

baggage was stowed away, when four men bearing something on a shutter that appeared to be a dead body, came through the antique gateway, followed by a crowd of spectators and idle boys, and a few street strollers, who appeared to have an interest in the scene. I asked the Porter what the men had on their shoulders—he said he believed it was the woman that had been found drowned in the dock, and who it was supposed had committed suicide, to avoid the worst evils to which decaying health and the chances of her profession invariably led. The whole affair of the previous evening rushed upon my mind—I turned to catch a glance at the corpse, which was just beside me—and stretched upon that shutter, was the wasted form and pallid but still handsome features of ALICE WARE. I thought I should have dropped from my seat—but the Porter's "all right," and the crack of the Coachman's whip forced me to exertion in order to hold on, and we were whirled away before any person could perceive my emotion, or before I could collect my thoughts sufficiently to decide whether I ought to interfere with the deliberations of the Coroner's Jury, or not. That long melancholy ride I shall never forget—we only stopped to change horses, and it was not until I reached my lodgings in London, that my feelings—so powerfully excited and so long and painfully pent up, obtained vent in a flood of tears. Indeed for a day or two I was good for nothing. A short notice in the morning papers, copied from those printed in Southampton, told me just what I had anticipated, that no evidence was obtained as to the place of birth or parentage of the deceased, and that the verdict of the Jury had been Suicide. PEREGRINE.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE EAST INDIES.

A party of officers belonging to the 36th regiment of (native) Heavy Dragoons, being out on a shooting expedition, encamped on the night of the 31st of September last in a small compound on the banks of the Humbujee, having received information from their siccarahs that a large tiger, which had for some months devastated the neighboring country, had been traced to an extensive jungle on the banks of the river, about two miles from the village of Cuttalong, where the party was quartered. Having made all the preliminary arrangements that were necessary, by posting coolies and chimrowzees in extended order at the exterior of the jungle, so as to form a perfect line of communication, and command the most likely avenues, the sportsmen broke up their camp about an hour before daylight, and eagerly repaired to the intended scene of action. The party consisted of four persons—Captain Drummage, Lieut. Pinkwell, Lieutenant Maggles, and Assistant Surgeon Cutbush, all of the 36th; they were mounted on hardy and active Pickarow ponies, and each man was armed with a double-barrelled rifle, a hunting-spear, and a cuttyjack or native dagger, very similar in form and temper to the Malay creeso.

On arriving at the edge of the jungle the subadar-chimrowzee, whose duty it had been to effect the reconnaissance, informed Captain Drummage, that about 6 o'clock on the previous evening, the tiger, which he described as of enormous size, had made a sortie, and fallen upon a herd of cattle in an adjoining choultry, and carried off a fine cow. Various ineffectual shots had been fired by the herdsmen in charge of the pen, but the fierce animal had regained the jungle, and from the trail which was left, it was conjectured that he was now lying in the south-western angle of the thicket not very far from the river. Captain Drummage immediately formed his plan of attack. Selecting four couple of chittawarry dogs, he entered them at a narrow part of the jungle, which forms a kind of neck or isthmus between its northern and southern divisions, and directed Lieut. Maggles and Assistant Surgeon Cutbush to proceed warily in a southern direction. Condensing the chain of posts towards the opposite extremity, where the rocky character of the soil afforded the least opportunity for the tiger's escape, while from its height it gave the videttes a better command over the whole, Captain Drummage, accompanied by Lieut. Pinkwell, resolved to follow upon the monster's trail, and penetrate that part of the thicket which appeared to lead more directly to the tiger's retreat. Captain Drummage and his companion were attended by the subadar-chimrowzee, and two brace of chittawarrys—an admirable description of dog—for jungle-hunting. With less difficulty than might have been expected, they threaded the masses of the dense underwood, which, usually so stocked with game, was now completely deserted—a circumstance evidently to be ascribed to the presence of the tyrant of the plains. Not a single chowprassie rose upon the wing—not a solitary muzzal rushed from the covert. After proceeding for about a quarter of an hour, Captain Drummage observed that his favorite chittawarry—a fine brindled animal—began to show strong signs of impatience and anxiety by dashing hastily into the thicket and speedily returning, as if to induce a more rapid approach to where the tiger lay hid. Captain Drummage now gave the signal, and the dogs, hitherto mute, at once gave tongue, and plunged through the long prickly muskus grass, and tangled underwood, while their cry was echoed by the pack belonging to Lieut. Maggles, apparently about 150 yards distant. In a few seconds the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the voice of Assistant Surgeon Cutbush cheering on the dogs. Captain Drummage and Lieutenant Pinkwell rushed forward,

and, dashing aside the boughs which obstructed their path, beheld the enemy of whom they were in search. A small ravine, or rather a gully communicating with the Humbujee, lay between them and the tiger, whose appearance was truly terrific.

