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Prospectus of Beeton's

Illuminated Family Bible.

To be completed in 24 Parts, Price 2s. Monthly.

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F making many books there is no end," saith Solomon;¹ but of all books which have ever existed there is none to compare with the Bible, which is, emphatically, the "Book of Books." "Therein," exclaims the philosopher Locke, "are contained the words of Eternal Life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter." And, beyond all this, the universal voice of Christianity declares it to be the "Word of God;" and millions of the human family repose their faith and their belief upon its sacred pages. Nevertheless, it is remarkable, as an accomplished modern critic declares, how little, persons otherwise well informed, know of its bearings, or the questions bound up in it. Till recently, a few scholars, professors, and divines were the depositaries of this knowledge, and kept it in forms which, without any such desire on their part, rendered it, practically, inaccessible to the public. The omission here spoken of, however, has been supplied; for a number of modern Biblical scholars have worthily exerted themselves to render the "Book of Books" no longer a sealed volume to those who act upon our Saviour's injunction—"Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of me."²

Whilst our scholars, however, have laboriously employed themselves in explaining the many difficult passages of the Bible, and in throwing light upon much that was misunderstood, there still exists the reproach against us:—that hitherto we have, both in printing and

¹ Ecclesiastes xii. 12.

² St. John v. 39.

in illustrating the Bible, nearly altogether neglected to avail ourselves of the great mechanical and artistic powers of the present age. Surely, if it be consistent with our religious sentiments to build great Temples and Tabernacles for His worship, it is an equally worthy object to enshrine His Word in as much of beauty and excellence as we are capable of. In accordance with this conviction, the ILLUMINATED FAMILY BIBLE has been designed; for it will display, in its paper, typography, illustrations, ornamentation, illumination, and notes, all the excellences which a union of the best human knowledge, the purest art, and the most advanced science can produce. Under these various headings just named, we will now explain the distinctive features of the Work.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.—At no former period were circumstances so favourable for the production of a Bible illustrated with engravings of the highest class. A large public now exists which is able at once to recognize the true and beautiful in art. And, for the first time, it is possible to bring together, in one magnificent volume, such a splendid series of Biblical Cartoons, as for the true feeling, fervour, and vigour of their designs, are perfectly unapproachable by any other existing Illustrations of sacred subjects. The TWO HUNDRED LARGE ENGRAVINGS which will be printed in the “ILLUMINATED FAMILY BIBLE” have been designed by the greatest modern masters who have specially devoted themselves to Biblical Art. In the list of illustrators will be found the names of C. Bendemann, L. Bollinger, J. Fischer, G. Jäger, J. C. Koch, F. Overbeck, N. Rethel, L. Richter, F. Schubert, J. Schnorr von Carolsfeld, C. Steinle, and N. Strähuber.

For generations to come will the names of these eminent artists be known in connection with the marvellous beauty of the Biblical Cartoons they have given to the world. Their compositions, on account of their grandeur and elevation, both in design and sentiment, have created a new epoch in the treatment of Sacred Subjects, and have exercised an appreciable influence on the higher branches of art throughout the whole of Europe.

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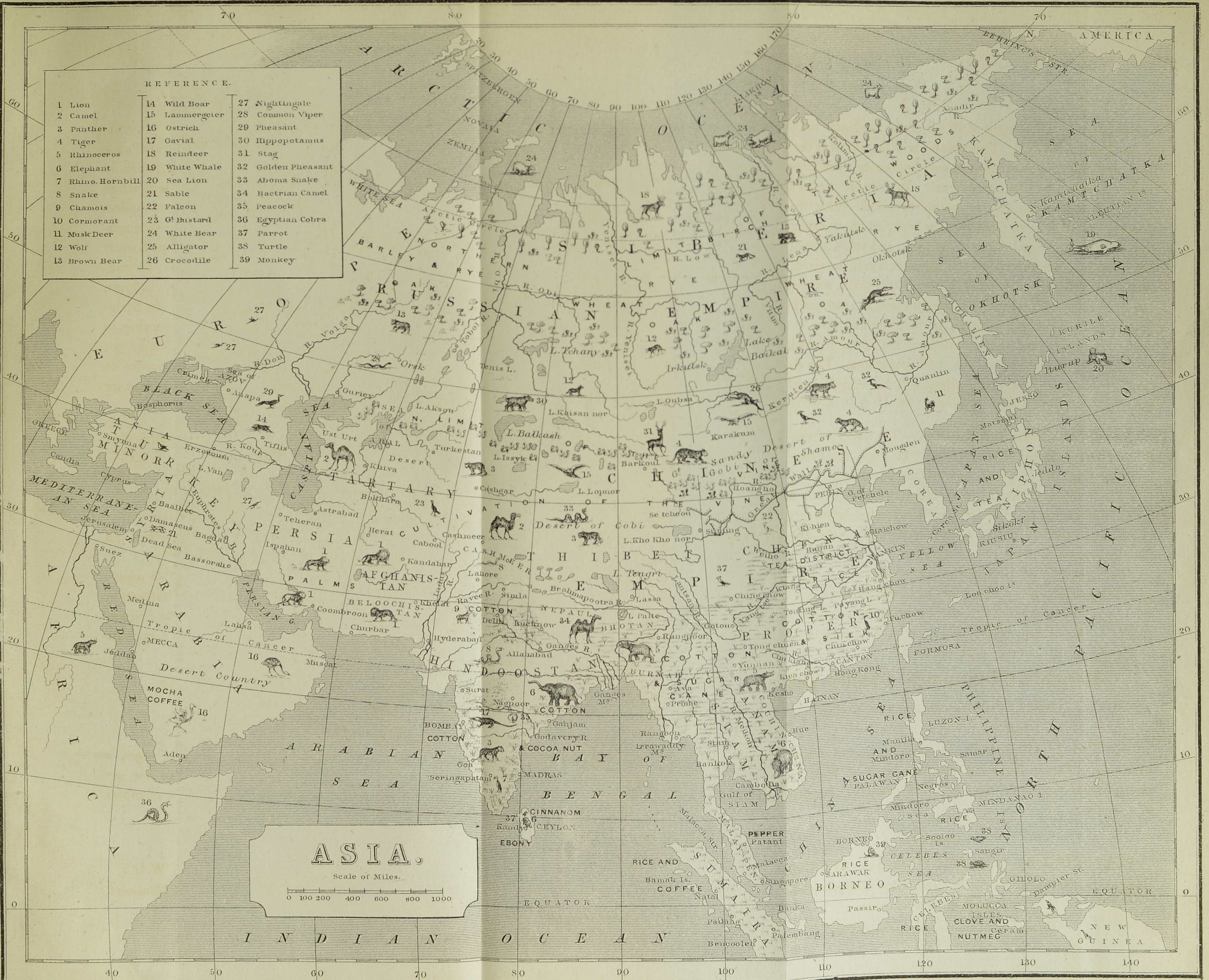
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REFERENCE.

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| 1 Lion | 14 Wild Boar | 27 Nightingale |
| 2 Camel | 15 Lammergeier | 28 Common Viper |
| 3 Panther | 16 Ostrich | 29 Pheasant |
| 4 Tiger | 17 Gavial | 30 Hippopotamus |
| 5 Rhinoceros | 18 Reindeer | 31 Stag |
| 6 Elephant | 19 White Whale | 32 Golden Pheasant |
| 7 Rhino. Hornbill | 20 Sea Lion | 33 Aboma Snake |
| 8 Snake | 21 Sable | 34 Bactrian Camel |
| 9 Chamois | 22 Falcon | 35 Peacock |
| 10 Cormorant | 23 G. Bustard | 36 Egyptian Cobra |
| 11 Musk Deer | 24 White Bear | 37 Parrot |
| 12 Wolf | 25 Alligator | 38 Turtle |
| 13 Brown Bear | 26 Crocodile | 39 Monkey |





to the rescue ; she coolly confronted the bellowing prisoner, placed her shoulder to his, and "backed" him, while every inch of rope thus gained was hauled in by the female at the tree, till he was fairly brought to a stand at the foot thereof. The other tame elephant now came up, and, shielded by the three, the nooser fastened his "jungle-ropes" round the remaining three legs, securing the other end of each rope to a tree, and the capture was complete.

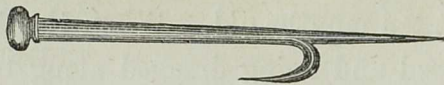
Then the decoys moved off to attend to their business, leaving the captive alone, and the brute seemed suddenly to become alive to the extent of his misery. Says Tennent: "As long as the tame ones stood beside him he remained comparatively calm and almost passive under his sufferings, but the moment they moved off and he was left utterly alone, he made the most surprising efforts to free himself and rejoin his companions. He felt the ropes with his trunk and tried to unfasten the numerous knots ; he drew backwards to liberate his fore-legs, then leaned forward to extricate the hind ones, till every branch of the tall tree vibrated with his struggles. He screamed, in his anguish, with his proboscis raised high in the air, then falling on his side he laid his head to the ground, first his cheek and then his brow, and pressed down his doubled-in trunk, as though he would force it into the earth ; then suddenly rising he balanced himself on his forehead and his fore-legs, holding his hind feet fairly off the ground. This scene of distress continued some hours, with occasional pauses of apparent stupor, after which the struggle was from time to time renewed abruptly and as if by some sudden impulse ; but at last the vain strife subsided, and the poor animal stood perfectly motionless, the image of exhaustion and despair."

Among the elephants trapped in the corral in question, were two little creatures about ten months old. When the dam of the smallest of the two was noosed and being dragged along by the decoys, baby elephant kept close to her side, consoling her and quarrelling with the noosers and butting them with its harmless head. It was driven back to the herd, and there it sought comfort of another elderly female, lying across her forehead while she caressed it and stroked it with her trunk. As soon, however, as the noosers had properly secured and left its parent, up got the young one and scampered to her side, and was finally dragged off screaming and holding out

its trunk towards its mother piteously. Wonderfully, too, they resemble infantile bipeds; for, says Tennent, "the most amusing thing was, that in the midst of all their agony and affection, the little fellows seized on every article of food that was thrown to them, and ate and roared simultaneously."

For three days the captives lay there, the elder ones for more than half the time proudly spurning and trampling under foot the food offered them by their captors. Some stood motionless as though overcome by stupor, others never ceased to chafe and writhe with feverish impatience, while others, again, lay prostrate in the mud, moaning their despair, and gently beating the ground with their trunks in the extremity of melancholy. Round about the verge of the corral, big fires blazed at night, and dusky watchers paced to and fro with their spears and white sticks, or reclined about the fires till their turn for duty came. In the day-time the natives for miles round made holiday. By thousands they assembled round the great hurdles; old women with their old husbands; young women with brown babies lashed to their backs; and girls, fantastically dressed, and mincing maidens were there, whose genteel and well-oiled sweethearts called their attention to sights worth seeing, or joined them in a dance to the mellow music of the Kandyan flute. The captive leviathans within the enclosure could hear the flute, and that some of their ears were not unmusical was evident by the little piggy eyes directed toward the player, and the placid wagging of the great flaps that covered their organs of hearing.

When the captive's spirit is sufficiently subdued, a stall is apportioned him between that of two half-tamed elephants, and he



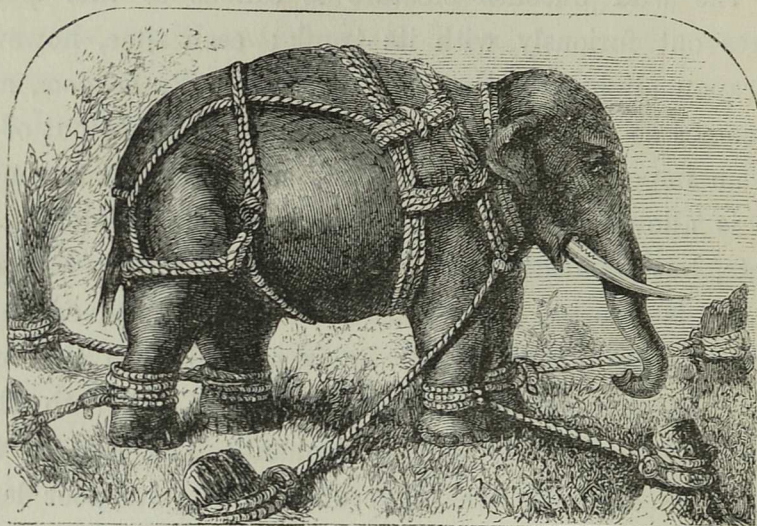
HENDOO.

soon returns to his food. The stable servants are each armed with a *hendoo* the point of which is held towards the wild elephant's trunk, while one or two others rub his back and keep up a humdrum chant, in which the poor brute is addressed as the chanter's "mother" or "son," according to its age and sex, and

enjoined to behave itself as mildly as possible. In most cases however, the wild uncouth creature is callous to this politeness, and strikes out furiously with its trunk; each time, however, the tender weapon alights on the points of the spiky *hendoo*s, and presently becomes so sore, that it is curled up and placed out of harm's way, and an important step towards his subjugation is accomplished. Then he is allowed a bath, an operation which he delights in in a free state, but decidedly objects to for the first few weeks of his slavery. He is escorted down to the tank by two trained elephants, where his legs are hobbled, and he is goaded with the merciless *hendoo* till he consents to lie down. Nor is the bath the only thing necessary to a newly caught elephant. The skill of the elephant doctor is for many weeks needful to heal its poor legs, that are *certainly* cut to the bone by the coarse vegetable rope with which he was first noosed; sometimes, indeed, these wounds will remain for months and even years. In most cases, however, within three months of his capture the huge brute is found treading clay in a brick-field (generally his first occupation), or in company of a thoroughly tamed brother, drawing a great waggon.



CROSSING A RIVER.



ELEPHANT IN KEDDAH OR CORRAL.

