

Literature, &c.

From the Bengal Sporting Magazine.
MARVELLOUS ADVENTURE
WITH A TIGER.

*** AFTER a somewhat tedious voyage, we reached the mouth of the Hooghly River, and from some cause or other, either from the want of wind, the want of tide, or what not, we were compelled to anchor. Cramped up as we had been for months on board ship, the very sight of land to me was delightful, and the temptations for wishing to stretch my legs once more for a few minutes on *terra firma* proportionate. (Had my legs been a little more stretched when I was a child, I fancy I should have been something more than 4-11 without my shoes—in my prime as it is called, as was the case!) I had no intention of going ashore, without company of some sort, and on mentioning the thing to my gallant friend he clenched the thing at once by offering to accompany me himself. The land was anything but picturesque, or inviting, being an extended barren sandy plain, without stick or stump on it, except a few Palmyras, that here and there grow up in pairs, as if for company, and an occasional bush or two, of a few inches in height. However, *terra firma*, to a landsman like me, has charms, let it be even such as this appeared, and as the long boat was ordered ashore to fetch fresh water, of which we had been on rather short allowance lately, we took the opportunity after packing up as much 'prog and provend,' (this is the expression the Captain used,) as we could manage to carry with us, and landed also. It appeared that by some accident the head of one of the large water butts had been stove in, and being consequently useless was sent adrift, and the sailors proceeded to their avocations. In the meantime, Mr C. and I, after a reasonable trudge, returned, and looked out for some convenient spot, where we might discuss with comfort our stock of good things; vain was our search, and as a last resource we succeeded in rolling the neglected cask to certainly rather an out of the way place, and having opened our stores, commenced operations in a very determined style under its hospitable shade.

Already had the cold turkey poult and ham begun to look remarkably foolish; we were beginning to be exceedingly good natured and affectionate; the memory of those who were 'far, far away,' each of the leading branches of the respective families of McClenchems and Von Dunks had been individually and duly honored, and we were getting on pretty well, if I recollect right, towards the middle of my gallant friend's (Scotch) cousins—when, but I must pause for a second, and appeal to my staunch friend and supporter—Heavens and earth! that sound! will it ever cease to haunt me!—Eigh! what a creeping of the blood I feel even now as I think of it, it was like 10,000 devils with colds in their heads snoring and grunting all together within three yards of us. Oh! that horrible moment; how vain in me to attempt to describe it! that snorting howl, not loud but deep, awfully terrific and fearful. Who that has once heard it can forget it, and who can understand what it is who has not heard it. However to proceed. Captain McC. who, as I said before, was a thorough sportsman, twiggung (as I think you express it) in an instant that even 10,000 devils would be mere jokes when placed alongside of the real owner of this infernal sound, had hardly time to shout out to me 'Look out, by G—, Dunck, mind your eye!' and with a bound that would have beaten the once celebrated Hammersmith ghost into fits, he alighted on his feet behind the water butt. Agility of this description never was much my forte, and it was fortunate indeed that there was no absolute necessity for it at that moment, for I had barely time to scramble as fast as my nature would allow me to the side of my friend, when the frightful cause for our rapid, and I may now say masterly manœuvre, presented itself one yard and a half—no more—before us—in the shape of a royal tiger.—I should say more correctly tigress,—as we had ample time to satisfy ourselves on this point, as the sequel will show. Egad, Sir, there we were—all three of us, with only a cask between ourselves and the monster. I think I might venture to say that none of the three individuals had ever been placed in such a predicament before. By jingo, I can tell you it was no joke—only imagine yourself as one of the actors in this scene, and you will, I think, confess that it was anything but a joke. How the

devil the brute ever got so close to us without our being aware of its proximity, has ever been a matter of wonder and astonishment to me, for, as I said before, there was not a stump or a stick, or shelter for a mouse in the place. However, there's the fact. It was quite enough, there she was, and there we were also, dodging round and round the cask in an agony of despair utterly indistinguishable.

At one time we were in hopes that the ham and good things that lay scattered round us would tempt the brute, even if it was only for a moment or two, giving us time for something like reflection and rest, but no. She appeared, by the flash of devil in her eye, determined to have us in the end, if she waited a week. For two blessed hours, as I live, did the monster sweat us round our cask. Human nature could not possibly hold out much longer. Even the Captain was nearly done up—you may imagine then what a state I was in; he acknowledged to me after all was over that he could not call to his recollection a single instance, where he considered there was so much danger, or when he had been so long and at such close quarters with an animal of the ferocious disposition then before us. It was fortunate indeed for us, as it ultimately proved, that the brute at last lost evidently all patience, and her temper, always irritable, now began to work her into a state of the most savage excitement. Again and again did she stop for a moment, as if determining upon some *coup de main*, which she had not the resolution to put in force; at last, collecting all her energies and strength she made a dash at the cask, with the intent of clearing at one spring the frail obstacle that separated us. As our luck would have it, the cask stood upon its bottom, and the head having been, as before stated, stove in, the animal in her endeavors to scramble over it, tumbled it over, when my gallant companion, with characteristic presence of mind, which did not forsake him even at this awful moment, giving the cask the little heel that was necessary, completely caged the brute under it. This I learned afterwards, for at the moment that the animal made her spring, I conceived myself as good as a dead man, and flung myself frantically on my knees, facing my death the best way I could. For I did not for a moment imagine my escape possible.