On the opposite bank, in a pool of blood which had weltered from its neck and side, with dislocation in every limb, and life long since extinct, lay the body of the cow, the hinder part nearly hid in the thick reeds that grew about the recess into which the tiger had dragged it. Glaring above his victim, with his forefeet firmly planted on its prostrate form—his head erect, and jaws distended, his body drawn up, his hind legs doubled under him, and his tail waving to and fro with a quick and tremulous motion—stood the formidable beast himself, apparently doubtful whether to commence or await the attack. But little time was given him for deliberation; hallooing the dogs forward, who boldly dashed across the ravine, the officers levelled their rifles and fired almost simultaneously. Lieutenant Pinkwell's ball grazed the animal's ribs, while that of Captain Drummage wounded him slightly in the neck; no effect appeared to have been produced by the other shots. The chittawarrys rushed on, and the tiger, irritated at the wounds he had received, with one sweep of his enormous paw crushed three of them in the dust, and, seizing a fourth, the brave brindled dog, in his jaws, crushed him between his teeth, and hurled him dead into the ravine. As quick as thought the second barrels were poured in, and this time with better effect; two balls pierced the tiger's breast, and another cut away the upper part of his left ear. Uttering a tremendous howl, he sprang forward, and wide as the ravine appeared, measuring full thirty feet, he cleared it at a bound, before the rifles could be reloaded for execution. His first spring was made at Lieut. Maggles, whom he felled to the earth with his powerful paw, tearing away his clothes, and severely lacerating the whole of his left side. He then turned on Assistant Surgeon Cutbush, who, having no fire-arms ready, thrust his spear at the monster's eyes, but his hand being unsteady he missed his aim, and his spear flying from his grasp, the tiger seized him by the right arm, and, wheeling round made off down the ravine in the direction of the river. At this moment Captain Drummage fired again, and having a favorable side view, sent a ball through the tiger's jaw, and made him drop his prey. But it was only for an instant; he turned as it were in defiance, shook his head wildly, and then with desperate energy once more seized his unfortunate victim, and bounded towards the river. The party followed, trusting to arrest his course before he reached the stream, and a ball from the rifle of Lieut. Pinkwell told on his side, marked by a long track of blood along his striped coat. But his course was not checked, and before Captain Drummage could follow up his shot the tiger had plunged into the Humbujee with the wounded gentleman fixed between his jaws.

Mr. Cutbush, though dreadfully hurt, still retained his presence of mind, while the certainty of death in one shape or other appeared inevitable. His left arm was disengaged, and while the tiger dragged him through the river he felt in his belt for his cuttyjack: it was fortunately by his side, and with determined resolution he drew it from its sheath, and plunged it deep in the tiger's breast immediately beneath the insertion of the left fore arm. A violent spasm, occasioned by the clutch of the tiger, the report of the fire arms, and all recollections passed away from Cutbush, until he awoke again to consciousness, extended on the sandy shore of the Humbujee, with his friends round him, Capt. Drummage and Lieut. Pinkwell leaning on their rifles, Lieut. Maggles resting on a buddekhur with his left arm in a sling, and the body of the tiger pierced with innumerable wounds, stretched in death at their feet.

It appears that, on being stabbed by Mr. Cutbush, the tiger dropped his victim, and raised himself for a moment, a better mark for the rifles of the hunters, who with admirable precision sent an ounce ball clean through his head. To save Mr. Cutbush from drowning was but the work of a moment; one of the chimrowzees swam off, and brought him to the shore, while, with a lasso, the remainder of the party dragged the dead tiger on the beach. This enormous animal was found to measure—feet in length. We are glad to find that although much hurt, there is nothing dangerous in the wounds received by either Mr. Cutbush or Lieut. Maggles.

THE LONDON STAGE TWENTY YEARS AGO.

CONWAY.—MISS O'NEILL.

Conway was a good actor but not a great one. He had the advantage of an excellent education, a tall person, handsome and expressive features, together with a well-modulated voice and graceful deportment. He appeared at Covent Garden nearly simultaneous with Miss O'Neill, and shared the Lover parts with Charles Kemble, occasionally playing Coriolanus and Henry the Fifth. Miss O'Neill seemed to act with more ease with him than with Charles Kemble, and did all she could to bring her countryman before the public. His Romeo and Jaffier were extremely elegant performances, nor was he deficient in fire when representing Marc Antony. On the same board with Young and Macready he could not make much progress, and the production of the *Shiel* tragedies, placed him upon the shelf.

