MAY LOVE.

Our early love can only dream;
When fancy first is stirring,
Imagine in a shade so warm
Its ardent wishes throbbing.
Let it rest! in shade yet warmer
Magic surround the bower!

There dwells within the calm
Of manhood's memory may an
Image of loveliest form,
Of what life trained, wounded, slay
Alone dim ways of memory
As dull lives of mortals must.

Early love, fair fount of waters
Free by enchanting flowers
Where two make, lay hands dough
Magic surround the bower!

Were wont to swim among the
Blushing flowers then known well,
In the wind of courtship
Never fear found on the plain,
Never spoke nor hint profane
Of our innocent joy;
Love was born; I burn to wave,
We will keep remembrance
From the cell of care and folly

No weariness of life made wise
No comfort in a pounding wa
No home failing from our
Nor sorrow falling in the
Neither ever cannot less fair
Its loss other paradise

Still silent, we drift yonder,
We not and lived but in a dream;
Nor hasing slowly, were to wrong
Why we are not what we seem!
Fair moons do when we pass
Wings young happy may course

Pass on well! meaningless here
May, we know you not
Nor, we know, know, who not be!
On your bosom, new you fire,
Be the home of our joy
Hide my meaning and my May!

Yet a fairy fountain gleams
Under soft moonlight
And my wistful spirit listens
For a voice that gives
Breathing, when my heart would fall
Forth from yonder fairy
Where stage a nightingale.

Good Words. RODEN NOEL.

MY FIRST TIGER.

"Japes, we're in luck this morning. Our little two months' holiday hasn't been spoiled so badly." And as he speaks, Patsy Pelton glances gleefully at a slip of paper he is jealously holding.

"My dear fellow," I leisurely reply, "I haven't the faintest idea to what you allude. Perhaps, if you let me know the contents of that letter, the fog might disappear. By-the-by, Patsy," I continue, "suppose all ideas, that is not a bad one my self-comforting banker has got hold of. He says that a suit of warm clothing is absolutely necessary in these cold regions, and that if I don't provide him with one—"

"Oh!" said my companion; "listen to this, dated from DRCOO BUNGALOW, *Thursday*, seven a. m.—DEAR BRIGHT—Pick on a pair of wings, and fly to me at once. If possible, bring with you one or two more men; and if I don't bring you and them in close proximity with a tiger, my name is not what I believe it to be—H. THOMPSON."

"Now, what do you think of that?" he exclaims, looking up triumphantly, and without giving me time to put my confusion into words, he springs from his chair, and the next moment is gone. Soon I hear him pouring forth numerous questions and various orders, all hurriedly spoken, and consequently, to an Indian servant, intensely bewildering. Some matches of sentence and a few words, such as gun, cartridges, leggings, food, are cleared, &c., float through the chinks of the door, and reach my hearing.

"I wonder how much of all that he gave in is one say, and not gone out at the other," is my thought, and I chuckle over it. Under the soothing influence of my cigar, and a soft breath of cool air that just glides into the room, I ramble into a pleasant meditative mood, and think how delicious and enjoyable everything is up here, after the miseries and tortures we have gone through down below.

"Down below!" I muse, as I pace the plains, which Belton and I have just left for two months' stay on the "up here," which means the beautiful grand, and ever-varied, never-to-be-forgotten Neilgherry Hills, where hedges are made of hillsrings, and one's abode (locally-termed *bungalow*) is neither by roses. At length my musings recall to more immediate matters, and I say half aloud: "The house is very quiet, so Patsy can't be indoors. I suppose he has outside tracks for his pigeons."

"Upon my word, Japes" —a voice known well breaks in here; "you are positively too bad. You know there I am, and you let me lost, and yet here you are, sittitering to yourself in a shout of smoke, instead of getting your guns ready, and your lazy person fitty harness."

(I may mention here that "Japes" is not the same my parents chose for me. It is my taharmonious nickname, the origin of which the reader shall see in the course of with.)

"What?" I exclaim, raising myself up, and looking at him in surprise; "you surely don't want me with you? Nah!—nothing into my former comfortable sitting-room."

"'ut idea is too ridiculous. I should only ruin all the sport. Why, man, do you know that I never in my life shot anything wrong, than a pheasant?"

"Well," he say, determinedly, "if you don't come, that I shall stop at home also." And forthwith he proceeds to place his gun in a corner.

"Nonsense," I mutter.

"I tell you I shan't go without you, says Patsy, subsiding into an armchair, and nagging to whistle.