HOW HE IS HUNTED FOR HIS IVORY.

As has been already stated, the prideful Romans in the prime of their barbaric splendour so unceasingly hunted the African elephant for the sake of his ivory tusks, that the numbers of the animal were thinned almost to extinction. Left once more to themselves, however, regeneration was an easy matter. His mode of living interfered with the peace and comfort of not one of his four-footed forest companions. Of the lion, the leopard, and his other flesh-eating neighbours, he went in no fear, for how hungry soever they might be, the flesh of his mighty carcase was above their daring—the elephant might safely crop the green boughs of a tree, in the shadow of which the tawny monarch of the forest was grumbling over the bones left from yesterday's dinner; and so his peaceful career might have continued, had it not occurred to some cunning mortal to invent that magic dust, called gunpowder.

Nothing more disastrous could have occurred to the savage portion of brute creation than the invention in question, and before all others, this remark must apply to the elephant and other colossal animals, whose tenacity of life is almost as remarkable as their enormous size. Before the deadly dust was known, the elephant,

possessed of almost as much intelligence as his savage human foe, could afford to despise his puny weapons; darts and arrows availed not against his vital parts, and he could encounter the solitary hunter armed with his javelin with as little concern as might a grave mastiff an old woman flourishing her darning needle.

But against a hundred old women and a hundred darning needles the mastiff would find himself in a sorry predicament; every vein in its body would be punctured, and its life drained out by dribblets. So it was with the elephant in ancient times, when a score of savages each bearing a sheaf of spears set upon him—so it is to this very day in regions so barbarous and remote from civilization, that the murderous bullet is unknown. On the banks of the Zambesi in Southern Africa, Livingstone saw an elephant hunt, and pictures the poor animal with red and streaming sides, bearing in her carcase so many javelins that she looked more like a gigantic porcupine than an elephant, and finally dying from sheer loss of blood.

There is, however, in South Africa, a solitary hunter whom the elephant can by no means afford to despise. This cunning savage makes of the iron of the country, a blade nearly two feet long, double-edged, and sharp as a razor; this he lashes to a shaft as thick as one's wrist, and as long as a stable-broomstick. So armed, he selects a tree in an elephant-track, and makes himself a little stage amongst its branches, and thereon lodges till a fated brute passes beneath. Then, like a gleam of lightning, descends the long knife into the elephant's carcase, and though the wound does not at once kill, the hunter has but to descend from his lurking place, and follow the maddened brute, who with the blade in his side seeks to hide himself in the depths of the forest. At every step, however, the long handle knocks against the trees and brushwood, and the dreadful gash is widened and deepened, and the blood issues from it till, faint and helpless, the great creature sinks to his knees, and the solitary hunter can despoil him at his leisure.

"Hamstringing" is another mode favoured by the native hunters of Africa. Sometimes this is performed afoot, but generally with the aid of a horse. Two hunters—both naked as when born—mount him together, sometimes with a saddle, and sometimes on the steed's bare back. The rider who sits in front carries no more formidable

arms than a switch, but the behind man has a broad sword-blade, with a strip of hide bound round one end of it for convenient handling. As soon as an elephant is seen, the horse is galloped towards it, and if it flees it is pursued till brought to a stand, and then the man with the switch proceeds to abuse it with all his might. He invents wicked stories concerning the wild elephant's respectable mother; declares that he slew its grandfather, its father, and several of its uncles and brothers, and that now he has come to slay it—without doubt the greatest ass of the entire family.

Every word of these reproaches, the hunter believes the wild elephant to understand, and when it trumpets defiantly and charges him, attributes it to sheer aggravation. Charge him it does, however, and this is exactly what the man with the switch desires, and by a series of cunning manœuvres he manages so that himself and his horse, shall entirely engage the elephant's attention; meanwhile he who sat behind with the broad sword has slipped silently to the ground, dodges behind the elephant, and with one swinging cut severs the tendon, just above the brute's heel. In a moment the swordsman vaults to the horse's back, and away the couple ride to fetch assistance, quite sure of finding their crippled game at the exact spot where it was stricken.

After all, however, it must be acknowledged that, although more destructive to their number, the bullet is more merciful than the sword or spear. Though, indeed, one must peruse the hunting exploits of more than one *sportsman*, or he may arrive at an altogether different conclusion. This would, I am afraid, be the case, were the doings of Roualeyen Gordon Cumming alone to be reviewed. He might, for instance, be apt to find another term than "Sport" for the following incident related as having occurred to the above gentleman. Having planted a bullet in the shoulder bone of an elephant, and caused the agonized creature to lean for support against a tree, the mighty hunter proceeds to unpack his kit and brew a little coffee. Having refreshed himself with the comforting beverage—taking observations of the tortured elephant's spasms and writhings, between the sips—"I resolved to make experiments on vulnerable points, and, approaching very near, I fired several bullets at different parts of his enormous skull. He only acknowledged the shots by a salaam-like movement of his trunk,

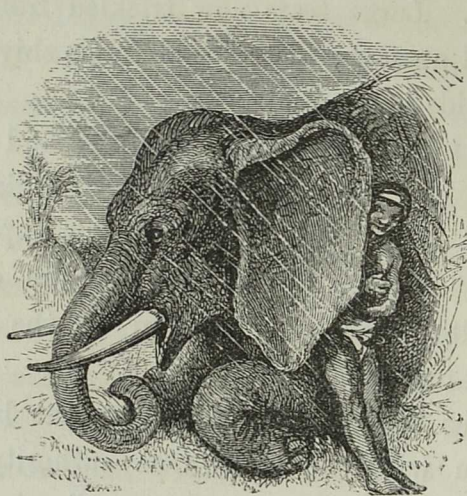
with the point of which *he gently touched the wounds with a striking and peculiar action*. Surprised and shocked to find that I was only prolonging the sufferings of the noble beast, which bore its trials with such dignified composure, I resolved to finish the proceeding with all possible despatch, and accordingly opened fire upon him from the left side. Aiming at the shoulder, I fired six shots with the two-grooved rifle, which must have eventually proved mortal; after which I fired six shots *at the same part* with the Dutch six-pounder. Large tears now trickled from his eyes, which he slowly shut and opened; his colossal frame shivered convulsively, and falling on his side he expired."

All this is the more inexcusable as, over and over again, Mr. Cumming narrates how he slew this and that giant beast with a single well-directed shot. The bravery of his exploits is altogether obscured by the "blood" by which they are deluged, and the "sportsman" is altogether overshadowed by the wholesale carcase butcher and ivory huckster.

As to the precise spot at which an elephant hunter should aim his bullet, opinion widely differs. One authority says, "Hit him behind the ear, or beware the consequences." Another (Andersson, of Lake Ngami celebrity), "I found the best point to aim at was the shoulder, either behind or in the centre, near to the lower edge of the ear." Another hunter emphatically declares that no plan is equal to that of "shattering his fore-leg, and reducing him at once to utter helplessness;" while among the Singhalese, says Sir Emerson Tennent, "the practice is to aim invariably at the head; and the sportsman finds his safety to consist in boldly facing the animal to within fifteen paces, and lodging a bullet either in the temple or in the hollow over the eye, or in a well-known spot immediately above the trunk, where the weaker structure of the skull affords easy access to the brain."

There would certainly seem to be immense danger attached to the Singhalese system, but experience proves the contrary. For the sake of the few shillings' reward offered by the government, they were shot, from 1849 to 1856, at the rate of nearly a *thousand* each year; and, as the coroners' returns prove, not more than *three* individuals died in any one year from hurts received of elephants, *wild or tame*. It is, however, only fair to remark, that African sportsmen

generally agree that the elephant of Ceylon is by no means the most formidable sort. Certainly the African brute is the largest, and differs from all others in the size of its ears. Livingstone makes mention of one that was shot on the Zambesi, whose ear-flaps measured *four feet* across, and *four feet five inches* in depth. The above authority also asserts that he has seen a native, overtaken by a sudden rain-storm, find snug and complete shelter under one of his elephant's ears.



SHELTER FROM RAIN.

In those regions of Africa where the elephant is eaten, the cutting up of a carcase must be a curious spectacle. It is thus described by a modern traveller:—"The rough outer skin is first removed in large sheets from the side that lies uppermost. Several coats of an under skin are then met with. This skin is of a tough and pliant nature, and is used by the natives to make water-bags. They remove this skin with care, and it is formed into bags by gathering the corners and edges, and transfixing the whole on a pointed wand. The flesh is then removed from the ribs, when the hatchets come into play, with which they chop through, and remove individually, each colossal rib. The bowels are thus laid bare, and in the removal of these the leading men take a lively interest, for it is throughout and around the intestines that the fat of the elephant is mainly found. This fat is chiefly used in cooking their *bilitonge* (dried strips of elephant flesh), and they also eat it with their corn. After the bowels are removed, the operators set about finding the fat that lines the inside of the flesh; and to accomplish this, men get into the cavity in the

side (like getting into a boiler through the man-hole), and hand up the fat in great broad pieces to their comrades."

The same authority states that, during the process of carving the carcase, the operators' delight is covering themselves with the blood, "each man taking up the fill of both his hands, and spreading it over the back and shoulders of his friend." After that, *our* terrible market slaughterman, with his greasy thigh-boots, his belt full of sharp knives, his face speckled red, and a flaring candle surmounting his forehead, becomes quite a mild picture.

In remarkable contrast to the few individuals killed in elephant warfare, stands the fact, that nearly everybody who ever handled a rifle against this giant beast, and wrote about it, has at least one marvellous escape to relate. Many of them, however, are so *very* wonderful—so suggestive of the idea that the bow—the *long one*—rather than the rifle, has been used—that I shall not venture to quote them. There is no need; enough of marvellous adventure can be culled from the experiences of modern travellers—men whose credit is beyond a question.

Although not the most modern, certainly one of the best stories of elephant chase is related by Lieutenant Moodie. At the time of the adventure, the experience of the lieutenant as regarded elephant hunting was small—indeed, he had never seen but one of the mighty quadrupeds slain, and that was only the day before. However, this little taste of the noble sport was sufficient to set him yearning for another bout; and when early the next morning the presence near the camp of a large drove of elephants was announced, the narrator lost no time in equipping for the sport, and set off to join the hunters. On his way, however, he got lost in the jungle, and saw nothing of those of whom he was in quest until he heard a gun fired and heard his own name shouted, together with cries of "*passop!*" (look out). At the same time, he was aware of a rending and crashing of jungle stems, and presently a whole troop of elephants, headed by a mighty female, came bearing down directly towards him. Being rather uncertain of his aim, the lieutenant thought it best to step out of the path and run in a contrary direction. He did so, but in looking back discovered to his horror that the elephants, too, had altered their course and were in full chase of him, the great female still in front and trumpeting like a very

demon, and three others on either side of her evidently fully bent on mischief. Under the circumstances, Mr. Moodie resolved still to reserve his fire, and increasing his speed made for the bank of a small river with the idea of swimming across and taking refuge among the rocks that skirted its opposite side. Before, however, he could reach the stream, the thundering footsteps came close up behind, and the screaming and trumpeting of the seven mighty beasts became deafening. There was no other chance, so the lieutenant, screwing up his courage, faced round, shouldered his gun, and let fly at the big female. Unfortunately, however, the powder did not immediately ignite; and the aim being thus spoiled the bullet merely grazed the head of the advancing elephant, who, halting only for an instant, came on again more vengefully than before.

"I fell—I cannot say whether struck down by her trunk or not. She then made a thrust at me with her tusk. Luckily she had only one, and luckier still that one missed me. She then caught me with her trunk by the middle, threw me beneath her fore feet and knocked me about between them for a little space. I was scarcely in a condition to compute the number of minutes very accurately. Once she pressed her foot on my chest with such force, that I actually felt the bones as it were bending beneath the weight, and once she trod on the middle of my arm, which fortunately lay flat on the ground at the time. During this rough handling, however, I never entirely lost my recollection, else I have little doubt she would have settled my accounts with this world; but owing to the roundness of her foot I generally managed, by twisting my body and limbs, to escape her direct tread. While I was still undergoing this buffeting, Lieutenant Chisholm and Diedrick, a Hottentot, had come up and fired several shots at her, one of which hit her in the shoulder, and at the same time, her companions retiring and screaming to her from the edge of the forest, she reluctantly left me, giving me a cuff or two with her hind-feet in passing. I got up, picked up my gun, and staggered away as fast as my aching bones would allow; but observing that she turned round and looked back towards me before entering the bush, I lay down in the long grass, by which means I escaped her observation."

Murderous as was the behaviour of the she elephant above alluded to, she was presently after the heroine of a tragedy, and as such so

comported herself as to induce one to forgive her previous delinquency. It seems that while the crowd of hunters, including Mr. Moodie's brother, were gathered round him listening to his marvellous story, a big male elephant, who was probably related to the female and had been an eye-witness to the indignities to which she had been subjected, rushed from his hiding-place, and, seizing a soldier from the company, carried him off, and in a few moments crushed him into a shapeless mass beneath his ponderous knees. What followed will be best related in Lieutenant Moodie's own language.

"Shortly after this catastrophe, a shot from one of the people broke this male elephant's left fore-leg, which completely disabled him from running. On this occasion we witnessed a touching instance of affection and sagacity in the elephant, which I cannot forbear to relate, as it so well illustrates the character of this noble animal. Seeing the danger and distress of her mate, the female before mentioned (my personal antagonist), regardless of her own danger, quitted her shelter in the bush, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants and still returning to his side and caressing him, and when he attempted to walk she placed her flank under his wounded side and supported him. This scene continued nearly half an hour, until the female received a severe wound, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sank exhausted from the loss of blood, and the male soon after received a mortal wound and sank to the earth."

