

Mr. Dobbs glanced once more at John Fowler's "little account." Then he put his hands in his pockets, and gave one long, penetrating look at "old Charley."

Finally he looked up. "No, Smith," said he, solemnly, "I couldn't do it; upon my soul I couldn't."

After this Charley drooped, and no wonder. He did not die after the usual manner of horses, but slowly shriveled away; and before we returned to town we laid him tenderly under our pear-tree.

A ROYAL BENGAL TIGER.

YEAR by year the far-away ends of the earth are made commonplace by the invasion of some Yankee trader or English filibuster, who straightway sets up a colony, introduces trowsers, brandy cock-tail, and the latest Paris fashions, and brushes away romance, and strangeness which makes romance. India is already English—as the Sandwich Islands are American—in manners and customs; and our children may travel around the globe without losing sight of the ugly black silk hat which ought to be the signal of civilization. Cuba is girt with railroads, whose engines go snorting up and down the ever-faithful isle; adventurous travelers go to Jerusalem in the early train, and telegraph from Jericho to London for a supply of clean linen; the Nile has been seen by so many that the hunter after novelties must turn up his nose at it; and between Du Chaillu and Speke and Livingstone there remains only a narrow tract of *terra incognita* in Africa, which some outrageous and impetuous Briton or Yankee will presently explore, and leave the world a waste of too well known platitudes to the next generation.

"There's nothing new, and nothing true, and it don't matter," said a misanthropic Briton; let us go back to the old, therefore. We know all about the world now; but no modern traveler, choke-full of information, is half so interesting as one of Purchas's old voyagers, who knew nothing—but believed much. And while we turn up our noses at a book about the India of to-day—and with reason, too, for it is sure to discuss the cotton question, and the indigo question, and the opium question, and the progress of common schools, and the advancement of learning, and the growth of the public debt, and the annual increase of wearers of trowsers and black hats—a book about India actually written thirty years ago, but only just published, gives us some hopes of a delightful hour.

We remember a poor sailor-boy who passed his earlier years in a vain search after monkeys. He went voyage after voyage; he saw a few unhappy quadrumanes, chained and spiteful, for sale here and there; but when he inquired after the forests full of monkeys, which his grandfather had told him of—no matter in what part of the world he asked—people shrugged their shoulders, and replied, "Ah, yes; there were such

things hereabouts once, but they're all gone long ago; monkeys are scarce now." Now, what an empty and foolish world it is, where monkeys are scarce! Consider the relation of this interesting animal to Christian civilization. He is the very antipodes, the opposite extreme, of the black hat; he abhors the sight of trowsers; brandy cock-tail does not agree with him; a Yankee is a monstrous creature, before whose appearance the poor beast flies, as though he knew by instinct that every Yankee carries a locomotive in his pocket.

Colonel Campbell went to India in 1830, before railways were yet firmly believed in; when Professor Morse had not yet happened upon the idea of the abominable electric telegraph; when yet the monkey was in his glory over a large part of the world. He went thither a young officer, a hunter—not a murderer, like Gordon Cumming—a naturalist, and therefore a close observer of natural objects. In Colonel Campbell's time there was no overland line; no short cut by steamer; men went to India in good, staunch, safe, kettle-bottomed sailing ships—teawagons they were sometimes called; and, if it was their first voyage, they were favored on crossing the equator with a sight of Neptune, and duly initiated into the mysteries of the sea.

"The ceremony commenced by Neptune asking me, through a speaking-trumpet applied close to my ear, 'How old I was'—'Why I had come to sea'—'Whether I had previously crossed the line,' etc.; and each time I attempted to answer having the enormous shaving-brush, covered with lather, stuffed half-way down my throat. Declining to answer only made matters worse; for the doctor was immediately called upon to restore my power of speech. This he dextrously accomplished by digging his lancet into my foot, and completed the cure by cramming one of his abominable boluses into my mouth. My face was now copiously lathered and scraped, and my legs being tilted up, I fell backward into a sail filled with water to the depth of three or four feet. Blindfolded as I was, I fancied myself overboard, and struck out for my life. But my miseries were not yet ended. I was startled by a hoarse roar, and the two bears, who had been lying in wait for their victim, seizing me in their tarry paws, ducked my head under water, and bundled me about till I verily thought I should be drowned. At last I managed to tear the bandage from my eyes, upset one of the bears, and, jumping on his prostrate body, succeeded in making my escape. Being now one of the initiated, I was provided with a fire-bucket, and allowed to amuse myself by ducking the unfortunates who succeeded me."

Landing at Madras, they found the beach beset with clamorous natives, all eager to serve the new-comers, and all talking at once. "Salaam Sahib!—Master please to want Dobash?"—asked a sleek, well-fed butler, in scarlet turban and flowing white muslin robes—making a profound obeisance, and thrusting into my hand

a huge packet of written certificates of character, the greater number of which he had probably stolen or hired for the occasion. "I very good 'boosleer.' Plenty good character I got: General H—, Sahib; Colonel S—, Sahib; Doctor H—, Sahib—plenty great gentlemen I serve. Look, Sahib; Master please to read; that time he see I tell true word. I very good man—Hindoo caste—not can tell lie. Ya, ya! suppose Hindoo man tell lie, that time Debil come catch!"

