

THE PROTESTED NOTE.

A Parody on the "Burial of Sir John Moore."

Not a dollar we saw—not a single note,
As fast through the streets we hurried—
Not a friend from his locker would lend us a shot,
And we felt confoundedly flurried.

We "shinned" it hard at the middle of day,
The alleys and corners turning,
'Neath the heated rays of an April sun,
With our flushed cheek hotly burning.

Many and long were the prayers that we made,
And our face bore the impress of sorrow—
But the brokers to lend us we saw were afraid,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow!

No useless pity disturbed their breast—
Self-interest only had bound them,
And we envied the shavers taking their rest,
With their stock-certificates round them.

We thought as we went from the street to the dock—
(Twas now half-past two—we ran fast—)
How the holders of our paper would bear the shock
When they heard we'd laid over at last!

Darkly they'd talk of the merchant that's "gone,"
And over his protests upbraid him—
But little he'd "stopped" if he could have "gone on,"
And his debtors had duly paid him!

But half the needful funds we had raised,
When the clock struck the hour of fate—
And we knew by the Notary's heavy step,
That, alas! it was now too late!

Slowly and sadly we gazed on our note,
As payment he sternly demanded—
And we brushed away a rising tear,
And took the "protest" he handed.—N. F. Mir.

From Bacon's Hindostan.

TIGER HUNTING.

We came up with our elephants about a mile from the belt of jungul where the Tigers were supposed to be: here we mounted for action, loading and carefully re-examining our guns. The best elephants of the number had, of course, been selected for our *haodas*; the others, being only required for beating up the spaces intervening between us, were of less consequence. Upon one of these we put Mirchi, and committing our course and manner of advance to his guidance, we formed a line upon the east side of the jungul, which, fortunately for us, was also the leeward side, so that we had thus two great advantages; the sun at our backs, instead of at our faces, and the wind carrying the noise of our advance from, instead of to, the game. I took the centre of the line, and each friend a flank, the beating elephants walking at intervals. In this order of battle we moved forward, making our way through the high jungul grass in silence; nothing could be more exciting than this slow and deliberate approach upon a powerful enemy.

The sagacious beasts on which we rode seemed aware that we were striking at the higher game, for, as the deer bounded almost from beneath their feet, they took no notice of them, nor did they stop, as is their habit, to allow their rider to take aim; but continued to advance step by step, with a slow and careful pace, as if designing to make as little noise as possible. Every step increased the excitement, and every head of game which was roused by our approach we thought must be the tiger; but we were green hands at the sport, as our friend Mirchi politely told us, for the timid deer are not apt to lie quite so close up to the quarters of their destroyers.

In this manner, we advanced at least half a mile through the jungul, without coming upon any signs of those we sought, and we were naturally beginning to fear that Mirchi had conducted us upon a false scent; but we still held on our march, and soon found the small game less abundant, as the jungul grew swampy and difficult of penetration. I was about to express my disappointment, and to recommend our trying other ground, when my elephant came suddenly upon the half-devoured carcass of a bullock, around

which the ground was trodden down, and the jungul torn in fragments; the slaughter was evidently recent, and no doubt the tiger had made his banquet shortly before day-break. 'Ha! ha!' I cried, 'we have him now; look here, Mahawut, here are his foot-prints, each as large as a *chuppatti*.'

'Such hi khodawund,' replied the obsequious driver, echoing each word of my exclamation, '*ab jeldi milega, oos-ki punja chuppatti ki muafik burra hi.*'

Mirchi came up, and having made his comments upon the carcass, passed a hint to the two marksmen on the flanks to be upon the *qui-vive*; presently, one of the elephants commenced trumpeting through his trunk, and the whole line advanced more warily. This is the most exciting stage of the pursuit; every eye is fixed upon the long jungul grass, watching eagerly for the hidden monster; every waving blade is taken for the tiger, and every gun is raised to smite him. After passing the carcass, we found the jungul much higher than heretofore, it being in some places even with the tops of our *haodos*; but here the ground, though swampy, was not so adhesive as to impede the progress of our line.

My elephant now began to speak, uttering a long low rumbling noise internally, accompanied with occasional nasal squeaks, the signals of alarm and caution, and then a loud shout of enthusiasm from old Mirchi proclaimed the sport in view, though we were greeted neither by roar or charge as is generally supposed to be the case. The only circumstance which attracted our notice was a slight waving of the grass in front of us. 'Mar! Mar!' screamed the old *shikari*, in the vehemence of his excitement, 'Fire! Fire! he will get away.' A shot from the left *haoda* was the first fired, but without effect, for the grass in front of us continued to wave about as if moved by some bulky animal below it, slinking away a-head of us.

'Fire, again!' cried Mirchi, 'do you wish to let him escape?' I fired, but with no better success than my friend before me, except that the grass began to move faster, as if the brute beneath was hastening his retreat. A double shot from the right did as little execution, and old Mirchi, with ardent interest in the pursuit, grew angry at our want of skill.

'Lower down, lower down,' he cried; 'what are the gentlemen doing that they fire at the grass and not at the tiger? Ah! if I had Judge Kummul Sahib, or Broom Sahib, or E-smit Salub in the *haodas*, it would not be so.' A simultaneous discharge from all three batteries was instantly followed by a roar, such as never was heard within the walls of the Tower, or Exeter Change.

'Ha! that is bravely done,' cried the old man, changing his note, and every feature of his aged countenance working with excitement; 'press on now, gentlemen, and give him chase; you are young hands at this sport, and shall make the most of it; press on now, Mahawuts.' And in obedience to his command, we urged our elephants forward at a long trot: they, it may be believed, shared in the general excitement, and exhibited their interest by a mixed concert of trumpeting and rumbling of their thunders within them.

The tiger, for a moment, made a pause, as if meditating vengeance of the injury he had received; but he again stole off, until he unexpectedly found himself in a circular patch of barren ground, quite free from cover: the spot was like a little amphitheatre in the centre of the jungul, which looked as if constructed purposely for the encounter. As he entered upon this bare spot, he turned for a moment, and surveyed with terrible demonstrations of his wrath the formidable line advancing upon him. He was wounded in the hind quarter, whence the blood was slowly oozing; it was a glorious sight to see how proudly the mighty monster stood to reconnoitre us, displaying his tremendous tusks and grinders, as if to warn us off, and then making the heavens ring again, in echo to his awful voice.

By mutual consent our fire was reserved until we entered upon the open ground, and then a shot which grazed his shoulder brought him at once to the charge: raising himself upon his hind legs, he uttered another yell of mingled agony and rage, and with a concentration of all his powers, he rushed at my elephant, evidently with the in-

tention of fixing himself upon its head. Firmly and without wavering, did old Eima (the elephant, a female), stand her ground, though not without preparing for the charge, if it should be made good: this however, was not permitted; for when the tiger was within ten yards of me, having taken a careful aim, I put a ball into his chest; and then a volley was poured in on all sides, which quickly made him bite the dust. Again he rose, again and again he endeavoured to effect a charge upon one or other of the elephants; but we were too strong for him, and a couple of shots through the skull brought him again to the earth, where, with all the tenacity of life attributed to the feline race, he lay, tearing the stumps of jungul in his now impotent wrath, and glaring upon us with his flaming eyes a picture of vengeful antipathy even in the throes of death. I pushed my elephant close up to him, and as we thought, terminated his agonies by putting a ball clean through his skull, for his head sunk upon the ground, and his eyes closed.

O. H. BELCHER.

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