Few sportsmen have been placed in a more terrible predicament than was Mr. Andersson while halting at Kobis, on his road to Lake Ngami. Hearing that elephants and rhinoceroses were in the habit of frequenting certain pools to drink, he set out alone one moonlight night, carrying a blanket and two or three guns, and took up his position on a strip of land that divided two pools. "Just as I had completed my arrangements," says he, "a noise like that of the passage of artillery broke the stillness of the air—it evidently came from the direction of one of the numerous stony paths or rather tracks leading to the water. Raising myself from my recumbent position, I fixed my eyes steadily on the part of the bush whence the strange sounds proceeded, but for some time I was unable to make out the cause. All at once, however, the mystery was explained, by the appearance of an immense elephant,

immediately followed by others, amounting to eighteen. Their towering forms told me at a glance that they were all males.

"Crouching down as low as possible, I waited with beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of peril, was making straight for my hiding-place. The position of his body, however, was unfavourable for a shot; and knowing from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a good single one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which, as before said, is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But this chance, unfortunately, was not afforded me till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was that, while in the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle, my body caught his eye, and before I could place the piece to my shoulder, he swung himself round and, with trunk elevated and ears spread, desperately charged me. It was now too late to think of flight, much less of slaying the savage beast. My own life was in imminent jeopardy; and seeing that if I remained partially erect he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some violence, in which position and without shouldering the rifle I fired upwards at random towards his chest, uttering, at the same time, the most piercing shouts and cries. The change of position, in all human probability, saved my life; for at the same instant the trunk of the enraged animal descended precisely on the spot where I had been previously crouched, sweeping away the stones (many of a large size) like so many pebbles. In another moment his broad fore-feet passed directly over my face.

"I now expected nothing short of being crushed to death; but imagine my relief when, instead of renewing the charge, he swerved to the left and moved off with considerable rapidity—most happily without my having received other injuries than a few bruises occasioned by the falling of the stones. Under Providence, I attribute my extraordinary escape to the confusion of the animal caused by the wound I had inflicted on him, and to the cries elicited from me when in my utmost need."

A still more wondrous story is told by a gentleman, who adopts the *sobriquet* of the "Old Shekarry" (a "Shekarry" is an Indian game tracker), and who lately returned from a hunting tour, through the "Hunting Grounds of the Old World." While in the Annamullay

forest, Southern India, accompanied by his native "beater" Goolooloo, he had already laid low two bull elephants, when his beater once more gave warning; and hardly had his master time to snatch up his gun, ere a male and seven female elephants dashed past, not more than fifty paces distant. Says the Old Shekarry:—

"I threw up my rifle and, aiming behind the ear, let drive a couple of snap shots, for the chance of stopping him, the last of which took effect, for it brought him to his knees; but he immediately regained his legs and, separating from the females, tore frantically through the forest, which he made resound with his angry roar. I snatched my second spare gun from Goolooloo, (a heavy two-ounce double rifle), and, jumping down the bank, ran with all speed to cut him off at the gorge, which was extremely narrow, as the torrent made its way between a huge cleft in the rock, through which I knew he must pass, in order to join the rest of the herd. I was running down the bed of the stream, on either side of which rose high banks, when I heard a rattling noise among the stones behind me, and on turning my head, I saw the wounded bull tearing after me, with his eyes flashing fire and his tail straight on end, about forty paces distant. Speed I knew would not avail me; he would have been down upon me before I could have clambered up the bank, so I swung round and dropped on my knee, to take a more steady aim. On he charged with a fiendish shriek of revenge; I let him come to within fifteen paces, when I let drive, aiming between his eyes—my favourite shot—but whether it was that I was unsteady, being breathless from my run, or that my rifle, which weighed sixteen pounds, was too heavy, I know not; but my left arm dropped the moment I pulled the trigger (not from nervousness, for I was perfectly cool, and never lost my presence of mind for a moment), and my shot took effect four inches too low, entering the fleshy part of the root of the trunk, instead of penetrating the brain. It failed to stop him; and before I could get out of the way the huge brute was on me. I saw something dark pass over me, felt a severe blow, and found myself whizzing through the air; then all was oblivion.

"When I came to, I found myself lying on my face, in a pool of blood, which came from my nose, mouth, and ears. Although nearly choked with clotted gore, a sense of my perilous situation flashed

across my mind, and I strove to rise and look after my antagonist, but he was nowhere to be seen. I picked myself up, and although fearfully bruised and shaken, found that no bones were broken. I was lying on the top of the bank, although quite unable to account to myself how I got there. In the dry bed of the nullah I saw my rifle, and after much painful exertion managed to crawl down and get it. The muzzle was filled with sand, which I cleared out as well as I could; and then, sitting by the edge of the stream, began to wash away the blood, and bathe my face and head. Whilst so employed, I heard a piercing shriek, and saw Goolooloo rushing towards me, closely followed by the infuriated elephant, who was almost mad from the pain of his wounds. Luckily, a hanging branch was in his way, and with the agility of a monkey he caught hold of it, and swung himself up the bank, where he was safe. The elephant, baulked of his victim, rushed wildly backwards and forwards two or three times, as if searching for him, and then, with a hoarse scream of disappointment, came tearing down the bed of the nullah. I was directly in his path, and powerless to get out of the way. A moment more, and I saw that I was perceived, for down he charged on me with a roar of vengeance. With difficulty I raised my rifle, and, taking a steady aim between his eyes, pulled the trigger—it was my only chance. When the smoke cleared away, I perceived a mighty mass lying close to me. At last I had conquered. Soon after this I must have sunk into a swoon, for I hardly remembered anything until I found myself in my hut.

“My body was very much swollen from the severe blow I had received, my back being black from the waist upwards. A native remedy was applied, and my back covered with leeches, but I was entirely laid up, and had to return to Ooty to recruit.”

Now that the elephant has played his part in the “Wild Sports of the World,” and another actor in our great Natural Drama waits to be introduced, we are anxious to refer once again to the wondrous structure and intelligence of the animal whom we have just seen under a variety of aspects. Fruitless, however, it would be, and to our mind unpleasant, to argue the sublime works of the Creator, and to speculate how any alteration of the works of His hands would have “answered.” From the tiny ant to the huge elephant, Perfection is the simple and only term that expresses animal formation

—Nature is never imperfect, never superfluous. The many-legged centipede deprived even of an atom of a limb, would halt and go lame; the shaggy bison of all his million hairs, has not one too many; and of the host of minute tubes composing the elephant's trunk, each has its functions, and if maimed, the whole is an imperfect machine, and so remains, without Nature consents to repair the injury. The intelligence of the elephant is as wonderful as its structure. Viewing with our ignorant eyes its vast bulk, its shapeless legs, its huge tun-like body, its little head, and swinish eyes and ears, it does not seem a promising casket, yet, as the dullest schoolboy knows, it occasionally exhibits instinct so near akin to reason, that one is puzzled to know where the line may be drawn. The threadbare stories of the tailor who pricked the elephant's trunk with his needle, and of the weak elephant, who watched his opportunity to push his big bully brother into the well, might be here repeated, as illustrative of the above-mentioned difficulty; but it is not necessary, as there is a better story than either, related by Tennent. Through ill usage and bad fare, an elephant had fallen down in the road, and its attendants, attributing its behaviour to laziness, and not illness, put a chain about it, and attaching one end of the chain to another elephant, bade him haul up the lazy beast. At the first pull, however, the poor creature groaned so plaintively, that the puller saw at once how the case stood, and immediately dropping the chain, faced the bystanders, and trumpeted his indignation at their brutality; then turning to the prostrate one, he tenderly loosed the iron links from about its emaciated carcase.

CONSIDERING that our account of the Elephant would be incomplete without a portrait of the author on whom we have drawn so largely for our information, we applied to Sir Emerson Tennent to give a sitting to Mr. Mayall, the photographic artist. Sir Emerson very obligingly acceded to our request, and we are anxious to acknowledge this courtesy, and also to express the satisfaction we feel that the majority of the Engravings of the Elephant have received the commendation of one who is so perfectly acquainted with the animal. We quote the following from an article prepared for "Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information":—

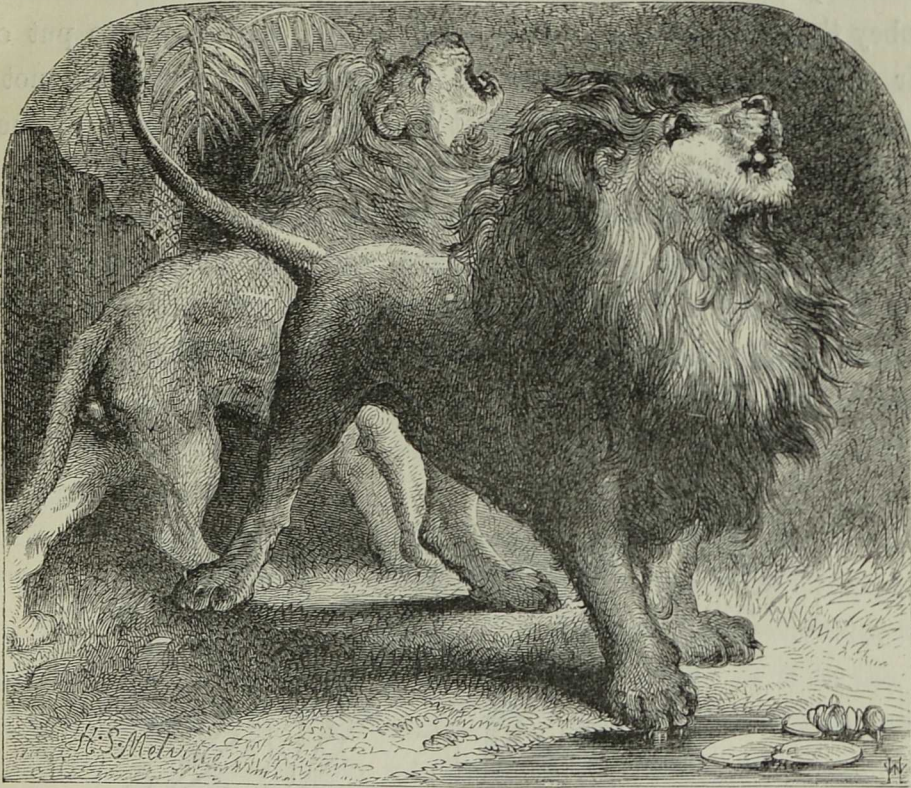
TENNENT (Sir James Emerson), a modern statesman and writer, who after concluding his educational career at Trinity College, Dublin, repaired to Greece, whither he had been attracted by an ardent sympathy for the cause of Greek independence. Three eloquent and remarkable works resulted from this journey: "Greece in 1825," "Letters from the Ægean," and the "History of Modern

Greece;" the last of which contained some curious details relative to the establishment of the monarchy. Shortly after the appearance of the last work, he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, but never practised. Until 1832 he had borne only his paternal name of Emerson, but having in the previous year married the daughter and heiress of William Tennent, a wealthy banker of Belfast, he, upon succeeding to the estates of that gentleman, assumed the additional name of Tennent. In the latter year he entered the House of Commons as member for Belfast, and was returned a second time in 1835. He lost his seat at the general election of 1837, but regained it upon petition; in 1841 he was unseated upon petition, but was immediately afterwards again returned, and continued in the House till 1845, when he received the honour of knighthood, and was appointed Civil Secretary to the Colonial Government of Ceylon. At a subsequent period he became Lieutenant-Governor of Ceylon. After his return to England he was, in 1852, returned member for Lisburn, and received the appointment of Secretary to the Poor Law Board, an office which he resigned to accept that of Joint Secretary to the Board of Trade. His active parliamentary and official life did not prevent his frequently appearing as the author of valuable works, the chief of which were "Belgium," "A Treatise on the Copyright of Designs for Printed Fabrics," "Christianity in Ceylon," and "Wine, its Uses and Taxation." In 1859 he produced his "Ceylon," which speedily became one of the most popular works of the day, and was translated into several foreign languages. It is distinguished among even the best works of its class for its correct and extensive series of observations upon natural history. Upon the habits of one animal—the elephant—the book throws a world of light, and so greatly is our knowledge of this gigantic quadruped increased, that it is not too much to say of the book that, until its appearance, we were but dimly acquainted with perhaps the most interesting animal of the brute creation. In the House of Commons, Sir James Emerson Tennent distinguished himself by carrying the Copyright of Designs Act, for which boon the manufacturers of the United Kingdom presented him in 1843 with a testimonial and a service of plate of the value of £3,000. Born at Belfast, 1804.



METHOD OF MOUNTING.

THE LION.



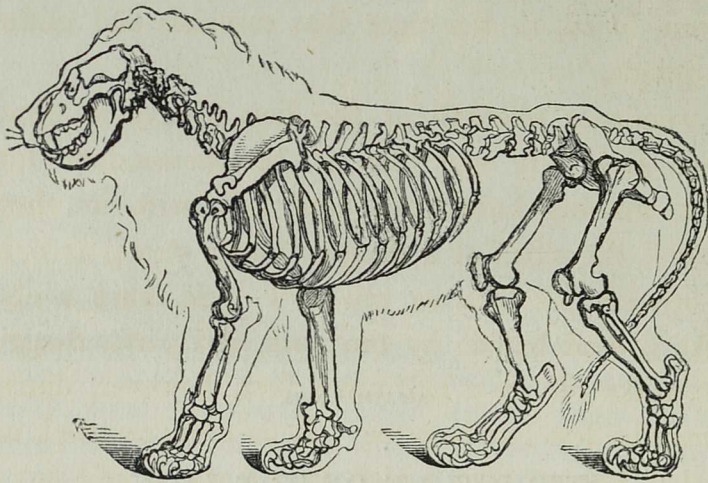
ASIATIC LIONS.

STRUCTURE OF THE LION.