"But why," says I, still holding out; "do you wish to have me, of all, to go with you, considering that I shall of a certainty spoil the fun some way or other, and make a fool of myself, more than once, into the bargain?"

"That is just where you are wrong," replies Patsy; "instead of spoiling the fun, you will add to it. Besides," he adds impatiently, "I know perfectly well how I shall really would like to come; and come you must; so drop it, and be of the matter."

And then it is settled.

Belton has been gone about an hour, when I catch sight of him opening the outside gate. He looks more radiant than he was even before, for he has in tow two more men, eager for the coming fray as himself. They find me quite ready; so, without further delay, we make a start for that ground, where, for the first time in my life, I have all probability he brought face to face with a tiger.

No power of describing, either with the pen or the brush, could possibly be great enough to enable any one to give a good idea of just idea of the grand and imposing scenery that greets us at every step, and which occupies least on as we progress—rocks, forests, ravines, waterfalls, lie at our feet; and there is grandeur all around us. The great ones of wind pass over the forests, the tree-tops bend before their force, and I almost fancy I am looking on a miniature ocean with its successive undulating wavelets. I am completely overcome by the picturesque; so, carried away by what I see, I stop and ponder as they "Wait awhile. It is not often one hits upon such a scene as this. Let us take it in."

"Bosh!" is an unromantic rejoinder; "what are your thoughts of taking to poetry, anyway, when on the road to a tiger cover?

"And when time is short and precious, and not a jot of it to spare!" adds another voice.

I perceive the force of these remarks; so, continuing myself with growing reluctance, I follow on. To hold my tongue, but to keep my eyes wide open, is my best course of action, and by so doing I hope to be able to pass master. Having come to this understanding with myself, I jog on with less apprehension, and therefore, as is natural, with considerably more comfort. We reach the plateau (did I not say the invitation was sent by a planter?) sung-looking but by no means palatial Bungalow, just as the sun begins to show itself from out a bank of real, gloomy-looking sky.

The planter greets us all very cordially. "We have plenty of time in store," he says; "and as there must be upon you all after your long walk, come inside and quench it."

I glance at Patsy with an aggrieved expression, which very plainly tells him how in my opinion, there would have been no harm done if he had allowed me to finish my after-breakfast cigar in peace. He takes no notice of my spoking look, and says, "Thank you" in a manner as if he thought it nothing less than cariffge to lose time, even so much as would be given to the footing off of a glass of wine.

"We are only thirsting for blood," he laughingly adds, at the same time, however, leading the way into the house, as he speaks. So, with renewed strength we soon set out on the prime errand of the day.

"Who, in the name of Fortune, are all these fellows?" I exclaim, as we come to a spot where about a hundred niggers are congregated.

"These," answers our host, seemingly astonished at the question, "are the beaters."—I hear Belton laughing behind me.

"My very dear Japes, you surely did not expect the tiger to come and shake hands with us of his own accord—did you?"

"Their appearance," reply I, smiling, and trying to speak jocularly, "is certainly ugly enough to scare anything."

It had been unanimously carried that everything was to be under the complete guidance of the master. He is to direct the which *shikah* (thicket) is first to be opened by the "beaters;" he is to have the choice of each separate position for each individual "gun" in him our whole confidence is placed; and that we have put our trust in the right man we are certain.

"Before placing you," he observes, "shall I show you the spot where the brute killed the bullock, and also the mark of the thing, going, which is very distinct?" A general assent is thereupon he leads the way, and we all follow in Indian file. We have proceeded three along the jungle-path for about ten minutes, when suddenly our guide halts, which necessitates our doing likewise.

"It would be better"—speaking in a very low and subdued voice—"to talk as little as possible, now and then only in a whisper, as we are approaching the ground."

"All right!" each one answers in an undertone. Then comes an admonition chorus of "Hush!" after which we again jog on in the same fashion, but in the most profound silence, making as little noise as possible, the threating aside the twigs, and treading like cats. Again we are suddenly brought to a standstill, for our guide has stopped at the margin of a small patch of grass land, and is with an uplifted arm, pointing towards a spot to which he wishes our attention attracted. Tigers were and are apparently very thought-fashful creatures, and these gun did and do run through my brain but for—strange to tell—my whole soul is steeped in fear, and what more natural than I should think that at last I was face to face with one! At the master's gesture I see at once, and, and bringing my gun into a more favorable position, am prepared for the worst. My excitement is intense, and so is that which he beneaths the emphasis.

"Tremor!" poor thing, where he dragged down the carcass."

