

made its rounds and again reached the Parson, who, at this unfortunate moment being deep into original sin, poured, in the excitement of the moment, the whole contents into his fatal tumbler. The cousin of John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, sat aghast, the perspiration ran from his features—but he was a gentleman, and stifled his emotion.

"A day or two afterward he met the clergyman. 'Reverend and dear Sir,' said he, 'how could you be guilty of such an outrage at my table the other day?'"

"'Outrage! my dear Sir? What can you mean? Did I show too much heat in my controversy with that latitudinarian I so easily demolished?'"

"'I know nothing of your controversy. I did not hear a word of it. It is not that I was speaking of.'"

"'What then, my dear Sir? Was I guilty of some solecism in manners, for you know I am country-bred? Did I violate some etiquette?'"

"'D—n etiquette! I beg your pardon, reverend and dear Sir; but I was not thinking of your manners. But I produced a bottle of wine for my cousin, John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, which had been all the way from Madeira to the Cape of Good Hope, from the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta, from Calcutta to Canton, in the East Indies, from Canton back to Calcutta by the land-route to Egypt, and from Egypt to the United States. It was the best wine I had in my cellar—the best in the country—and more than a half century old. My cousin, John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, pronounced it superb! and you—'"

"'Go on, my excellent friend.'"

"'Why you, reverend and dear Sir, when it reached you the second time, poured it out like water in YOUR TUMBLER?'"

"'Law!' said the parson, 'is this all? I did not notice the wine particularly; but not seeing any cider on the table, poured this out instead; for my argument had made me very thirsty.'"

"Rusk, of Texas," said Mr. Webster, about the time he made his great speech on the Compromise, "I consider the strongest man in the United States Senate, on the Democratic side. He is no spouter, but he acts; and upon what he says you can rely. He will stand without being tied, and you can attend to your matters, and find him when you return on the same spot where you left him. He has all Achilles's hatred of double dealing:

"'He who can think one thing and another tell  
My soul detests him as the gates of hell.'"

"His indifference to fame makes him careless, or he would assume the position in the Senate and in the country to which his commanding abilities entitle him.

"It is impossible," continued Mr. Webster, "for me to feel the least acerbity toward such men as Rusk, Cass, Foote, and Dickinson. We have stood by each other in a time of greatest

moment to myself as well as of danger to the Union of these States, shoulder to shoulder. I can never forget or refuse to acknowledge their important and vital aid."

"It was from the Democratic party, Sir, you received your chief sympathy and support during that crisis. They rallied round you when old friends hung back or deserted."

"That is true, my friend; for four months after my speech of the 7th of March, scarcely a man in the North of the Whig party, possessing position or influence, ever said, 'God bless you!' Norris, of New Hampshire, a life-time political opponent, alone dared speak for me. I was hunted every where."

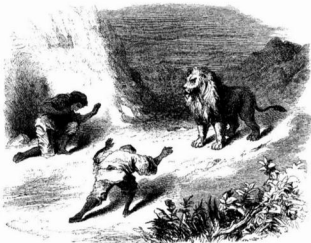
#### LION-SLAYERS AND MAN-EATERS.

THE King of Beasts, it seems, is, after all, not so very unlike his average human brethren. Quevedo having asked, when in hell, to see the place appropriated to kings, was shown a small compartment tenanted by a few wretched spirits. He observed that there did not appear to be many of them; to which the attendant demon indignantly replied, "Fool! these are all that ever reigned!" If the brute creation were liable to a post-mortem account, no lion, it may safely be said, would escape condign punishment.

Lions are sometimes brave, certainly; but this is nearly all that can be said in their favor. They are thievish, cruel, and treacherous. Between the lion and the cat the difference is in degree only: if puss had strength, she would be brave; if the lion could be throttled by a terrier, he would be an arrant coward. To place the so-called monarch of the desert on a level with such noble animals as the dog, or the horse, or the elephant, or the ox, is as bad as balancing a pickpocket against a bishop.

Where the people who have written cheap natural histories get their notions about the lion, it were hard to say. They draw his picture in fine style: he is brave, magnanimous, noble; he scorns to attack an unprepared enemy, meets the foe face to face, after a roar by way of challenge; he will not eat meat killed by any butcher but himself; he will not attack man, for whom, as his nearest relation, he has a sneaking regard; he will remember a service and requite it, as witness the story of Androcles; he rules like a king in the forest or the desert, holding communion with none of his subjects, and maintaining his throne by force and terror. This is what the clever people say who wrote those delightful books about wild beasts which were the charm of our lives in our days of pinfours and Latin grammars.

It was a sad day for our faith in this pleasant theory when the killed brute-slayer, Ronaleyn Gordon Cumming, wrote that admirable romance of his about his hunting adventures in South Africa. For Mr. Cumming, albeit uncommonly hard to believe when he grasps living hippopotami by the stern muscles and tows them out of water, or ties a boa constrictor round his



WHAT THE ARABS DO WHEN THEY MEET A LION.

