 14in., and though I secured two others not so large, these snakes frequently attain 20ft. and even 25ft. in length. They are numerous wherever animal life is found, not only in the Sondaerhills themselves, but all along under the Chittagong hills, and it is perhaps needless to mention that the skin of the *boa* is the handsomest of all for ornamental purposes, as the more brilliant-coloured snakes, such as the green viper and others, do not retain their lustre after death.

Fishing, except with the net, is poor sport in the creeks; but in some of the inland pools night lines will secure eels and a fish very

The sportsman pottering about in this country may vary his shooting by proceeding up the Goria, to the eastward of Khulna, the bhelda land on either bank of which, interspersed as it is with bushes and grass, gives cover to the small Bengal rabbit. But somewhat wary walking is necessary, as the terrible cobra is here met with, and, though this reptile is not fond of the open, he lurks on the sunny side of the clumps and within the burrows of the rabbits; if encountered, immolate him forthwith, and see that your boatmen get the reward. Duck and teal, as also plover, are plentiful on the Goria, and a few days spent here will relieve the monotony of the endless forest scenery lower down, which, despite the excitement of potting at deer and mugger, has a rather depressing effect on the spirit. A jaguar can be as well to shoot as a tiger, but the latter is more difficult to get at.

It may perhaps be as well to glance briefly at the system of cultivation in the Lower Sonnerbunds. Of course the European grantee merely takes up the land for the purpose of settling tenants thereon, and not with the idea of entering upon cultivation himself; although, as time progresses, and larger tracts are reclaimed, plantations of cotton, sugar, date palm, and similar products that flourish in the vicinity of the coast, will doubtless be entered on. The island moreover is first cleared in the usual manner—falling and burning the jungle, and the whole place is dyked, the embankment being carried as sufficient distance to exclude the salt water at springtides. If the water at low tide is immediately fresh, arrangements are made with windmill pumps for flooding the land; but should the selected spot be too far down for this, there is almost always enough fresh water in the centre that can be spread over the surface by similar means. Once or twice a month the plough is run over the ground, and the hot sun rapidly evaporates the salt. As the rainy season sets in, the plough is brought into use again, and the copious downfalls of the monsoon, should no mishap occur, generally suffice to soak the soil sufficiently sweet to yield a heavy crop of very considerate in the following cold weather. The tenants' houses are usually built along the water course, and certain portions of the land have to be reserved for grazing purposes. The water hole in the centre becomes deepened and puddled into a tank. The rich alluvial soil yields most beautifully, but the risks are proportionate, for the storm wave that usually accompanies those periodical terrific cyclones that form in the Bay of Bengal at the setting in and cessation of the S.W. monsoon may, and frequently does, completely destroy the work of years, but sweeps men, cattle, and crops before it. The great barrier of forest along the sea coast does to a great extent mitigate the danger. The survivors, however, invariably return and make new plantations, and the present visitor may have pointed out to him the traces of the destruction wrought by the awful visitations of 1866, 1867, and 1876, and can hardly conceive how human beings can have the temerity to brave the perils of such elemental fury.

I spent altogether a full month on this occasion in these places, and, though one or two of the men did contract slight fever, I did not suffer myself. Perhaps the precaution of taking two grains of quinine daily, in the evening, in a tumbler of light ale, may have given immunity. The drug must not be stirred in in the usual manner, but first dissolved with ten drops of diluted sulphuric acid, in a despatcher of water, and then mixed. This moderate dose will neither get into your head, nor aesthetise your nerves, unless indeed you are troubled with a delicate constitution, in which case you had better keep clear of the fixatives.

SPANISH QUARANTINE.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE."

After leaving Charing Cross station on the Friday morning, we had a terrible rush to catch the 8.20 train at the same station that night. We just did it, thanks to such a "poor show" made at the cocher's eyes glisten, and sent the old "crock" right across Paris to the end he had never gone before. When we arrived at Blarritz my wife left the train, and I went on to the French limit, Hendaye, to make sure what quarantine had to be done. That brought us to Saturday evening. I found at the conclusion all sorts of people putting down their bags and getting Spanish and German and English and other sorrows to the Bidasoa by embankment. And thus since quarantine, but had hardly failed, and, after being on the river from eight till midnight, were obliged to return, wet through, and, after all, do the legitimate quarantine. I took particular interest in their tale, as my hopes were fixed on doing exactly what they had failed in.

A fine handsomer fellow this Caochiqui, the *bon ideal* of the Baoue contrabandists. To my utter disappointment, he said the passage was impossible that night, and very doubtful in the early morning. But he agreed to come at five o'clock in the time till about five in the morning, he said, to tell something definite. I suppose he saw something in my eye which told him I was not very made acquainted, and quickly suggested that I should stay at one of the village inns, saying he would call me at five in the morning, when we would try our luck. I agreed to this, and Caochiqui and his compassons disappeared in the darkness.

At that point I made the acquaintance of D., an amiable Frenchman, who afterwards stood us in such good stead, and had decided me never to speak badly of the "Froglies" again.