THE high degree of intelligence and activity exhibited by carnivorous quadrupeds entitles them to take precedence of the herbivorous races. Against this opinion, indeed, may be quoted scores of instances of wondrous cunning, and sagacity, and docility, displayed by the horse, the elephant, the camel, &c. ; but the mere fact that such instances are remarkable is of itself sufficient evidence of the general intellectual inferiority of the animals quoted, and indeed of the entire family represented by them. On the other hand, so far from there being occasion to hunt up cases of peculiar intelligence among the widely spread carnivorous tribes, the difficulty would be to find a dull dog, or a cat incompetent to conduct its business.

And herein, as in everything, shines the surpassing wisdom of the Creator. The ox that is yoked to the plough, the horse that moves with us in the every-day paths of life, the camel, on whose

patient docility frequently depends the lives of scores of desert travellers ; all these are endowed with just sufficient understanding to obey the commands of man—to lie down, to rise up, to put out their utmost speed at a shake of the rein—and possessing not a single propensity or inclination that man is not empowered to check or subjugate. But with the carnivora the case is very different. Although, as was decreed, they are unable to contend against man's authority, they disdain his patronage and protection, maintaining their liberty with their lives, it forming no part of the Divine scheme that they should ever forget their thirst for blood, or become tame.



SKELETON OF THE LION.

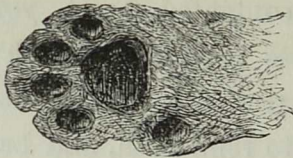
The domestication of the dog, an undoubted member of the digitate carnivora, may be quoted against the above, but there can be no doubt that the dog was specially provided for the use of mankind. In the case of the dog, it has not been merely given to man as a servant endowed with zeal and sagacity, but an efficient helper in difficulties he is incompetent to meet. In bodily strength man is unable to cope with ferocious enemies that surround him on all sides ; his senses are imperfect when compared with some of the lower animals ; in speed he is outstripped by the very creatures appointed to be his food ; how, then, are all these deficiencies to be compensated ? The dog has been placed at man's disposal : its instincts, its size, its form, its senses, and its corporeal attributes, are all subjugated to his control ; and thus, whatever aid he may require, is to be obtained by the cultivation of its faculties.

The cat has no such claim to be considered a purely domesticated animal, or one reclaimed from its primal savagery. It is merely a beast of prey, availing itself of the advantages of civilization, while, at the same time, it is faithful to the dictates of its bloodthirsty and unsympathetic nature. The instincts of the cat are much more stubborn than its fur, and though this may be cultivated to silky softness, and Grimalkin lie all along your hearth-rug, innocent as a lamb, and purring in the fulness of its contented heart, you have but to turn your back, and lo! there rises from the hearth before the affrighted eyes of your canary, or parrot, a grim monster with bare teeth, and bristling tail, as anxious to rend flesh, and bathe its nose in warm blood, as the tiger that crouches and glides through the Indian jungle.

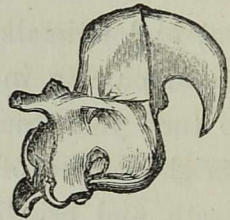
Of the wondrous strength of the lion, nearly all that can has already been said. By one blow of his tremendous fore-paw he will bring a running horse to a dead halt, with its shoulder-bone shattered; and the skull of a man, curiously strong as it is, the lion can crush beneath his foot, as you or I could crush a cherry-stone. He can take a dead buffalo by the neck, and partly dragging, partly carrying it, make off at a half-run; first, however, disembowelling it, that it may be less cumbersome. It is even asserted, on credible authority, that, leaping over a high farm-fence, it will slay a bullock, and, dreading to stay and devour it on the spot, will bring it to the wall, raise it from the ground in his mouth, and by a mighty effort of his great muscles, toss it up so that it shall fall without the fence. Quick as lightning the poacher follows the plunder, and with it he is off in a twinkling.

The most important adjunct to the terrible strength of the lion, and indeed of the whole of the feline carnivora, is the noiselessness with which they are enabled to approach their prey; and the mechanism that provides for this at the same time answers an equally important purpose, viz., the keeping the animal's claws constantly clean, and sound, and sharp. Three elastic ligaments, derived from the penultimate joints of the toe, are inserted into the last phalanx in such a manner, that by their elasticity under ordinary circumstances, they keep the claw laid back upon the upper aspect of the foot, so that the soft cushion beneath the toes is the only part brought into contact with the ground. But when the animal

springs upon its prey, the tendons of the flexor muscles of the toes implanted into the opposite surface of the phalanx, overcoming the elasticity of the retractile ligaments, pluck forward the curved claws, and burying them deeply into the flesh of its victim, the strongest animals struggle vainly to shake off a gripe so tenacious.



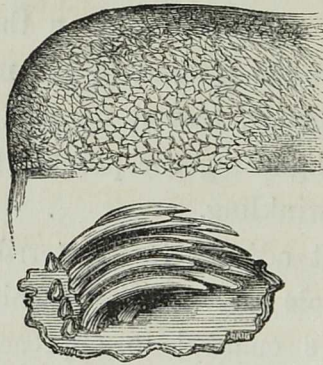
PAW.



CLAW.

An inspection of the tongue of a carnivorous quadruped at once shows that that member possesses little delicacy of perception. It is only in man, and those herbivorous animals that prepare their food in the mouth by a prolonged mastication, that the sense in question is thoroughly developed. Seeing that the carnivora tear to pieces and swallow their food in large morsels, it can scarcely be supposed that they pay much attention to its sapid qualities.

In the cat tribe, all the middle portion of the surface of the tongue is covered over with sharp recurved and horny spines, adapted,

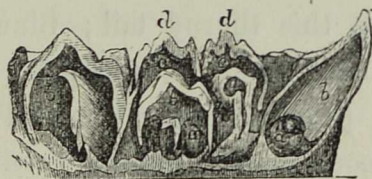


PORTION OF SURFACE OF TONGUE, AND SMALL PORTION OF SAME MAGNIFIED.

as it were, to file off remnants of soft flesh from the bones of their victims. The strength of these spines in the tiger tribe is very remarkable, and, as will be found recorded in its proper place, instances have repeatedly occurred where a tiger has been wounded by a bullet, and discovered, a few hours afterwards, with several inches round the wound licked as bare as the back of one's hand.

There can be no doubt, however, that besides aiding in the pacification of their ravenous appetites, the saw-like tongue of the tiger and his brethren is useful in cleansing and dressing their beautiful skins.

The teeth of the lion, as of all the carnivora, the quadrumana, and also of man, are composed of bone and enamel—the entire crown, or projecting portion, being covered with the latter. From marked differences in their form in different regions of the mouth, such teeth are conveniently divisible into four groups, called, respectively, *incisores*, *laniares*, or canine teeth; *pseudo-molars*, or false grinders and *molars*, or grinding-teeth.



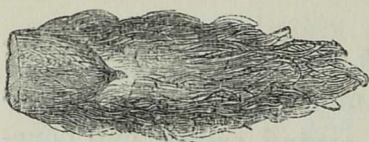
SECTION OF TOOTH.

“The ivory that forms the bulk of the tooth” (*b*), says Rymer Jones, “is formed by the surface of an internal pulp (*a*), and as it slowly accumulates, encroaching upon the central cavity, and penetrating more deeply into the socket, the fang is gradually formed, and the central pulp shrinks until, in the fully formed tooth, it becomes reduced to a thin membrane, richly supplied with vessels and nerves, which lines the small central cavity that remains. Before the progressively advancing tooth issues from the nidus wherein it is produced, the enamel is deposited upon the surface of the ivory by the lining membrane of the capsule (*c*), and becomes arranged in crystalline fibres placed perpendicularly to the surface of the ivory, until the whole crown of the tooth is adequately coated with this important additional substance. Meanwhile, the growth of the tooth still proceeds by the lengthening of its root, until at last the crown issues from the jaw, and the enamel-secreting membrane (*c*) becomes obliterated.” The *felinæ* have fewer teeth than the other carnivora, having no tuberculous or flat grinders; of cheek teeth, they have only three or four on each side, strong pointed and with shear-like edges, solely useful for dividing flesh.

In the cats that hunt in the gloom, and consequently require every ray of light that can be made available, the pupil is a long vertical

fissure ; but this only obtains among the smaller genera, for in those *felinae carnivora* that surpass the ocelot in size, such as the lion, tiger, and leopard, the pupil again assumes a round form. Furnished with a nictitating membrane, the eyes of this genus shine in the twilight with a brilliant greenish or orange hue.

Among the ancients there was a pretty general belief that the lion, being furnished with a convenient spike at the extremity of its tail, availed himself of the same to lash his sides, and so get up a violent passion whenever it suited him. This delusion is of course scouted in these wise times, but, like many other superstitions, it is not without a certain foundation. Actually, lions and leopards *have* been found with this thorny tail ; Blumenbach, M. Deshays, Mr. Woods, and others, bring testimony no less substantial than the prickle itself to prove its existence. The one exhibited by Mr. Woods, was corneous, like an ordinary nail, solid throughout its greater part, and sharp at the apex. The spine in question, however,



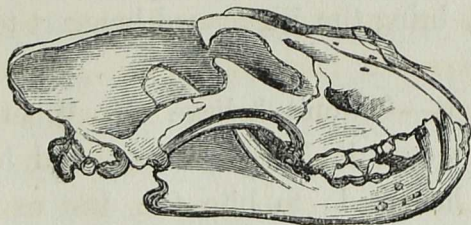
SPINE IN LION'S TAIL.

was so slightly attached to the skin, that it came off in the hands of the beast-keeper who was examining it ; and, bearing in mind this fact, too much stress should not be laid on the circumstance urged in disproof of the prickle doctrine, that among the tails of all the stuffed specimens in the Society's Museum, the spine was found but in one instance. The same remark applies equally to the living *carnivora* confined in menageries. It may be fairly assumed that never did lion have such cause for angry tail-lashing as when he first found himself pent in a narrow dungeon ; and it is hard to imagine anything more inimical to the safety of the slightly attached prickle than constant collision with iron bars.

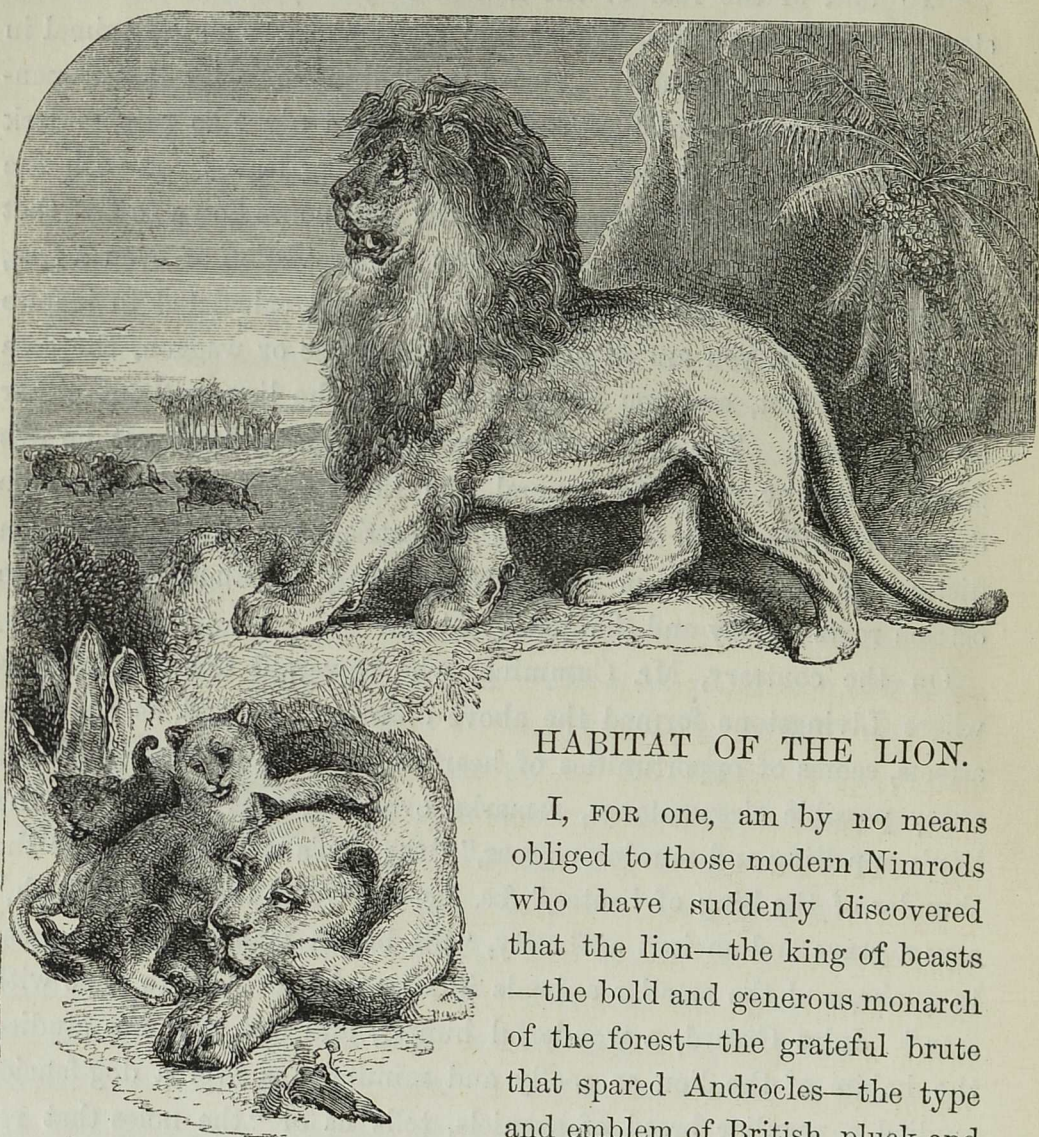
Respecting the voice of the lion, opinion, or perhaps it would be more correct to say taste, differs. A noise that may shake to their very foundation your delicately strung nerves, may only afford to mine, more blunt in quality, an unpleasant tingling. Maybe you are a person of powerful imagination, who, catching a little sound, inflate it bladderwise with the breath of fancy, till it assumes mountainous proportions ; on the other hand, I may be—just as unconsciously—of mulish mind, and, hearing the roar of artillery, turn and inquire, “Who whispered?”