throat by way of neckerchief, no doubt told the truth to the best of his knowledge and experience in respect to the nature of the beasts he hunted; and his verdict on the lion is emphatically unfavorable. Physically, he considers him the most imposing denizen of the woods, and the most symmetrical of quadrupeds; but morally, he describes him as but little superior to the hyena—the only beast with which he lives on intimate and colloquial terms. Like all malefactors, he wakes at night and sleeps by day. His mode of attack is feline; he lies in wait for his prey, and springs upon it unawares. Unless attacked, he will not assail animals superior or equal to him in strength. He lets the tiger, the elephant pass, to spring upon the ox and the gazelle. When he is hungry, he will put up with a man's leg; but as a matter of choice, he would rather fall in with a fat ox, and drink his blood. He roars, certainly, and his roar is a warning to man and beast; but if this be magnanimous, then let us celebrate the magnanimity of the rattlesnake. Even his bravery is not proof against noise, a fire, or a stern, determined eye. Mr. Cumming, sleeping at night in the woods in Southern Africa, could hear the lions roar all night long round his kraal; but once only did the hungry brutes invade the bivouac circle. Another time, standing alone, with an empty gun in his hand, before an enraged lioness, he frightened her off by raising his plaid over his head, waving it, and shouting. Indeed, on most occasions, he found that, in the daytime, prudence was the better part of lionine valor.

It might be difficult to find a better illustration of the real character and habits of the lion than the incident to which allusion has just been made. The day's hunt was long over, and Gordon Cumming was making barley-broth by the side of a poor bivouac fire on a dark windy night. At a short distance a lion's roar had been heard at intervals for some time; it suddenly came nearer and louder, and the Hottentots who were encamped a few yards from Cumming, shouted, "The lion! the lion!" Next minute John Stofolus ran to his master, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and crying, "He has got Hendric; he dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brands on the head, but he would not let go his hold. O God! Hendric is dead; let us take fire and seek him." It appeared that the unfortunate Hendric had risen from his seat by the fire to drive an ox into the kraal; the lion was close by, watching; when Hendric returned to the fire, the brute followed with cat-like step; and the moment he lay down the lion sprang upon him with a terrific roar. The man was powerless. The lion bit and tore him about the neck and shoulder, feeling for his throat, till it bore him off in its jaws to a bush some forty yards distant. Hendric was not dead; he groaned faintly: "Help me! men! O God! help me!" But his cries soon ceased, as the bones of the poor fellow's neck were heard cracking between the lion's teeth. It was impossible to do any thing that night in consequence of the darkness; but next day a hunt was organized,

and natives set on the lion's track. A part of Hendric's leg was found, and pieces of his coat. Guided partly by these, and partly by the spoor of the lion, the hunters traced him to the border of a stream, where he seemed to have lain down among the dry reeds and trees. Cumming gave orders to loose the dogs, and they found the scent directly. A crash among the reeds followed; the lion was running away. After him galloped the hunters and raced the dogs, till, after two minutes' chase, he turned and stood at bay, growling fiercely with open jaws, and waving his tail angrily. Mr. Cumming confesses that his blood boiled with rage at the sight of him. Clenching his teeth, he rode to within thirty yards, and shouted, "Your time is up, old fellow! Next moment, the lion turned slightly round, exposing his shoulder; a rifle-ball instantly broke it. He fell to the ground, but sprang up again, and tried to advance, when a second shot fell in the breast settled his account.

Here we have the lion in his true character—stealthily, treacherous, dangerous, and at last brave only when bravery was prudence. Mr. Cumming accounts for the preference shown by this lion for man's flesh over beef by narrating a curious custom of some tribes of Bushmen. They do not bury their dead, but leave them out to be eaten by wild beasts. Now, man's flesh, as might be expected, is far more delicious eating than that of beasts; a lion that has once tasted a human corpse becomes an epicure—a man-eater—forever after. It had been the fortune of this lion to light upon some Hottentot corpses; a new light burst upon him; and

hence the ox escaped, and poor Hendric was killed.

Mr. Cumming, as every one knows, hunted South Africa. The northern regions of that continent have lately been hunted by a French sportsman of renown, Lieutenant Jules Gérard, who was so successful that he acquired the sobriquet of "The Lion Slayer"—*Le Tueur des Lions*. Gérard has lately published his experiences at Paris. They confirm Gordon Cumming's statements with regard to the lion, and contain much interesting anecdote.

The lion is the plague and the curse of the sheep-feeding districts of Algiers. At the time of the French conquest, farmers allowed for him as resignedly as for the exactions of the Bey. So much for the government, so much for the lion, the rest for ourselves; such was the simple calculation of every peasant in Algiers, and as fitness required, the lion's was—the lion's share. Estimating each lion's life at thirty-five years, he cost the province during that period a bagstelle of \$45,000 or thereabouts to feed him, independently of the men, women, and children whom he took as a *bonne bouche* from time to time.

Of course, war was made upon the race. Cumming describes the Boers of the South raising armies to fight the lion, continuing to fire at him after he is dead, and not daring to approach him even when his head is all shot to pieces, till a Hottentot has pulled him by the tail. Nor are the Arabs of the North much bolder or more skillful. Before the French conquest, two kinds of traps were laid for the destructive brute. One was a ditch, dug deep and



THE MAN-EATER AT DINNER.



THE LION REVIEWING THE HUNTERS.

wide, and covered over with light twigs and earth. On one side of the ditch a hedge was built a few feet high; on the other, at a safe distance, were lodged the cattle. Master lion, snuffing the cattle, would take the hedge for a common inclosure, leap over it, and find himself at the bottom of the deep ditch before he knew any thing. Then all would be noise and commotion. Frightened cattle and sheep would trample each other; men, women, and children would awake, and feast, and shout in frantic delight. When morning came, the rim of the ditch would be crowded with an eager throng. Stones fly, and insults; the women especially exhaust the vocabulary of abuse on the trapped lion. He, hopeless and resigned, gazes fixedly on his captors. There is no terror in his eye; he knows that he can not escape, and makes no effort. Calmly he sits on his haunches while the Arabs fire at him from above. Perhaps a dozen shots are fired without striking a vital part. When the fatal ball does come, the lion looks up for the last time, shakes his head as if to say, What wretched shots you are! then lies down to die. Women stamp on his corpse, and young boys slice his warm heart and eat it.