I found a supper and a lodging at a little cabaret. A very talkative waitress was very keen on finding out my errand, and told me a great many things that they could do in passing people over the frontier, which I did not believe. I paid a round sum, and, just outside of a few head voices in the round bell, an iron foundry stood in the cold, dark street. Here Cachet had arranged a pair of horses to be ready, and I mounted, I jumped with my small belongings. We were soon rattling along through the darkness, the light from our lamps making the gloom appear more intense. We drove for some twenty minutes, descended a steep hill to a village lying at the foot of the dark and massive Pyrenees, looking like a black and impenetrable wall shutting off the country I wanted to reach.

We drew up at a wine shop, the residence of my friend Cachiquil. A light appeared at a window, and soon a woman opened the door of the lower room, which served as a shop and wine cellar. O. told me to follow the woman, his wife, up the stairs, look the door inside, so that when the bandits should appear I could be ready to await them. As the bell sounded behind him all sorts of odds and ends of baggage and like articles travellers came to mind, and I almost wished I hadn't. I handed the lassaretto fold; but I pulled myself together. Mme. C. brought me some coffee and a decanter of brandy, and I sat before the rough deal table in the little room, with a window to the street; a single candle gave a weak light, and the door and double report of firearms startled me to a sense of the near locality of the Spanish authorities, for from them I felt sure the shots must come. I knew the dividing river, the Bidassoa, ran within a few yards of us between the wine shop and the dark mountains, which looked as though one could almost touch them, and with one hand. Three minutes after the shots Cachiquil returned, and at once told we our chances were over for that morning. "They have got us surrounded," he said, "French side, and the authorities had fired two shots over the boat, sending us a message to leave the river into the water to make the best of their way back." "Male sacre!" he said he; "within ten minutes you would have been in Spain. That comes of people trying to do things without knowing how to arrange

it. With the bullets had struck their stupid heads, spoiling our plans." I returned to the station, and in three hours was at Biarritz again, baffled, but not beaten.

Cachiquil had said it could be done that night. I told my wife, who determined to try it with me. At 7 p.m. we were back again at the smugglers' den. They were confident. Seven—eight—nine—; and we had enough of our little money left to buy their old deal table and flickering light. Everyone seemed tense. The old man coming down a rough road prepared for our journey should wear a hat like the river. Cachiquil was away—his wife said he was in Spain arranging the plans. At ten a villain returned: "No pude ser!" (It cannot be!) The coach prepared for your excellencies on the other side has been taken by the carabineros; another coach also, full of people, has been taken; and Cachiquil in prison! Someone has betrayed the soldiers who were to have helped us. We are undone! No passing here for a long time

A second failure! We made the best we could of the circumstances, and somehow got through the night. Poor Czechou! I could but feel for him! If we had had an anxious time through the cold night, he had come in contact with even unkindest elements. I wished to recompense him; although our plans had not succeeded, it was through no fault of his. With some difficulty I persuaded his wife to allow me to leave one gold coin for the refreshments she had given us.

at being beaten, and determined to try once more. Our friend Mons. D. had let fall a hint that some previous travellers had passed over in the goods train which ran from Hesdany to Irun, and I decided to try that route. I asked Mons. D. plainly if he could assist us in this quest. 'Yes, I can,' he said, 'but it is a man who has paid people once before.' To make a long story short, he arranged everything. After spending a pleasant night at the country house of a kind friend, we started. After five o'clock in the morning awaiting the arrival of a new conspirator, who was to show us our contraband way, this time overland, to Irun.

At half-past five our snugger appeared, as villainous-looking a fellow as ever I saw, and, after draining a tumbler of brandy, he silently led the way to the environs of the station. Here an engine was manœuvring the trucks which were soon to be our salvation.

After a walk of some three hundred yards, he stopped before a train on a siding, opened the door of a truck, and bundled us in. In a whisper he told us to remain quiet till his return. Soon the completed goods train had come along and took us, on the next set of rails. As quickly as possible our driver would open the door and we would jump out and be lifted into it. We found it nearly filled with the hampers and other packages. Our guide springing in after us, the doors were quickly pushed together, and we were off slowly on our way to Spain. Each time we were pulled along, strong, especially as we felt the train pass over, the hard, rigid division.

pass over the bridge dividing France and Spain, and knew we were passing through the lines of Spanish sentinels. We kept perfectly still, and in a minute or two, we knew, from the light which came through the chain-link, the dragon, and from the sound of voices within two or three yards of us, that we were in Irun, in the enemies' camp. We were in no danger, but a shot would have betrayed us. We remained about two or three times, but at last stood at rest, some six hundred yards beyond the station. Then the bolts of the truck were quietly withdrawn by a friendly hand, and we descended.

Now began our most perilous work—to reach the station unperceived. Our guide led the way, and the friendly hand assisted B. I. followed our guide, expecting every minute to be stopped by a challenge or, perhaps a bullet, from a carbineer; but luck favoured us, and we reached the edge of the railway, here very narrow, in safety.

We descended as embankment, and found ourselves in a meadow. Without stopping to take breath, our guide pushed on, looking cautiously on every side, crossing several ditches, one by one, through one farmyard—so that I could not tell where, bringing us in a circular direction nearer to our point. At last, breathless, we pulled up in a lane, with a high wall on one side and a fence on the other.