“To talk of the roar of the lion as majestic,” writes Dr. Livingstone, who for many months trod the very same paths as the animal in question, “is mere twaddle. Heard in combination with the tremendously loud thunder of Southern Africa, on a night so pitchy dark that every flash of the intensely vivid lightning leaves you with the impression of stone blindness, while the rain pours down so fast that your fire goes out, leaving you without the protection of even a tree, or the chance of your gun going off, it is well calculated to inspire fear; but when you are in a comfortable house or waggon, the case is very different, and you hear the voice of the lion without either awe or alarm. The silly ostrich makes a noise as loud, yet he was never feared by man. In general, the lion’s voice seems to come deeper from the chest than that of the ostrich, but to this day I can distinguish between them with certainty only by knowing that the ostrich roars by day and the lion by night.”

On the contrary, Mr. Cumming, who traversed the very regions where Livingstone formed the above opinions, and had, as his book attests, scores of opportunities of hearing the voice of the lion under every possible circumstance, remarks over and over again on “the lion’s appalling and murderous roar,” “the lion’s majestic voice,” “the thunder of the king of brutes,” &c. &c. “When the lion speaketh,” says a grave and ancient authority, “his breath maketh the big trees to quake, and the smaller animals infesting his domain to gape with fear.” Jules Gerard, a wonderful hunter, and one who has studied the habits of the lion as coolly and minutely as ever a dog-fancier studied a peculiar breed of spaniels, tells us of “the noise that resembles the distant roar of artillery;” “never has your ear been struck with a more harmonious and magnificent sound. Young and old crouch at it, and listen with solemn respect to the voice before which all others are silent; that voice which tells of the strength and courage of the strongest and most courageous animal on the face of the earth.”



SKULL OF LION.



HABITAT OF THE LION.

I, for one, am by no means obliged to those modern Nimrods who have suddenly discovered that the lion—the king of beasts—the bold and generous monarch of the forest—the grateful brute that spared Androcles—the type and emblem of British pluck and

magnanimity—is, after all, the merest cur. According to these worthies the royal arms of England is an antiquated delusion, and the true British nursery jingle, concerning the lion and the unicorn, with the sad fate of the latter, and the triumph and feasting of the former, one of the silliest errors ever propagated. The lion beat the unicorn! Pshaw! With one poke of his horn the unicorn could bring the big-maned braggart to his knees roaring for mercy!

I can't believe it—I won't believe it. Where [is the evidence to prove it? You consult Mr. Cumming, and he tells you of the scores of lions he has made to bite the dust as easily as pigs are stuck in a Wiltshire farm-yard. But suppose, instead of the modern

highly-finished, certain, death-dealing rifle, these wholesale lion slaughterers had been armed with the old and uncertain flint-mounted blunderbuss. They then would have had a very different story to tell—but an insignificant per centage, indeed, being left to tell anything. Is the noble beast to be defamed because some clever Jacobs, or Baker, or Westley Richards invents improvements in guns? It seems to me that there the secret lies. What *can* withstand the constant growth of man's ingenuity? He throws bridges over rivers wide and deep, but the tide runs just as fiercely; he harnesses steam to his chariot and outstrips the wind, but a mile is still a mile; he points his deadly rifle at the king of the forest and lays him low, but that he *is* king of the forest, and as such acknowledged by every living beast, I maintain.

As to this writer and that, busying their pens to prove that the lion is *not* a "generous" brute, and that he *will* attack a lone man in the wilderness, is, to say the least, absurd. Of *course* he will attack a lone man, why shouldn't he? He is a beast of prey, and man-flesh is as toothsome for him—no more nor less, possibly—as the flesh of the boar and buffalo. What does *he* know about generosity? His monitor is his belly. It appeals to him, reminds him of his hooked fangs and sharp claws, and he acts on the hint the first time he spies fair game. He is not a whit less "generous" than man himself. Whenever did poetic reflection on the "antlered monarch of the glen" spoil a man's appetite for venison? Who amongst us is found wasting sentiment over the "fleecy lamb" in the season of green peas? Now, hear his virtues.

Whatever may be said against the lion, no hunter ever yet reported him, wherever he has been found, anything but "a faithful husband and affectionate parent." So good an account cannot be given of his wife, who, as a rule, is cruel, mean, and vicious. When she arrives at the age of three years, and her parents will no longer support her, she goes abroad to seek a mate. She, however, is fastidious, and seldom or ever accepts the first young fellow that makes up to her. She can afford to pick and choose—young he lions being much more plentiful than shes, in consequence of the latter having immense difficulty in cutting their teeth, and, in at least one case in every four, dying from that cause in their infancy. So she picks her way daintily along till two or three young fellows,

sighing like furnace, join her train, quarrelling jealously amongst themselves, and snapping and biting at each other, but ever humble and courtly in their behaviour towards her. If her beaux are well matched for size and strength, this game is kept up for a day or two, until there comes along a right royal bachelor lion with full-grown glistening teeth and a handsome mane. Heedless of the presence of her youthful suitors he pays court to her; and instead of pleading "engagement," as one might think she would, the treacherous vixen lends an attentive ear to his brief pleadings, and reclines on the ground while he settles the question with his rivals. This takes but very few minutes. While he rushes amongst them giving one a claw and another a grip, she lies pleasantly watching the sport, expressing her approval by purring and wagging her tail till they are all sent limping off; then she rises and gaily trots off with the victor.

From that moment he is her slave. She walks first, he follows till she grows hungry, then *he* goes first—goes alone in fact—to find her some supper, she reclining comfortably along the leaf-strewn ground meanwhile. When he finds some supper, he brings it to her, or, if too heavy, he stands by the side of the game and roars till she comes; touching not a mouthful until she has filled her belly and given him leave to begin. In fact he is "her's till death"—or he would be if she would allow him; but she won't. She cleaves to her lord just so long as a better looking lion keeps out of sight, but not a moment beyond. Jules Gerard relates an anecdote illustrative of the conjugal fidelity of the lioness.

An Arab, one moonlight night, climbed into a tree with his gun for the purpose of shooting a stag. About midnight he saw a lioness approaching, followed by a full-grown lion. The lioness left the path in the midst of the jungle, and laid down at the foot of the tree in which the Arab was perched. The lion, however, kept the path and appeared to be listening to something. Presently the man in the tree caught the faintest possible sound of a roar, and the lioness under the tree at once responded. The husband of the audacious beast, scowling terribly at her, threw up his head and gave forth a roar so full of wrath and defiance, that the terrified man in the tree dropped his gun, and was obliged to cling to the branches to save himself from falling.

By degrees the distant roaring became louder, as did the tones of the lioness, while the lion, glaring furiously and whipping his hollow sides with his tail, hurried to and fro from the path to the tree, and seemed to employ himself equally in reasoning with his fickle mate on the impropriety of her behaviour, and in giving bold replies to the challenges of his approaching foe.

After a while, a splendid black-maned lion made his appearance at the extremity of the jungle, and the lioness at once rose to go towards him; but her husband, divining her intention, leapt before, and presently stood face to face with his dark-haired rival. They crouched to spring at the same instant, and, leaping, met and embraced in the air. Then they rolled over to the earth and began a long and



terrible struggle; and while bones were cracking between the mighty jaws of the fighters—while too busy to waste time in roaring they clawed and gripped and vented their pain and fury in muffled sobs and moans—the lioness lay placidly on the grass blinking her eyes and pleasurably wagging her tail. By degrees the struggling of the brutes became less and less fierce; and presently one lay still entirely,

and the other had so little life left that his roar of victory was a mere whisper. So the lioness finding that the sport was over, walked leisurely to the prostrate bodies, sniffed one—then the other, and then trotted off without the least concern.

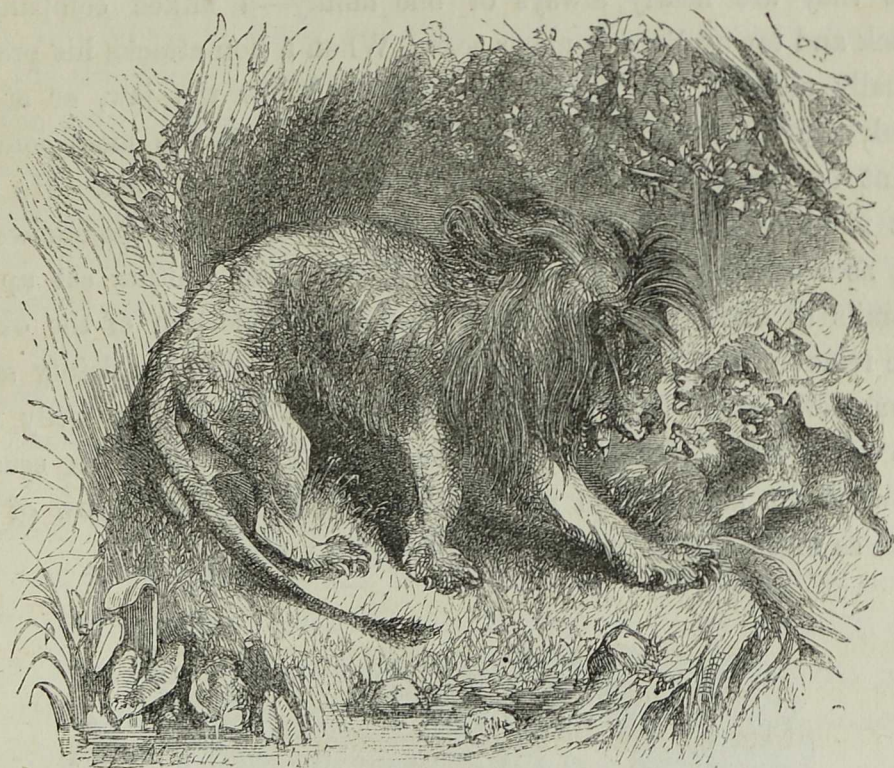
The lion is of nocturnal habits, and there can be little doubt that the prevalent opinion respecting his friendliness to man takes root in that fact. He never turns out from his lair from sunrise to sunset except when he is disturbed by thirst or some equally weighty reason; and then he slouches along in a somnolent condition; and is no more aware of surrounding objects than is a man who wakes in the middle of the night, parched with thirst, and sleepily gropes for his water-glass. The drowsy lion, like the drowsy man, pacifies his thirst and then returns to his slumbers. "When a lion is met in the day-time," says Dr. Livingstone, "if preconceived notions do not lead you to expect something very noble or majestic, you will see merely an animal, somewhat larger than the biggest dog you ever saw, and partaking very strongly of the canine features; the face is not much like the usual drawings of a lion, the nose being prolonged like the dog's. When encountered in the day-time, the lion stands a second or two, then turns slowly round and walks as slowly away for a dozen paces, looking over his shoulder, then begins to trot, and when he thinks himself out of sight, bounds off like a greyhound."

The same authority asserts that the moon is as fatal to lions hunting as the sun; and that so general was the sense of security experienced on a moonlight night throughout his company, that the oxen were seldom tied up, but allowed to lie loosely by the waggons; whereas if this negligence were permitted on a dark night, the certain penalty would be the abstraction of an ox or a horse.

Lions and lionesses generally couple about January, and from one to three cubs are born at a litter; if three, two males and one female; if two, one of each sex. For several days after her young come into the world, the lioness never leaves them for an instant; but as soon as they can trot by her side she takes them for a bit of a walk, and treats them to a nice piece of sheep or goat's flesh, carefully shredded so as not to hurt their tender gums; indeed, the inhabitants of regions where lions abound know to their sorrow

when the lion has children born to him, by the sudden havoc made amongst the most tender of their flocks.

At the age of three or four months they go with their mother to meet father lion returning from his hunting excursions; and in another month or so they accompany both parents on their business errands, and get initiated into the mysteries of the chase. They even attempt now and then to pluck their own supper from the Arab's flock; if they fail there is no harm done, for father lion is close at hand and ready to mend any bungling his sons may be guilty of.

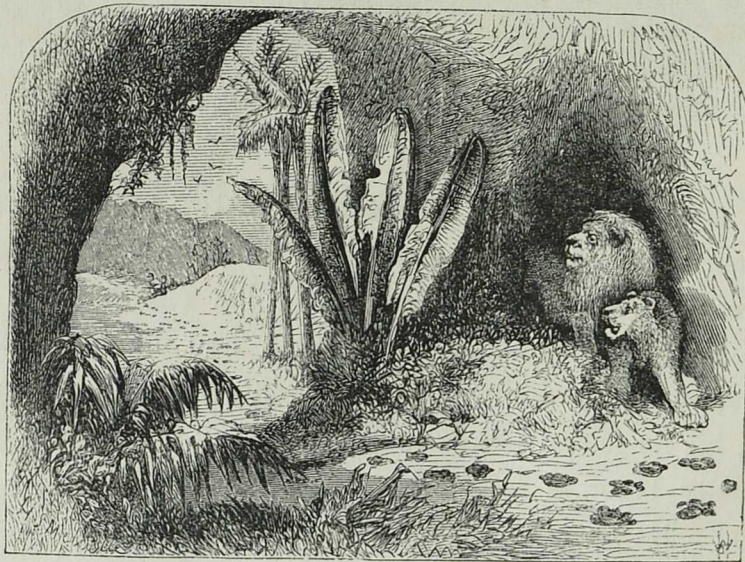


A LION IN HIS OLD AGE.