Sometimes the ditch is covered with a strong flooring of beams; the hunters take their places within, and as the lion passes, fire at him through holes. They are comparatively safe, as the wounded brute never thinks of looking for his enemy beneath his feet.

When a lion could neither be trapped nor waylaid, he was hunted. Thirty or forty strong

men met together, took counsel, decided upon a plan of operations, and sent out their scouts. A system of telegraphic signals was agreed upon. A scout who saw the lion waved the skirt of his burnoose before him with his right hand. If the brute was still, the scout raised his skirt to his head, then let it fall. If he was moving, the burnoose was waved in the corresponding direction. When the lion was found, the hunters followed him up till they met face to face. They then placed their backs against a rock, and stood in line with guns at full cock. In front of the line the lion would march majestically as if he was reviewing the hunters, till, perhaps, he stood within twenty or thirty yards. Then the signal would be given and a volley fired. Usually, the lion was not killed. He was floored, however, and the hunters would rush at him with sword and pistol; the common result of which proceeding would be, that the dying lion would seize one of them in his claws and crush his skull or break his neck with his last effort. When the lion did seize a man, dismay would paralyze his companions. They would retire to consult. At last, one of them, the bravest and coolest, would be deputed to rescue their comrade and finish the lion. He would advance toward the brute. Under the body of the lion the champion saw, perhaps, his mangled friend, the lion's claws in his throat. It was no slight exploit to walk within reach of those claws and fire, almost point-blank, at the animal's ear. Yet, it seems, the feat had been performed, and successfully.

It may be seen, from the above sketch, that the Arabs are deficient in two essential requisites for lion-hunting—cool courage and steady aim. No man is a quicker or a better reader of the human face than the lion. He can tell at a glance whether he has to deal with a man he can frighten or not. It was only when the lion was driven to bay and cut off from escape, that he would face Gordon Cumming or Jules Gérard; but he charged Arabs and Boers, because he knew they feared him. The European hunters, again, rarely fired thrice at a lion. Sometimes one shot, and generally two, laid him dead; but these Arabs and Boers fired volley after volley without settling the matter.

There was one old Arab at Constantine, Abdallah, a charcoal-burner by trade, who was both bolder and a better shot than his countrymen. He was proud of his achievements, and not a little reserved with the French. Lieutenant Gérard once proposed a lion-hunt to the general, and sent for Abdallah to act as guide. By way of opening the conversation, when the famed Arab arrived, Gérard asked him whether there were many hares in the neighborhood. Abdallah did not utter a word of reply, but strode away haughtily to a group of Arabs at some distance. Returning with one of these, he presented him to Gérard, observing contemptuously, "Here is one of your hare men!"

When Abdallah was in the field, he was brave as steel. He had been known to grapple with a lion hand to hand, to seize his throat, to bite him, and never to relax his hold till the brute was killed. But how unskillfully even his

hunts were managed, we may learn from an anecdote told by Gérard.

A party of Arabs, under his leadership, followed the track of a large lion through the woods for some distance. They are suddenly stopped by a loud roar. "On the ground!" shouts the chief, "on the ground! remember that you are men, and that I am with you!" Instantly the whole band is prostrate, huddled into a compact mass. Abdallah is on the look out. So is another Arab. So is a third. But sharp as they watch, the cry—"The lion!"—has hardly been breathed before the brute has sprung, and is among them, tearing, crunching, and lacerating. All fire at once; the lion is wounded, and escapes to the woods. When he is gone, the Arabs fall to quarreling, to find out whose fault it was they were taken by surprise. All talk as loud as they can. Each has some new plan for prosecuting the hunt. While they are jabbering, the lion, roused by the taste of blood, and enraged by his wounds, creeps back as before, and springs upon the group again. This time, the Arabs fire better. They riddle him with balls. He dies, gathering his strength into one effort, and crunching a man's head. Net result of the hunt: the lion killed; but two men dead and four badly wounded. Such is Arab hunting.

Lieutenant Gérard was invited by a tribe of these Arabs to accompany them on one of their expeditions. He agreed, and admired much the calm manner in which they discussed the subject in council, and decided upon a plan of operations. There were two lions to be killed,



THE HEAVEN IS IMPETED TO FINISH THE LION.



THE LION IS AMONG THEM, TEARING AND GRUNTING.

both large and old. The Arab idea was that Gérard should constitute the reserve of the army; that their young men should attack the lion, and if they failed, that Gérard, with his superior weapons, should come to their aid. If he disliked this, they had no objection to let him be an advanced-guard, to challenge the lion, fire the first shot at him, and then fall back on the main body. Gérard heard these proposals with a smile; then choosing a young Arab, whose face betokened coolness, to carry his second gun, he announced his intention of doing battle with the two lions alone. Great was the amazement of the natives; but Gérard's fame forbade remonstrance. Gérard went forth, accompanied by his gun-bearer, and took up a strong position on a rock near the lion's retreat. From this he could see the lion approach, and fire with the advantage of a steady rest. His position chosen, the dogs were sent in to rouse the enemy. Out came the lions, at fifty paces' distance from each other; the foremost approached the rock. Gérard took cool aim, sighted the shoulder, and fired. Down fell the lion, with both shoulders broken, and helpless. His companion was more fortunate. Gérard hit him a few inches behind the shoulder; he fell, but rose directly, and bounded toward the hunter. So suddenly and so swiftly did he spring, that one immense bound placed him at Gérard's feet, and the latter had just time to catch his second gun from the hands of the Arab, fire point-blank, and send the ball crashing through his brain.