You see that so long ago as 1830 they had already imported the devil into India. The English have been playing him there ever since. In those days, when the pagoda-tree still grew "on India's coral strand" as well as in the up-country, and young Englishmen went out on purpose to pluck the ripe fruit and stuff their pockets with it, every British officer traveled, on the march, like the governor of a province; and a clerk in the civil service could not stir abroad without an elephant and a small army of retainers. Colonel Campbell gives an instructive list of the "principal things required on taking the field," which will make the captains and lieutenants of our Union army grin:

A tent—single-poled for a subaltern, and double-poled for a captain, or field-officer—with two or four bullocks to carry it, according to its size.

A portable camp-table, chair, and basin-stand.

A camp-cot, consisting of a light frame-work of wood, with a rattan bottom, and a thin cotton mattress, on which is packed the table, chair, and other light articles—the whole being carried by two coolies on their heads.

A good horse—or two of them, if you can afford it—with his attendants, a garah-wallah, or horse-keeper, and a grass-cutter—one of each being required for each horse.

A sufficient number of bullocks to carry your baggage.

Two servants: a dabbah, or head man, and a mazy-boy.

Two owerie-baskets, containing a sufficient stock of tea, sugar, coffee, brandy, and wax-candles, carried by a coolie, suspended from the ends of an elastic strip of bamboo.

A couple of hog-spears—the spear-heads made by Arnachelom, at Ballin, and the shafts of male bamboo brought from the Conkan.

A hunting-knife, also made by Arnachelom, if possible.

A hunting-cup, strong in proportion to the respect you have for your skull—a thin plate of iron let into the crown is not a bad thing in a stony country.

A good stock of cheroots, and plenty of ammunition—it being taken for granted that you are already provided with a gun, a rifle, and a telescope.

If you survey this list attentively, you will find that a captain in the English East India army took the field accompanied by a personal train of not less than nine servants of various grades, and probably as many bullocks. The Colonel adds, modestly: "Some men, who study their comfort rather than their purse, indulge in a palanquin, a Chinese mat, a tent carpet, and many other little luxuries; but the fewer things of this kind a man hampers himself with the better." Stonewall Jackson's hungry fellows would have been delighted to fight with an army carrying a train in this proportion.

When the captain traveled "post" to his station it was by palanquin, each conveyance of this kind being borne by twelve men, with a thirteenth to carry a light by night; and if he traveled "dawk," which is as much as to say

by express train, he was carried incessantly forward, day and night, relays of bearers being in readiness at the end of each stage of ten or fifteen miles.

A man so well fed, well attended, and thoroughly cared for might well have stomach for a fight with the royal Bengal tiger, whose appearance, even in the menagerie, is sufficiently formidable and majestic to make his chase warm the coldest blood. The tiger of India is a much more respectable animal than the African lion, who stands charged with rank cowardice by so eminent and trust-worthy an authority as Dr. Livingstone. We shall see further on that even the tiger has nerves, and is capable of running away when surprised by the wild whoop of an accomplished tiger hunter. But he has abundance of courage, and besides this, pertinacity, resource, ingenuity, and some little notion of strategy; while his brother-in-law, the lion, is, after all, only a great handsome lubber, whom a Frenchman shoes by moonlight alone. "Never attack a tiger on foot—if you can help it," says Colonel Campbell. But it is on foot that the lion is commonly met and killed.

To have a Bengal tiger for your neighbor is no joke. "Were not tigers very numerous in Kandeish?" General Briggs was asked by the Parliamentary committee on cotton-growing in India. He replied on oath, "Yes; I was called upon by the Government to make a return of the damage they had done during the four years I was there;" and he mentions that during that time 350 men had been carried off and 24,000 head of cattle had been devoured by these animals. This is an average of nearly 90 men and 6000 head of cattle per annum. The royal tiger might sit for the original of the famous dragon of Wantley, who devoured whole villages.

The "man-eater" is generally a tigress, an old beast, no longer active enough to capture antelopes or other alert and active game, and with teeth too poor to tackle a buffalo. She takes to preying upon men, therefore, at first from necessity, and afterward from choice, and, Colonel Campbell assures us, does not care to look after other game. She is a sneak, cowardly, cautious to the last degree, savage and treacherous as all of her kind. Nothing, not even fire, can drive her from her concealment. Sometimes half the hair is burnt from her back before she breaks cover. A confirmed man-eater generally lurks around a village, or in the neighborhood of a frequented road. Then this horrible beast becomes a plague to the unfortunate people. They can not stir abroad without danger: they are attacked at the plow; the women dare not fetch water from the well; wherever the villagers go the eye of this silent monster is upon them. "The persecuted laborers, returning at sunset from their toil, may be seen hurrying along with trembling speed, and uttering loud yells in hopes of scaring their hidden foe."