When the young lion reaches the age of two years, he is able to strangle and pull down a horse, or an ox; and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eighth year, and his talons, and teeth, and mane are perfect, and he grows no more. His powers are long enduring. For twenty years after he arrives at maturity, his fangs and sinews show no signs of decay; but after that, he gradually becomes feeble, his teeth fail him, and he becomes "cubbish." He is no longer a match for the tremendous buffalo—he is overmatched even by the peaceful ox, so he prowls round the

cattle kralls, and snatches a lamb or a kid, just as he did when he set out with his parents, nearly thirty years before. A woman or a child abroad at night shares the same fate. His strength and sight now decline more and more, till the mighty lion grows lean and mangy, and crawls about from place to place, eating any offal he can pick up, and despising not even so small an animal as the field mouse ; so he starves and dies, or is fallen on and slaughtered by a few cowardly hyænas ; or, discovered unable to move beneath a tree, is knocked on the head by some wandering hunter.

Lions are never seen in herds ; five or six occasionally hunt together, but they are nearly always of one family—a mixed company of black and tawny lions is never seen. When a lion attacks his prey he usually aims at the throat, immediately below the jaw, or at the flank near the hind leg. The flank, however, is the most common point of attack, and on that part he commences to feast. He does not maul or mangle his food ; he will rip open and disembowel an ox, as neatly as a Newgate Market butcher, and either eat up the entrails at once (he is especially fond of this portion of the ox) or else remove them to a short distance and save them for a dainty snack to-morrow ; while for the present, he pacifies his hungry belly with the solid flesh, crushing ponderous bones as a walnut is crushed between the laps of iron nut-crackers, and laying bare a row of ribs with as much ease as you or I could strip a mackerel.



SPOOR (FOOTMARKS) OF THE LION.

THE FIGHTING LION OF ANCIENT ROME.

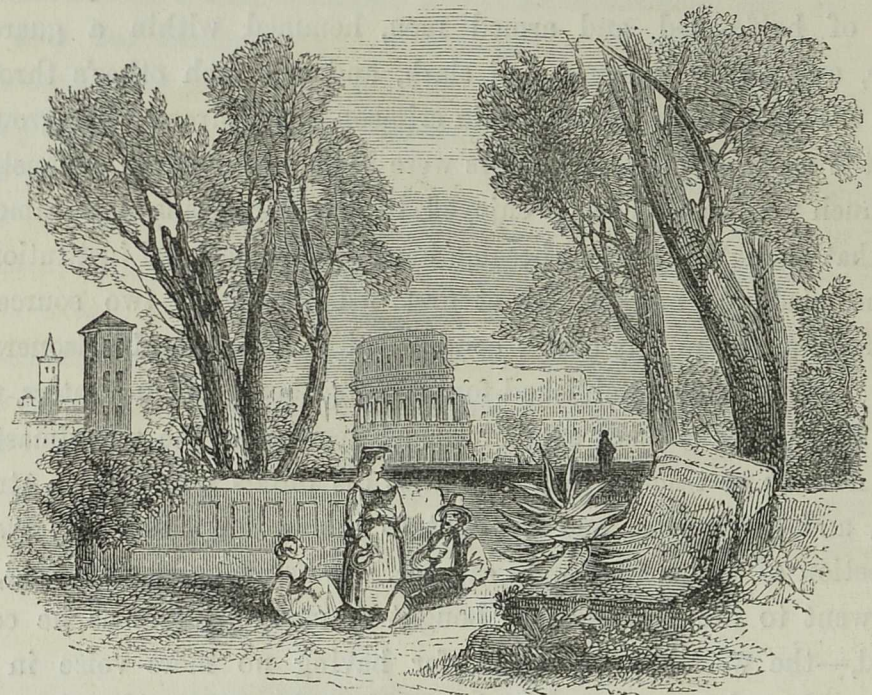
IN ancient Rome, when a magistrate or other important or rich man died, it was the custom of his next of kin to anoint his grave with the blood of a certain number of slaves or captives, to appease any hankering for carnage that might still belong to the spirit of the deceased. For many years this was done privately, but on the death of a Roman ruler that occurred nearly three hundred years before the Christian era, his two sons introduced, as a public spectacle, a host of half-naked and armed men, hemmed within a guarded space, and forced to hack, and slash, and cut each other's throats, until the slaughtered, immersed in crimson pools, strewed the ground, and the arms of the slaughterers were listless from sheer exhaustion. So much was the spectacle enjoyed by the barbarians who came to see, that gladiatorial shows became henceforth a national institution.

The gladiator market was at first fed but from two sources—malefactors and unruly slaves condemned to death, and prisoners of war. Schools were established for breeding these human fighters, who were bought for a small sum of the authorities by the schoolmasters. The *Lanista* or teacher took care that his pupils were fed on strong food, and kept clean, and wrought to the highest pitch of physical perfection of which they were capable. When a great man died, his son went to the *Lanista* and bought as many fighters as he could afford,—the wretches bargained for having no more voice in the matter than have a cageful of rats that, for a consideration, pass from the hands of the industrious rat-catcher to the brutal owner of a “ratting pit.”

Sometimes these horrid shows took place on the ground where the deceased was burnt, but generally in an amphitheatre. The ruins of one of the largest—the Colosseum—exists at the present day. It was begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus. It was of an oval form, and capable of holding ninety thousand people. The effluvia arising from so vast a mob was found to be so unpleasant to the royal and courtly noses present, that tanks containing perfumed water were here and there fixed, and, during the heat of the day, the liquid was squirted on and among the rabble, scenting them decently. While the bloodshed was progressing, bets were made concerning the fortunes

of the struggling wretches with as much freedom as is exercised in these days at Epsom or Newmarket in the matter of a horse-race.

There were several sorts of fighting men: the *Retiarii* were dressed in short tunics, and went bare-headed; in one hand these worthies bore a sort of three-headed, trident-shaped spear, and in the other hand a little net slung to a thong: the net was to be cast over the head of an enemy and pulled tight about his throat, while he was spitted with the dreadful three-pronged fork. Some fought with hooked swords; some with two swords; some with a sword and a kind



THE COLOSSEUM.

of single-looped lasso; some, more curious than all, were armed with a spear, seated on horseback, and bound, on penalty of death, *to keep the eyes fast closed* during the combat. It was common for the fighters firstly to engage with wooden weapons, that they might the better judge the tactics of their adversary: at a signal, these playthings were flung aside, the proper tools caught up, and the butchery begun in earnest. The stage on which the fighting took place was strewn with sand, to soak up the blood; and when one got so badly wounded that his life was quite in the hands of his adversary, he had the privilege of begging his life of the audience. This he did by pointing at his wounds, lowering the point of his weapon, and

bowing his head humbly. But even his forlorn attitude, and the urgent petitions uttered by the many gaping crimson mouths disfiguring his naked body were sometimes insufficient to move the sympathies of the bloodthirsty sight-seers. Some, no doubt, would willingly enough have responded favourably to the fainting man's petition, if it had not unfortunately happened that they had taken odds that he never left the arena alive; others, whose brutal eyes had been regaled by the sight of a few crimson dribblets, hankered gluttonously



for more: these, desiring that the man should be slain, held out their hands with the thumbs turned *downward*; others more merciful, and with a lesser appetite for human blood, and already satisfied, turned *up* their thumbs. Numbers carried the day if the case were left to the people, but if the emperor chose to put *his* royal thumbs in motion there was an end to the voting. If the man's life was spared, he was rewarded with money, or a crown decorated with ribands; or,

if he had acquitted himself very bravely, a wooden sword was presented to him, in token that he was exempt from the arena for ever after; if, however, the down-turning of thumbs was universal, the poor petitioner was slain as he stood, and two grim attendants, entering the ring, fixed a hook in the carcase and dragged it away.

Anciently, women were not allowed to be present at these sickening spectacles without the explicit permission of those in authority over them; the Emperor Augustus, however, removed this restriction, and made a portion of his immense amphitheatre free to ladies. It is a melancholy fact, and one agreed on by all historians, that there were no such cruel thumbs as those owned by the female portion of the auditory. However eloquent the appeal, in nine cases out of ten, the fair thumbs were inexorable, and, pointing downward, condemned the spent gladiator to death.

The most attractive of all the Roman amphitheatrical shows were those in which wild beasts were pitted to fight each other, or, better still, where a drove of men, scantily furnished with arms, and a drove of gaunt and thirsty lions and tigers were together turned into the fighting space. The men who engaged in these conflicts were called *Bestiarii*, and were chiefly selected from prisoners sentenced to death, or from the lower order of slaves. Athletic freemen, however, would sometimes enter the arena for hire, and slaves, who, barely plucking their lives from the lion's jaws, were granted their freedom, would continue their old pursuits at so much per battle, till, one day, some lithe tiger laying them low, they had the satisfaction of dying affluent men. After the triumph of Trajan over the Dacians, spectacles of this character were exhibited for a hundred and twenty-three days. Claudius was emperor at the time, and by his command *eleven thousand* wild animals, and ten thousand gladiators took part in the "sports." The beasts were kept in strong pens, called *vivaria*, attached to the amphitheatre. During the five days' revel that took place at the inauguration of the second consulship of Pompey, five hundred lions were introduced into the arena, and every one slaughtered. Part of this number fell by the weapons of the *Bestiarii*, and part by the teeth and talons of their brethren. It would be interesting to know how many human lives were involved in the destruction of this tremendous host of great-maned monsters, each endowed with the strength of six men, and possessed

of courage in proportion! Pliny, who has left the above record, furnishes no particulars on this head.

Five hundred lions in five days! A hundred gaunt fiery-eyed lions, so recently from their African forest haunts, that the sight of man is just as offensive to them as when peering over the edge of the pitfall, the eye of trapper and trapped first met;—a hundred of these monsters, loose and raging, among a company of ill-armed men through the length of a summer's day! The reader must excuse me dwelling on the subject for a moment, for really it is so stupendous a matter that I am glad to loiter the better to realize it. A hundred, however, is too many;—it means nothing but a heaving heap of great gaping mouths, red as coral and hot as flame, and all set with great white glistening teeth, and of big, death-dealing arms, each tipped with a row of crooked claws; the hot breath of the furious beasts making a cloud through which they can be but dimly seen, the thunder of their voices swallowing all other sound for a mile round.

Let us take a battle of five lions and five *Bestiarii*. The arena is about twice the circumference of the pit of an ordinary theatre, and thickly strewn with sand, or sawdust, to keep the combatants from slipping, and for other obvious purposes. A tall wall surrounds the circus, and on the edge of the wall, and projecting partly over it, is a canopied platform, called the *Podium*. Here sat the important personages of the realm—the emperor, the ambassadors of foreign nations, and the proprietor for the time of the exhibition, known as the *Editor*. Shelving down from a great height, to the rim of this wall, and round the entire circuit of it, was a wall of eager human faces, anxious for the “sport” to begin.

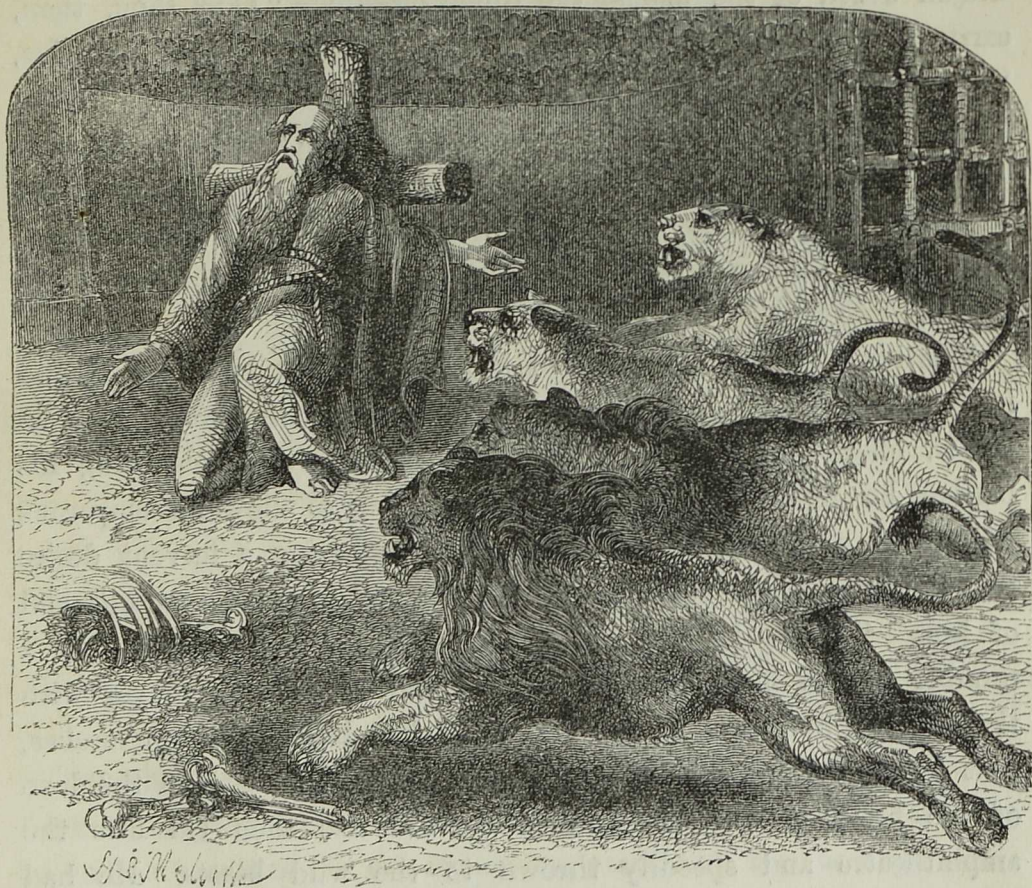
Presently it does begin. The five doomed *Bestiarii* enter the great sand-strewn ring, each armed with a short straight sword. Tall, graceful, athletic-looking fellows, with muscles like woven wire, and in the prime of manhood, and yet withal as nigh to death as life can be. This is a time of intense excitement with the spectators, and while the five forlorn ones, with the resolution of despair, take their proper positions, a hundred thousand eyes are busily taking inventory of their shape, and build, and regulating their bets accordingly. In the thickness of the great wall are iron gates and the creaking of these is a signal that hushes the buzzing and whispering as effectually as the ringing of the little bell at theatres before the curtain rises.