This appears a very simple matter on paper, and one is inclined to despise the Arabs, who, in their way, would not probably have killed these lions without firing a hundred shots and losing men. But if Gérard's gun had missed fire, or his hand trembled ever so little, in less than half a minute his Majesty the Emperor of the French would have lost a useful officer.

Lieutenant Gérard adopts the Arab notion that there are two varieties of lion—the tawny and the black—distinguished by the color of their mane. A similar idea prevails among the Boers of the South, who give different names to the black and yellow lions. Mr. Cumming disputes this on apparently good grounds, and says that when the lion is in the prime of life his mane is always black; when he is young it is bright yellow; when he grows old it turns to a dingy gray. This theory is easily reconciled with Gérard's facts. Of all the lions the black-maned fellow is the most dangerous; if his teeth are whole, he is a match for any beast of the forest.

One black lion will lay waste a whole district. Fodder of blood than of flesh, he will slay four or five times as many cattle as he can eat, drink their blood, eat a few choice morsels from each, and leave the rest to the jackals and hyenas; whence the old stories about his royal profuseness. One of these brutes had been ravaging a fertile district near the camp at which Gérard was stationed; the Arabs sent for the famous lion-killer and implored his aid. He reconnoitred the locality, and choosing a dark night,

stationed himself near the edge of a ford over a mountain brook at which the lion usually came to drink. He had scarcely taken a seat upon a stone when his guide began to tremble and beg him to return to the village, urging that the night was too dark. Gérard gave him leave to return home, but the poor Arab dared not risk the journey: he lay down in a group of lentises in a dreadful agony of fear. The lion had been roaring for some time, and the sound was drawing nearer. Gérard endeavored vainly to discern objects around him. So pitchy dark was the night that even after closing his eyes for two or three minutes, he could only just make out the course of the stream which ran at his feet. A moment afterward the lion roared again, apparently at a distance of a hundred yards. With his gun cocked, and his elbow resting on his knee, Gérard watched breathlessly. Nothing could be seen or heard. A few seconds elapsed; then a low, dull moan on the opposite side of the brook, straight in front of the hunter. A single look, and there in the inky darkness were the two eyes of the lion, burning fiercely, and fixed on Gérard. The hunter confesses that he gasped at the sight, and though the night was cold, and he had been shivering the moment before, a profuse perspiration covered his forehead. With a single bound from where he was the brute could almost reach his enemy: and that bound made, even victory was sure to cost him his life. Gérard took farewell of the world, and grasping his gun more firmly than before, put his finger to the trigger; but the lion had taken to the wa-

ter, and was splashing in the stream. Gérard listened and watched. The splashing ceased: on the hunter's left, close to him, he heard a soft, dull tread in the mud. Suddenly turning, he saw the lion ascending the eminence on which he sat. Useless, then, to look for gun-sights: with head erect and both eyes open, Gérard fired. By the light of the flash he saw a huge hairy mass roll over; a tremendous roar almost deafened him; the lion was splashing and writhing in the bed of the stream. Every now and then he moaned and growled. It was too dark to risk close quarters; so Gérard went home, promising himself to return next morning for the corpse.

By daybreak he was at the spot; but the lion was gone. He could be traced for a short distance by his blood; but the spear was lost when the brute took to the water. A band of Arab hunters was organized to hunt him down; but for many hours they beat the bush and mountain without success. Toward evening Gérard heard a succession of shouts, and galloping in the direction whence they came, saw the Arabs flying like the wind before the lion, who was chasing them on three legs. At sight of him the lion stopped, opened his mouth, and began to lash his sides with his tail. Gérard accepted the challenge, dismounted, and in spite of the entreaties, and even the physical efforts of the frightened Arabs, advanced toward the brute, gun in hand. The lion made off into a thicket. Gérard walked round it cautiously, but could see nothing. He ordered an Arab to throw stones into the lion's hiding-place. The first



ONE IMMENSE SOUND PLACED HIM AT GÉRALD'S FEET.



HIS EYES, BURNING FIERCELY, WERE FIXED ON THE HUNTER.

stone brought him out, and with tail stiff and straight, mane spread out and grinning jaws, he charged the hunter. Gérard sat down on the ground. Arabs fell to praying and roaring, "Fire! why don't you fire?" On came the lion in fine style, till within six or eight yards, when he was suddenly brought up by a hard lump of lead, which struck him an inch above the eye. He fell directly; but rose again, rearing on his hind-legs. A second shot, straight through his heart, put him out of his pain.

This was one of the finest lions Gérard had seen; large, powerful, with a flowing black mane. Let us compare Cumming's style of performing a similar feat.