Not so my iron-hearted friend, who in calmly awaiting the result, showed that inherent courage and coolness for which he had been so remarkable during many adventures in his military career. In an instant he was standing on the inverted cask, and yelling to me to follow him, and by Jove I was not long in doing so. Once there I had well nigh fainted outright at our escape from instant death. Upon reflection; however, it was clear that our late dreadful situation was but little bettered in the change of our relative positions, for we had no means of communicating with our shipmates, who were still busily employed at their own business.

The sun was gradually sinking in the western horizon, and with it would vanish all our hopes, for we could see no prospect of release or help. We could distinctly hear our imprisoned enemy growling beneath our feet, not unlike the rumbling of an earthquake or volcano as she turned herself round in her cage a few inches only below us, but conscious that she must be too much cramped to exert her strength, and elated with our partial success, it was sometime ere the sickening thought occurred, that by our present position we were hardly more safe than if we had been sitting under a mine, and a quickmatch in full blow within a few inches of the combustibles. Thus were we, to all intents, as securely attached to our cask as Prometheus of old to his rock.

After a weary and painfully anxious time thus spent, despair staring as every minute fuller in the face, I at last saw my gallant friend, with one foot on the rim of the hogshead and balancing himself carefully with the other, eagerly watching the bung hole. In an instant his striking countenance was lighted up with one of his own smiles, as he calmly laid his stumpy forefinger on his lip, to enjoin silence, and cautiously bending down on his knees, he extended his right arm over the side as if engaged in the pleasing occupation of tickling trout; and before I could well make out what he was about; he made a spring to his feet again—and in a second had the monster's tail out of the bung-hole almost to the very root at one pull—and with the little assistance that I could afford him, being something shorter than

my companion, we consummated this feat.

It was clear that so long as we could keep the cask between ourselves and the tigress we should be safe from her attacks and imagining besides that by our united strength we might in the end and drag her down to the river side, where we hoped to find our shipmates, and might then take her on board ship dead for alive, we cautiously descended. Alas! vain and absurd hope—sorely did we miscalculate our respective powers, for though entirely deprived of the use of her hind legs, in consequence of her tail being drawn home (as the sailors would call it) through the bung hole we were no sooner on our legs, than she walked clean away with us in spite of our utmost exertions to check her, and made directly for the interior, growling and squinting at us the while, as if she looked upon us as her own peculiar property, and this indeed, situated as we were, we had no immediate prospect of disproving. Miles and miles did we traverse, dragged along in this infernal manner, the Captain holding on like grim death by the tail of the brute, and I by his.

I cannot deny that I had several times the diabolical temptation (to which I suspect most persons under circumstances would be liable) to bolt at once and run for it, and leave my companion to do the best he could by himself. I am now of course glad that I did not yield to this;—one reason perhaps for my not doing so, I must confess, was the recollection of my friend's great activity, and through which, though I might have got some start at first, he would soon have beaten me in the long run—when I must have fallen a victim to the tigress and my own baseness. A heavy jungle was now in sight.

'We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide I saw no bounds on either side.'

The additional resistance that some rough ground in the neighborhood as well as the stumps of some trees that now occasionally occurred, enabled us to offer, gave my gallant friend an opportunity for trying an experiment, which he had evidently been conning over in his mind for some time past, and which, for its wonderful success, I can most conscientiously recommend to any one, who may chance to be placed in a similar painful, and I may say anxious predicament. This was nothing else than the bold and original conception of *tying her tail in a stout knot* sufficiently large and tight, to prevent its slipping through the bung-hole on our releasing it. Accordingly, choosing a favorable moment, when a good purchase enabled us to apply our united efforts to advantage, we succeeded in effecting this superb, and as it ultimately proved, triumphant manœuvre! just as the sun was setting below the horizon. It was an awful moment indeed—had the knot slipped in the smallest degree, one or both of us must have paid the penalty of my awkwardness, in a horrible and ultimately end. Again and again was it examined, till the Captain at last pronounced it safe, and having in mind the well known effect that similar appendages have upon the nerves of animals—he gave the signal—when we commenced a howling and yelling sufficient to have alarmed the very dead, playing the devil's tattoo, with every accompaniment we could devise, (in assisting at which I risked the safety of two bottles of the most undeniable Scheidam, which by some accident I found in the pockets of my coat,) and finally 'cast off.' How can I find words to express a tithe of my ecstatic delight and the veneration with which I looked upon my friend, when we saw the good result of his masterly stratagem. With one loag fiendish roar of mingled rage and fright, she made the best of her way off, the extraordinary appendage and our screams apparently driving her almost frantic, as she sneaked away from sight into the dense jungle.

