

themselves from behind covers on the deck, and a struggle was renewed. Glaring balls of fire sailed over the heads of the combatants, and fell among the throng in the rear. Ludlow saw the danger, and he endeavoured to urge his people on to regain the bow-guns, one of which was known to be loaded. But the explosion of a grenade on deck and in his rear was followed by a shock in the hold that threatened to force the bottom of the vessel. The alarmed and weakened crew began to waver, and, as a fresh attack of grenades was followed by a fierce rally, in which the assailants brought up fifty men in a body from their boats, Ludlow found himself compelled to retire amid the retreating mass of his own crew. The defence now assumed the character of hopeless but desperate resistance. The cries of the enemy were more and more clamorous, and they succeeded in nearly silencing the top by a heavy fire of musketry established on the bowsprit and sprit-sail-yard. Events passed much faster than they can be related. The enemy were in possession of all the forward part of the ship to her fore hatch, but into these young Hopper had thrown himself with half a dozen men, and aided by a brother midshipman in the launch, backed by a few followers, they still held the assailants at bay. Ludlow cast an eye behind him, and began to think of selling his life as dearly as possible in the cabins. That glance was arrested by the sight of the malignant smile of the sea-green lady, as the gleaming face rose above the taffail. A dozen dark forms leaped upon the poop, and then arose a voice that sent every tone it uttered to his heart. 'Abide the shock!' was the shout of those who came to the succour, and 'Abide the shock!' was echoed by the crew. The mysterious image glided along the deck, and Ludlow knew the athletic frame that brushed through the throng at its side. There was little noise in the outset, save the groans of the sufferers. It endured but a moment, but it was a moment that resembled the passage of a whirlwind. The defendants knew that they were succoured, and the assailants recoiled before so unexpected a foe. The few that were caught beneath the fore-castle were mercilessly slain, and those above were driven from their post like chaff drifting in a gale. The living and the dead were heard alike falling into the sea, and in an inconceivable short space of time the decks of the *Coquette* were free. A solitary enemy still hesitated on the bowsprit. A powerful and active frame leaped along the spar, and, though the blow was not seen, its effects were visible, as the victim tumbled helplessly into the ocean. The hurried dash of oars followed, and before the defendants had time to assure themselves of the completeness of their success, and the gloomy void of the surrounding ocean had swallowed up the boats.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

It was in the cold season, that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station of — agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra, and gave occasion to an animated scene. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents, beneath the spreading branches of a huge banyan; peacocks glittered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinned and chattered above. The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their long flowing tails, and pawed the ground with their graceful feet; farther off stood a stately elephant, watching the progress of his evening repast, preparing by his driver, and taking under his especial protection the pets of his master, a small dog, a handsome bird six feet high, decked in plumage of lilac and black, and a couple of goats, who knowing their safest asylum, kept close to his trunk, or under the shelter of his huge limbs. Beyond reposed a group of camels with their drivers, some lying down, others standing or kneeling. Numerous white bullocks, their companions in labour, rested at their feet; while pack saddles, panniers, and sacks, piled round, completed the picture. Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing; fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying, were going on in the open air. Every fire was surrounded by a busy crowd all engaged in that important office—preparing for the evening meal. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night; they were lighted with

lamps, the walls hung with chintz or tiger skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas, surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze, (a necessary precaution against insects) became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver mounted pistols and guns, with knives, boar spears, and gilded bows, arrows and quivers, of native workmanship, were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers; so that it was necessary to be continually reminded by some savage object, that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an Indian forest. The vast number of persons—the noise, bustle and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party, collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them. While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full-grown tiger, of the largest size, sprang suddenly into the group, seized one of the party in his extended jaws, and bore him away into the wood with a rapidity that defied pursuit. The loud outcries, raised by those persons whose faculties were not entirely paralyzed by terror and consternation, only served to increase the tiger's speed. Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained, so impenetrable was the thicket through which he had retreated; but, notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of the case, no means which human prudence could suggest, was left untried. Torches were instantly collected, weapons hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest—some beating the bushes on every side, while others pressed their way through the tangled underwood, in a state of anxiety incapable of description. The victim selected by the tiger was an officer whose presence of mind and dauntless courage in this most appalling danger, providentially enabled him to meet the exigencies of his situation. Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already inflicted, the horrible manner in which he was hurried along through bush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating, with the utmost coolness, upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt. He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, and the tiger having seized him by the waist, his arms were consequently left at liberty. Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of the heart: then, drawing out one of the pistols, he placed the muzzle close to the part, and fired. Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and brisk pace of the animal, caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter gripe and an accelerated trot, alone announced the wound he had received. A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued; yet, undismayed by the ill success of his effort, though painfully aware that he now possessed only a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared with more careful deliberation to make a fresh attempt. He felt for the pulsations of his heart a second time, placed his remaining pistol firmly against the vital part, and drew the trigger with a steadier hand, and with nicer precision. The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead beneath its burden! The triumph of the victor, as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal stretched upon the ground, was somewhat subdued by the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds. He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he could be certain of finding the way to it; but his anxiety upon this point was speedily ended by the shouts which met his ear, those of his friends searching for him. He staggered onward in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and issued from the thicket covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wounds of a mortal nature.—*Mrs. Alaric Watt's New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.*