He was watching a fountain for wildebeests one evening, and had already shot one wildebeest and a pallah, when he heard at no great distance the roar of a lion. A troop of hyenas came galloping down to eat the carcasses; Cumming knew the lion would soon follow. Sure enough, the hyenas had scarcely begun their meal when the roar issued from a bush just above the carcass of the wildebeest, and close to the hunter. Cumming loaded hastily and watched; but the lion either had the wind of him, or was warned of the danger by his companions, and would not show himself. He continued to growl in a low tone, while the jackals chattered and the hyenas laughed, as though they were holding a most interesting conversation. Cumming lay still as night. After a long interval the lion must have made up his mind that his alarm was unfounded. All

at once the jackals and hyenas made way on either side, and the lion, a huge brute with a fine black mane, advanced to the carcass and seized it in his teeth. After dragging it for some distance he stopped to take breath. There was no time to lose; in a few minutes he would be safe under cover with his supper. As he turned to grasp the carcass anew, Cumming stretched out his arm along the grass and fired, aiming low. The lion sank, then rose, and crawled away, moaning and whining. After limping through bushes a short distance, he appeared from the sound to have fallen dead. As the hyenas and jackals make no difference between friend and foe when they are dead, Cumming knew that he must lose no time if he intended to save his game. He sent for dogs and men directly, and began to beat the bush. One of the dogs found the lion dead. He was a splendid fellow, with a head as hard as rock, tremendous teeth, and sharp yellow nails; the most perfectly beautiful and symmetrical animal the hunter had ever seen. One shot had killed him, traversing the body and remaining in the shoulder; a very unusual circumstance.

To meet a lion face to face, at night, in the forest, will probably appear to the readers of *Hwyer's Magazine* about as unpleasant an accident as could occur to a man. People do not always die of it, however. Cumming once shot a buffalo at night. Directly afterward he heard, for he could not see at any distance, teeth tearing the carcass. Supposing the teeth belonged to hyenas, he fired a random shot to frighten



them away, and walked toward the carcass to see whether the head was worth carrying home. He was within five yards, when he noticed a yellow mass lying beside it. From the mass a well-known roar burst. A native who was following Cumming shouted "Tao!"—the lion! and leaped away, blowing through a charmed piece of bone. His master followed his example so far as retreating went, and the lion, without noticing them, continued to munch the buffalo. He was evidently an ignorant, ill-bred brute, unconscious of gastronomy. Cumming says he retreated to the cover of a tree close by, and fell asleep. While he slept the lion found his horse, and knocked him over with a blow, whereat the frightened natives awoke their master in fear and quaking. The lion was walking up and down in front of them, roaring terribly. "I now," says the Highland hunter, with that matchless coolness which lends such a charm to his narrative, "thought it high time to light a fire; and collecting some dry reeds and sticks, in half a minute we had a cheerful blaze. The lion, which had not yet got our wind, came forward at once to find out what was up, but not seeing to his entire satisfaction from the top of the bank, he was proceeding to descend by a game path into the river-bed, within a few yards of us. I happened at that very moment to go to this spot in search of more wood, and being concealed from the lion's view by the intervening high reeds, we met face to face! The first notice I got was his sudden spring to one side, with angry growls. I involuntarily made a

convulsive spring backward, at the same time giving a fearful shriek, such as I never before remember uttering." The end of it was that the lion returned to his buffalo, and the hunter to his fire, where he slept undisturbed all night.

Of course such rencontres do not always end so happily. Some years before the French conquered Algiers, two highway robbers, brothers, and men noted for their strength and daring, were caught, tried, and condemned to death. The day before the one fixed for their execution they contrived to make their escape out of prison. They were chained together by the leg, and thus in forced company crept through the woods and thickets, in the hope of gaining a safe refuge. Toward the middle of their first night they met, straight before them in the path, a large lion. They were unarmed. Knowing the character of the animal, they shouted boldly, and threw stones at him; he, very likely seeing through their mock courage, lay down before them, and would not stir. Losing heart at last, the robbers changed their tone, and began to implore the lion, in piteous language, for mercy. That instant he was upon them. The larger of the two he seized, killed, and began to eat, while the other pretended to be dead. In the course of his meal the lion came to the iron chain which bound the robbers' legs; after examining it for a moment, he bit the man's leg off above the knee. Just then he felt thirsty, and walked to a stream to drink. The surviving robber crawled off for his life, dragging



THE BUNTING CRAWLED OFF, DRAGGING HIS PROTHEN'S LEG.



PROVIDING FOR ONE'S FAMILY.

his brother's leg with him, and contrived to squeeze himself into a hole in the ground.

When the lion returned, he missed him. Roaring loudly, he ran backward and forward several times over the ground, passing close by the hole, but strangely missing it. Soon after, day dawned, and the lion went off. Out of the hole came the robber, more dead than alive, and was about to cut his brother's leg from the chain, when a party of the Bey's horsemen rode up and seized him. He was taken before the Bey, to whom he told his story. His brother's leg was still in the chain to confirm it; and the Bey, in consideration of his wonderful escape, awarded him an unconditional pardon.