Simultaneously with the creaking of the iron gates is heard a low deep moaning, as much more terrible than loud roaring, as the hoarse whispered blurting of a man mad with rage is more terrible than his loudest expostulations. The lions are mad with rage. They have been but a little time in custody : the forest furze is even yet tangled in their bold manes, and their lips yet red with the blood of free-hunted game. As they emerge from the various passages and enter the arena, they stand with tall necks, and wide open nostrils, and flashing eyes, not as poor prisoners surrounded by ten thousand enemies, but rather like five mighty kings who, having left their customary haunt—the amphitheatre—for a while, suddenly return to find it invested by a multitude of inferior animals.

The five *Bestiarii*, however, are the only ones of the multitude within reach of the five outraged monarchs ; and amused at such easy prey, they throw back their proud heads and roar scornfully, at the same time most significantly furrowing the ground with their impatient talons. They, however, won't begin the fray. Each marking his antagonist, advances boldly to within thirty paces of him, and then crouches down with his strong loins upreared and his head close to the ground watchfully waiting. But the eye of each *Bestiarius* is as vigilant as that of his savage foe, his bearing is just as courageous, and the muscles of the man's limbs twitch and throb, as do the lion's. Presently, with a feint to the left and to the right, and then with a swift straightforward bound, the swordsman commences the attack and the spell is broken. What pen can picture the Bedlam scene that at once ensues ? The hideous cries of the wounded beast, the appalling shrieks of the mangled *Bestiarii* ; the cleaving of flesh with sharp steel, the crunching of bone by jagged teeth ; the spontaneous rising, and yelling, and hand-clapping, and cap-waving of the multitude ; the vociferous cheering on of men to slaughter the lions, and of the lions to slaughter the men—just as the betting went ! A few minutes, however, settles the important event ; the struggle in the circus is at an end, bets are paid over, the dead and dying are hauled out of the circus, and fresh sand strewn to cover the blood patches and make all snug and comfortable for the acting of the next scene.

It is generally believed, at the present day, that death by the teeth and claws of wild beasts is by no means of so painful a

character as might be supposed. It seems that the mere act of seizure by any of the cat tribe is sufficient so to benumb the faculties as to put one at once past all sensation of pain or even horror. As will be found recorded at length, presently, Doctor Livingstone was once as fairly in the jaws of a lion as ever was mouse in those of a fierce grimalkin. By a miracle the missionary escaped, but as he emphatically asserts, while in the brute's power, the peril of his position never once troubled him.



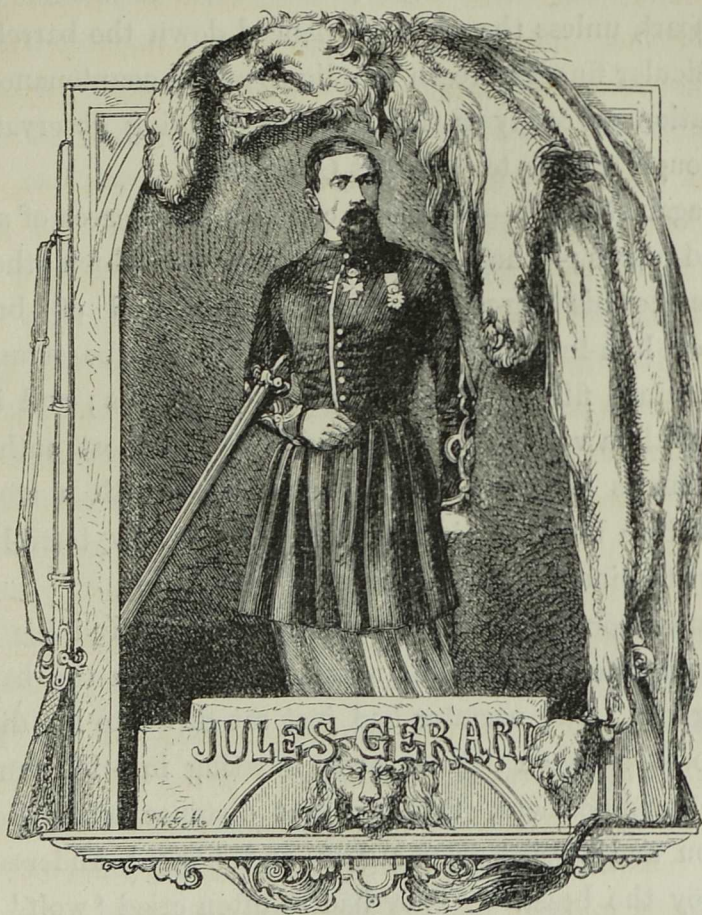
MARTYRDOM OF ST. IGNATIUS.

That this fact, however, was unknown to the Romans is certain from the fact that to give culprits of the worst order to wild beasts was the most terrible punishment they could devise. More than all, with sword, and fire, and crosses, and ponds full of voracious fish at their disposal, death by wild beasts was the most favourite mode of showing their intense hatred towards the primitive Christians; and it could hardly have been love of "sport"

that actuated them to adopt this mode of punishment, for the victims, whose crime was forsaking heathenism, were not allowed to fight for their lives, but merely cast headlong to the famished brutes, who received them as an ordinary meal, and so disposed of them.

Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was one of the most remarkable of these Christian martyrs who came to death by the lion's jaws. Accused of entertaining Christian belief, he was carried before the Emperor Trajan and by him questioned. After a long conference, Trajan asked of the bishop the direct question, "Dost thou, then, carry Him who was crucified within thee?" "I do," replied Ignatius, "for it is written, 'I dwell in them and walk in them.'" Then Trajan pronounced this sentence against him: "Since Ignatius confesses that he carries within himself Him that was crucified, we command that he be carried, bound, by soldiers to great Rome, there to be thrown to the wild beasts for the entertainment of the people."

Ignatius was nowise averse to the sentence—indeed, he gloried in it; and when certain Roman Christians, who were high in power, offered to intercede for him with a view to obtaining his pardon, he implored them not to interfere but to allow the emperor's will to be executed, at the same time expressing a fervent desire that the lions might consume him utterly and so make a worldly end of him. "When he was led to execution he was attended by a number of the brethren, and was allowed to join in prayer with them. And he prayed to the Son of God in behalf of the churches, that he would put a stop to the persecution and continue the love of the brethren towards each other. He was then led into the amphitheatre and speedily thrown to the wild beasts. He had here also his wish. The beasts were his grave. A few bones only were left, which the deacons gathered, carefully preserved, and afterwards buried at Antioch."



HOW THE LION IS HUNTED.

THE hunting tactics of Europeans abroad are vastly different from those pursued by the natives themselves. It would, however, be unfair to claim for the former superiority on this account alone. With the semi-naked savage, cunning and stratagem are natural defensive weapons, and on them he mainly depends for immunity from the teeth and claws of his four-footed carnivorous neighbours. With men of civilized birth, it is very different. Science provides them with blades sharp as tiger's claws, and cruel as lion's fangs, and with projectiles more certain of dealing death to a vital part at a single bound, than the lithest cat that ever roared and leapt. Still, as the lion, despite his fangs and talons, would be despicable without courage, and his great muscles, fit only to be applied to the shafts of a

sand cart, so would the dagger, and pistol and rifle, be mere wooden toys, unless the hands that grasped them were steadied by a serenely beating heart, unless the eye that glanced down the barrel of the gun for a particular finger's-breath in a lion's raging countenance, performed the operation as coolly as though it were taking observations of the moon through the big telescope at Greenwich.

Pluck against pluck—cucumber coolness and nerves of steel, against fangs and claws;—these are the terms on which the European hunter meets his big-maned enemy, Lion, lord of brutes. The number of lion-hunting adventures that might be strung together, would certainly fill a volume quite as large as this; and in making a selection with a view of securing the best, and most authentic, some consideration is necessary. Suppose we begin with a story showing what a perilous business lion-hunting is, and how terribly the odds are against the inexperienced hunter.

Mr. Andersson is the hero. At the time he and his party were halting near the Richterfeldt mission station, on the banks of the Swakoss river. The narrator had just sat down to his dinner, when several horror-stricken natives came bursting into his tent, with the alarming announcement, that a short distance off, a lion had just pounced on and carried away a goat, and begged Andersson to come and destroy the beast. "They had so often cried 'wolf' that I did not give much heed to their statements; but as they persisted in their story, I at last determined to ascertain the truth. Having strapped to my waist a shooting-belt containing the several requisites of a hunter—such as bullets, caps, knife, &c., I shouldered my trusty double-barrelled gun (after loading it with steel-pointed balls), and followed the men. In a short time we reached the spot where the lion was believed to have taken refuge. This was a dense tamarisk brake of some considerable extent.

"On the rising ground above the brake in question, were drawn up in battle array, a number of Damaras and Namaquas, some armed with assagais, and a few with guns. Others of the party were in the brake itself, endeavouring to oust the lion. But as it seemed to me that the beaters were timid, and, moreover, somewhat slow in their movements, I called them back; and accompanied only by one or two persons, as also a few worthless dogs, entered the brake myself. It was a rather dangerous proceeding, for in places the cover was

so thick and tangled, as to oblige me to creep on my hands and knees; and the lion in consequence, might easily have pounced upon me without a moment's warning. At that time, however, I had not obtained my experimental knowledge of the old saying 'a burnt child dreads the fire'—and therefore felt little or no apprehension.

"Thus I had proceeded for some time, when suddenly and within a few paces of where I stood, I heard a low angry growl, which caused the dogs with hair erect, in the manner of hog's bristles, and with their tails between their legs, to slink behind my heels. Immediately afterwards a tremendous shout of "Ongeama! Ongeama!" (the lion! the lion!) was raised by the natives, on the bank above, followed by a discharge of fire-arms. Presently, however, all was still again; for the lion, as I subsequently learned, after showing himself on the outskirts of the brake had retreated into it.

"Once more I attempted to dislodge the beast; but finding the enemy awaiting him in the more open country, he was very loth to leave his strong-hold. Again, however, I succeeded in driving him to the edge of the brake, where, as in the first instance, he was received with a volley; but a broomstick would be equally efficacious as a gun in the hands of these people; for out of a great number of shots that were fired, not one seemed to have taken effect. Worn out at length by my exertions, disgusted beyond measure at the way in which the natives bungled the affair, I left the tamarisk brake, and rejoining them on the bank above, offered to change places with them; but my proposal, as I expected, was forthwith declined.

"As the day, however, was now fast drawing to a close, I determined to make one other effort to destroy the lion, and should that prove unsuccessful, to give up the chase. Accordingly, accompanied only by a single native, I again entered the brake in question, which I examined for some time without seeing anything; but on arriving at that part of the cover we had first searched, and when in a spot comparatively free from bushes, up suddenly sprung the beast within a few paces of me. It was a black-maned lion, and one of the largest I ever remember to have encountered in Africa. But his movements were so rapid, so silent and smooth withal, that it was not until he had partially entered the thick cover (at which time he might have been about thirty paces distant) that I could fire. On receiving the ball, with a terrific roar he wheeled round and bounded towards me.

When within a few paces he crouched as if about to spring, having his head embedded, so to say, between his fore-paws.

"Drawing a large hunting-knife and slipping it over the wrist of my right hand, I dropped on one knee, and thus prepared, awaited his onset. It was an awful moment of suspense, and my situation was critical in the extreme. Still my presence of mind never for a moment forsook me—indeed, I felt that nothing but the most perfect coolness and absolute self-command would be of any avail.

"I would now have become the assailant; but as—owing to the intervening bushes, and the clouds of dust raised by the lion lashing his tail against the ground—I was unable to see his head, while to aim at any other part would have been madness, I refrained from firing. Whilst intently watching his every motion, he suddenly bounded towards me; but, whether it was owing to his not perceiving me, partially concealed as I was in the long grass, or to my instinctively throwing my body on one side, or to his miscalculating his distance, in making his last spring he went clear over me, and alighted on the ground three or four paces beyond. Instantly, and without rising, I wheeled round on my knee and discharged my second barrel; and, as his broadside was then towards me, lodged a ball in his shoulder, which it completely smashed. On receiving my second fire, he made another and more determined rush at me; but, owing to his disabled state, I happily avoided him. It was, however, only by a hair's breadth, for he passed me within an arm's length. He afterwards scrambled into the thick cover beyond, where as night was approaching, I did not think it prudent to pursue him."

The following morning the "spoor" of the wounded lion was taken up; they found a patch of sand on which he had stood drenched with blood, and bushes broken and beat down by his staggering fainting weight; at this spot, however, further trace was lost, and it was not till several days afterwards that the mutilated carcase was discovered hidden in the dense bushes.

The above example is not the only instance of acquaintance with the lion experienced by Mr. Andersson. On a previous occasion, while peaceably driving along with the ox-team and waggons, in the cool of the morning, a noise like a thunder-clap was suddenly heard, and almost before the horrified travellers could exchange a word as to the cause, there emerged from a bush, and boldly faced the cavalcade,

a great lion and his equally formidable mate. Instantly the foremost oxen backed on the shafters, and the shafters wheeled about, backing the heavy waggons amongst the trees, bellowing all the time like mad, while the frightened natives shrieked as only frightened natives can, and waggon-hoops, and pannels, and spokes were smashing, and over all came the roar of the two lions, as though rejoicing at the fun. Andersson seized his gun, and was for shooting the audacious brutes, but his experienced man, Hans, forbade it: "if you should fail to shoot them dead on the spot they will be down on us in an instant," said he.

