

A TIGER FIGHT.

From the Oriental Annual for 1836.

A man entered the arena (of the Raja of Coorg), armed only with a Coorg knife, and clothed in short trowsers, which barely covered his hips, and extended halfway down his thighs. The instrument, which he wielded in his right hand, was a heavy blade, something like the coulter of a plough, about two feet long, and full three inches wide, gradually diminishing towards the handle, with which it formed a right angle. This knife is used with great dexterity by the Coorgs, being swung round in the hand before the blow is inflicted, and then brought into contact with the object intended to be struck, with a force and effect truly astounding. The champion, who now presented himself before the Rajah, was about to be opposed to a tiger, which he volunteered to encounter almost naked, and armed only with the weapon I have just described. He was rather tall, with a slight figure; but his chest was deep, his arms long and muscular. His legs were thin: yet the action of the muscles were perceptible with every movement, whilst the freedom of his gait, and the few contortions he performed preparatory to the hazardous enterprise in which he was about to engage, showed that he possessed uncommon activity, combined with no ordinary degree of strength. The expression of his countenance was absolutely sublime when he gave the signal for the tiger to be let loose: it was the very concentration of moral energy—the index of a high and settled resolution. His body glistened with the oil which had been rubbed over it in order to promote the elasticity of his limbs. He raised his arm for several moments above his head when he made the motion to admit his enemy into the area. The bars of a large cage were instantly lifted from above; a huge royal tiger sprang forward and stood before the Coorg, waving its tail slowly backward and forward, erecting the hair upon it, and uttering a suppressed howl. The animal first looked at the man, then at the gallery where the Rajah and his court were seated to see the sports, but did not appear at all easy in its present state of freedom—it was evidently confounded at the novelty of its position. After a short survey, it turned suddenly round, and bounded into its cage, from which the keepers, who stood above, beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it, but in vain. The bars were then dropped, and several crackers fastened to its tail, which projected through one of the intervals. A lighted match was put into the hand of the Coorg; the bars were again raised and the crackers ignited. The tiger now darted into the arena with a terrific yell, and while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, turned, and writhed as if in a state of frantic excitement. It at length crouched in a corner, gnarling as a cat does when alarmed. Meanwhile its retreat had been cut off by securing the cage. During the explosion of the crackers the Coorg stood watching the enemy, and at length advanced towards it with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused itself and retreated, the fur on its back being erect, and its tail apparently dilated to twice the usual size. It was not at all disposed to commence hostilities; but its resolute foe was not to be evaded. Fixing his eyes intently upon the deadly creature, he advanced with the same measured step, the tiger retreating as before, but still presenting its front to its enemy. The Coorg now stopped suddenly; then moving slowly backward, the tiger raised itself to its full height, curved its back to the necessary segment for a spring, and lashed its tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire; and as soon as he was at so great a distance that the fixed expression of his eye was no longer distinguishable, the ferocious brute made a sudden bound forward, crouched, and sprang with a short, sharp growl. Its adversary, fully prepared for this, leaped actively on one side, and as the tiger reached the ground, swung round his heavy knife, and brought it with irresistible force upon the animal's hind leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared; but turning sud-

denly on the Coorg, who had by this time retired several yards, advanced fiercely upon him, its wounded leg hanging loose in the skin, showing that it was broken. The tiger, now excited to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its three legs towards its adversary, who stood with his heavy knife upraised, calmly awaiting the encounter. As soon as the savage creature was within his reach, he brought down the ponderous weapon upon its head with a force which nothing could resist, laid open the skull from ear to ear, and the vanquished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped the knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified salaam to the Rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators. His Highness informed us that the man had killed several tigers in a similar manner; and that, although upon one or two occasions he had been severely scratched, he had never been seriously wounded. The Coorgs, moreover, are known often to attack this terrible animal in the jungles with their heavy, sharp knives, and with almost unfailling success. Upon the present occasion, nothing could exceed the cool, cautious, and calculating precision with which the resolute Hindoo went through this dangerous performance.

THE EXILE.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

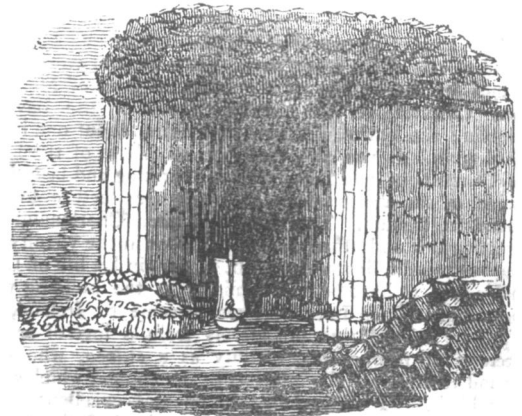
I come, a wanderer, from the mountain's brow;
The vales are chill, the waves are murmuring now;
I roam, roam onward, weary and in woe,
And sigh for ever, Whither must I go?

Methinks the very sunbeams here feel cold—
Bloom seems Decay—each face looks worn and old;
Men's language sounds as vacant as the air—
Alas! I am a stranger everywhere!

Where art thou, land beloved and unforgot?
I seek thee, sigh for thee, but see thee not;
Green land of all my fondest hopes below!
Land where my roses ever blush and blow!

Land which in midnight dreams I wander through!
Land where my Dead shall one day rise anew!
Land of the language to my memory dear!
In vain I look for thee—thou art not here.

I roam, roam onwards, weary and in woe,
And sigh for ever, Whither must I go?
And answering voices whisper at my heart,
"Joy smileth everywhere, save where thou art!"



FINGAL'S CAVE.

It is really astonishing how little is known concerning the numerous islands by which the Irish and Scottish coasts are surrounded; in many of them there are natural curiosities and remnants of antiquity quite sufficient to attract the attention of the naturalist or the antiquarian. Notwithstanding all that has been said of the Hebrides by Johnson, few have been induced to visit