Not the least interesting portion of Lieutenant Gérard's revelations relates to the social habits of the lion. It seems that young lions suffer as much as babies from teething. Two-thirds of the females and a large proportion of the males die during this process—doubtless for want of proper medical attendance, gum-lancing, and the rest. As the females suffer the most, it follows that, among adult lions, males preponderate. Hence the lioness leads an enviable life. From her early youth she is surrounded by a troop of youthful admirers, who follow her wherever she goes, roar for her, hunt for her, and—very like some of our fashionable ball-room lions—pester her life out. She is invariably a creature of sense and discretion. She needs no paternal vigilance to insure her comfortable settlement in life. When her young lovers become pressing in their suit, she beckons

to them that they must decide which of them shall win her. A free fight follows; and while the combat rages, and the ground is strewn with skin, hair, mane, and blood, the lady decamps, and seeks the companionship of a staid old lion, with a long black mane. If the victor among the young fellows presumes to claim fulfillment of her pledge, the old lion will quietly crunch his leg, or, if he be very troublesome, tear his eye out.

Then the old lion formally sets up house-keeping. He is the most uxorious of brutes. He invariably brings the first-fruits of the chase home to his love. He will not touch a morsel till she is satiated. Hungry as he may be, he licks his paws till she turns away from the carcass. If she is attacked, he will die for her; if she is ill, he will watch by her side with every sign of tender sympathy. This is the redeeming part of the lion's character.

Very differently does the lioness behave. It is impossible to read the accounts of her conduct without being struck with the remarkable contrast she presents to the ladies of our fashionable world. Before her marriage her levity and her faithlessness have been noticed. We regret to say that matrimony does not always alter her demeanor. Though she displays no ill-timed sorrow when her liege lord mutilates an audacious admirer, she is fond of having a troop of young fashionables dancing attendance on her, and will turn from her black-maned protector to comfort them with a sidelong glance. Nor is this all. No matter how long she has

been married, her husband can not pass another full-grown lion without a duel. The lady's pride requires blood.

An Arab was walking through a wood one moonlight night, watching for an opportunity of killing a stag. Toward midnight he heard strange footsteps, and peering hastily in the direction whence they came, he saw a lion and lioness marching through the brushwood. As quick as thought he sprang into a tree and hid himself in the topmost branches. At the foot of the tree the pair of lions lay down to rest. The Arab had hardly watched them five minutes when away over the mountain he heard a distant roar. It met with an immediate response from the lioness.

Enraged at her levity, her companion roared so loudly that the Arab leaped from the branch on which he sat, and let his gun fall. No notice of man or gun took the lions. The lioness continued to roar invitingly; the lion, savagely, as if to say, "Well, let him come; I am ready for him!" A short while afterward the new lion made his appearance—a splendid fellow, with a jet-black mane. Rising slowly from her seat, the lioness actually walked toward him. Shocked at such ostentatious treachery, her husband ran before her, and without another word sprang on his rival. In a moment the two lions were clasped in each other's embrace, tearing, biting, destroying each other. Their strong bones cracked like pistol-shots, and howls of pain intermingled with roars of rage. All this while the lioness lay watching the fight curiously, licking her paws and wagging her tail. When

the struggle ended she approached the combatants and snuffed them. Both were dead. She bolted off at a light, pleasant pace; and the Arab, in his tree, was so disgusted at her gross want of feeling and principle, that he could not help roaring at the pitch of his lungs an epithet which sounds better in Arabic than in English.

When the lioness becomes a mother, her morals improve. She watches her young with tenderness, defends them with ferocity. The lion, on the contrary, objects to babies. Their noise disturbs his slumbers, and interrupts his reflections. As soon as his progeny begin to try their lungs, he divorces his wife and goes to live at some distance. He is not so oblivious of his duties but that he remains within car-shot, ready, at need, to defend his family. But he will not associate with them. Consequently the lioness leads, at this time, an active life. When she weans her young, she does the hunting for the nursery herself.

It is then the Arabs sometimes succeed in capturing young lions. They lie in wait near the spot where the den of the lioness is supposed to be, and wait till they see her go abroad to forage. A rush is then made, with good dogs, to the den, and the cubs are seized, wrapped in a burmoose to prevent their crying, and carried off. Wee beside the hunters if they meet the lioness on their way home! Instinct tells her what has happened. Rockless of danger she flies at the nearest man, and brings him to the ground, maimed or killed; then to the next, and so on throughout the



SHE CHARGES FURIOUSLY, AND KNOCKS ONE OF THE HORSES DOWN.



THEY HAD NOT GONE FAR WHEN THE LION SPRANG OUT UPON THEM.

hand, until the survivors escape or the lioness is killed. A nephew of a leading Arab sheik was unfortunate enough to meet a lioness on one of these occasions. She sprang toward him, though he was surrounded by sixty armed men. He reserved his fire till the last moment, then pulled the trigger—the gun snapped. Wrapping his left arm in his burnoose he offered it to the lioness, who crunched it directly, while the Arab fired two pistol-shots into her. She flew from him to another, who fired down her throat; but had his ribs broken, his side laid bare, and his body otherwise mutilated before the brute died. It was an expensive hunt for the tribe.

Faithful to his mate, the lion is also faithful to his home. He has been known to live thirty years in the same den. In the south, Cumming notes that the domicile of the lion is apt to be governed by the quantity of rain that falls. If water is plentiful, each leonine family selects its home, and holds no intercourse with its fellows; but if the season be dry, the lions will appear in troops, leading a nomad life, and following the deer and other game as they roam the desert in search of green fields and cool streams. In the north, drought seldom drives the lion to abandon his habits or his home. Accordingly, when he is old enough to declare his independence, he chooses a dense thicket and begins to build. He is royal in his notions. His palace is extensive, and its accommodations varied. He has rooms for summer, dens for winter. There is a lair hid by a deep thick

arch of wild olive, and strewed with leaves and scraps of skins, where he lies during the burning August days. There are holes, deeper and darker, half-covered with twigs and branches, and fallen timber, into which he creeps when the winter storms burst over the thicket. There is a narrow nook, near the edge of the thicket, where he lies in wait for his prey, or watches for the attack of the hunter. And there is his nuptial home, a large comfortable opening in the thicket, where he sits to watch his bride tear an ox in shreds, or lavishes upon her love's warmest caresses.

