

THE EVENING NEWS.

Friday, June 14, 1872.

BAIN WAGON.



FOR SALE
at the
FIRST WAGON DEPOT
SOUTH OF THE THEATRE.

"I cannot do much," said a little star.
"To make the dark world bright;
My silent lamp can't struggle far
Through the folding gloom at night;
But I'm only a part of God's great plan,
And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can."

"What is this?" said a sleepy cloud,
"A soft few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the silvery flood
Though caught in her cup of gold;
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,

So my treasure I'll give as well as I can."

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought, like a thorny thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden hours;

Mother said, "Darling, do you care?

For you are a part of God's great plan."

She knew no more than the glancing star,
Nor the cloud with its chance-fall;

How, why and for what all strange things
were?

She was only a child at school,
But she thought, "It is part of God's great

plan That even I should do that I can."

She helped a younger child along,
When the road was rough to the feet;

And she sang for her heart a little song
That will all thought passing sweet;

And her father, a weary toll-work man,

Said, "I will do likewise the best that I can."

God made the children the best of us

Mark him, our faces away

When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look

At our task at the close of the day,

But for strength from above (tis the Master's plan)

We'll pray and we'll all do the best we can.

SCENES WITH TIGERS.

In June, 1866, tired with the monotony of a small station, and disgusted with the excessive heat of the hottest period of hot seasons, our sporting medico and I fled from civilization one brilliant moonlight night, intent upon a week among the tigers. We were looked upon as "adventurers," but that we reckoned not of. We had arranged a rendezvous of the elephants at a then little frequented but since much-patronized spot, "hard by Bamanga's crystal streams," where it seems to me majestically from its native Himalaya. Boots not here to speak of later meets upon that spot never to be forgotten — of the lightnings' chorus, the ready quip; the happy gibe, and the unquenchable laughter to which the place gave again; of the noble猛犸 landed with skill of hand and eye by R. A.; still less of his noble brother potted for breakfast by "the general" (and the writer) with about as much skill as conscience, by means of the deadly "atta." Many a noble tiger and wily leopard have since then parted with their skins upon that spot; of which, perhaps, more anon. But to return to our tigers. For though they were what we imagined, of them there was some surprise, as each of us who were there, and made us a scene which neither of us will soon forget. The first was on this wise. Convinced of the fact that the tigers were all on the move in the sub-Himalayan forests and that there was no use in seeking for them in their recognized haunts, we determined to penetrate into the valley which lies inside of the eastern mountain range, between the Indus and the lowest true Himalayan chain, and which is known as the Patil Dun. I may be allowed to explain, (though it has nothing to do particularly with my story,) that from the Ganges at Hindwar eastward to a place called Laihind, a distance of about seventy miles, there runs a comparatively low, broad range of hills, in a successive series, similar to the Siwalik range west of the Ganges, and is evidently a continuation of that range, which is cut in two by the Ganges. These hills appear to be quite distinct in geological formation and in flora from the true Himalayan range, and to a much lesser extent, from a different range, also between the outer range and the true Himalaya lies a chain of valleys of greater or less extent, of which the Deyra Dun, inside of the Siwalik, west of the Ganges, is the largest and best known, and the Patil Dun, the scene of my story, the most remarkable, and the home of the Rassangha and its insignificant tributary the Sona.

The sun was almost setting on the evening of our entry into the Patil Dun, as we were going along the bank of the Sona towards camp, still some little distance off, very much down in our track, for we had not noticed but a few fan-coils (*F. vultur*) all day. I saw some vultures sitting on a tree some five hundred yards or so to our left, and we went to have a look at the object of so suggestive a concourse. We soon put up a fine tigress and, after a very exciting little fight, "padded" her — lifted her on top of the large sack-covered cushion of straw which is always on the back of an elephant when a tiger is on it, which is known as "padded." On this she was down with ropes. By this time it was getting dark, and when we reached our bivouac, it was quite dark, save that the night was starlit. On dismounting from our howdah, our first care was to get some grass together on which to have the body of the tiger thrown off, and, as we had no knife to injure the skin, we went both standing by, superintending the operation, and the tigress had been off the pad on to the grass, when, to our astonishment and terror — horror would perhaps be a better word — she slowly raised herself up on her fore legs, and over her head toward us. We were of course unarmed, and so keeping a steady front to our foe, we retreated, calling for our rifles, in the direst of funks. All this while, and it seemed an age, the tigress did not change her position, and did not raise herself on her hind legs. When rifles came and lights, we cautiously approached where she was, and, after some difficulty, got another shot into her to make sure, we at length summoned up courage to go up to the prostrate form, and found her — as might have been expected, considering that she had come some two miles bound on a pad — stark and stiff. It was some time before we were able to account for the phenomenon we had witnessed, and were unable to give to our nerves; but we at last found out that, when the tigress was thrown off the pad — the elephant, of course, sitting down the while — the rope which had bound her had fallen over with her, striking the ground, and this rope raised the fore part of the tigress, and her head was slewed towards us by a swerve on the part of the elephant, when she stood quite still, and thus retained the body of the tigress in the startling position.

To be continued.

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