The tiger is most commonly hunted on elephants. The first proceeding of the hunters is to track the animal to its haunt; and in this,

which is the work of a peculiar and trained set of men, these display the utmost skill, patience, and courage. Not infrequently a tiger is tracked three days before he is at last "marked down." But when this is accomplished he is said to be already half killed. Where no tracker can be got, a rather expensive, but also effective, way to get at the brute is to fasten a bullock somewhere near his walk. The unfortunate animal is generally carried off in the course of the night, but the tiger leaves in that case plain marks by which to trace his course homeward.

To say that an animal carries off a bullock seems a tough story; but Colonel Campbell proves, on abundant evidence, that this is regularly done. He tells a surprising story, even, of a tiger who killed a bullock and actually leaped over a hedge with the dead animal in its mouth; and this occurred under his own notice! Here is another example of the tremendous strength of the tiger:

"Four fine oxen, harnessed in the same team, were destroyed by a tiger while their owner was driving them in the plow. He described their death as having been the work of a few seconds. When in the act of turning his cattle at the end of a furrow a tiger sprang from some neighboring brushwood on the leading bullock, broke his neck by a single wrench, and before the other terrified animals could disengage themselves all were destroyed in the same manner. The man fled to a neighboring tree, from whence he saw the monster finish his work of death, and then trot back into the jungle without touching the carcasses; as if he had done it from mere love of slaughter, and not to satisfy the cravings of hunger. My friend Elliot, from whom I had this anecdote, saw the bullocks immediately after they were killed, and found that one of them had been thrown back with such violence that his horns were driven into the ground to a considerable depth."

A good sporting elephant must have courage and patience. He must search the cover inch by inch, tearing down small trees and trampling under foot brushwood, to make a clear track. At the command of his driver the sagacious brute picks up stones and hands them to the driver, to throw ahead into the jungle. When he sees the tiger he lifts up his trunk—his vulnerable part, at which the foe always leaps—and trumpets. Above all, he must never charge the tiger. It is his business to stand perfectly still, and leave the enemy to the three or four marksmen who are placed upon his back. A charging elephant is not a pleasant companion. He generally pitches himself down upon his knees to meet the attack of the tiger, and by the motion pitches his passengers out of the howdah, perhaps into the very jaws of their prey.

The mahout, or driver, who sits upon the neck of his beast, occupies the place of danger, and requires also great courage. It is his duty during the fray to keep the elephant steady, and, after the tiger is killed, to reward his charge with lumps of sugar dipped in tiger's blood.

Tiger shooting is a sport which requires a number of men, and several appliances not used in the ordinary chase. For instance, rockets are used to drive a reluctant animal from its lair; other fire-works to turn it back if it attempts to run off; and horns are blown for the same purpose. Meantime a hundred men surround the thicket, and give warning from tree-tops or elevated rocks of the animal's movements.

What cunning an old man-eater possesses is shown by the story of one who, being marked down after great labor and repeated efforts, and driven out of her lair by an elephant, actually followed upon the elephant's tracks, immediately behind him, in silence, and was not discovered till the hunters had completed a large circle in their reconnoissance, and to their amazement came upon their old tracks, and found the marks of a tiger covering them! Sir John Outram, to whom this occurred, happened to look behind, and saw the tiger crouching close under the elephant's crupper and intently watching the mahout, as though making ready to spring upon him.

Tigers are sometimes shot from trees; they never climb, and a man ten feet from the ground in a tree-top is perfectly safe. Indeed the monster never looks up, but only straight before him, as he rushes off. Men have been known to hunt the tiger on foot, but also they have been known in such cases to be torn to pieces miserably. Several Englishmen have speared tigers successfully, but few have the nerve to attempt what would be sure death to them if they missed their quarry; and we should imagine few horses could be trusted to take one up to a tiger.

The tiger dislikes, or perhaps fears, the Indian wild-dogs, who are said to attack him in herds. It is certain that he will not remain in any neighborhood where they take up their abode. It comes out after its prey most generally in the evening, except in the case of a confirmed man-eater, who does not avoid the daylight. The tigress has little or no affection for her young, and when pursued readily abandons them.

Such is the King of the Indian jungles at home. One can hardly recognize his likeness in the Royal Bengal Tiger of the menageries, cowering down in a corner of his cage or lazily pacing its narrow bounds, with hardly spirit enough to set up a feeble growl, or rather snarl, when the keeper stirs him up for the amusement of the crowd who have gathered to look at him. In exile and captivity he reminds us of certain other dethroned monarchs—of James II. at Versailles and Napoleon at St. Helena. At home and in power he is, as we have seen, like most other monarchs, treacherous, savage, and selfish—a sort of four-footed George the Fourth—with few qualities to admire beyond strength and a kind of gentlemanly elegance; for the rest, a scourge and terror to the country which he infests.