This feat was indeed a master piece of courage and presence of mind that I imagine, and what is more so does my friend, has never been surpassed—seldom I should think equalled. MacClenchem has himself often referred to it as his chief d'œuvre, although nothing was taken by the move. In pulling hair out of the tails of wild elephants, as I before mentioned, shooting alligators with small shot, nay, in one instance with puddy; riding hippopotamus, and catching elephants with jins, as you would snare pheasants in England, are merely child's play to it. The last adventure was a clincher to all his rest.

We quickly, as you may imagine, made the most of our weary legs in res-

tracing our footsteps to the landing place, where we had left the boat, &c. Fear added strength and wings to me or I never should have reached it—for we had the greatest difficulty in finding it. The boatmen were on the point of pushing off as it was nearly dark, and they had made a most ineffectual search for us. Indeed, seeing the footprints of a tiger, &c. on the spot, together with the wreck of our last repast, scattered about in every direction, they came to the conclusion that we had met with a dreadful fate. Once on board we related our adventures to the gaping skipper and other listeners, who would hardly give us credit for our story, till some of the tigress's hair was observed upon our hands and sleeves. Captain MacClenchem's courage and presence of mind were applauded again and again. For my part I became dangerously ill with delirium, &c., during the paroxysms of which the only thing that could keep me quiet (and this too was the suggestion of the captain) was by fastening a thick rope somewhat greased to the foot of my bed, and giving the end into my eager hands, which I continued to pull by hours together. I ultimately recovered, but slowly, and have ever since been the wreck I now am.

Philadelphia World of Fashion.
THE DRUNDARD'S WIFE.

AN OWRE TRUE TALE.

The grey morning was already dawning when a miserable wretch turned into a dirty alley, and entering a low, ruinous door, groped thro' a narrow entry, and paused at the entrance of a door within. That degraded being had once been a wealthy man, respected by his neighbors, surrounded by friends. But alas, the social glass had first lured him to indulgence and then to inebriety, until he was now a common drunkard.

The noise of his footsteps had been heard within, for the creaking door was imidly opened, and a pale, emaciated boy, about nine years old, stepped out on the landing, and asked in mingled anxiety and dread.

'Is that you, father?'

'Yes, wet to the skin,—curse it,' said the man—'wh, aint you abed and asleep, you brat?'

The little fellow shrank back at this coarse salutation, but still though shaking with fear, he did not quit his station before the door.

'What are you standing there, gaping for?' said the wretch.—'it's bad enough to hear a sick wife grumbling all day, without having you kept up at night to chime in, in the morning,—get to bed, you imp, do you hear?'

The little fellow did not answer, fear seemed to have deprived him of speech, but still holding on to the door latch, with an imploring look, he stood right in the way by which his parent would have to enter the room.

'Ain't you going to mind?' said the man with an oath, breaking into a fury, 'give me the lamp and go to bed, or I'll break every bone in your body.'

'Oh! father, don't talk so loud,' said the little fellow bursting into tears—'you'll wake mother, she's been worse all day, and hasn't had any sleep till now,'—and as the man made an effort to snatch the candle, the boy, losing all personal fears in anxiety for his sick mother, stood firmly across the drunkard's path and said—'you mustn't,—you mustn't go in.'

'What does the brat mean?' broke out the inebriate angrily—'this comes of leaving you to wait on your mother till you learn to be as obstinate as a mule—will you disobey me?—take that, and that, you imp,' and raising his hand he struck the little sickly being to the floor, kicked aside his body, and strode into the dilapidated room.

It was truly a fitting place for the home of such a vagabond as he. The walls were low, covered with smoke, and seemed with a hundred cracks. The chimney piece had once been white, but was now of the greasy lead color of age. The ceiling had lost most of the plaster, and the rain soaking through, dripped with a monotonous tick upon the floor. A few broken chairs, a cracked looking glass, and a three-legged table, on which was a rimless cup, were in different parts of the room. But the most striking spectacle was directly before the gambler. On a rickety bed lay the wife of his bosom, the once rich and beautiful Emily Lahguerre, who, through poverty, shame, and sickness, had still clung to the lover of her youth.

Oh! woman, constancy the world cannot shake, nor shame nor misery subdue. Friend after friend had deserted that ruined man; indignity after indignity