Just before the row began, it happened that an ox had broken bounds, and a fleet runner was sent to recapture him; the man was returning, when the lion, who with the lioness had not yet shifted the ground first taken by them, spied him, and at once bounded off in chase. Quick as thought Andersson was off to the rescue; and then ensued the curious sight of the Hottentot fleeing like the wind with his late prisoner the cow, both pursued by the lion, and the lion pursued by Mr. Andersson. It was evident, however, that it was beef, and not man, the lion desired for breakfast; for when the ox by a cross-cut managed to join the rest of the herd, the lion gave up the chase, and trotted off; and when Mr. Andersson returned to the waggons, he found that the lioness had gone after her lord.

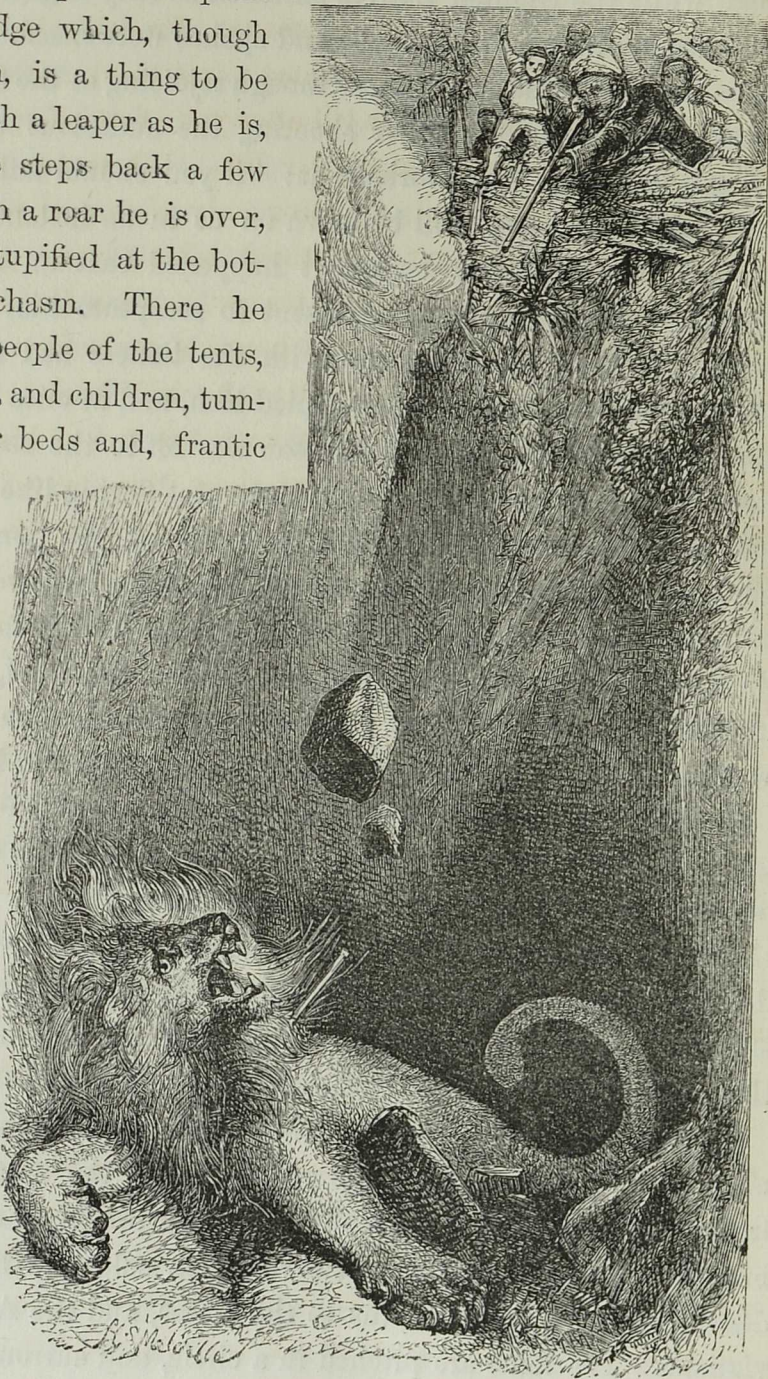
In Algeria, where abound three varieties of the lion—the black, the grey, and the tawny—the depredations committed by the gaunt brute are enormous. A reliable authority asserts, that a full-grown lion that establishes his lair in the vicinity of the herdsmen's tents, destroys cattle of the annual value of two hundred and forty pounds sterling. It is not wonderful, then, that the destruction of one of these mauraunders should be celebrated by a jubilee.

The Arabs seldom attempt the destruction of the lion, but by means of the pitfall. In the summer-time the cattle-owners have little to fear,—the lion can find food nearer his own home than theirs: but winter sets in and he is starved with cold and hunger, then he descends from the mountains to the plains, and the Arabs have to be vigilant. The tents are pitched in a circle, and surrounded by a hedge three yards high. Between the inner side of this hedge and the tents, a trench is dug thirty feet deep and fifteen broad: round the margin of this gulf a smaller hedge is planted, so that the cattle may not fall in, and the trap is complete.

When the hungry lion comes that way he scents the cattle, and they scenting him, set up a loud braying and bellowing, causing the strong thief outside to lash his tail and smack his lips in anticipation of the coming banquet. He paces round the hedge which, though nine feet high, is a thing to be scorned by such a leaper as he is, and finally he steps back a few paces, and with a roar he is over, stunned and stupified at the bottom of the chasm. There he lies, and the people of the tents,—men, women, and children, tumble from their beds and, frantic with joy, hurry to the edge of the pit to shower bullets and stones and dirt on their enemy, till he is dead.

Jules Gerard, who spent *six hundred nights* hunting the lion in Algeria, lays down the law, as to how the solitary hunter may pursue his noble game.

“Start on your expedition at sunset: go and sit down on a rock which commands the lair and remain there. When you hear his roar, and he appears to be approaching towards you, walk to meet him. If he be



PITFALL OF THE ARABS.

hungry he will come along at a rapid pace, if not he will be walking deliberately, and wagging his enormous head from side to side, but as soon as he sees you he will stop. Then he will set up a great roar intended to frighten you, and the roar will be followed by the most frightful moans. Probably he will turn from the path to sharpen his claws against a tree trunk ; if so, look out.

“He will not attack you till after your first shot, and upon the accuracy of your aim hangs your life. When you aim at him he crouches down like a cat, exposing only the upper part of his head to you. Don't fire yet. Without taking your gun from your shoulder or your finger from the trigger, move a few steps to the left or right, according to which side happens to be best lighted by the moon. If you take too many steps he will know your game, and shift round bodily, so as still to keep the top of his head foremost, but if you take merely three or four short steps, he will only move his head, and thereby give you a chance of aiming at his temple. Lose not a moment ; aim between the eye and the ear, and press the trigger. One of two things now takes place ; either the lion is killed, or before you can ascertain the effect of your shot—you are down on your back beneath the lion who covers you with his body, and holds you tightly in his powerful claws. Then, unless you have lost your dagger in the fall, use it swiftly, or you are a dead man.”

It would seem, however, that this “solitary system” of hunting is not to the taste of Arabs generally. The authority just quoted assures us that when a lion, either by his voice, or the destruction he causes amongst the cattle, makes known his arrival in a certain locality, fifty or sixty men, each armed with a gun, a pistol, and a yataghan, assemble at a given time, and set about the business with as much seriousness and deliberation, as a body of Englishmen or Frenchmen would manifest at the storming of a fortress.

A fire is lighted at the foot of a mountain, and round it sit the bulk of the company, smoking, stroking their beards and debating ; while ten or a dozen knowing fellows are sent to reconnoitre the terrible animal, and report on its age, sex, and the exact situation of its lair ; when this is accomplished, the business begins in earnest. Having flashed and loaded their guns, five or six Arabs, chosen from among the strongest of the party, are sent up to the crests of the mountains, in order to follow every manœuvre of the lion from

the first attack till his death, and to correspond with their companions by certain well-known signs, which are simple enough if you understand them, but decidedly enigmatical to persons not in possession of the key. When these men have reached their appointed posts of observation the general company stir to the battle.

As the lion's sense of hearing is very delicate, it sometimes happens that he hears the steps of the hunters. In such a case, he rises and walks in the direction of the sound. One of the watchmen perceiving this, takes the skirt of his burnous in his right hand and hoists it before him; which means "*I see him.*" One of the attacking party then stands forward and silently opens a correspondence with the man on the height. The former takes off his burnous and shakes it from right to left, which signifies, "*Where is he? and what is he doing?*" If the lion is still, the man replies by raising his skirts to his head and letting them fall; then he walks a few steps forward repeating the same signal. By this the interrogator understands that the lion is "motionless in front of you, and at some distance." If, however, the terrible beast is on his legs and advancing towards or retreating from the party, the watchman takes a few steps in the same direction; but should the lion be making full at the hunters, the look-out no longer relies on fluttering his petticoats to convey the horrid news; he cries as loud as he can *Aou likoum*.

Aou likoum is Arabic for "take care," and woe to the unlucky hunter who is not able to *Aou likoum* in time. Should the advancing brute catch sight of him, death *must* follow in one shape or another. The man's fate hangs on the trigger of his gun—his life is involved in the neat little cartridge that plugs the barrel of it. Bang! The smoke rises like a curtain, and either there is being enacted the bloody tragedy of a helpless man in the clutches of a raging lion, or there lies the grim beast with his life leaking out at the jagged hole in his breast. Beware, however, how you approach him, as the nearer he is to death, the more terrible is his desire for blood. "If," says Gerard, "when mortally wounded he can get hold of a man, he inflicts on him all the horrible tortures to which a cat subjects a mouse. One of the most courageous of the band—generally some relative of the unfortunate prisoner—approaches the

lion singly to fire straight into his brain, for to fire from a distance would be only to endanger the life of the man. The other hunters remain about twenty yards behind: if the lion's strength be nearly exhausted he crushes the head of his victim just as the barrel of the gun is being pointed at his ear. Then he closes his eyes and awaits his death. But if the animal be still capable of action, he hastens to kill the hunter who is in his power, in order to bound upon the rash man who is approaching."

The renowned tourist through the "Hunting Grounds of the Old World," relates the particulars of a "duel" he had with a lion at Natal. In company of a few Dutch friends he set out to hunt Springbucks, but presently came upon the "spoor" of two full-grown lions and a pair of half-grown cubs. For some time the search for the noble game was futile; but presently a flock of vultures were seen circling over a particular spot, and on riding thither the company were gratified with the sight of the four lions feasting on the carcasses of two deer. "I looked to my gun-nipples to see the powder was well up, and rode towards them; but my horse did not at all like the sport, and became so extremely violent and restive that I had to dismount, and prepare to open the campaign on my own hook—trusting to a steady hand and good weapons to see me safe through. On my retreat, on account of the restiveness of my horse, the lion had advanced nearly two hundred yards from the spot where the dead Springbucks lay, leaving the lioness and cubs still feeding; and he was now coolly surveying our party, stretched out at full length on the grass, yawning listlessly, about four hundred yards distant.

"On perceiving me advancing towards him he made a long low moaning noise like thunder rumbling among distant hills, by which he thought perhaps to intimidate me; but finding it had not the desired effect he got up and sat on his haunches like a dog, making curious whining noises, and turning his head every now and again to look at his mate and cubs, who understanding from his growling, which was becoming more and more savage, that something was up, withdrew to some low sand-hills a short distance away, which I was rather thankful for. When I got to about two hundred and fifty yards distant, I stopped to unsling my second gun from my shoulder, so as to be ready: on which my friend sprung to his feet

and made three or four huge bounds towards me, lashing his tail from side to side, showing his teeth, and giving a tremendous roar which seemed to shake the earth, and caused the horse I had been riding to break from the Hottentot who was holding it and scour over the plain. On seeing me advance he again stopped, and crouching low on his belly, growled in a most savage manner. I felt that 'the die was cast;' and there was no retreating. It was a regular duel between man and beast, and was beginning to be rather serious work, for we were barely sixty yards asunder. The lion still lay with his head crouched between his paws; although every now and then he appeared to rise and tear up the earth with his hind claws. His eyeballs glistened with rage, his mane stood erect, his tail lashed his flanks; and I felt he was watching my every movement, and that further delay was dangerous. I therefore quietly cocked my second gun, laid it by my side on the ground, and then gave a loud shout, at the same time flinging my pith hunting-cap towards him. This had the desired effect; he sprung upon his feet, and at this moment, looked grand beyond conception. Now was the moment; I threw up my rifle, took deliberate aim at his broad and massive breast, and let fly. I heard the soft 'thud' of the ball as it entered his chest, saw him spring high into the air, and fall upon his back. I rushed up to give him a *coup de grace*, but it was not needed; a convulsive tremor passed over his sturdy limbs, the under-jaw dropped, and my first lion was dead."

Conspicuous among the most successful of European lion hunters stands Mr. Gordon Cumming. The following will serve as a fair sample of the thousand and one marvellous exploits related by that gentleman.

Having killed a buffalo at night, on the opposite bank of a river to where his camp was, he next morning despatched four of his fellows to fetch in the carcase. They, however, returned bringing news to their master that the dead buffalo had been partly consumed by a lion, and that the grim brute was still lurking in the neighbourhood. Consequently, Mr. Cumming set out with a troop of dogs and men to give chase to the lion. "As we drew near the spot," says he, "I observed the lion sitting on the top of the bank, exactly where he had last been seen by my people. When he saw us coming, he overhauled us for a moment, and then slunk down the

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