When the Chegatta find one of these lairs, and resolve to rid the country of its mischievous tenant, they gather around the spot, and usually climb stout trees on the edge of the thicket. Then all shout together. At the sound the lion starts from his sleep. He does not rise from the ground, but raises his head and listens. In a moment a shot whistles through the branches over him. This angers him; he raises one leg, and his tail grows stiff. Shall he rush out and wreak vengeance on the califfs who thus presume to disturb his repose in his own den? Just then he remembers that, one day long ago, he was awaked by just such insults, and that, on rushing out to punish his enemy, his skin was perforated in a strange and horribly unpleasant manner, and he had hard work to limp back to his home. He will lie still. He relieves himself by lashing his sides with his tail and tearing a tree with his claws.

Meanwhile the shouts and shots fly thick and

heavy. A ball strikes the tree against which he leans. A stone hits him on the nose. Convinced that forbearance is no longer a virtue, he rushes forth. The Arabs have heard him crashing through the brushwood, and are ready. The moment he appears twenty balls crack against his hide. Maddened, and lost to all thought of safety, he discerns a hunter in a tree close by, and flies at him. The Arab is out of reach, and while the lion is crouching at the foot of the tree, a better shot than usual lays him out.

Though the lion seems to assume it as his natural duty to protect the lioness, she is well able to protect herself. Cumming found the females the more troublesome of the two. He had lost some cattle, and made a shrewd guess as to the identity of the thief, when, in riding out, he fell in with a lioness devouring a blebok. At sight of the hunters she made for the mountains; but Cumming, being well mounted, gave hot chase, and gained on her rapidly. Being within ear-shot, he shouted to her to stop—that he had something to say to her. She did stop; would not turn round, but crouched, with tail turned to the hunters, as though doubtful whether they were worth looking at. As the sound of the horses' hoofs reached her she rose, faced about, and began to gnash her teeth and flourish her tail. Cumming and his men dismounted, and looked to their priming. This found to be in order, one of the men proceeded calmly to fasten the horses together. The lioness was puzzled. After a few moments' observation, she advanced on the hunters, slowly. Cumming orders his most trusty man to reserve his fire for her last spring; kneels, and fires at sixty yards. Though hit in the shoulder she charges furiously, and knocks one of the horses down. "At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom Cumming had ordered to stand by him, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind." Cumming stood out from the horses, watching for a second shot; and the lioness seeing him, left the horse and made a dash at him. His rifle was true, and at a few yards the lioness was stretched.

When she has her young with her she will never fly. Gérard watched a long time in the woods for a lioness which had committed fearful depredations among the Arabs. He was losing hope of seeing her, after several nights' watching, when he saw something move near the body of a horse at the bottom of a valley below him. A single glance satisfied him that it was the lioness with her cub. They played round the carcass a short while; then the cub began to help himself. At that very moment the mother saw Gérard sitting on a rock above. With a spring like lightning she seized her cub by the back and dashed off with him. They were lost to sight in an instant. Gérard sat a while watching for some sign of their return; he was beginning to lose hope, and to regret that he had not fired when he first saw the pair, when he heard a noise in the leaves beside him.

It was such a noise, he says, as a mouse would make in running over the leaves. His sportsman's tact revealed what it was; and as he looked, two large paws, a pair of long mustaches, and an enormous nose, appeared successively to confirm the impression. His gun was on full cock at his shoulder; the moment he saw the red glaring eyes he fired, and at that short distance the iron slug with which he had loaded his piece was fatal. That lioness had placed her cub in safety, and was coming deliberately to attack the hunter.

Some critics have laughed at Gordon Cumming's book, on the ground that he never admits that he missed a shot. Without assuming to defend the veracity of the great hunter, we may observe that, as compared with other sportsmen, his consumption of powder is enormous. He seldom kills an elephant before the fifteenth or twentieth shot; whereas Mr. Baker, of Ceylon, accounted it a blunder to need to fire twice. It is true that the latter hunted in the tall jungle, the former in open country. As to lions, Gordon Cumming usually finishes his beast at the second shot, and occasionally only at the third. Lieutenant Gérard says expressly in his hunting directions, "You must kill with the first shot between the eyes." At any range beyond that of a pistol, this advice would be bad, obviously. The lion's skull is so strong that even at fifty or sixty yards good hunters prefer the shoulder shot as more safe, if less effective; and unless the lion be perfectly still, and the hunter have time for deliberate aim, in which case the eye would appear the most eligible shot, it seems difficult to quarrel with the practice.

What a lion may do, even after his shoulder is broken, may be gathered from the following story—one of the best of our French sportsman's:

A lion had worried a tribe of Arabs beyond endurance, and they had sought out Gérard, and besought him to rid them of the malefactor. They discovered his lair, which was in the side of a mountain, and, obedient to the Frenchman's orders, led out a goat, and tied it to a tree on the outskirts of a wood near the lair. Gérard took up a position in the wood, and had the satisfaction of seeing the lion look up as the goat was being made fast. After a moment's observation he disappeared. Gérard lay quiet, watching; soon the goat began to tremble and shiver, and its ears to jerk convulsively. The lion was coming. He ascended the ravine between his lair and the hunter, slowly, and offering a capital target; but Gérard was so struck with his grace and majesty that he would not fire.