Suppressed laughter is within hearing, and it is plain we have fallen a prey to some made a fool of myself. The others having recovered themselves from being amazed at my conduct, and the ludicrous in the light warlike position, we then cross the path of grass land to obtain a nearer glimpse of the spot indicated. Here, we see, through a large gap in the undergrowth is to be seen, and then, as I gazed, my heart sinks under some heavy animal one been dragged along the ground.

I thought it was perhaps a tiger you were pointing at," say I playfully and aloud, totally forgetting, in my sudden revulsion of feeling, the sound of my previous remarks, and all received.

A boneshaft might have fallen amongst us, to judge by the expression of horror that shows itself in each countenance at my utter disregard of the rules of the jungle. Perhaps each right hand is held up at me meaningly, and each tongue is given a "Hush!" and various "Hushes!" Four withering glances are thrown at me, and we then proceed onwards as before in the same order treading, North American Indian soft fashion. Patsy is just in front of me, and now and then he turns the post whence we are to be cast off, in different directions, to give "gun" in his charge, and, as I gather, the shaddiest No. 1, while he points with the other. We all gather round anxiously.

"There is a large stone over there to which you see it?" he whispers.

"Yes," replies Jim in a low.

"That is your post. It is in a first-rate position; for if the tiger moves down the jill by the stone, he will be in your direction, some near enough to enable you to do good execution."

"Great," says No. 1, shouldering his rifle, and disappearing into the jungle.

"Yonder is yours," says our guide, addressing Jim; "and I hope you will not be alarmed by the beaters overlapping on the right, for he is a very nervous man. He does that, he will make tracks for that shoal, thus passing you within easy shot."

"All of you!" he adds.

"And now for yours, Belton. Let me see," meditatively, and stroking his beard, "I think I place you to the extreme right, for honour is reckoned by the best chance of a bag; and in my opinion, you have got a good one. I place you straight that way of undergrowth. The beaters will act more on the right than on the left, as a rule, and so behind you; besides, stationed there, you will have no mistake to defend."

Patsy's eyes beam with expectancy and delight.

It takes across my mind that, on an occasion like the present, it would be much pleasanter for me, who know as much about tiger-shooting as an elephant of dancing a hornpipe, to accompany my brother-officer, who has had much experience in the art. The suggestion is put mildly.

"I must withhold my consent," says our captain; "that would be very bad generalship, for you would certainly frighten some how over the quarry; besides, there is a horse shaddi in this direction" pointing to the left, "which must be guarded by one gun at least."

"Well, good-bye, Japes," says Patsy soothingly; "and, next to myself, best luck to you, old man." And off he goes.

"By-the-way, Patsy, I hear," says my new military companion, "it is the best ground for you to take up."

"What do you mean?" groan I mechanically.

"There," indicating; "look along my finger, and you will make it out at once—a small tree. There is a mound about five yards beyond it."

I put my hand close to his, and do as requested. "All right," I say; "I see it."

"Then I wish cheerfully—" all right I see it."

"Upon my word," he commences; then looking round mysteriously, as if to make sure no jealous ear is listening, he speaks on: "I shall be very much obliged if you can conveniently one to see fun, for if the brute knows that I shall not be there, he may perhaps be have actually been in—he will certainly try to reach it; and if he does, he must turn in our direction, and—"

"Good gracious!" I exclaim in rather too loud a tone for the vicinity; then, rapidly recovering myself, I say, "I hope pilfer first-rate!" The reader can imagine the awful smile that accompanies these words.

"Well, good-bye, old fellow; you are a gentleman in this sort of outing, and as I am only time we find cover, I am better not stay, should take up so good a position."

"O no," he answered generously. "I am well satisfied with my post, and I shall be myself, which is about a hundred yards to the other side of that small hillock to the right."

One question has been hovering on my lips during the previous half-hour; and it is no other than, how long we are to remain to be foolhardy, or to court any unnecessary risk, that causes me to put that question now.

"Am I to climb into the tree, or am I to stand beside it?" I ask.

"There is no need to climb into it," he says, smiling as he gives his answer.

"I asked only in case," I say, hastily, I explain. "Good-bye." I add, in a tone, as if we were fated never to meet again. And off I go.

As I saunter along, the reflection, that no one shot was present to witness my last question was put, is very consoling.

No matter of how stout a heart the neophyte may be, he cannot but feel a little nervous especially if it smacks of excitement, on account of mistake being possible, for far less at his case than when he knows he has his wits about him. Now, I know that I have in my life shot anything wrong, than a pheasant?

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