Conway was a man of deep sensibility; a two-fold passion curdled in his veins—Ambition and Love. To attain the highest pinnacle of histrionic fame was, with him, a constant and unremitting aspiration, but the great barriers of talent erected and supported by public favor interposed, and kept him idle in the arena. He retired from Covent Garden, carrying with him a heart saturated with all the bitterness of disappointed expectation and unrequited passion. He loved Miss O'Neill, deeply, fondly, extravagantly loved her, and unhappily for him, in the confidence of his person and manners, he mistook compatriot esteem for a response to the wild and agonising emotions which shook his mind to the very centre. He visited the Provinces and performed there for some time, but London contained the loadstone of his affections, and rather than remain absent from it he accepted the situation of prompter at one of the Minor theatres, with a starving salary. At length, wearied by care, attenuated by grief, emaciated, wan, and heart-crushed, a withered creature, desolate and despairing, he wrenched himself from the white cliffs of Albion and sought these shores—a solitary stranger. In that inherent hospitality which is the recorded characteristic of America, he found a handsome home, a refuge for his sorrows, a spot to pause and draw breath after the persecutions of misfortune. He made his debut at the Park theatre, and was received with honorable and gratifying applause, promising a valuable harvest of fame and fortune. This revived poor Conway's spirits; it was not the dollars that came showering upon him at the conclusion of his first engagement, it was not the protracted cheers that nightly greeted his efforts, it was something less substantial, a phantasmal, unreal vision, that he might return to England, and with a laurel'd brow and well lined purse, prostrate himself at the feet of her he loved. His health improved, his energies increased, the gloom of the past was fading.

On the arrival of each packet from England, Conway procured the latest paper, his anxious eye darted at once on the Theatrical Intelligence, and when he read—the part of *Bianca—or Belvidera—or Florinda*, by Miss O'Neill, a flush of joy overspread his countenance, he was satisfied and happy. She was STILL Miss O'Neill—his hopes were not extinguished.

One fatal morning—fatal to him—he sought her name in the usual place, it was not there, perhaps she was playing in the Provinces—with lynx-eyed dexterity he examined every page, and came at length to the sickening announcement that she who possessed his heart—his soul—had become the wife of Mr. William Wrixon Beecher. Aghast, as if an ice-bolt had sped through his frame, he stood motionless, a frigid apathy gave way to feverish excitement, his brain was on fire, revulsion upon revulsion followed, gaunt, harrowing melancholy fastened upon his mind, and left him a living prey to the corroding element.

Conway staggered to his joyless home, destroyed all his theatrical books, and determined from that moment on the study of Theology. Would to Heaven that every one in whose breast rankle the shafts of anguish, or whose brow is encircled with the thorny wreath of disappointed hope, might follow his example! Then should we see less to pity, less to despise, and fewer of those spectral, crapulous beings, who crawl or totter through life's porch and reel into eternity. The man who has not the courage to breast calamity, and seeks oblivion in the ocean-surge of drunkenness is irredeemably lost; he may as well look for comfort and relief in the murky streams of Acheron or Cocytus.

Conway pursued steadily the bent of his resolve, and was rapidly acquiring a proficiency in the themes of sacred lore. He deemed it requisite to visit the Southern Colleges, and embarked on board a vessel bound for Charleston. Away from the common haunts of man, his thoughts soared loftily; he watched the golden glories of the rising sun—scanned the broad horizon where sky and water seemed to meet—gazed with proud ecstasy upon the star-studded firmament, and whilst he saw not the world of cities, camps, and cloisters, he moved along in calm serenity. But when the land-bird hovered around the bark, and shortly after, the shore became visible, his agitation revived with increased vigor; he paced the deck hurriedly—muttered exclamations of violence—rushed to the bows, and before restraint could interpose, he had plunged into the waves, and the briny death was gurgling in his throat.

Constituted a theme of admiration by all classes, Miss O'Neill stood aloof in dignity, in talent, in beauty, and in virtue—a magnet and a shrine. She surpassed every one that has appeared since Mrs. Siddons; she was exactly midway between her and Fanny Kemble; she had not the regal bearing and full-toned voice of the former, nor the unpleasant mannerism and the strident enunciation of the latter. She made her London debut in Juliet, and was immediately enthroned as the successor of the great Tragic Queen. She proceeded in the usual routine of characters, viz., Belvidera, Isabella, Mrs. Beverley, Mrs. Haller, in all of which she gained fresh honors. In the tragedies of "The Apostate," "Bellamira," and "Evadne," she followed the example of Macready, and not having the disadvantage of comparison with other actresses, in those parts, she brought her own powerful imagination into play, and carried the public by storm. —N. Y. Spirit of Times.