MOBS AND REGULAR TROOPS.

The only advantage that infantry soldiers, who can alone be effectively employed in towns, possesses over an unorganized population, is their power of simultaneous action and movement; but so decisive is this advantage, that no numerical superiority, even with courage and arms, can possibly make up for it; because the for-

mer can easily bring all their exertions to bear successfully against the weak points of the latter, who have no means of combining their efforts for mutual defence and assistance, and are, besides, without the confidence naturally resulting from the certainty of ready and prompt support: the main reason for which mobs, however fierce they may be at times, are never steadily brave. The steam-engine of a hundred horse power, that could strike to the ground thousands that should approach in the direction in which its blows were dealt might, nevertheless, be easily destroyed, by a single individual striking successively with an ordinary sledgehammer, at the weak parts of the machinery. The case, then, is completely changed as soon as the unorganized combatants are so formed as to be beyond the reach of their organized adversaries, and the latter exposed, without the power of retaliation, to the arms and the missiles of the former. Under such circumstances, neither skill nor courage can avail the soldier, and the bravest and the best may be forced to succumb to those who have merely resolution to throw stones from the roof of a house, or, under the protection of good stout walls, to fire a musket or a pistol from a garret-window. It was by being thus placed that the British troops, whose bravery and conduct it is no longer the fashion to question, were defeated, without the chance of success, in the streets of Rosetta and Buenos Ayres, by a contemptible rabble, ten thousand of whom would not have dared to face, in the field, a single battalion. At Buenos Ayres, indeed, 700 men fled in terror and dismay before the grenadier company of the 36th Regiment alone. Every person who ever has walked through a street, particularly on the continent, where the houses are in general high, the lower windows barred, and the doors of the texture of castle-gates, must see how impossible it is for troops to contend successfully in the streets of a hostile town, against a population determined on resistance. Exposed to fire from every window, and to missiles thrown from the roofs, what are soldiers, armed only with muskets and bayonets, to do? To fire at invisible foes is, of course, useless; to halt, is certain destruction; to push on, for what object and whither? it is only going, under constant fire from one street to another, in pursuit of those whose object is not to make a stand, but to issue by twos, threes, and twenties, as opportunities offer, from every dark lane or recess, fire upon their assailants, and again seek shelter in their hiding holes, where the soldiers, ignorant of the localities, and liable to be struck down, or if in small parties, overmatched, cannot follow them. To break into houses, such as we have described, is, at the best, no easy matter, under the fire of all the surrounding buildings, and when achieved leads only to the occupation of the one, two, or ten houses, captured at a heavy loss, without tending materially to diminish the general means of defence. The most ordinary barricade becomes almost impregnable, for, whilst the head of the column is engaged in its assault, the rear remains defencelessly exposed to certain destruction, and is rendered incapable of following up any success the advance may be so fortunate as to gain. To bring artillery into the streets is out of the question, as the horses would, of course, be immediately brought down, nor could guns be worked under so close a fire of musketry; besides, the occupation of the streets and houses of a hostile town ought not to enter into the contemplation of a leader of even ordinary judgment, for it can answer no real object; but there are posts, in, and near all towns, that command the towns themselves; and, the principal avenues to a town once seized and secured, (as may be done in a few hours against all the efforts of mob assaults,) its early and unconditional submission is issued. With the forces brought against Paris and Brussels, there were at least ten modes of attack that must have proved successful; the one adopted was, perhaps, the only one that rendered failure possible, and where the only chance of success was made to rest on the misconduct of the defenders. But it is a dangerous experiment to calculate on the weakness or incapacity of our enemies, in war it has led to more disasters than any other cause that ever influenced military operations.—*United Service Journal.*

SKETCHES OF FOX AND PIT.

Fox, too generous, and too folly in his