If he admired the lion, the latter seemed to return the compliment. He stopped in his career, lay down, winked at Gérard, and eyed him with a benign expression. He seemed to be saying to himself, "I saw just now a man and a goat here. The man is gone, and there is another man there strangely dressed, who looks as if he wanted to speak to me. Dinner

time is near; which would be best to eat, the man or the goat? Sheep are better than goats; but they are so far off. Men are fair eating, but this fellow seems thin."

The lion decided in favor of the goat, and advanced toward the poor trembling creature. At twelve paces Gérard fired, with a steel-pointed bullet, at his shoulder; a second after, he fired again at the same spot. Beyond a doubt both shoulders must be broken. The lion, however, escaped into his thicket. Impossible to prevent the Arabs following him.

Gérard gave his second gun to an Arab, directing him to hold it in readiness, and reluctantly advanced with them. They had not gone far when the lion sprang out upon them. Every body fired. All missed but Gérard; and his shot was not so effective but that the lion seized a poor wretch and began to tear him. Quick as lightning Gérard pulled the trigger of his other barrel, but for the first time in ten years it missed fire. He held out his hand eagerly to his gun-bearer for his other weapon, but his heart sickened when the Arab replied, trembling like a leaf, "Not loaded." He had fired with the others. Most providentially, the three shots which the lion had already received told at last. He expired before he had quite killed the poor fellow who was in his clutches.

We can not better conclude this rambling account of lion-slaying and man-eating than with the story of the "Lord with the Large Head."

Gérard had again been summoned to free a district from leonine exactions. Having heard the story, he hastily laid his plan, and announced that he would set out that night alone. The Arabs endeavored to dissuade him; but he laughed at their remonstrances. Finding he was resolved, the sheik took him aside and said, "My child, if the lions come to-night, the lord with the large head will come first. Do not mind the others; they will rely on their father; do you look after the lord with the large head. If your hour is come, you will be eaten by the others, but you will be killed by him!"

With this advice Gérard started, and the tribe accompanied him to the position he had resolved to occupy. On leaving him, the sheik whispered in his ear, "The robber has taken my best mare and ten oxen." "What robber?" asked Gérard. "The lord with the large head," answered the sheik in a very low voice, hastening away. The night was bright and still, and about midnight the lions came. Gérard shot the foremost, killing him with the third ball; but he turned out to be only a cub, and by morning news arrived that the lord with the large head had that very night stolen the finest ox in the desert.

A year or more elapsed before he paid the debt of nature. One day Gérard was sitting in his tent, when an Arab entered, saying briefly, "I have found him; come." Gérard rose and went. His guide led him to a secluded spot in the wood, where lay the carcass of a freshly-slaughtered bull. Gérard made a screen of

branches to hide himself, and sat down quietly to wait for the lion. Several hours passed; at last, about eight in the evening, a branch crackled in the wood. Gérard listened, rested his elbow on his knee, pointed his gun in the direction of the bull. Then came a roar, and in a few minutes the lion was crouched beside the bull, licking the carcass and casting sidelong glances at Gérard. As he looked, an iron slug somehow struck him near the left eye. He roared, and a second slug brought him down. He died hard; it took two more shots to finish him. But he did die, and there was at last an end of the Lord with the Large Head.

## WHAT MR. TREVANION SAW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLY."

"COME, Mr. Trevanion, tell us a story."  
"My dear Mrs. Grey! a story! I have not told one since I was a very little boy, and was switched for my last."

"Nonsense! I am speaking English. I don't wish a "fib;" but a tale—an adventure. Something æsthetic, or harrowing, or transcendental, or diplomatic, or—"

"Oh, such big words! Spare me!"

"Big words! Am I a primer that can not speak in more than disyllables without giving notice? Be conformable, pray, and do as you are bid."

"Bid!" yawned Trevanion. He was sitting on the upper-step of the flight which led into the house, his head leaning back upon the door-sill of the piazza, and his legs dangling down. It must be confessed that Mr. Trevanion's manners were—uncommon and various. His very best were very good indeed, but he would not run the risk of wearing them out by constant use; his second-best were tolerable; his worst I should not like to see. At present, he was indulging in his second-best; for if his attitude lacked respect, his tone was pleasant, and he was with those who excused his manner for the sake of his matter, and covered over his defects with the shady mantle of "oddity."

"Bid!" he yawned again. "What kind of story did you suggest? Diplomatic? Shall I tell you how I shocked a whole company and flustered myself, by ignoring, through my semi-barbarous American-Great-British habits, that I should offer my arm to the lady I took into my first French dinner, and conduct her back to the drawing-room, instead of tucking my feet under the mahogany for 'one glass more!'"

"No—I won't have that anecdote; for you have condensed the whole thing, point and all, in your one sentence."

"Then you wish to be kept in suspense. Oh, let me off!"

Mrs. Grey shook her head, and called out,

"Mrs. Harrington, Mr. Trevanion is going to tell us a story. Come and listen."

"I don't believe in stories worth hearing which you patronize or submit to me," answered Mrs. Harrington, joining them. "She sent me a book lately," turning to Mr. Trevanion, "writ-